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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

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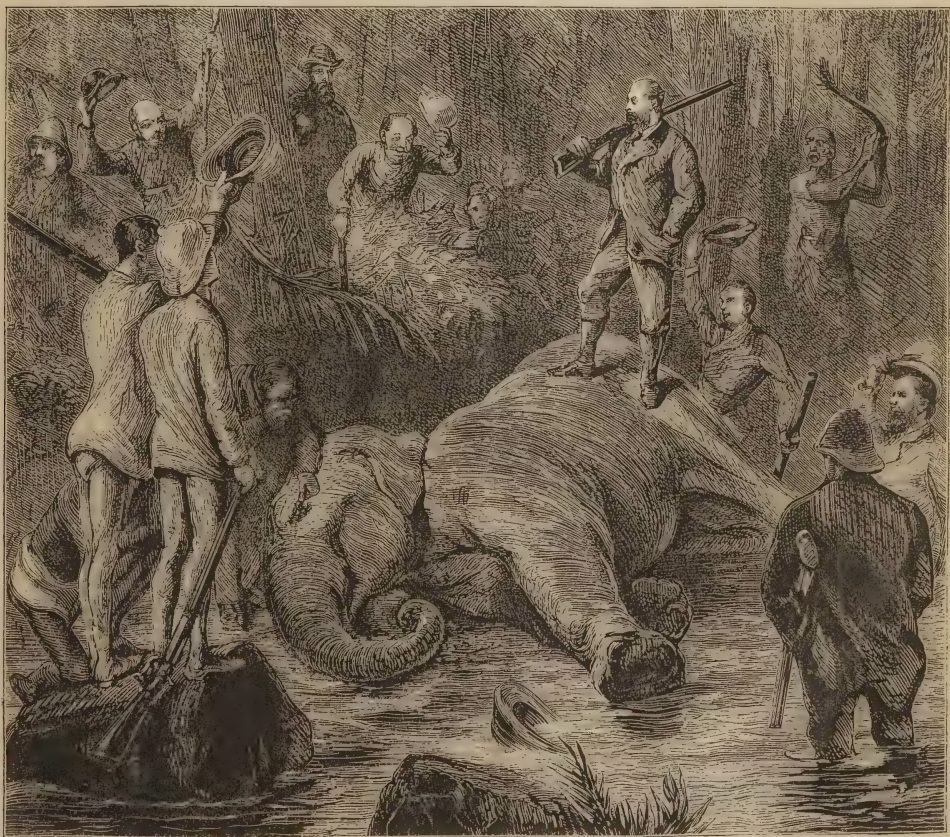
"A Work of Retribution."

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.¹

IT was every way fitting that "The Most High, Most Puissant, and Most Illustrious Prince, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales," should visit India and see something of the two hundred and odd millions of people who have since 1858 come to look

of the Isles," knight of all sorts of orders, field-marshal in the army, and colonel of three regiments, and running down to "Barrister-at-Law, D. C. L., LL. D., etc.," the prince can hardly be looked upon as an heroic personage. He is a middle-sized, rather pudgy



THE DEAD ELEPHANT.

upon him as their future "Shahzadah," or whatever other Oriental designation should be held to be the equivalent of "Emperor of India." Despite his long string of titles, beginning with "Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick, and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, Lord

gentleman of 'six-and-thirty, quite nice-looking, with a noticeable thinness of hair at the top of his head. Of his early manhood perhaps the less said the better; but for the last few years he appears to have settled down to quite a decorous way of life, to have developed a decided gift of presiding at public meetings and receptions, and getting rid of a considerable more than his income. For the rest, he is much

¹ The Prince of Wales's Tour: A Diary in India, etc. By William Howard Russell. London, 1877.

devoted to snipe-shooting and fancy farming. In all England there are no finer prize-pigs than those bred and fed at Sandringham.

The prince said that it had been the "dream of his life to visit India;" but Mr. Russell assures us that he "had been in constant participation in functions of state importance or of a national character at home;" that "never, with the exception of the prince-regent, had an heir-apparent been so much before the public eye, and never had any prince of the blood in direct succession to the throne been intrusted in the lifetime of the reigning sovereign with so large a part of the functions of sovereignty;" and that he was, "owing to circumstances of which no one questioned the force, in such a position that it seemed scarcely possible that his absence from the country for half a year or more would not be attended with serious inconveniences." But when, early in 1875, the project of a visit to India was formally announced, nobody seems to have thought that the country would suffer from the want of his presence. The only question seems to have been as to who should pay the cost. The government at first decided that the expenses should be charged to the revenues of India; but it was afterward resolved that India should pay only for what was actually expended there by the Indian authorities. This, as estimated, would amount to some thirty thousand pounds. The Admiralty put down the expenses of the voyage out and back at fifty-two thousand pounds, including the necessary movements of the fleet. For the personal expenses, including the cost of presents to native chiefs, government asked and obtained a grant of sixty thousand pounds—this, we understand, not to include the thirty thousand to be charged to India. So that, all told, something less than three-quarters of a million dollars was appropriated for the visit. People wise in such matters were confident that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would in the end have to ask for four or five times as much. But, as it happened, when the bills were all paid, there was some money left, which the prince was allowed to keep for himself.

The suite of the prince numbered about a score of persons, only a few of whom require special mention here. First in rank was the Duke of Sutherland, a nobleman verging upon fifty; then Lord Suffolk, two years his junior, the official head of the prince's household; the Earl of Aylesford and two or three lords, some of whom had been in India before; Lieutenant Augustus Fitz-George, whose name suggests participation of an irregular kind in the blood-royal; and notably the venerable philanthropist, Sir Bartle Frere, who had first gone out to India forty years before, had risen to be Governor of Bombay from 1862 to 1867, was perhaps better known there than any other living Englishman, and who was now charged in part "with the most delicate and difficult functions in administering the affairs of finance and presents." Dr. Fayrer had "the onerous and responsible duty of watching over the health of the prince;" the Rev. Canon Duckworth, who came out strong as a "muscular Christian," was chaplain.

Last, and for our purpose most important of all, were Mr. William Howard Russell, whose preëminent ability in describing pageants and the like secured for him the appointment of honorary private secretary to his royal highness, with the duty of duly recording the events of the visit; and Mr. Sydney Hall, "whose sympathetic and skillful pencil had gained him high reputation, received a commission to sketch the incidents of the tour." Mr. Russell tells us that his book is "a journal or diary kept from day to day, in which the Prince of Wales is the central figure round which all the things, persons, and events mentioned in it revolve;" and he does his best to preserve the grave dignity befitting his official functions. Mr. Hall also makes the prince prominent in almost every one of his seventy sketches. He presents him in all sorts of dress and accoutrements. We have his plump figure in the full uniform of a British field-marshal; in *mufti*, or civilian garb; in Derby hat, cigar in mouth, mounted on a goat-like donkey in the streets of Cairo; in shooting-dress, trudging through swamps, or mounted on an elephant beating the jungles in search of tigers; with bare arms and unbraced trousers playing at lawn-tennis on the deck of the Serapis, with the thermometer verging upon 90°; and, finally, like a good *paterfamilias*, greeting the pretty princess and their five nice children, who look half scared at a snarling young tiger-cat and other lovely pets which he has brought home from India.

The general outline of the long voyage is briefly this: The royal party left London October 11, 1875, hurried overland through France and Italy, reaching Brindisi, at the heel of the Italian boot, in four or five days. Here they embarked on the royal steamer Serapis, screwed down the Mediterranean to the Suez Canal, stopping by the way at Athens to make a rather hasty call upon the King of Greece, who was "delighted with the presents brought to him, consisting of a steam-launch, an Alderney bull and cow, a ram and a sheep, and a few fine specimens of the British pig, which came from Sandringham." From Suez the Serapis and her smaller consort the Osborne steamed down the Red Sea, past Aden, and shot across the Indian Ocean to the island-city of Bombay, which was reached November 8th. Here they were welcomed by Lord Northbrooke, the viceroy; and the imposing ceremonies of the visit to India began.

Almost the first thing was the formal reception of the native princes whose quasi-independent dominions lie within the bounds of the Presidency of Bombay. All things had been prearranged according to the nicest rules of Oriental etiquette. Each prince was to be saluted by a certain number of guns according to his supposed rank, twenty-one being the highest, and so on down to the "seven-gun men." The prince was to receive each at a certain point on the carpet of state, and at the close of the interview to conduct him back to a prescribed point, and no farther. We quote, with much abridgment, the narrative of the most notable of these receptions. First came his highness Sewajee Chutraputtee Maharaj, Raja of Kolhapoor:

"A little before 10 A. M. the guns began to fire a salute, and, before we could count the nineteen *coups* to which his highness is entitled, the raja drove up, with a great flourish, in a grand carriage, drawn by four horses, with servants in liveries of blue and silver, and a magnificent fan-bearer behind wielding a blazing machine, to keep the sun away. He was received as per programme, led up the steps into the hall, up the grand staircase, then into the corridors, and so conducted to the entrance of the throne-room. The prince, who had risen, advanced down the carpet to meet him. At the edge he stretched forth his hand, and took that of the raja, whom he drew toward him kindly. After him trooped the sirdars, each holding his sword by the sheath, which has neither straps, buckle, nor slings. A few phrases of courtesy were exchanged between the shahzadah and the raja, who is an

sent to the prince a handkerchief containing gold mohurs. The prince touched this with his right hand and remitted, and the sirdar walked backward to his seat. Then the prince, taking a gold and jeweled scent-bottle, shook a few drops of perfume (*uttur*) on the raja's pocket-handkerchief, and from another rich casket took betelnut (*pan*) wrapped in fresh, green leaf covered with gold-foil, which he placed in the raja's hand, Major Henderson, as per programme, doing the same for the sirdars. The interview was at an end, and the prince led his highness to the sacred verge of the carpet, and thence he was conducted to the entrance, where he vanished, with his face still turned to the throne."

How much of the revenue of this little raja is appropriated by the British is not told by Mr. Russell. Next after him came Chamrajendra Wadia, Maharaja of Mysore, a prince of higher rank, and entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns. He was an intelligent youth of thirteen, who was adopted by the last maharaja at the age of seven, and six months afterward was conditionally recognized by the British; he was "installed on the throne, and was placed in the charge of most careful and laborious officers, while the affairs of his ill-governed state were retained in the hands of the British Government, to be handed over to him when he is eighteen years old, 'if he shall then be found qualified for the discharge of the duties of his exalted position, subject to such conditions as may be determined at the time.'" This lad, whose state contains a population of more than five millions, with a revenue of ten million eight hundred and twenty thousand rupees, of which more than a quarter is appropriated as tribute by the British Government, was gorgeous to behold. "The jewels which literally hung upon him must be of enormous value. One stone of the many of his necklace is said to be worth nine lacs of rupees. His neck, wrists, arms, and ankles, were encircled with strings of pearls, diamonds, and rubies. His turban was graced with an aigret of brilliants of large size, and a large tuft of strings of big pearls and emeralds hung down on his shoulder from the top."

Next came the nineteen-gun Máharána of Oodeypoor, "a young man not of age, of the highest race in India. He boasts of the oldest pedigree in the world, looks 'a gentleman all over,' speaks English, is tall, good-looking, and very fair—of a fairer hue than the average Europeans of the South. . . . But," asks Mr. Russell, "what can he do at the best? What career is open to him? He rules, but does not govern; and, unless some change be introduced into the system, the instruction given to the native princes in English and other learning will prove not only mischievous but disastrous." He was clad all in white, but on his head-dress was an aigret of magnificent diamonds, some great pearls and rubies on his arms and neck; his gold sash was ornamented with a buckle set with the finest brilliants; and his sword-hilt and sheath were richly studded with pre-



THE PRINCE AT CAIRO.

adopted son of the last prince, who died six years ago. He is a boy of twelve, and was attired in purple velvet and white muslin, and was incrustated with gems. His turban was a wealth of pearls and rubies; his neck like an array of show-cases of a great jeweler. He looks as though he would be the better for a course of cricketing. The state which is ruled in his name contains upward of three thousand square miles, and more than eight hundred thousand people, and has a revenue of 3,047,243 rupees.¹ The face of the raja wore an expression of pleased surprise as his royal highness, coming to the regulation spot on the carpet, took his little hand and led him opposite to the silver chair, where he left him with a bow, and sat down. Soon the sirdars, in turn, advanced to the foot of the throne, salaaming low, and pre-

¹ A rupee is equivalent to about fifty cents; one hundred thousand rupees is a lac.

cious stones. His state contains a population of eleven hundred and sixty-eight thousand, and has a revenue of four million rupees, of which only two hundred thousand go as tribute to the British Government.

Next came Maharo Shree Pragmulgee Rao, of Cutch, an infirm old seventeen-gun man, whose state contains six thousand five hundred square miles. "The population is under half a million, and the revenue but one million five hundred thousand rupees. It was harshly dealt with by our rulers in times past," says Mr. Russell; "but they did some good, too, and now they are doing justice." He went away quite satisfied at having seen Sir Bartle



THE PRINCE IN SHOOTING-COSTUME.

Frere, although the prince only advanced half-way down the carpet to meet him.

These three receptions had consumed an hour, when the sound of a salute of twenty-one guns announced that some one of royal dignity was at hand. It was no other than the Maharaja Syajce Rao, the Gaekwar of Baroda, nominally an independent state, which the British Government has quite recently undertaken to "protect" in a fashion of its own. Baroda is what is left of what was the mighty state of Guzerat in the days of Warren Hastings. How it was pared down by that able and unscrupulous statesman has been told by Macaulay. Not long before the visit of the Prince of Wales, Baroda, with a territory about as large as the State of Connecticut, had a busy population of considerably more than two millions. The gaekwar was not a subject of the British Empire, had the right of coining his

own money, and maintained an army of some eighteen thousand men, costing four million rupees a year. But there were treaties with England, in virtue of which he was obliged to keep up a "contingent," while England controlled the salt-manufactures and the commerce, and maintained a resident in the capital. The gaekwar was charged with an attempt to poison the resident; whereupon the viceroy deposed him, and put him in confinement, nobody seemed to know where. The widow of his predecessor had meanwhile adopted a little boy, and the viceroy made him gaekwar, appointing Sir Madhava Rao, a Brahman of whom more anon, as actual ruler of Baroda. Mr. Russell thus describes the reception of this child:

"All eyes were dazzled when the little boy, whom the Government of India had installed as the Gaekwar of Baroda, stood at the threshold of the door—a crystallized rainbow. He is a small, delicately-framed lad for his twelve years and more, with a bright, pleasant face. He was weighted, head, neck, chest, arms, fingers, ankles, with such a sight and wonder of vast diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, as would be worth the loot of many a rich town. It is useless to give the estimate I heard of their value, and the little gentleman had more at home. He was met at the edge of the carpet, and strode with much solemnity to his seat, side by side with the prince. Sir Madhava Rao, Sir R. Meade, and a noble train of chiefs, came with him. The visit of the gaekwar lasted a minute or two longer than usual, for the prince asked several questions, and conversed with Sir Madhava Rao and Sir R. Meade. The former, the present regent, is one of the men who rise to the surface in Hindostan by sheer strength of talent, industry, and intelligence. He is a Mahratta Brahman, forty-seven years of age, and was educated in the High-School of the Madras University, where he was at one time acting Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He subsequently filled several posts in the civil service, and was then appointed tutor and companion to the Prince of Travancore, and was made prime-minister of that state in 1858. In this capacity he acted for fourteen years, with such benefit to British native rule that he was made Knight of the Star of India, and was offered a seat in the Legislative Council, which he declined. When the viceroy deposed Mulhar Rao, and it became essential to place Baroda in the hands of a native statesman, the British authorities applied to Sir Madhava Rao, who accepted the grave responsibility."

Mr. Russell goes on to speak in high terms of the administrative ability displayed by this native of India. "He has not begun by sweeping away all old institutions and customs, tearing up tradition by the roots, and leaving a bleeding and irritating surface to receive the application of new ideas; but he has worked on the old basis and repaired the ancient structure." Men of similar power and character are clearly not very uncommon among the natives; and we believe that in this fact lies the essential peril which menaces British rule in India. It must be borne in mind that in all India there are not at this day more than one hundred thousand Europeans; and we do not think it possible that the two hundred millions or more of natives can very long, despite the loudest professions of loyalty to the em-

press, be kept in subjection by so small a force alien in race and character, in religion and culture. In our view the British domination in India rests upon a thin shell overlying a bottomless quicksand; and this shell is liable at any moment to give way.

We pass over the long list of princes, great and small, who had audience one by one on this day, closing with "a very interesting group of picturesque personages, mostly in bare feet and fine turbans," who were admitted in a batch and dismissed, leaving the prince and his suite in a very much bored condition. Quite as wearisome were the balls and festivities which the poor prince, who was longing for a little quiet shooting, was forced to grace with his presence. "It was not given to every one," says Mr. Russell, "to have strength for these festivities. There were always absentees, or some who 'popped in and hopped out again.' Perhaps the Duke of

was apparently corded securely over his head, and the boy was jammed into the basket, which he seemed to fill completely. All at once sack and cloth were jerked out from the basket, whereat the juggler seemed to be in a towering rage. He jumped upon the top of the basket, crushed in the lid, and drove a stick through and through the wicker-work. He then removed the lid, and the basket was empty. But, perched among the branches of a tree close by, there was seen the boy, or one just like him. The cloth which had been placed over the mango-seed was then lifted, and under it was a tiny tree covered with fresh fruit. All this was done by ordinary strolling performers, and without any of the complicated apparatus used by our own jugglers. How they managed to cheat the eyes of the spectators is a mystery.

After ten days or so at Bombay, the prince decided



THE MANCHEEL.

Sutherland and Sir Bartle were among the latter, and certainly Canon Duckworth was of the former; but the prince was never known to disappoint expectations or to throw a chill over such gatherings by retiring early." No wonder that the prince tried to amuse himself now and then by searching for less formal sights, such as the performances of the street jugglers, when he could do so without being recognized by the crowds. On one of these occasions the performers were "a withered, vivacious juggler, and a ragged, snake-charming confederate—chatty old fellows, whose skin hung on their bones as if it were cracked brown paper." A mango-seed had been placed in the ground in plain sight of all, and covered with a dirty cloth. Then a shallow basket three feet long and eighteen inches high was placed on the bare ground. A lad of twelve was bound hand and foot with strong twine; a sack of stout netting was slipped over his head, and the old fellow pressed him down on his haunches, and the sack

to visit the little gaekwar at Baroda, his capital, some two hundred and fifty miles northward. Perhaps the main inducement was that he might there find a little shooting; but, besides this, there was an opportunity of seeing a genuine native court, still flourishing within less than a day's journey by rail from one of the capitals of British India. At all events, he met with a purely Oriental reception in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants which few Europeans have ever reached. At the station was the little gaekwar and his regent, Sir Madhava Rao, waiting to receive him, and to escort him to the British residency hard by the native city. For the prince's riding was an elephant of extraordinary size, bearing a howdah, or canopied seat of silver gilt—some said of gold—with cushions of velvet and cloth of gold, fastened over an embroidered cloth which completely covered the form of the great beast. The cost of the trappings was said to have been four hundred thousand rupees. The head of the elephant was

painted a bright saffron-color, the ears of a light green, and the proboscis gayly ornamented with various fanciful devices. His tusks had been cut off to the length of three or four feet, and larger ones fastened by gold bands to the stumps. Upon his painted legs were thick coils of gold. A second elephant, painted in slate-color and red, with a howdah of burnished silver, and silver leglets and tusklets, was provided for the Duke of Sutherland; and a long file of others, each painted in a different manner, were ready for other attendants of the prince. Provided with a military escort, the cavalcade moved on. Every inch of the way was bordered by a light trellis-work of bamboos and palm-leaves, hung with lamps, and festooned with green leaves and bright flowers, with grand arches and groups of banners at intervals. "The people seemed very comfortable, and there was no sign of the wretchedness we are so fond of attributing to native rule."

The prince was treated to an entertainment in the arena for wild-beast combats, which was, after all, a very commonplace affair. First came a bout of what we have learned to style "Greco-Roman wrestling." The athletes "were masses of brown muscle, a little abominous perhaps, but still of enormous power. At first there were two, then four, then six animated Laocoöns, striving, writhing, and rolling about in the dust, in such knotted coils of arms and legs as baffled discrimination. They were matched so well that only once did the applause of the spectators announce a victory or a defeat—the great feat of strength by which one of the wrestlers, uprooting his antagonist from the ground, prizes him over his knee, and throws him over so that both shoulders touch the ground." Two elephants, their tusks sawed short, were brought forward. They met pacifically in the centre of the arena; but the attendants, by yells and prods, somehow got it into the heads of the creatures that, at least in appearance, they must be enemies. But Mr. Russell thought that "these sagacious creatures were only making believe. Certainly there was some hard hitting and tremendous head collisions; tusks rattled, proboscis met proboscis in intricate convolutions, and the vast hulls shook under the strain of combat." But just when they had got their trunks tied up in a tight knot, squibs were fired off under their bellies, whereupon they let go their hold, and went to their corners. The first round was over. In the second round one of the combatants got the choice of position, and butted his opponent on quarter and stern till he was brought up against the wall. Rockets and squibs were brought into play to separate the combatants, who were then dragged from the ring, neither having received any severe punishment. A couple of rhinoceroses were next brought in, grunting like pigs as they toddled up toward each other. "Two merchants could not be more amiable at their first introduction on 'Change. They came up nose to nose as if to exchange civilities;" but the attendants began to excite ill-feelings by alternately poking and patting them, until one of them, lowering his head

till his jaw touched the sand, made a thrust with his snout at his friend, which was returned at once, and then, to the infinite delight of the spectators, there was a quick succession of blows, until the one who had begun the difficulty turned tail and lumbered off toward the gateway, amid the reproaches of his backers, who managed to goad him back to where his friend was standing stupidly, as if wondering what the pother was all about; but a treacherous dig in the side convinced him that mischief was meant, and he went for his assailant. For a few minutes it looked very much like a fight; but the original aggressor got more than he had bargained for, and made off again, to the evident relief of the other, who showed no inclination to follow up his advantage. A couple of buffaloes next made their bows, and went briskly to work. But they were not evenly matched. At the first round the smaller one was tumbled clear over, and got a bad fall. He was on his feet again in a moment, and did his best to score a point, but came to grief. His seconds threw up the sponge, and he left the field in a somewhat demoralized condition. The exhibition was closed by a kind of free fight between a number of rams. These light-weights won all the glories of the day. "There was nothing of the timidity of the sheep in their engagements," says the chronicler; "the fury of their charges, the tremendous cracks with which their heads met together, were worthy of all praise; and I would certainly sooner see them than a couple of prize-fighters at home."

Next day the prince and his suite went out for a day's sport in the gaekwar's preserves a few miles distant. There were half a dozen cheetahs, or hunting-leopards, "standing upright on carts drawn by oxen, their eyes hooded, lashing their lank sides with their tails, hissing and purring by turns, like monster tabbies." It is gratifying to learn that "the prince inspected the cheetahs with interest: one was taken from the cart for closer inspection, at which it hissed savagely." There were also "ugly-looking dogs, half greyhound, half deerhound, in leashes, and eight falconers with splendid peregrines and inferior, short-winged falcons on their wrists."

Mounted on ox-carts, the hunters set out in search of game. They had been told that the deer were accustomed to see these vehicles, and would not take alarm. But, though bucks enough were soon in sight, they evidently suspected mischief, and made off. "Perhaps it was owing to the novel costume of the hunters—helmets and London shooting-clothes—or the unusual length of the procession, which set them on the alert." Finally, after no little manoeuvring, they got within fifty yards of a herd, and a cheetah was let slip. He singled out a buck, which made off with amazing bounds, soon showing that he had the heels of his pursuer, who gave up the chase after a dash of some five hundred yards, which is said to be the longest run they ever make. In time they got near another herd. A couple of bucks were too busy fighting to notice what was going on, and one of them was pulled down by a cheetah, who got the blood as his reward. Soon another herd was ap-

proached, at which two cheetahs were slipped, each of whom pulled down his victim. "Those who slip staghounds," says the honorary private secretary, "after haunched or broken-legged deer in the Highlands, cannot logically charge those who follow this sport with cruelty; but it is not one which com-

the British residency is a memento of this deposed gaekwar—the massive manacles which he had made for the prime-minister of his predecessor. "When we are told," says Mr. Russell, "that Bhow Scindia had nothing to drink but salt-water and pepper in equal proportions, that he wore these chains and



A CRAWL IN THE JUNGLE.

mends itself to Europeans." So, apparently, thought the prince, who undertook a little stalking; but "the herds were wild and shy, and his royal highness had only one chance, and that a very poor one, before 10 o'clock A. M." They had been out since early dawn, and "the heat had become oppressive, but the prince stood the sun wonderfully well, and marched through the deep stuff as if he were used to it." In another hour they began to think of dinner, which was awaiting them at the fine hunting-lodge, whither they rode. On the way the prince dismounted to get a shot at a paddy-bird, but only succeeded in frightening a couple of little girls who were guarding a herd of buffaloes. When the heat of the day was over, the prince went out again to try for a deer, and came back after two or three hours with a fine buck, which he had killed at two hundred yards. One of his suite also bagged a doe. And this was the net result of his royal highness's first day's experiences as a Nimrod in India.

The deposed Gaekwar of Baroda was not without abilities of a certain sort, as the following will show: One day a merchant came to him with certain precious stones, which he offered for sale for ninety thousand pounds. His highness wanted the jewels, but he also wanted money; so he said, "I will take the jewels at your price, and if you will accommodate me with thirty thousand pounds in cash, I will give you an order on the treasury for the whole one hundred and twenty thousand pounds." This was agreed to. The merchant handed over the cash and the jewels, and got his order on the treasury. When the gaekwar was deposed, the jewels were missing. "The merchant," says Mr. Russell, "is now pressing the Baroda government for the payment of his little bill; but I fear he is not likely to get it." At

lived for fifteen days on such diet, it must be admitted, by those who believe the story, that he had a very fine constitution."

Notwithstanding the apparent warmth of the reception of the prince by the rulers of Baroda, there were lurking suspicions of mischief. It was noticeable that the military were out in full arms; and, says the narrator, "passing through the quarter of the well-to-do citizens, we observed strong police-stations and guards, as well as mounted men on guard at various places. It struck me that the *schroffs* of the *beau quartier* regarded the strangers with less friendly eyes than the poorer classes, who were, however, negative in their demeanor. Some of the fat, sleek people, sitting before their money-bags, were evidently scowling;" and, at their departure, "which was not so fine as the entry," although there were bands, illuminations, and escorts, "the platform of the station was in darkness, and Sir Madhava Rao was in apprehension lest advantage might be taken to do mischief to the prince or the young gaekwar in the confusion."

The prince had set his heart on having some grand tiger-hunting in Southern India; but tidings came that the cholera was there, and it was finally decided, after their return to Bombay, that they should sail around the peninsula to Calcutta, stopping at Goa, the sole remnant of the once mighty Portuguese possessions in India, at Ceylon, and Madras.

The once famous city of Old Goa was abandoned almost two hundred and fifty years ago on account of the unhealthiness of its site. New Goa, some three miles distant, is a miserable place; but all the military force was deployed to do honor to the prince on his landing. It consisted of one European and

one Sepoy battalion and a battery. Accompanied by the governor, the prince went in the steam-launch of the Osborne to visit the remains of Old Goa.

"The river," says Mr. Russell, "washes the remains of a great city—an arsenal in ruins; palaces in ruins; quay in ruins; churches in ruins; all in ruins. Long would it take to repeat the stories of our friends concerning the places we passed. As one of them said: 'We were once great; we ruled vast provinces in this land; now you are the masters. Look and see what is left to us!' We looked, and saw the site of the Inquisition, the Bishop's prison, the grand cathedral, great churches, chapels, convents, religious houses, on knolls surrounded by jungle and trees, scattered all over the country. We saw the crumbling masonry which once marked the lines of streets and inclosures of palaces, dock-yards filled with weeds, and obsolete cranes."

The cathedral is half a mile from the landing-place, and the only conveyance is a kind of litter, here called a *mancheel*, in which the prince and governor took their seats, while the others went on foot. The cathedral is plain and massive outside, but of vast and noble proportions within, with shrines and chapels, much gilding, fine old silver-work, and many tolerable pictures. There were but seven worshippers, all native women, and kneeling before a huge shrine. From the cathedral they went to the church of Bom Jesus, chiefly noted for the shrine of St. Francis Xavier, "one of the most beautiful and one of the richest objects of the kind which can be seen anywhere; but it is placed in a very small, dark chapel, and can scarcely be conveniently examined. The treasures, full of gold and silver cups for the sacred elements, were opened, and many curiosities were exhibited." Before the church a musical performance had been gotten up in honor of the visitors. The principal performer was a very tall native, whose attire consisted mainly of a huge drum suspended from his neck. With one hand he belabored the drum, while the other hand held to his mouth a brass instrument which produced a tremendous tooting. The minor performers were a couple of youths with smaller drums, and another with a pair of cymbals.

The coast of the island of Ceylon was sighted on the 1st of December, but the breezes from the shore were far enough from "spicy," blowing as they did over the heaps of oyster-shells, with their putrefying inhabitants, left on the shore by the pearl-fishers; and, if the strangers were not warranted in pronouncing that "only man is vile," they certainly found the natives were very odd-looking, "the lower man being clad in petticoats, and the hair worn in massive rolls at the back of the head, where it was secured by large tortoise-shell combs."

Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, is not a very large place, and a carriage-road around the environs fully justified the old fragrant repute of the island. "It was in some measure like a promenade in the covered ways of a great horticultural exhibition. For miles cocoanut-trees, and again cocoanut-trees, the suburban villas surrounded by cinnamon-groves, and almost buried in the richness of real tropical vegetation." The beauty of the island was still more ap-

parent in a railway-journey to Kandy, the ancient capital, in the interior. Mr. Russell avers that it would be well worth while to go from London to Ceylon to enjoy the scenery of that day's ride. "Underneath thick groves of cocoas, arecas and jaggery, and an extraordinary profusion of other trees—some bearing rich pink or crimson flowers, others presenting glowing masses of scarlet buds, others with white flowers and blossoms of purple or lilac—one caught sight of the hamlets in which dwell the cultivators of the sea-like expanse of rice." The situation of Kandy is especially beautiful. "In a deep ravine at one side of the plateau, or, more properly speaking, of the broad valley surrounded by hills, overlooking a still deeper depression, on which the town is situated, the Mahawelli River thunders in its rocky bed. The small lake, by the side of which part of the city is built, lends a charming repose and freshness to the scene which is mirrored in its waters. Wherever the eye is turned rise mountain-tops, some bare masses of rock, others clothed with vegetation. There is no idea of a town or a city to be realized in what one sees: it is all suburb—verandaed pavilions and bungalows stretching in lines, bearing the names of streets; here and there the native houses, packed more closely, may be termed lanes; but the whole place is as 'diffused' as any of the rural quarters of the great metropolis. Public buildings, properly so called, there are none." But there is one drawback to the delights of wandering in the shady gardens where the air is heavy with the odor of strange flowers: a little black land-leech, hardly thicker than a pin, which swarms in uncounted myriads. "Go where one would, they came wriggling and jumping along the grass. They must smell one's blood. If you stood on the gravel-walk for a few moments you could see them making their way from all parts toward you as a common centre of interest. Most horrible of all their properties, they can stand erect on their tails and look out for what is coming." For protection against them, Europeans wear "leech-gaiters," stocking-shaped bags of stout linen, which are pulled over the feet and fastened at the knee before the shoes are put on. Even his royal highness had to endure his noble extremities in these bags. At Kandy the prince was treated to a *pera-hara*, or procession of elephants, dancers, and priests, belonging to the Buddhist temples:

"It was exceedingly grotesque, novel, and interesting, and would task the best pen and pencil to give an adequate idea of such combinations of forms, sounds, and figures. The 'devil-dancers,' in masks and painted faces, were sufficiently hideous. Their contortions, performed to the tune of clanging brass, cymbals, loud horns, presented no feature of agility or grace which might not be easily rivaled by an ordinary dancing group nearer home. The elephants, plodding along in single file, carried magnificent howdahs occupied by the priests, and were covered with cloth of gold and silver and with plates of metal, which shone in the light of the torches. Most of these animals were exceedingly polite, salaamed, and uttered a little flourish through their probosces as they came opposite to the place where the prince was standing. Some knelt down and made obeisance before him; but the pro-

priety of the procession was somewhat disturbed by the cupidity of one, which, finding that the prince had a small store of sugar-cane and bananas, resolved to make the best of his time, and could not be induced to go on without difficulty."

At Kandy the prince was vouchsafed a sight of the "Dalada," or sacred tooth of Gotama Buddha, the most holy relic of the Buddhists. The legend of this is curious, but too long to be told here except in the most abbreviated form. Gotama died, it is said, almost twenty-five hundred years ago, and the sacred incisor was preserved in the capital of Kalinga, where it remained five hundred years, when it was taken to Ceylon, where it reposed for more than fifteen hundred years, when a prince from the mainland made an incursion into the island, and captured the venerated relic. The King of Kandy made a counter-incursion and recaptured it, and for some troubled centuries after it had a various fortune, being borne from one hiding-place to another. At last, in 1560, the Portuguese Dom Constantine of Braganza got it, as he supposed, at the capture of Jaffna, and carried it to Goa. The King of Pegu offered four hundred thousand cruzadoes for its ransom; but the pious Archbishop of Goa was resolved upon the destruction of the idolatrous relic. "He placed it in a mortar," so says the Portuguese chronicler, "and with his own hand reducing it to powder before them all, cast the pieces into a brazier which stood ready for the purpose; after which the ashes and the charcoal together were cast into the river in the sight of all those crowding to the verandas and

The "Dalada" is kept in a small shrine in a tower adjoining a Buddhist temple. It is deposited in a bell-shaped, golden casket glittering with diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, standing on a silver table. When the prince and some of his suite were gathered in the chamber a priest brought the key of the casket from a secret receptacle. The outer casket being opened, inside of it was seen a second, then a third, fourth, and fifth, all of gold. Within the last, lying upon a golden lotus-leaf, was the sacred tooth which no mortal hand may touch. The eldest priest, quivering with unfeigned emotion, covered his hand with a piece of silk, and, taking up the golden leaf, held up the sacred relic for the prince's gaze. "There was not," says Mr. Russell, "much to see in the tooth; and, without faith, nothing to admire"—a judgment fully borne out by his description:

"The 'Dalada' is a piece of bone, or, as some say, of ivory, with a suture up the side. It is nearly two inches long and one inch round, tapering toward the end, which is rounded. If the article ever was in Buddha's mouth, and if he had a complete set to match, he must have possessed a wonderful jaw and a remarkable stomach; for it is easy to see that the tooth is not a human molar or incisor. It has been suggested that it was modeled after the canine teeth which are seen in some images of Vishnu and Kali; but it by no means resembles a true canine."

The elephant is the symbol of Ceylon, and it was deemed fitting that here the prince should have the high gratification of an elephant-hunt in the jungle.



THE PRINCE AND THE BEGUM OF BHOPOL.

windows which looked upon the water." But, if the Cingalese are to be believed, the archbishop had better have taken the money; for it was not the genuine tooth after all, but a sham one made for the occasion; while the genuine original was spirited away from the captured city, and found its way to Kandy.

And here he killed his first and—to his honor be it said—his only elephant. Great preparations had been made for this hunt. For more than a fortnight twelve hundred men or more had been busy in constructing a kraal in the jungle, and keeping an eye on the elephants, ready to drive them into the stock-

ade at the appointed time. The kraal was formed of the trunks of trees, strongly strutted and stayed, extending across a shallow wooded valley, with a tiny rivulet running through it. Across the valley were trees, creepers, and bamboos, growing so thick that the stockade could hardly be seen at a distance of twenty yards. Running from this kraal up the hill-side was a stake-net of wood-work, into which the beaters were to drive the elephants, after they had passed a high rock on which the prince was to take his stand. Lining the stockade were some hundreds of men, all keeping very quiet. The yells of the beaters had been heard long before nine o'clock, when the prince took his appointed place; but hour after hour passed, and no elephant was seen or heard. At half-past one there was a tremendous commotion, and word was passed that the herd of elephants was coming toward the stockade; their trampling could be heard as they crashed through the trees. Then the cries of the beaters receded. The herd had broken through the line, and were making off. There were, in fact, two herds, each led by a valorous old tusker. The second one was driven toward the ambush; but it, too, broke through the line. Fire was kindled to the windward of the herd, and presently a huge old tusker came crashing past within twenty yards of the prince, who fired and hit the beast fair in the head; but still he made off. One of the suite now came up and said that he had just wounded an elephant, and if his highness would come down, he could give it a finishing shot. Down he came, and, accompanied by half a dozen of his suite, crept through the dense, hot jungle. They caught sight of the wounded elephant. The prince fired, and the beast dropped. Mr. Hall, who was nearest, began to make a sketch, when the elephant got on his feet, whereupon the artist took to flight. On they crept through the jungle, the noise of invisible elephants being heard close at hand. Suddenly one came charging straight for them. The prince fired at ten yards' range, but apparently missed, for the elephant disappeared in the jungle. In a few moments another was perceived in a spot where the less dense thicket gave a chance for deliberate aim. The prince fired, and the huge beast fell upon its side and toppled into the little stream. They crept up to it and found it dead. The victorious marksman waded into the shallow water, and was boosted up upon the carcass, a most perspiring, ragged, hatless, yet triumphant royal personage. In Ceylon only the male elephant has tusks, and this was not a "tusker;" so that the only trophy was the tail, which the prince cut off, carried away, and, for aught we are told, took home with him to England.

Ceylon was one of the points which the prince had from the outset insisted on visiting. He "did" the island in a week, and then, crossing to the mainland, went by rail to Madras. They made brief stops on the way, notably at Madura, reputed to be "the most charming town in Southern India," and notable for some noble pieces of architecture, among which is the "Choultrie," or lodging-place for the idol, built by the Raja Trimal Naik, who reigned

from 1625 to 1657. This building, in which the idol belonging to the great temple close by stops for ten days in the year, "three hundred and three by one hundred and five feet, of iron-gray granite of exceeding hardness, was erected in twenty-two years at the cost of one million pounds. In front of it is a gate-tower the door-posts of which are single blocks of granite sixty feet high, covered with the most beautifully-sculptured foliage. The interior presents a display of four rows of sculptured columns twenty-five feet high, the figures being elaborated with extraordinary richness and abundant fancy." In the great pillared hall are statues of the raja and his six wives, in the side of one of whom is a deep gash. As the story goes, when Trimal Naik had finished the structure, he asked this wife, a princess of Tanjore, whether her father had in his dominions a building at all like to this. "Like this!" she exclaimed, scornfully; "why, the sheds in which he keeps his cattle are finer." Whereupon the incensed raja threw his dagger at her; it struck her in the hip and there remained. But this structure is hardly more than a portico of the great temple of the fish-eyed goddess Minakshee, the wife of Siva. "The temple is a rectangle, with sides of eight hundred and thirty-four and seven hundred and thirty feet, covers twenty acres of ground, and has a grand hall with nine hundred and eighty-five sculptured columns surrounded by arcades, with grand gateways, porticoes, mysterious shrines, and monster idols. The shrine of Minakshee, which cost seventy thousand pounds, is surrounded with sculptured columns, and covered with a stone canopy, from the corners of which are chains of three links, carved out of the solid block, hanging from the stone of which they formed part."

The journey from Ceylon to Madras occupied six days. Manifestations of loyalty were abundant enough; but the Indian authorities had evidently a lurking suspicion of treachery, as witness this significant paragraph:

"It is with surprise that one hears of the precautions taken for his security wherever the prince rests, for there is no outward sign of them. As you approach the spot where the royal standard indicates headquarters, you see sentries on duty, perhaps a few native policemen at the corners of the avenues, or in front or rear of the house; but they do their work so unostentatiously that it is only by a close examination of the outposts one can form an idea of the magnitude of the force employed. There are at this moment seven hundred and sixty-two native policemen engaged in guarding the prince's headquarters."

The annual races were going on at Madras, and the prince remained there for nearly a week, and then embarked on the *Serapis* for Calcutta, the voyage occupying five days. We pass hastily over the fortnight's stay in the "City of Palaces," noting only a few characteristic incidents. There was a constant round of entertainments and receptions. Among the most noted of the native potentates presented was Scindia, the Raja of Gwalior, far up toward the Himalayas, whom we shall meet hereafter. Nothing could be more obsequious than his deportment. He

"walked toward the prince in a kind of eager, courteous, deprecating way, which no actor could imitate." But Mr. Russell regards him with a somewhat suspicious eye. He says:

"The attachment of Scindia to the British 'raj' nearly cost him his throne in 1858; and he certainly did not increase his prestige among his own people by the discovery and surrender of a supposititious Nana Sahib—heir, in their eyes, of the Peishwa. Scindia delights in soldiering, and a very good judge told me that he knew few officers in our service who could put a division of the three arms through a good field-day so well. His is one of the cases which present formidable difficulties in India. Here is a ruler of martial tendencies who has no possible career open to him, and whose devotion to drilling and manœuvring must be more or less cause of anxiety to the paramount power."

The Maharaja of Cashmere came in great state. "As to his aigret or plaque of diamonds, one can

"A salute of nineteen guns was fired, and a closed brougham drove up to the steps. The door opened, and a shawl, supported on a pair of thin legs, appeared. On the top of the shawl there was the semblance of a head, but visible face there was none, for over the head was drawn a silk hood, and from it depended a screen, which completely hid the features. This was the Sultana Jehan, Begum of Bhopal. Her highness is about forty. With her came a daughter, draped and dressed in the same way. They walked very slowly, one after the other, up the steps, taking their time about it, as if they were performing some remarkable feat. The begum was very much at her ease, and chatted very pleasantly with the prince, while her daughter was engaged in conversation with Sir Bartle Frere."

On New-Year's evening there was a performance at the theatre, in which, by viceregal command, "the celebrated and world-renowned Charles Mathews, the greatest comedian of the age, and acknowledged as such by the world," appeared in his



IN THE TERAI—BEATING FOR TIGERS.

only say that there seemed to be a flash in the air as he turned his head in talking to the prince." When the prince formally returned the visit, the preparations for the reception were unique:

"There was a tent of Cashmere shawls outside the house. The walls were draped with shawls of immense value; the floors of the rooms were covered with the finest shawls. One felt as if he were walking over charming paintings, and destroying with Vandal foot works of grand price. There was a dais shrouded in magnificent shawls at the end of the room; there was a shawl canopy for the throne or chairs of state. Rich as these were, the maharaja and his sirdars were richer still. They wore robes of stuff which might be described as being thickened with a crust of exceedingly fine jewels."

Quite exceptional was an interview with a Hindoo woman of high rank:

own comedy, "My Awful Dad." This was announced as "the Prince of Wales's state night." The price of upper-tier boxes, holding six, was one thousand rupees; lower-tier boxes, holding five, five hundred rupees; stalls, thirty rupees. "Maharajas, rajas, nawabs, chiefs, and the *élite* of Calcutta, who may wish to reserve boxes on this interesting occasion, are invited to communicate with the manager, Mrs. English." But, as Mr. Russell pathetically says, "the chiefs who were expected to pay one hundred pounds did not avail themselves as largely of the opportunity as the *bénéficiaire* expected." Three or four of them were all who put in an appearance. We imagine that the prince would have drawn better in Chicago than he did in Calcutta.

On the 4th of January, 1875, the prince left Cal-

cutta for a trip of some fifteen hundred miles through the northeastern provinces up to the very foot of the Himalayas. One object was to have a taste of tiger-hunting in the Terai, a broad tract of jungle, almost uninhabited, which skirts the base of the mountains. The railway runs past cities of historic fame, and through regions overrun by successive hordes of conquerors. We can only touch upon a few of the salient points of this journey.

A long night's ride brought them to Patna, the capital of the once famous state of Behar, now a district "given up to opium and indigo." The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard Temple, gave them a reception, which evinced that he was "a satrap of no ordinary magnitude and magnificence." He had assembled the generals, officers, and privates, of the vast army under his control, and "considering that there are, it is said, less than one hundred thousand Europeans in India, it was surprising to see what an assembly of ladies, in the most charming bonnets and most correct costumes, were waiting to receive the prince." The avenue to the camp was lined by nearly four hundred elephants, caparisoned with great richness, the howdahs filled with people in gala-dresses. "The great multitude," says Mr. Russell, "Europeans on one side of the way and natives on the other, was loyal and picturesque: the loyalty of the Europeans expressed by cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, playing of bands, and discharges of cannon; the picturesqueness afforded by rajahs, nawabs, and natives of inferior dignity." But he adds significantly: "Patna is supposed to contain a good deal of disaffection and of religious fanaticism, which are encouraged by the presence of certain Mohammedan teachers; and it has been found necessary, I believe, to lock up a good many people whose pronounced opinions, or previous history, were of a nature to attract the attention of the authorities."

The sacred city of Benares is a few hours' ride from Patna. Here, too, the reception was in the military camp outside the city. The municipality presented an address, than which nothing could be more profoundly loyal to the queen and the heir-apparent. But here, too, was a skeleton in the closet: "The lamps and lights throughout the camp," says Mr. Russell, "give one the idea of a busy street in a state of high festivity; and when the company are seated in the great tent, which is as brilliant as a London ballroom, and one thinks that a few miles away is a city of hundreds of thousands of people, who would think it a contamination to sit at the well-spread table, you understand how wide is the chasm which separates the life of the governing and the governed." And it must be borne in mind that the ruling race are less than a hundred thousand, while the subject race numbers more than two hundred millions.

Another day brought them to Lucknow. "Hitherto," says the narrative, "the prince has visited regions blessed by many years of peace. Now he enters upon the scenes of great troubles, where traditions of the retribution inflicted on rebellion are recent; where confiscations and deposition have left

many bitter memories; and where the fanaticism engendered in holy cities and by famous shrines keeps alive religious antagonism." . . . There was little to note by the way; but Oude is less prosperous, to look at, than it was in 1858. Lucknow has fairly been improved off the face of the earth. Hundreds of acres once occupied by houses have been turned into market-gardens. Swarded parks, vistas, rides, and drives, far prettier than those of the Bois de Boulogne, spread out where once were streets, bazaars, palaces. They are like oceans beneath which thousands of wrecks lie buried." No wonder that it was thought advisable to have "a guard of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, covered by a body of police, all night around the bungalow where the prince had his quarters; for, although "the people were inclined to be civil, there is not a very cheerful air about them. They admitted that they liked the good old days, and that they did not admire being 'improved off the face of the earth.' Altogether, I doubt if Lucknow is quite friendly, whatever Oude may be." At Lucknow the prince had his first taste, or rather view, of the noble sport of pig-sticking, "in a place where, although the country is rough, the sport could be enjoyed in perfection."

"The prince rode hard; but the English horse has little chance with the boar, as the latter turns like a hare. There were many falls; some had two. The 'pigs' showed great courage, fighting fiercely, charging savagely, and inflicting considerable injuries on the horses. In one run a boar, hard pressed, 'kinked,' and ran under the horse ridden by Lord Carrington, which came down heavily. Lord Carrington's left collar-bone was broken. After luncheon the sport was continued, and many pigs were killed before the day was over."

At Delhi the municipality, "all native gentlemen," presented an address, in which they said that they "esteemed it a privilege to be permitted to give expression to their feelings of profound loyalty and devotion to the person and rule of their gracious queen," and much more in the same strain. "Delhi, in the centre of Hindostan, and where converge many great railway-lines," replied the prince, "must ever be one of the most important points in our Indian possessions;" and he was "much gratified in being able to convey to the queen his assurance of the appearance of reviving prosperity in a city so famous and beautiful." But, says Mr. Russell, "to the Englishman, Delhi represents merely the centre of a military system, which from time to time finds here its point of concentration. To us the city has no historical worth except that its name is hallowed by the exploits and by the extraordinary tenacity and efforts of the army, which 'held on to it like bull-dogs,' until the hour of hard-won triumph arrived, and the wretched descendant of the Great Mogul was carried off to a miserable captivity." There was now such a concentration of troops at Delhi, and of these a grand review was held before the prince field-marshal, followed next day by a sham-fight, which was seen by the prince from the back of an elephant. At the review, "the appearance of the force was very fine," and an officer said, exultingly, "That army is able

to march from the Himalayas to Comorin, from Madras to Bombay—but on one condition: the natives must feed it, and be ready to assist in the transport." Mr. Russell more than hints grave doubts as to the reliance to be placed on this force, most of whom are natives: Thus:

But what security can there be that, in the case of a war—say with Russia—the Sepoy mutiny would not be renewed under more favorable auspices? Delhi and the Ganges may come to have as much to do with the Eastern question as Constantinople and the Bosphorus.



THE ALLIES OF THE TIGERS.

"It certainly did strike those accustomed to European armies that the proportion of British officers to native regiments was perilously small. Without at all detracting from the merits and approved excellence of native troops under certain conditions, one could not help feeling that it was dangerous to trust native troops so much to their own officers. As to the native army generally, without disrespect, and in fact with something like admiration, one may say to it, with the bully in the play, who, entering a tavern, put his sword upon the table: 'Lie there, good blade! God grant that I may have no need of thee!' It was interesting to observe that the 'queen's officers,' as one may call them for the sake of distinction, did not speak of the native regiments at all, while the 'Indian officers' had no eyes but for their own corps. The officers who belonged to the old irregular cavalry are enthusiasts about the qualities of their men and the perfection of their organization, while the queen's officers hold them in very poor estimation."

All this is on the assumption that these native troops would remain faithful to their alien empress.

The Delhi pageant lasted five days. In a couple of days more the canvas city was no more; some of it was packed away in the commissariat stores; the grand tents of the prince were returned to Calcutta; and the regiments were marched back to their several stations. In the mean while the prince and his followers were dispatched by a special night-train to Lahore. Well wrapped in rugs—for the thermometer at night had got into a way of indicating something like the freezing-point—they slept soundly, and as morning broke were near the capital of the short-lived dynasty of the Sikh, close by which were the encampments of the martial rajahs of the Punjab, to whom a couple of days were given. Then farther on, a day's journey, to Jummoo, the capital of the Maharaja of Cashmere, whose shawls had been so notable at Calcutta a short three weeks before. In the interval he had erected a huge building expressly for the reception of his expected guest, and at enormous cost; but, unluckily, though it was

"hung with shawls, mirrors, and pictures, the pile was so frail that the walls shook when the salutes were fired, and it was so damp that his royal highness preferred the tents erected close at hand, between the palace and the city." Two days were quite sufficient for Cashmere; and one of these was devoted to a hunting-excursion, which was not very successful. "Although his royal highness killed some deer and a pig, the display of native sporting was a failure. A cheetah let loose at a deer ran after a dog; the dog turned, and the cheetah fled. A lynx was slipped at a fox; Reynard showed fight, and the lynx and the fox made up, and were friends." At evening there was a display of fishing in the river. The nets were hauled in full; but, as afterward appeared, the fish had been put beforehand into the nets, and securely fastened by the gills!

From Jummo the party returned for a space on the route by which they had come, past by Lahore and Delhi to Agra, famous for the Taj Mahal, that wonderful mausoleum so often described. A few hours' ride, not by rail, from Agra is Gwalior, the residence of the Maharaja Scindia, whom the prince had promised to visit at home. He had some long-standing grievances against the British Government, among which were the seizure and retention of his strong fortress. "There can be no doubt," acknowledges Mr. Russell, "that Lord Canning promised, in 1859, to restore it to him; but the plea of to-day for the non-fulfillment of the pledge is, that Lord Canning did not promise to restore it at once, but made a proviso that the act should be performed at some convenient season. This is dangerous ground to take, especially if there is to be only one judge of the expediency." But nothing could exceed the apparent cordiality and proud humility of Scindia. One may, however, be allowed to surmise that there was more meant than met the eye in the military parade and the sham-fight which ensued, which evinced how well disciplined were Scindia's men, and how well he could handle them. At parting he said: "It has been much to see your face. It is a grief to me that your visit is so short. I can hardly hope to see your face again; but, be that as it may, some time in England turn a thought to me. My state and everything I have is yours." So said Scindia; but Mr. Russell shrewdly suspects: "If he could have uttered his heart's desire he would probably have said to the prince, 'Tell them to give me back my fortress.'"

A week after this, while at the residence of the neighboring ruler of Jeypoor, the prince saw his first tiger, and killed it. The affair was a very commonplace one. It is the custom to put up tall shooting-stands along the valleys visited by tigers; and, when it is announced that one is prowling around, the hunters post themselves in these stands while men are sent out to beat the valley. The tiger is likely to pass within shot of one of the stands. News came of a tiger near by. The prince and his attendants mounted the stands; the wood was duly beaten, and before long the tiger came in sight. The prince fired; the tiger trotted along. He fired again; the

tiger rolled over, but got up and crawled into a bushy ravine. The prince mounted an elephant and followed. The beaters scared the tiger out of the bushes. The prince gave a couple more shots; and when the hunters came up she—for it was a full-grown female—was dead. Tiger-hunting in earnest, in the thick jungle, is not so easy a matter; and the prince soon afterward had a fair share of it.

The grand hunting-party for the Terai had in the mean while been organized, and established its camp in full sight of the Himalayas. In numbers, equipment, and *impedimenta*, it was a little army. What with six hundred coolies, sixty tent-pitchers, several hundred *mahouts*, camel-drivers, and servants, one hundred and twenty soldiers, and a detachment of native camp-police, there were in all fully twenty-five hundred men surrounding the prince and the thirty or forty Europeans who went with him. They had one hundred and nineteen elephants, five hundred and fifty camels, one hundred horses, sixty ox-carts, besides numerous goats, cows, and sheep. The prince and his party reached the camp on the 11th of February. Tigers were the game sought, although when these were not to be had anything but elephants was in order. When elephants are hunted here it is for capture, not for slaughter.

"In the Indian jungle," says Mr. Russell, "the tiger is the king of beasts, and there is no royal road to shooting him. Every other creature must be allowed to pass unscathed when he is sought; for to kill a tiger hours of beating and watching and halting must be endured day after day without repining. There is, indeed, the excitement of knowing that at any moment the quiet patch of grass before your eyes may be rent asunder, and its yielding rushes and waving reeds may glow with the fire of that terrible eye, and warm with the rich color of that royal presence. One is told that it is much nobler to descend from the elephant, and go into the jungle on foot, to seek the tiger in his lair; but gentlemen who pursue that sport are generally destroyed. Certainly, whether safe or not, it would not be possible thus to pursue the sport here; for no living man could walk a hundred yards through the astonishing growth of reeds and tangled vegetation. It might be possible to get a tiger by sitting night after night watching on a roost up a tree over a pool of water or the carcass of a dead buffalo; but, in truth, the beasts are not abroad. They are like a needle, not in a bundle, but in a stack of hay."

The way the thing is done—or at least the way the Prince of Wales did it—is in this wise: When a place is found in which there is likely to be a tiger, a number of hunters perched in their howdahs begin trampling through the jungle. The beast usually lies low until the elephant's foot is almost upon him, and then most likely he tries to sneak off; but there is always a chance that he will show fight and make a spring at the elephant. The hunter, perched in his howdah, runs no very great risk; but the *mahout*, astride of the elephant's neck, is not quite so safe. When a tiger is discovered, a tolerable marksman ought to be able to hit him. But the pleasure of tiger-hunting is not unaccompanied by annoyances, notable among which are the superabundant jungle-flies. "Flies!" exclaims Mr. Russell; "there was

never anything like them in the jungle hereabouts ; not in Egypt at its worst. I begin to pity the tigers who are driven out of their haunts by these pests ; but I have no feeling of anything but wonder for the men who voluntarily go forth to be tortured by flies in order that they may kill tigers." But it must be borne in mind that the prince's honorary private secretary never killed a tiger. Once, indeed, he shot at something which he supposed might have been a tiger ; but he is not sure that he hit him, and, as his piece was loaded only with small shot, it is not likely that in any case the creature, whatever it was, was much the worse for it. The prince had better fortune. We are not sure of the exact number of tigers that fell before his rifle ; but we have noted about a dozen in a fortnight. The story of one of these successes must stand for all :

"The prince has just killed his first tiger in Nepaul. It is now lying stretched within a few yards of my tent. There are in his body three wounds, any one of which would have been mortal. What number of elephants and men were engaged in compassing his death I am not prepared to state ; but I know that any one of them, brute or man, would have been sorry to have had a private interview with that mass of striped skin and inert muscle about twelve o'clock to-day. This tiger had been marked down close to camp, and it was resolved by 'the authorities' that the prince's first day in Nepaul should not be a blank. Elephants were moored to blockade him, and men were stationed to keep up fires at night, so that he could not break through according to tiger nature. The yells of the *jemadars*, the blows of the *hircus*, the shouts of the *mahouts*, the crashing of the branches above and saplings below, made the forest ring. As the great coil, each link of which was an elephant, moved on, a herd of deer—a confused mass of antlers and dappled skins—halted like cavalry brought up midway in a furious charge. Then, taking courage of despair, headed by a timid dame, they charged the elephants, which actually shrieked with terror as the cheetah leaped over them. In another minute a tiger appeared, moving in an easy canter across our front, at a distance of some fifteen or twenty yards, growling as he ran. He seemed minded to go at the elephants, but changed his intention of a sudden, and thought it best to consider the situation in the seclusion of a small, natural shrubbery. Into this he dropped, and was lost to view. The elephants closed in round the spot. The prince and Sir Jung appeared. The tiger, after two or three growls—the bellow of an angry bull and the snarl of a dog commingled—leaped through the brushwood. The prince fired. One! two! The last shot turned him. He rushed into the covert. His side was exposed to the prince. The next report of a rifle was followed by a yell of pain ; the tiger raised itself, rolled half over, and fell as the second barrel sent a bullet through his body. The apparition of open jaws and glaring eyes sank down into the grass, which

waved fitfully to and fro for a second or two ; then all was quiet. There was the usual cautious advance of the *shikharries* ; and, looking down from their howdahs, all saw the creature stretched out dead. He was a full-grown male, nine feet six inches long. Had he not been stopped just at the right moment, he would certainly have been 'on' to a man or an elephant."

That was a white day for the prince. The hunting was resumed in the afternoon, and in the evening there were seven dead tigers. "Of these, six, including that in the forenoon, were shot by the prince. Five were in a single beat, which did not last more than an hour. The prince killed two with single shots ; he disposed of three in two or more shots, and one was accounted for by 'outsiders.'" One cannot help surmising that the royal sportsman had a little more than fair play, from his companions refraining to shoot when the tigers were where the prince could spot them. But in any case he must have shot with rare judgment, and we are quite prepared to believe that "the prince's shooting drew forth the encomiums of the great Nepaulese *shikarry*, who has killed to his own rifle more than five hundred and fifty tigers, and who hopes to score at least six hundred before he quits the field."

At this particular season of the year the Terai is reputed to be "as healthy as any part of Europe, but at other periods a deadly fever attacks Europeans and natives." This unhealthy period is said to begin precisely on the 8th of March. Two days before that dreaded date the hunting-camp was broken up, and the prince turned his face homeward. He crossed by rail straight from Agra to Bombay, which he reached on the 11th, where the Serapis was waiting for him. It was seventeen weeks, lacking three days, since he there set foot on the soil of India. He had, according to Mr. Russell, "traveled nearly seven thousand six hundred miles by land and twenty-three hundred by sea ; known more chiefs than all the viceroys and governors put together ; and had seen more of the country in the time than any other living man." Resuming his voyage from Bombay, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean, were again traversed ; the Straits of Gibraltar passed ; the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and France, skirted ; and England reached on the 11th of May, six months to a day from the commencement of the journey. The anchor was hardly down before the princess and the royal children were on board. "To them the great ship seemed a treasure-house of wonder and delight, for there were tigers and tailless dogs, elephants, deer, horses, ostriches, leopards, birds, diminutive ponies and cattle, monkeys, to be exhibited, visited, petted, or dreaded."

PASTURE-LANDS.

THE pasture-lands sweep up, and hide
The far-off blue horizon-line ;
The quiet cows crop by my side,
Or on the grassy slopes recline.

A cloud reveals its pillared form
Above the pasture's rocky crest,
Then fades, and other clouds transform
The sky, but bring it no unrest !

A WORK OF RETRIBUTION.

I.

"PHIL, dear old fellow, how glad I am to see you again!"

"And I to see you, Bertie!"

The two brothers clasped hands in that strenuous grasp which, with Anglo-Saxon men, expresses so much, and gazed into each other's faces with eyes that were slightly misted. Five years had passed since they last saw each other, and many are the changes which can be wrought during that length of time on human faces, as well as in human lives. Colonel Philip Thurston, of the Egyptian army, had grown many shades darker, and somewhat older in appearance, since, like Childe Harold, he bade his native land good-night, and sailed away to the climes of the sun; while Bertie Egerton, whom he left a gay stripling, with the world all before him—a world ready enough to show its most attractive side to one so sunny in nature, so charming in manner, so liberally endowed with the good things of fortune—had undergone a deeper change. The bright boy whom Thurston well remembered, had vanished forever, and left in his place a man with a somewhat worn and almost reckless expression on his handsome face, when the light of cordial gladness died out of it.

Of this change, Thurston, however, was too wise to speak. The brothers had met on the deck of an ocean-steamer, and there were a hundred things to say—questions to ask and answer—while they entered a carriage and were driven to Egerton's hotel. It was not until after dinner that anything like confidential conversation took place. Then, as they were smoking together, with the summer twilight dying away over the city roofs and spires, Egerton said, in a studiously careless voice: "If you had delayed your coming a little longer, Phil, you would not have found me on this side of the Atlantic. I had made all my arrangements to go abroad when I received your letter."

"Indeed!" said Thurston. "Where did you think of going?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, indifferently. "To Europe for the summer, I suppose. In the autumn I meant to turn eastward, and pay you a visit. Egypt must be a pleasant country to live in, I think. If I pitched my tent there we might have a comfortable time—you could drill, and march, and countermarch, to your heart's content, while I reclined under a palm-tree, or floated on the Nile."

"So that is your idea of life in Egypt, is it?" said Thurston, with a laugh. "It is a good enough country for me—a soldier by nature and profession, with no fortune besides my sword—but it would not suit you. The novelty of everything might amuse you for a time, but I should be sorry for you to think of pitching your tent there permanently."

"As well there as anywhere else," said Egerton, with a shadow of gloom falling over his face. "Nov-

elty is what I want. I am tired to death of the life I know—I might forget myself, perhaps, in one that I *didn't* know. I have felt lately as if I should like to escape from the tumult and fret of modern civilization, to the ancient and unchangeable East."

Thurston took his cigar from his lips, and knocked the feathery ashes off against the ledge of the open window by which they sat, before he said:

"There is not a great deal of the unchangeable East to be found in Egypt now—unless you go to Thebes, which is not at the present time a cheerful place of residence, whatever it may have been three thousand years ago. Cairo, under the new *régime*, has quite as much 'tumult and fret' in it as any city of Europe. But this disgust of modern civilization is altogether new with you—what has caused it?"

"Satiety, I suppose," Egerton replied, looking at the young moon as it hung, a golden boat, in the pearly sky. "I believe there is no doubt but that if a man were restricted to a diet of ortolans and champagne, he would tire of them after a while. For five years I have run through every form of social dissipation, and been sufficiently courted and amused. But it has palled at last. I am tired of the frivolity that has made the sum of my life! I am sick of dancing and flirting, of clubs and drawing-rooms. If I do not go away and turn idler or savage for a time, I think I shall blow out my brains!"

He had forgotten himself, and in the last sentence there was so much passionate earnestness—on the outlines of the handsome face such a deepening recklessness—that Thurston was fairly startled. Yet what could he say? The malady was plain enough, but it must needs be a skillful physician who can minister to a mind or spirit diseased. So, for a minute, there was silence. Carriages were rolling below, pedestrians passing, lamps gleaming through the deepening dusk; a child's laugh floated up together with a red balloon; some distance down the street a band of musicians were playing. On this medley of sound Thurston's voice broke.

"If the necessity for change of scene is so urgent," he said, with a tolerably successful attempt at lightness of tone, "you must not let me detain you in America. So long as I am with you, it does not matter where my furlough is spent. After I have transacted a little necessary business, I am ready to accompany you to Paris or Stamboul."

"Nay, I am not quite so selfish a dog as that," said Egerton, with a smile—but Thurston noticed that his lip trembled under the silky-brown mustache. "It ought to be enough for me to be with you," he went on, "without dragging you over the ocean again, when you have just made a long journey to see your home and your friends. You'll be patient with me, I know. I'm not quite myself in all respects, but with regard to *you*"—and his hand fell on his brother's shoulder—"I have not changed one iota."

"Do you think I doubt that?" asked Thurston. "Do you think I could doubt it under any circumstances? We have not been like ordinary brothers, Bertie, at any period of our lives—you know that as well as I do. Thank God, no bitterness has ever come between us—nor ever will, I think! Of course, I saw, as soon as I looked at your face, that some change had passed over you; but you must understand that I do not ask the cause of it. Go or stay, speak or be silent, without fear of misconception from me."

Egerton pushed back his chair abruptly and rose.

"God bless you, Phil!" he said, huskily—and walked away into the dusky dimness of the unlighted room. Thurston did not follow him, and more than a minute passed in silence, broken only by the noises from the street. Egerton paced once or twice the length of the apartment; then, without returning, he said: "If I hesitate to tell you the reason of the change which you find in me, it is only because a man naturally dislikes to brand himself as a fool. Yet you must hear it sooner or later—from others if not from me—and the story is simple and commonplace enough. You know that I have always had a very susceptible disposition with regard to women. I have fallen in and out of love dozens of times, and a year ago I should, for that very reason, have esteemed myself the least likely subject for one of those insane passions that now and then wreck men's lives. In fact, I was accustomed to say that no woman had ever made a deep impression upon me, and I did not believe that any ever would."

"You once wrote me something equivalent to that," said Thurston, more to fill the pause which came just here than for any other reason; "I remember you said, *à propos* of some desperate lover, 'I cannot imagine why a man should suffer the loss of one woman to come like a shadow between him and the sun, when there are multitudes on every side as fair, as wise, as witty, as she. There is no such thing as nonpareil excellence. Thank Heaven, the world is a "rose-bud garden of girls," and he is a fool who, losing one rosebud, does not pluck another!'"

"Ah!" said Egerton, "it was I who was a fool to talk so lightly of things beyond my comprehension! 'He jests at scars who never felt a wound'—but I have been wounded since then. The shadow of one woman has indeed come between me and the sun, and I would not tell you, if I could, what darkness has fallen over my life. I met Agatha Loring more than a year ago, and from the first moment I saw her I loved her. Do you know what that word means, Phil? Very likely not. I never knew what it meant until I met her: but, compared to what I felt for her, every feeling that I had ever known for any other woman was like water unto wine ten times told. I was warned from the first that she was a cruel coquette, and would throw a man's heart away like a useless toy when she was done with it; but such warnings were less to me than the idlest wind. To be with her was sufficient; to hear her voice, to touch her hand, to look

into her eyes—such eyes, Phil! I have never seen any others of the same tint; and as for expression—sometimes I think that they have *no* tint, that they are *all* expression. But"—with an impatient accent—"I must not maunder like this. The end came as it had been foretold. When I grew too earnest to amuse her any longer, she turned to ice and bade me go. I wearied her, she said, coldly; she had nothing to give me; she fancied that I had understood that flirtation was only—flirtation; if I had made a mistake it was not her fault. And so all ended!—Well, no doubt you think me weak to suffer such a woman to rob life of all savor for me. But most women who play this game are bunglers more or less, while Agatha Loring is an expert. When she is done with a man, he is fit for nothing but to go to the devil as fast as may be."

"And do you think such a woman worth going to the devil for?" asked Thurston, with indignation. "Why can you not put her out of your heart through scorn? Great Heaven! if I loved her better than my life, and she showed herself in such colors, it would be enough. I should thrust her aside, and go my way as if she did not exist."

"Your theories would fall away like cobwebs if Agatha Loring once laid her spell on you," said Egerton. "I know I am a fool, but *she* is a sorceress. No ordinary woman could fill a man's life with the consciousness of her and the need of her, and then wreck it as she does. When she sent me away, I was like a wretch hurled in one moment out of heaven into hell! I do not understand yet how I failed to blow out my brains, unless it was that I shrank from being the subject of a three days' talk. I did not even think of you, Phil—consider that!"

"My poor boy!" said Thurston. Involuntarily he rose and put his arm across the young man's shoulders in their old, boyish fashion. More he could not say. His heart was hot as he thought of the woman who had wrought such work through cruelty or caprice, but he knew that to speak of her as she deserved would for the present avail nothing.

Egerton, on his part, was touched by this sympathy. "You are exactly what you always were, Phil," he said, gratefully. "Dear old fellow! it would be a dark day, indeed, when any estrangement came between us—but we need not speak of such a thing; it will never be. And you must not think that I mean to bore you with my folly. I have told my story, and I am done. Now let us discuss your plans. Where do you mean to go? All our relations are eager to see you, and welcome you to their hospitable roofs. (That's the correct phrase, I believe.) People are amazingly hospitable, you know, when they are only called upon to appreciate success. I have pressing invitations for you from all uncles, and aunts, and cousins to the tenth degree."

"Not one of whom I care to meet," said Thurston. "Apart from my desire to see you, I have chiefly come to America to recruit my health—which is a little enervated by five years in Egypt—and to attend to some business concerning which there is no

haste. Therefore, in order to accomplish the first two objects, I propose that we shall turn our faces toward the old home of our boyhood. Let us go to Beechwood. I should like to ride through the woods and fish in the river again. I used to think, in the East, that one whiff of the pine-odors would be better than the fragrance of Araby the Blest."

"I have not been there for years," said Egerton. "My agent attends to the business. The plantation is rented out, you know, but the house is unoccupied, and if you desire we can go there. All places are alike to me. We will go to-morrow, if you like."

So they started the next day, for Thurston perceived more and more clearly that his brother's case was one demanding prompt treatment of some kind. The Beechwood idea had come to him like an inspiration, and as an inspiration he acted upon it. To take Egerton away from all associations which intensified his pain, to break the chain of later habit, and recall the fresh, simple pleasures of earlier years, was what he wished to do, and he felt sanguine that the result would be all that he desired.

This impression lasted for a few days after they had taken up their abode at Beechwood—one of those old Southern houses around which, even when deserted, still seems to linger the charm of the hospitable existence they once enshrined—but it did not last more than a few days. It was soon apparent that Egerton's malady was beyond the reach of such remedies as this. As Thurston watched him, he realized how deeply the poisoned shaft had struck. The spring of all joyousness and hope seemed broken within the young man. He exerted himself to appear cheerful, he made an effort to feign interest in the old pursuits, but his brother's eyes—rendered by affection almost as keen as those of a woman's—saw through the pretense readily, saw the deadly indifference, the apathy born of pain, the recklessness that at times was almost fierce.

Nevertheless, he still hoped that this acute stage of the disease might pass, and convalescence set in. But days lengthened into weeks; and, after a month had elapsed, he acknowledged to himself that such an expectation was fruitless. Indeed, Egerton had of late seemed to grow worse instead of better. He was at times intensely irritable, and again depressed beyond all power of concealment. He had also become fond of solitude, and, wandering off into the woods, taking long rides, or floating in a skiff on the river, would spend hours alone, without any occupation. Thurston uttered no remonstrance, but he observed closely, and, having drawn his conclusions, formed them into a resolution.

The time for expressing this came one evening when the July twilight had faded into night, and still Egerton, who had gone out on the river, did not return. Thurston, having waited for him vainly, took his solitary supper, and then, in the fragrant semi-darkness, paced the lawn, at the foot of which the river ran. It was nine o'clock before he heard the welcome sound of oars, and then a boat grated against the bank. He walked toward the landing-place, and, as Egerton sprang on shore, said, quietly:

"You are late, Bertie—what detained you so long?"

"Nothing in particular," answered Bertie, carelessly. "I saw no reason for coming back. How warm it is! One gets a slight breeze on the river—which is more than one gets here."

"You will find supper waiting. I took mine some time ago."

"Supper—bah! Who can eat in such a temperature as this?"—he put his hand to his throat, and loosened impatiently the collar round which no cravat was tied—"I shall not go through the form to-night."

"Light a cigar, then, and join me in my promenade. I have one or two things to say."

To this Egerton made no demur. The cigar was lighted, and, as they walked back and forth over the grassy slope, Thurston said:

"I see plainly that this life does not suit you. Despite all your efforts, you are restless and wretched; therefore, as I proposed to come, let me propose to go. There is nothing to detain us here. I am ready to start to-morrow, to go anywhere you like."

"You are very kind, Phil," replied Egerton, after a moment's pause, "and you have borne with my moods better than I deserve; but, when you talk of starting to go anywhere I like, you make a mistake. There is *nowhere* I like. This place does not suit me, but I do not know any other which would suit me better. The fault is in myself, not in my surroundings. But I have felt for some time past," he went on, "that I am no fit companion for any one in my present condition. I decided this evening that, instead of troubling you any longer, I will go away by myself somewhere—I don't care where—and see if I cannot summon manhood enough to end this insane folly. In such a struggle a man is sometimes best alone."

"I have been thinking of that," said Thurston, gravely, "but the question is—can I trust you alone?"

"I think so," answered the other. "I am past the stage of blowing out my brains—if that is what you mean. Give me a month, Phil, and by that time I hope that I shall be able to bear myself more like a man."

As he looked at his brother, the starlight was bright enough for Thurston to see the reckless misery on the face that usually concealed this pain, in a measure at least, under a mask. At that sight, something rose up in his throat, and almost choked him. It was fully a minute before he could control himself sufficiently to speak as he desired.

"You must do exactly as you wish without reference to me," he said. "I told you that some time ago. Where do you think of going—abroad?"

"Yes," Egerton replied. "I am sick of America. When you have finished your business, you can meet me in Paris. Then, after we have spent a month or two rambling about, I will go with you to Egypt."

And so it was settled.

II.

AFTER Thurston had accompanied his brother to the seaport whence he embarked for Europe, and had seen the ship which bore him "sink below the verge," he was conscious of a strange sense of isolation and desolation. It was true that the shore on which he stood was that of his native land—a land where he had relations by the dozen, and friends (in the conventional sense of that term) by the score; but he had come to see Bertie—and Bertie was gone. As is sometimes the case with men of his order, the sunburned soldier had a very tender heart, and this heart ached now not only with the desolation already mentioned, but with the thought of his incapacity to relieve one single pang of the pain which his brother was suffering.

It was the latter reflection chiefly which drew his dark brows together as he set his face cityward again, leaving the docks and shipping, the tossing waves and vanishing ship behind. "God grant that all the suffering she has caused may be returned upon her before she dies!" he said to himself; and it is not difficult to tell to which one of all the daughters of Eve his wish referred.

Turning his thoughts from Bertie, it became a serious question what he should do with himself during the next month. It was true that certain affairs of business demanded his attention, but at the most they would only claim a part of his time, and how he should dispose of the remainder was an enigma. He might travel; but to travel alone is a dreary undertaking, unless the traveler has some definite object in view, or is so wrapped up in an absorbing feeling as to stand in no need of companionship. There were summer resorts; but the idea of lounging with a newspaper and a cigar on an hotel-piazza, listening to watering-place gossip, or floating on the tide of watering-place dissipation, required more fortitude or more frivolity than Thurston possessed. He thought of his relations, for there occasionally comes a time in a man's life when he feels inclined to seek those of his own blood; but such length of absence, such difference of association, intervened between himself and all of his kindred, that there was not a single door to which he could go certain of a welcome or of congenial society. He sighed slightly, and dismissed the thought. If the worst came to the worst in the matter of *ennui*, he could follow Bertie's example and go abroad as soon as his business would permit him to do so.

It happened oddly—as things sometimes do—that an hour later, as he stood by the counter of a bank which he had entered, a gentleman, after watching him closely for a minute, came up with outstretched hand.

"I hardly think I can be mistaken," he said. "Are you not Philip Thurston?"

"The same," Thurston answered, turning quickly. His glance had scarcely fallen on the face before him when a laugh came into his eyes. "You are Cameron Jennings," he said, shaking hands warmly. "I should have known you anywhere."

"You ought—if only by this token," said the other, touching a slight scar on his forehead. "You gave me this with a hatchet when we were both about five years old. When did you come back to America? I did not know you were in the country."

Thurston replied by a brief detail of the why and wherefore of his presence. Mr. Jennings looked a little surprised when he heard of Egerton's departure for Europe; but he was a man of sufficient tact to make no comment further than to say: "I saw Bertie at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans last spring, and I thought he was not in quite his usual health and spirits. No doubt he needs change of air. We all need it more or less, especially in summer. Have you seen none of your old friends? Why, this is shameful! You shall go home with me, and my wife will kill a fatted calf for you with the greatest pleasure. Don't you remember her as Lucy Denmead? She is a cousin of yours."

"I remember her," answered Thurston, conscious of an absolute thrill of regard for Lucy Denmead, whose existence up to that moment he had forgotten. "She used to be very pretty."

"She is very pretty yet," said Mr. Jennings, with commendable pride, "and gay as a lark. She fills Sans-Souci—that's the name of my country-place—with company every summer, and makes things as pleasant as they can be made. Sans-Souci is the place for you, my dear fellow! Can't you leave the city with me to-morrow? I am only here on business, and I find it excessively hot."

In Thurston's present frame of mind it did not require much persuasion to induce him to entertain this proposal very favorably. He dined with Mr. Jennings, and the next day found him by that gentleman's side in the train which bore them away from the place where he had last seen poor Bertie's haggard face.

Sans-Souci was several hundred miles distant—but what are hundreds of miles when steam annihilates time and space? On the evening of the second day they disembarked at a way-station, and found a landau drawn by two black horses waiting for them.

"This is pleasant," said Mr. Jennings, in a tone of relief, as they rode along a shade-flecked road, with fresh breezes coming to their faces, green hills on all sides, and breadths of rich meadow-land making a pastoral foreground. "I think you'll like the country, Thurston, and I hope you'll like Sans-Souci. Lucy had the house full when I left, and we are pretty sure not to find it empty now."

A drive of five or six miles brought them to this home of hospitality—a picturesque villa crowning a gently-swelling hill, with a winding stream and fertile valley below. On the piazza as they drove up stood a very small lady very elaborately dressed, who welcomed Mr. Jennings affectionately and Thurston warmly.

"Of course I remember you," she said to the latter, when he hazarded the expression of a fear that she did not. "I think we had a flirtation before you went away, and five years is not such an age in this part of the world, whatever it may be in Egypt. I

am charmed to see you, and I hope we shall keep you with us some time.—Yes, Cameron, I received your telegram. Cousin Philip's room is ready."

As Cousin Philip was conducted to his room he felt that, after all, relations had their uses. This bowery chamber, so tastefully yet inexpensively furnished, with a background to all its windows of green foliage touched with low-slanting, golden sunbeams, was very different from any apartment in which he had found himself for a long time. He made his toilet with an odd sensation of satisfaction, and then sat down by one of these windows to watch the sunset, while waiting for the sound of a bell which he felt sure would presently ring below. Instead of the sunset, however, he soon found himself observing a very different scene.

Immediately below the ground sloped away in a depression, and, as shrubbery had been set out thickly, and grew luxuriantly here, the dell thus inclosed was altogether concealed from the lower windows of the house. Thurston's casement commanded a bird's-eye view of it, and when he glanced down the first thing which he perceived was a woman's dress thrown into relief against the deep-green background. Something about this dress—perhaps the grace of its fashion, or the manner in which it was worn—attracted his attention, but he could not see the face of the wearer for a broad straw-hat which effectually concealed it. She was sitting on a rustic bench, and by her side was a man talking eagerly, as was evident from his gestures, though no word reached Thurston's ears.

He watched the scene for some time—amused, as trifles will amuse one under certain circumstances. There is an expression of figure as well as of face, and attitudes often betray as much as the countenance. The attitudes in the present instance betrayed a good deal. "The man is in earnest, the woman indifferent," he said to himself. As the thought passed through his mind, he saw the man suddenly take one of the lady's hands and raise it to his lips. The significant little action made Thurston draw back with a sense of playing the spy. He rose and left the window.

A moment later the bell for which he had been waiting rung, and he went down-stairs. As he entered the drawing-room, full of sunset light and gay with a ripple of voices and laughter, his hostess met him with the same cordiality which made her welcome so charming.

"You have no idea what a lion we are prepared to make of you, Cousin Philip," she said, smiling brightly. "It is not often that we have a genuine nineteenth-century free-lance in our midst, and if we bore you with questions about life in Egypt and the court of the khédive, you must excuse us. You shall take me in to dinner, and then I will have an opportunity to ask *my* questions first."

Needless to say what Thurston replied, and when a few minutes after he found himself by Mrs. Jennings's side, overlooking a dinner-table round which a company of eight or ten were gathered, he began to feel more and more that Fate had been kind to

him. Before leaving the drawing-room he had been introduced to the majority of the guests, but, glancing now over the assembled faces, he noticed two which he had not seen before, and which instinct assured him belonged to the figures which had played a bit of comedy below his window.

I have written "two faces," yet in truth he saw for some time only one—and that was feminine. Not a strictly beautiful face, but a face that he felt at once might hold a fascination deeper than mere beauty. A pale complexion, clear-cut features, odd limpid eyes under dark lashes, dark, straight brows, and a Greek forehead, from which rich masses of dusky hair waved—these things made up a whole which awakened not so much admiration as interest. The mouth was cold and almost disdainful when at rest, but, when the mobile lips spoke or smiled, their play of expression was singularly winning.

The man by this woman's side—evidently the same who had kissed her hand—was dark, slight, and handsome, with something of French grace in his manner and bearing. Thurston watched the pair with a good deal of interest, and presently, under cover of an animated conversation near by, asked Mrs. Jennings who they were.

"Those," said she, "are the most noted members of our party. I fancy you may have heard of the young lady: she is Miss Loring, a famous belle and beauty."

Thurston's brow lowered.

"Do you mean," he said—"and unconsciously his voice grew stern—"that she is Agatha Loring?"

Mrs. Jennings shot a significant glance at him.

"Yes, that is Agatha Loring," she answered. "You have probably heard of her from poor Bertie, who was one of her victims. No one can deny that she is a heartless coquette, and yet one cannot help liking her. Even you will find yourself fascinated by her before you know what you are about."

He smiled a little grimly.

"You must allow me to doubt that," he said. "Nevertheless, I will ask you to present me to her after dinner, and, if you will be so kind, I should prefer that you did not mention my relationship to Bertie."

"If you desire it, certainly not," said Mrs. Jennings, who was very quick to take a hint or suggestion. "No one here knows of the relationship except Cameron, and I will request him not to mention it. Do you observe that handsome man sitting by Agatha? He belongs to the genus lady-killer, and is as noted in his line as she is in hers. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek, but I think Agatha has vanquished him already, though they only met three or four days ago. His name is Virien, and he is from New Orleans."

After dinner, when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Mrs. Jennings sat down by Miss Loring's side.

"You were so late in making your appearance before dinner, Agatha, that I was not able to present my cousin, Colonel Thurston, to you," she said. "I

shall do so, with your permission, presently—but mind! he is not to serve as food for powder.”

“On what ground is he to be exempt?” asked Miss Loring, with a laugh. “I rather like his appearance, if you mean the sunburned man who was talking to you at dinner.”

“He has a right to be sunburned,” said Mrs. Jennings. “He is in the Egyptian army.”

“Indeed! Well, I did not question his right, you know; and I have often felt that if I were a man I should go to Egypt or Spain, or somewhere else where fighting was to be done and honor won, instead of sitting down in the old, old routine of social and agricultural life. I am tired to death of the ordinary men one meets. If your cousin brings a fresh element into my life, I shall be profoundly grateful to him.”

“I doubt if he will be profoundly grateful to *you* in the end; but I have warned him, and I can do no more.”

“You were very unkind, then. Do you imagine that with a man like that—a simple, straightforward soldier, I have no doubt—I should be the same creature that I am with Antoine Virien, for instance?”

“You are like Cleopatra in your ‘infinite variety,’ I know very well, my dear; but I have never heard that you were less dangerous in one form than another; and ‘a simple, straightforward soldier’ is just the person you will take pleasure in beguiling.”

“You do me injustice—but hush! here he comes. Introduce him, pray.”

Mrs. Jennings beckoned with her fan, and, in obedience to her summons, Thurston crossed the drawing-room. A moment later he had been presented to Miss Loring, and when, after a few more words, his hostess moved away, he sat down in her vacant chair.

It was with a very deliberate purpose that he did so. In all his life he had never felt a deeper, more bitter enmity toward any human creature than he now felt toward this fair, graceful woman. As he looked at her face, the vision of poor Bertie’s haggard countenance rose before him and blotted out all its beauty. An almost savage desire to return upon her pang for pang the suffering which she had caused took possession of him. “If I can find some means to strike her, I shall not hesitate to do so, in memory of Bertie’s wrong,” he said to himself; and while these thoughts were in his mind, Agatha Loring looked at him and felt instinctively that there was something strange—something to which she was not accustomed—in the steady regard of the deep-set eyes.

“Mrs. Jennings was just telling me that you are in the Egyptian army, Colonel Thurston,” she said, “and I remarked to her that, if I were a man, it is where I should like to be. Women are perforce born to live in a social treadmill; but I cannot imagine how a man can do so, when freedom, fortune, and honor, are all to be won, as of old, by his sword.”

“You forget,” said Thurston, “that to the majority of men fighting, even in case of necessity, is irk-

some work. There are only a few here and there who are soldiers by nature, and to them an active life is so necessary—the profession of arms, with all its drawbacks, so attractive—that they deserve no credit for embracing it.”

“I should belong to that class if I were a man,” she said. “I have always had a passionate longing for adventure, novelty, conquest. No doubt,” with a smile, “you think that I am talking like a romantic young lady, who ‘reckons not the battle and the march,’ nor the price that must be paid for everything worth having. But this longing of which I speak is more than a mere sentiment. It is sometimes so strong that I feel as if I were possessed by a power urging me to be something, to *do* something, to achieve something; and then I look round and ask myself—what?”

The disdainful expression which he had noticed lurking in the lines of her mouth came out as she uttered the last words, and still curled her lip after she ceased speaking.

“From what I have heard of you, Miss Loring,” Thurston said, with a directness of manner very different from the gallantry with which many men would have uttered the words, “I should not judge that you have been greatly in doubt what to do and achieve.”

“I have achieved a certain degree of social success,” she answered, carelessly. “But if you could know—if you could even imagine—the weariness and littleness of the life which it represents, you would feel inclined to pity me.”

“What an actress!” he thought. Aloud, he said, “Women generally do not seem to be oppressed by the weariness and littleness of such a life.”

“That is very true. Will you think me strong-minded if I say that I often look at them in wonder? A new dress, a new lover, a flirtation, or a ball—these things are enough to satisfy most of my sex. They don’t satisfy *me*, and in that sentence you have the secret of my discontent; for I own, Colonel Thurston, that I am a very discontented woman!”

“So you belong to the class of women who take part in what is known as the modern revolt,” he said, with a slightly sarcastic laugh. “I cannot congratulate you, Miss Loring. I think that in many respects the old ways are best. It is even better for women to be content with dresses, flirtations, and balls, than to be clamoring for new careers, and aiming at heights of which their mothers never dreamed.”

“Men of your class always feel that way, I believe,” said she, without any sign of discomposure. “The more distinctly feminine a woman is, the better you like her—is it not so? I suppose I *do* belong to the class of women who revolt, but not exactly in the manner of which you speak. I do not clamor for a career which is closed to me, nor aim at heights beyond my reach. I only feel that I have a fund of power and energy within me which, for want of a proper outlet, often finds an improper one, and will continue to do so to the end, I suppose.”

“You mean to imply, in other words,” said Thurs-

ton, bluntly, "that you break men's hearts because you cannot break their heads."

She uttered a low, sweet peal of laughter.

"That is a terse and epigrammatic way of summing the matter up; and perhaps it is a true one. But do you believe in broken hearts, Colonel Thurston? Honestly, I do not. Fancy may be disappointed and vanity mortified, but a broken heart is a phenomenon I have never seen."

"Probably you have never seen it because you did not care to recognize it," said Thurston; and so deep was the wrath which he felt that his voice sounded as never man's voice had sounded before in Agatha Loring's ears.

She gazed at him in surprise, waving a fan back and forth in a hand so white and slender that he was constrained to observe it.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, after a moment's pause. "Sympathy is sometimes necessary for comprehension, and I confess I have no sympathy with maladies of the heart."

"And yet you are a woman!" said Thurston, indignantly.

"A woman!" she repeated. "Well, yes, I cannot deny the fact; and yet I often feel inclined to echo Clytemnestra's words:

'. . . . You great gods,
Why did you fashion me in this soft mould?
Give me these lengths of silky hair? these hands
Too delicately dimpled? and these arms
Too white, too weak? yet leave the man's heart in me
To mar your masterpiece?'

Now, if you think me ridiculously mock-heroic, you will at least not think that I flatter myself, Colonel Thurston, since Clytemnestra was *not* an estimable character?"

"I think that you may find your woman's heart some day, Miss Loring," he said, "and then you may learn a better appreciation of the suffering you now regard so lightly."

He rose as he spoke, for he felt that he had had enough of this, and Virien was approaching with his eloquent eyes and finely-outlined face—the most irresistible of heroes of flirtation.

Thurston gave a glance at him as he walked away—a critical glance, which the creole naturally failed to understand, since he could not possibly be aware that the other was wondering if *he* was the man destined to teach Agatha Loring that she had a woman's heart. "Mrs. Jennings says that he is a noted flirt," the soldier grimly thought. "I would give all I possess if he would flirt with this woman and make her feel what she has inflicted so mercilessly on others."

"Monsieur le Colonel is jealous already," Virien said, with a laugh, as he sank down by Miss Loring's side. "His subjugation is accomplished, I perceive, even in this short time."

"Pray don't be absurd," she replied. "Colonel Thurston is the last man in the world whom I should be likely to subjugate. He is—what shall I say?—simple, literal, stern, and so old-fashioned in his ideas that he not only disapproves of me, but he has plainly told me so."

Her companion arched his dark, delicately-pencilled brows. "I hardly know whether to pity his obtuseness or admire his temerity most," he said. "That mortal man should venture to disapprove of *la belle des belles*, and—height of audacity!—tell her so!"

"It does seem bad taste, does it not? But it is a consolation to feel that I have your good opinion to fall back upon."

Virien was too well trained for his reply to be audible at two paces distant, but it is very easy to imagine what turn the conversation took after that.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Jennings went out on the dusky, flower-scented piazza, and, after looking round her for a moment, perceived the dark outlines of two figures and the glow of two cigars at the far end. She at once walked thither.

"I thought I should find you both here," she said.—"Cameron, are you not ashamed to carry Cousin Philip off in this way? The girls are all anxious to cultivate his acquaintance.—By-the-by," she added, turning to Thurston, "what did you think of Agatha Loring?"

"She has come specially to ask you that," said Mr. Jennings, with a laugh.

Thurston, who had risen at her approach, answered with the quiet decision of a man who does not need to hesitate over his opinion:

"I think that Miss Loring is a practised coquette and a thorough actress. Like all women of her type, her vanity is so great that she would ensnare every man who approaches her if she could; but it strikes me with wonder that such a woman can win the admiration of any man, even for an hour."

III.

TIME flies fast in a pleasant country-house full of gay young people, and Sans-Souci was one of the pleasantest of houses, its owners the most charming of hosts. What with rides and drives, music, visits, and boating, time flew almost *too* fast for some of the inmates—for those whose stay was limited, for those who found that long rides in green woods and voluptuous summer nights among the roses led to results more serious than flirtation. The number of matches which had been made at Sans-Souci was a source of great pride to Mrs. Jennings, who was a confirmed match-maker. All men of marriageable age and marriageable means who fell into her hands she regarded with an eye to matrimony, and she never failed to offer them excellent opportunities to exchange the single for the wedded state.

It was not likely that, under these circumstances, she would neglect the interests of the cousin who, in what she felt to be a truly pathetic condition of loneliness, had drifted into her hands. On the day after his arrival she informed him, with a significance which was altogether wasted on his obtuseness, that Mary Herbert was one of the most charming girls in the world (the number of charming girls that Mrs. Jennings knew spoke volumes for her belief in her own sex), and would make the best of wives for any man who was fortunate enough to secure her.

To this Thurston cheerfully assented, though the idea of becoming that happy Benedict did not for a moment occur to him ; but he did not rebel when he found himself constantly in Miss Herbert's company during the next few days. She was a pretty, pleasant, well-bred girl, who entertained him sufficiently to keep *ennui* at bay, and who taught him (the dull-est of pupils) the abstruse science called croquet.

Being in the same house with Miss Loring, and sitting at the same table with her three times a day, not to speak of other occasions of meeting, it was impossible that he could altogether ignore her presence. In fact, that presence was not one which could readily be ignored. Whether for good or ill, for pleasure or pain, Agatha Loring was a person who, under all circumstances and at all times, commanded attention at least. Bitterly as Thurston hated her, he found his glance following the motions of her graceful figure ; he found his ear attracted by the full, sweet music of her tones ; he found his eye resting, with a mixture of reluctant admiration and repulsion, on the perfect outlines of her head, with its dark braids. He could not fail to perceive that there was a distinctive charm about her which marked her out and set her apart from other women. What can we call this charm, which is so fine that it eludes all analysis in words ? Whatever we call it—personal magnetism, fascination, or ought else—the fact remains that it is a special gift, a crowning grace of some women, and that too often it is ruthlessly used for purposes of harm only.

It was impossible for Agatha Loring's best friends to deny that *she* had used it with a cruel recklessness which sometimes seemed like the wanton mischief of a child ; while dark were the tales her enemies told of the lives she had wrecked, the hearts she had broken. After the manner of most women of her class, she was very capricious in her fancies, and a man's best fortune often lay in not possessing interest enough in her eyes to make it worth her while to fascinate him. Let his social rank, wealth, or power, be what it would, if he did not possess this interest, she paid no regard to him. If, on the contrary, she conceived a caprice in his favor, nothing satisfied her save his complete subjection.

A fancy of this description she had taken to Thurston at once, and when she saw his deliberate intention to avoid her—when she read accurately enough the scarcely-veiled dislike and contempt he felt for her—pique came to the aid of caprice, and she determined to bring such a stout rebel to her feet.

"My dear," she said one afternoon, when Mrs. Jennings sought her room during the *siesta* hour, "what is the reason that your Egyptian cousin dislikes me so much ?"

"I—really I don't know what you mean," answered Mrs. Jennings, surprised and a little confused. "Why should you imagine that Colonel Thurston—I suppose it is he whom you mean—dislikes you ?"

"Hypocrisy is not at all your particular talent, Lucy," was the quiet response. "I do not 'imag-

ine' that Colonel Thurston dislikes me—I *know* it. Do you remember when you introduced him to me ? Before we had either of us uttered a word, his eyes told me what his sentiments toward me were. Have I injured him in any past state of existence, or what is the reason of his dislike ?"

"I suppose he has heard of all your wicked coquetries, and disapproves of them—as well he may," said Mrs. Jennings, who had by this time recovered her self-possession. "He is a wise man not to give you a chance to win his heart, for if he did he would fare no better than others have done."

Miss Loring laughed softly.

"We shall see !" she said. "A challenge is something I could never brook, and I have taken a fancy to his face and manner. He seems so frank, so honest, so brave—I should like him for a friend."

"A friend !" Mrs. Jennings scornfully repeated. "Agatha, I am ashamed of you ! Why not call a spade a spade, and say at once that you want to make a fool of him ?"

"Because that is not what I want. I am tired of making fools of men—oh, you may raise your hands if you like ; I *am* tired of all such folly. I don't say I could live without it—I don't say I shall not be a coquette till I die—but I do say that sometimes I would like to feel that I had one honest, genuine friend in the world, and such a friend this man could be. I can see in his face that he would go through fire and water for any one for whom he—cared."

"I think he would," said Mrs. Jennings, "but he will never go through fire and water for *you*, and the sooner you put such ideas out of your head the better. He is not the kind of man whom you can fascinate, and as for friendship, that, of course, is stuff ! Content yourself with men who belong to your own world, like Antoine Virien, and let my Egyptian cousin alone."

"My dear, do you know that every word you utter gives me an additional reason for overcoming the prejudice that your Egyptian cousin appears to have conceived against me ?"

"Agatha, I think you are the most heartless girl and the greatest bundle of contradictions I ever knew !" cried Mrs. Jennings, thoroughly vexed. "If you will have the truth—though I was asked not to tell you—you have already inflicted pain enough on Philip Thurston—"

Tap, tap, at the door, and a domestic summons took Mrs. Jennings away at once, leaving her sentence unfinished.

Agatha made no effort to detain her ; but, after the door closed, she said to herself :

"Strange ! What possible pain have I ever inflicted on Philip Thurston ? And she was asked not to tell me. Well, I shall not tempt her to betray his confidence, but I will seek information at the fountain-head."

Though usually one of the last of the feminine band to appear, Miss Loring broke through her habit this afternoon, and half an hour before the dinner-bell rang she swept lightly down the broad staircase,

and paused in the wide, airy hall below. Everything was silent around, for the masculine as well as the feminine occupants of the house were still struggling with their evening toilets in the upper regions, and the cool, dusky drawing-room was entirely deserted.

So she had thought, at least, until she entered and crossed half its length. Then a man's figure rose from a couch in a bay-window, and advanced toward her. At first, in the dim obscurity, she did not recognize him, then her heart gave a leap, and she felt that Fate fought for her.

"Ah, Colonel Thurston, you are like myself—first in the field!" she said. "The heat is tropical, is it not? But you have really found a cool place, I believe."

"My experience in a tropical country has given me a kind of instinct with regard to cool places," Thurston answered. "If you will take a seat in this bay-window, Miss Loring, you will catch a pleasant breeze."

"Thanks; but I won't deprive you of your lounging-place—in fact, I am sorry to have disturbed you, for I am on my way to the garden. My toilet needs the finishing touches of some roses, which I could not trust even my maid to gather for me."

She looked straight at Thurston with those limpid, darkly-fringed eyes, which poor Bertie had said were "*all expression*," and to any other man that look would have been enough. But this man received the glance like granite.

"The sun has sunk low enough for you to find the garden very pleasant now, I have no doubt," he answered, standing quite still.

Then her lips unclosed in a smile, and a bright light, half amused, half beguiling, flashed into her eyes.

"And do you mean to let me go unattended? I am afraid, Colonel Thurston, that Eastern habits have made you forget our Western code of gallantry."

"I did not suppose you would care for my attendance," he replied; "but, if I can be of service, pray command me."

"You can be of service at once, if you will be so good as to go to Mrs. Jennings's sitting-room and bring me her garden-shears."

Thurston went for the shears, and a moment later, to his own surprise, he found himself attending Agatha Loring as she strolled slowly toward the flower-garden.

Once out in the open air, they found the waning afternoon more beautiful than they had imagined: for what is lovelier than the close of a royal summer day? Long, golden light was streaming on rich green foliage and close-shorn turf; the distant hills were wearing a pearly haze, soft as a bridal-veil; deep shadows stretched over the land; and unnumbered sweet odors were wafted to and fro by the breeze, which came with coolness and refreshment on its wings.

"This is better than lying behind closed blinds, with a novel in one hand and a fan in the other," said Agatha. "But probably our heat seems to you

so trifling, after Egypt, that I am half ashamed to complain of it."

"It does not seem very great," Thurston answered; "but even if it were there are many pleasant things which one does not appreciate until one loses them. For example, I suppose it hardly strikes you, Miss Loring, that the greenness which clothes the land is a marvel and delight? But it would do so if for five years you had never seen a forest or a valley like that." And he pointed to the emerald expanse below.

"If you can enjoy what appear to us such ordinary things, you must find a great deal of pleasure in your visit to America."

"I expected to find a great deal," he replied; "but the expectation in its large sense has been wholly disappointed, and I am now forced to take what crumbs of enjoyment I can find."

She sent a swift side-glance at him, and, seeing the dark shadow which had fallen over his face, interest and curiosity stirred within her breast.

"Could he have been coming over to be married, and did he arrive to find himself jilted?" she thought. "Such things often make men women-haters; but he does not seem to hate *some* kinds of women!"

"What a pity!" she said—and the low tone spoke volumes of sympathy, seconded by the clear eyes. "Surely, disappointment is the saddest thing in life; and how much of it we have to endure! Even I have known a great deal, though I am not very old; and now I never expect to grasp a pleasure in its completeness. I know there must be a drawback somewhere—a dash of bitter in all sweetness."

"A drawback—yes," said Thurston, coldly; "but that is not a complete and crushing disappointment, a— But here we are among the roses, Miss Loring. Shall I cut your flowers?"

"If you will be so kind; for I am not exactly in toilet to venture among thorns—though it seems selfish to make you risk scratching *your* hands."

"My hands are not delicate, nor are they surrounded by lace; but you must tell me what roses to cut."

"This way, please. I want the cloth-of-gold, and yonder are several beautiful half-opened buds."

He cut all the buds indicated; then, mindful of the tender white hands awaiting them, spent a minute carefully removing every thorn from their smooth green stems. The woman watching him was a keen observer of human nature, and she saw at once that this little act was very characteristic.

"He dislikes me," she thought. "Every word that he utters, every look he gives me, tells that; but he is nevertheless as careful not to leave any thorn to wound my hands as if—as if he loved me!"

And in that moment, perhaps, the tragedy of these two lives was settled—in that moment a sudden longing for the love which she felt instinctively this man could bestow rose in Agatha Loring's breast; in that moment Philip Thurston's chances of happiness this side of the grave were utterly lost!

He knew as little of it as any of us know when

the most fateful hour of our lives comes. Having removed all the thorns, he extended the roses, saying:

"I think you will find them harmless now."

"You are very kind," she said, with a smile; "but your labors are not quite ended. I want one more bud—that smaller one there. Now, tell me what is your favorite flower?"

"I do not know that I have a favorite flower," he answered, clipping the bud she wanted; "but if I have it is the white jasmine—simply from its association with other things."

"The association of certain memories with certain flowers is very powerful, is it not? There are some flowers which, on that account, are hateful to me—but the jasmine is not one of them. I, too, love it"—and here her voice sank a little—"because it reminds me of my mother, who used to wear it in her hair—my pretty mother! so long ago, for I was a mere child when she died."

"And I like it," said Thurston, forgetting himself for a moment, and forgetting what manner of woman this was whose perilously sweet voice sounded then so pathetic, "because it covered one of the piazzas of my old home, and its fragrance brings back a thousand memories of my boyhood."

"It has the same kind of association for both of us in that case—and here is a hedge overrun with it. Cut a few sprays, Colonel Thurston, and then we will go back to the house."

Back to the house they went accordingly, and, when they reentered the drawing-room, they found it still unoccupied.

"This is fortunate!" said Agatha. "I can put the finishing touches to my toilet before the rest appear, and you shall give your opinion of the effect."

She walked to a large mirror, and stood for a minute or two arranging the flowers in her hair; after which she fastened a cluster in front of her dress, and turned.

"Throw open the window," she said, "and tell me what you think of my appearance."

Thurston never forgot the picture which was revealed to him when the window was thrown open and a level flood of sunshine streamed in, filling the room with a golden mist. Surrounded by this, as the old painters surrounded the figure of a saint, Agatha stood dressed (as he knew already) in black—light draperies of tulle and lace, with here and there an artistic touch of amber, the golden roses which he had cut lying in a cluster where the corsage revealed the white neck, and crowning the soft masses of her dark hair.

Involuntarily the self-contained man, who disliked and despised her, caught his breath. It was a vision of loveliness—heightened by the accidents of time and place—such as in all his life he had never seen before. He felt in every fibre that this woman was more than beautiful, that she was enchanting; and, forgetting conventionality, and all the rules which govern social intercourse between men and women, the truth sprang from his lips:

"My God!" he said. "I can understand now how you have worked such mischief!"

The intense passion of his tone was not lost on the quick ears which listened. She advanced eagerly toward him, and paused—so near that he inhaled the fragrance of the roses which she wore, so near that he looked straight into the wonderful depths of her eyes.

"Why should you say that?" she asked. "At least I have never worked mischief to *you*."

"To me—" he began, and stopped abruptly. No, it was impossible; he could not mention Bertie's name with the face which had been Bertie's undoing gazing into his own. "Pardon me," he said, after a minute; "my remark was altogether unjustifiable. I should have said that your toilet is admirably chosen and does credit to your taste."

"I am glad you like it," she said, changing her tone as entirely as he had changed his. "Now, to repay you for your exertions in my behalf, I will make you a bouquet for your button-hole. See! I have kept this bud which you cut last, and I will make it up with your favorite jasmine."

Which she did. One or two glossy dark-green leaves, the delicate golden rose, and two or three sprays of starry jasmine—these grouped together made up the tiny bouquet.

"Is it not pretty?" she said, holding it out between her slender fingers. "But it must be tied together, and where shall I get a bit of thread? Ah! this will do."

She lifted her hand, and from a long dark curl which fell on her shoulder, drew a strand of hair.

"I will excuse you from quoting that 'beauty draws us with a single hair,'" she said, with a laugh, as she wound this about the stems of the flowers, "but you must understand that it is my own hair—not one bought from a hairdresser—which I have given you. Here is your bouquet. Shall I pin it in your button-hole?"

"If you will be so kind," said Thurston, who began to comprehend her object very clearly now. "She wants to play the same game with me which she has already played with Bertie," he thought. "Let her try—one failure, perhaps, will teach her a lesson."

Despite this penetration, however, he could not keep his pulses from beating more quickly when she drew near and slipped the bouquet into his button-hole with a dexterity evidently the result of long practice. Then she glanced in his face with a smile that made even his cool head giddy for an instant.

"I hope you don't object to wearing my colors for one evening?" she said.

Whether or not he would have made the answer plainly demanded of him is a question of doubt, for at that moment Mrs. Jennings entered, and paused—transfixed with astonishment.

"Agatha, you down!—and Cousin Philip!"

Miss Loring turned, a glint of triumph in her laughing eyes, a cadence of triumph in her quiet voice:

"Yes, my dear Lucy, I have been down some

time—one's chamber is so warm these afternoons!—and I found Colonel Thurston before me. We have been in the garden, and, since he kindly assisted me to gather some roses for my toilet, I have been sharing the spoils with him."

"So I perceive," said Mrs. Jennings, very significantly.

So others perceived, when the company gathered, and as usual Agatha went in to dinner on Virien's arm. It chanced that Thurston was seated just opposite, and the creole's eye soon fell on the rose in his button-hole.

"There appears to have been some occult sympathy between Colonel Thurston and yourself in the matter of color this evening," he said, glancing at the roses which were the chief adornment of his companion.

She looked at him serenely.

"Occult sympathies must be easily established, then. This only means that we went into the garden together."

The green-eyed monster suddenly laid a grasp on the accomplished lady-killer's heart. *He*, too, had been in the garden, and well he knew what spell had been woven about him there.

"Some one has remarked," he said, trying to speak lightly, "that gardens have always been dangerous places to mankind, since the fall of the first man was accomplished there by the first woman."

"Poor Eve!" said Miss Loring. "How every Adam since the first has cast a reproach at her! Yet her only fault was listening to a serpent who has left many prototypes behind—in gardens, and elsewhere."

IV.

"I WONDER how Virien likes such a turn of affairs?"

So the inmates of Sans-Souci said to each other, smiling, as the next few days flew by, and it became hourly more evident that this irresistible gentleman's star had set as far as Miss Loring's fickle favor was concerned.

"Her caprices are certainly unaccountable!" people agreed. "Who could have imagined that she would throw aside Antoine Virien for a man like Colonel Thurston—good enough in his way, but not particularly attractive, and altogether apart from the world in which she lives!"

"But that is just what she likes!" others would chime in. "To be capricious and startling, to make a new sensation at any price—what else does Agatha Loring desire? Whoever withholds incense is always the most important person of the hour with her, and you know Colonel Thurston did not bow down before her at once."

"Poor Mrs. Jennings is really to be pitied," said some one, with a laugh. "Do you notice how anxiously she watches Agatha's game of fascination? She thought she had arranged matters nicely to make a match between Colonel Thurston and Mary Herbert."

Mrs. Jennings was, indeed, very much to be

pitied, for she was perplexed and greatly disquieted. "With all my knowledge of the weakness and folly of men, I did not think that Philip Thurston would be such a fool!" she confided to her husband. "It seems incredible. He knows what Agatha is—he resented the manner in which she treated Bertie—and now to let her wind him round her finger like this! Well, I shall never again believe in the strength and stability of *any* man!"

"Man is always weak when woman tempts, my dear," observed Mr. Jennings, placidly. "That is an old story, as you ought to know. I don't think Thurston is seriously hurt, however."

"Whether he is seriously hurt or not, it is a shame for him to allow Agatha to flirt with him in this manner. How any man can have so little self-respect is a mystery to me—and there is Mary Herbert, who would make him a lovely wife!"

"I don't think he wants a wife, lovely or otherwise," said Mr. Jennings. "Pray let the poor fellow entertain himself as he likes. You must admit that Miss Loring knows how to make time pass pleasantly."

"A great deal *too* pleasantly," said Mrs. Jennings. "It is no affair of mine, of course, but I shall remind Cousin Philip of the warning I gave him the first day he came."

She soon found or made an opportunity to do this, and Thurston received her attempt at admonition very kindly.

"You are very good to feel so much interest in my behalf," he said, "but I am in no danger, I assure you. Miss Loring is no doubt a very fascinating woman, but her fascinations fall harmlessly on me."

"I don't see how that can be," said Mrs. Jennings. "How can you acknowledge her fascination, and yet find her harmless?"

"I find her harmless because her fascination is all born of artifice," he answered. "I feel, when I am with her, that every glance is practised, every tone calculated—and this takes away all their charm. If she could speak, look, or act, from her heart—granting that she *has* a heart—the matter would be different."

"A heart would be a very great inconvenience in such a career as Agatha Loring's," said Mrs. Jennings; "but—I have known her a long time, and she is a very strange girl—I should not be surprised if she had one hidden away somewhere."

"I wish to Heaven she would find it, then!" said Thurston, bitterly.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Jennings. "And yet you think you are not in danger!"

He smiled.

"It is not possible you think I meant that I wish she would find it for *me*?" he asked. "What I meant was that I wish she would find it in order that she might suffer a little of the pain she has so often inflicted."

"That is very vindictive. But if you feel toward her in this way, why do you flirt with her, or allow her to flirt with you?"

"I allow her to flirt with me because it seems to amuse her, and does not injure me."

Mrs. Jennings looked at the speaker doubtfully. She did not believe that he was telling the truth, or, at least, not *all* the truth, but she had no right to question him further.

"A willful man will not be warned any more than a willful woman," she said. "I can only assure you that, if you come unharmed out of a flirtation with Agatha Loring, you will be the first man who ever did so."

She went her way then, but her words remained behind her, and, as Thurston stood where she left him, a gravity of expression settled over his face, which seemed like an echo of them. He was absently rolling up a cigarette, when a voice, now grown familiar, suddenly sounded behind him, and he started so that the tobacco scattered from his hand over the piazza-floor.

"It is not a bad plan," Miss Loring said, within the drawing-room. "A change from our ordinary rides and drives will be pleasant. What is the distance?"

"Ten miles," another voice answered. "We shall have to return after nightfall; but there is a moon."

"It will be delightful to ride ten miles by moonlight!" cried Miss Herbert, enthusiastically.

"How many horses will be needed?" asked Mr. Jennings. "There are six saddle-horses in the stable, but only two of them fit for ladies' use."

"There is only one horse that I care to ride," said Agatha, quickly, "and that is Salathiel. May I ride him, Mr. Jennings? Please say 'yes!'"

Mr. Jennings hesitated.

"My dear Miss Loring," he answered, "you don't know that you are asking me to be responsible for your neck. No lady has ever mounted Salathiel—in fact, he is too spirited to be safe for a lady."

"I am not in the least afraid," she said. "I am a good horsewoman, and I like a spirited horse. I saw Colonel Thurston riding Salathiel the other day, and I have been pining ever since to mount the beautiful creature. There is Colonel Thurston on the piazza now. Call him and ask him if he does not think it would be safe."

Thurston was called, and the question put to him. If he perceived the drift of it, he made no sign to that effect. Salathiel was certainly spirited, he said, but not at all vicious; if Miss Loring was sure she was a good horsewoman, she might mount him with safety.

"Remember, you are accountable if any accident happens," said Mr. Jennings, and Agatha looked up with a laugh.

"You will take charge of me, won't you, Colonel Thurston? Thanks—I was sure you would. But have you no curiosity to know where we are going?"

"I supposed I should hear in due time."

"And this is the due time. Do you know a place called the Devil's Gorge, about ten miles from here?"

"Among the hills? Yes, I know of it, but I have never seen it. Are we going there?"

"We are. According to programme, we leave here at four o'clock—rather a warm hour, but it can't be helped—reach there by six, spend an hour exploring the diabolical wonders of the place, and return by moonlight."

"And how about dinner? Do we take it along, or omit it altogether?"

"We take dinner at three o'clock, and Mrs. Jennings promises us a supper when we return. The excursion makes a total *bouleversement* of our domestic habits—but what of that? No pleasure can be gained without a sacrifice."

"*Quare*: Are the pleasures worth the sacrifice?"

"Ah!" said she, with the slight, bitter tinge which her tone sometimes took, "we won't ask that. Is any game that we play in this world worth the candle we burn meanwhile? Don't suggest such reflections, but let us go to the Devil's Gorge and enjoy—an hour."

At four o'clock the horses were brought out, and when Agatha came down—her slender, rounded figure showing to even greater advantage than usual in her close-fitting habit—Virien was standing at the foot of the staircase waiting for her.

"I have not been able to ask before," he said, "but I hope I may have the pleasure of attending you."

"Unfortunately, you are a little too late," she answered, with her easy grace. "Colonel Thurston has promised to take charge of me, and see that Salathiel does not break my neck."

The young creole bowed; but his face changed, as a man's face does change under the influence of passion and mortification.

"My fortune is, indeed, bad," he said. "For some time past I have seemed to be always 'too late' with you. I am not so dull as to misunderstand what that means. I have had the honor to amuse mademoiselle as long as she cares to be amused—by me."

No change of any kind came to her face; she simply looked at him steadily with her clear, haughty eyes.

"Let me congratulate you on the quickness of your perceptions," she said. "You are quite right. I have been amused as long as I care to be amused—by you."

Then she swept on, and came face to face with Thurston, who was issuing from the drawing-room door.

A glance told her that he had overheard her last words. Indignation and contempt were mingled in the single look which fell on her as he passed, with a slight salute, and went out to the piazza.

No woman ever possessed a braver spirit than Agatha Loring, but, as she met that look, her heart seemed to suffer a compression, as if a strong hand grasped it. Hatred enough she had known in her time, and faced unblenchingly; but to be despised was something new, and something which—from this man especially—was not easily borne.

A minute later the entire party gathered on the piazza, and the mounting took place. Thurston assisted Agatha to her saddle, and then placed himself by her side, keeping a watchful eye on Salathiel, who was champing his bit and tossing his handsome head.

"A light but firm hand on the rein, Miss Loring—yes, that is it. They have put a very severe bit on him, and injudicious curbing will fret him exceedingly."

These words were the first Agatha heard as they were riding toward the gates. She looked at the speaker with an appeal in her smile which did not bear reference to Salathiel.

"I hope I am never guilty of 'injudicious curbing,' Colonel Thurston—at least I endeavor not to be. A light but firm hand is necessary on all reins, I believe. Ah, see! I have dropped my whip. How careless of me!"

As Thurston dismounted for the whip the rest of the party filed out of the gate before them, and cantered away down the road. Salathiel was impatient to follow, but his rider held him in with a steady hand.

"Thank you," she said, as the whip was restored; then she added, with a soft, frank laugh: "I dropped it on purpose, as you probably suspect, in order that we might get rid of the others. I want to speak to you—on an odd subject, as you may think. I saw by your face as we left the house that you heard what I said to Mr. Virien at the foot of the staircase."

"I heard it by the merest accident," Thurston replied, coldly. "I must apologize—"

"Nay," she interposed, "that is quite unnecessary. You could not possibly avoid an accident. Confess, however, that you thought me utterly heartless."

A flush rose to his face. "You should not place me in such a position, Miss Loring," he said. "What is my opinion to you, that you should ask me to declare it in this manner?"

"It is a great deal to me," she answered, fearlessly. "You are one of the few men I have ever known whose respect is worth winning. I know that you *don't* respect me now—I have seen it plainly since the first moment we met—but I should like to convince you that I am not so black as some of my friends delight to paint me."

"It was not from any of your friends that I first heard of you, Miss Loring," said Thurston, with the old sternness in his face and voice, "but from a man who, like Mr. Virien, had the honor of amusing you as long as you cared to be amused—by him."

"Ah!" she said, "that is why you disliked me before you knew anything of me. Well, I will not inquire into your friend's case, or endeavor to defend myself from the general charge of coquetry; but in this particular matter of Antoine Virien I want you to understand that the man has no heart, or least fragment of a heart, to suffer. An enormous amount of vanity he does possess, and that I think is properly punished. He is a lady-killer by profession, a man who has won the hearts of silly women by the

scores, and who had the audacity to hope to add *me* to his list of victims. I hold, therefore, that I was more than justified in turning the tables on him."

"Perhaps so," said Thurston, rather dryly. "Such ethics are altogether beyond my experience or comprehension."

"Why not say candidly that, despite the explanation, you think no better of me than you did before?" she asked, quietly. "Your ideal woman would never flirt, either for amusement or revenge, I suppose. *Eh bien!* since I cannot conquer your dislike, let us have a canter. Salathiel is pulling my arms nearly off."

When the party reached the Devil's Gorge, they found it a very diabolical place indeed—a wild, savage-looking defile between precipitous hills, through which a turbulent stream made its way, plunging in falls and rapids over a bed of rock and overhung by jagged cliffs and boulders, of stone so dark in color that it looked almost black. There was very little verdure in the gorge, and, at the time the party of excursionists entered, little light. In the obscurity the great masses of rock had a strangely-forbidding aspect, as, crowned here and there by a few pines, they stood motionless above the chafing stream.

"How cool and dark—the atmosphere is almost like that of a cave!" several of the ladies exclaimed when—having dismounted and fastened their horses at some distance—they entered the gorge on foot.

"There are several caves here," said Mr. Jennings. "The largest is near the High Fall some distance up the gorge. Now let me beg you all to be careful, for the rocks are exceedingly slippery, and if you should fall into the stream you would certainly be drowned."

This warning was not greatly regarded, but it is to be supposed that Providence watched over the reckless young people who risked their necks so heedlessly—at least there is no other way to account for their safety. Mr. Jennings trembled as he witnessed the feats of one or two particularly foolish young ladies, and recorded a vow in his own mind never to bring another party to the Devil's Gorge.

It is hardly necessary to state that Agatha was not among these hoidens—she was not only past the age when animal spirits assert themselves so exuberantly, but she had Thurston for her guide, his hand to assist her, his voice to direct her steps, and it is safe to say that before any woman under his charge could deliberately have periled her life, as many around were doing, she would have had to push him into the flood.

Though a cautious, he was an experienced climber, Miss Loring found, and they soon penetrated much farther than the others into the wild retreats of the gorge. Near the High Fall—where the stream fell in a perpendicular cascade of about fifty feet—they found the cave of which Mr. Jennings had spoken—a large, irregular recess, formed and overhung by jagged rocks, and (roughly speaking) about twenty feet square. The entrance to it was

narrow, for the stream, in its eddying flow from the foot of the fall, covered most of the mouth; but once inside, the space was ample.

Standing here, with the fall thundering in their ears, it was not strange they did not hear the shouts with which the cliff-bound gorge resounded when the rest of the party decided to return. Some one had chanced to look up, and on the strip of sky overhead perceived a threatening cloud, upon which the cry "To horse!" was raised at once.

"It will be no joke if we are caught in a storm ten miles from home, with night so near," said Mr. Jennings. "We must return at once. What has become of Thurston and Miss Loring?"

"They went up to the fall—we'll shout for them," said somebody.

They were accordingly shouted for, with no result, as has been already said. Then a volunteer clambered up to a point which commanded a view of the fall, and reported no sign of them; and, since several of the ladies grew very nervous in view of the threatening storm, it was decided to wait no longer.

"They'll soon follow," said one of the shouters, cheerfully. "Perhaps, indeed, they have already left the gorge."

It was of course evident that this was not the case when the party reached the place where the horses were tied; but human nature, which is selfish at all times, is apt to exhibit this selfishness in peculiar degree when a cloud threatens to empty itself on the defenseless heads of a pleasure-party. The general conclusion was, that Thurston and Miss Loring must look after themselves, but that they would follow in a few minutes.

Instead of a few minutes, however, it was fully half an hour later before they came down the gorge and found it deserted.

"Why, the rest must have gone!" said Miss Loring. "How strange of them to leave us in this way!"

"Exceedingly strange!" said Thurston. "I can hardly think that they have really done so; but we shall soon see."

"How very dark it is!" said the young lady a minute later. "Did you think it was so near night?"

"I can't account for the degree of obscurity at all—unless it is cloudy," her companion answered.

When they emerged from the narrow ravine, the cause of this obscurity was at once evident. From end to end the sky was curtained by a cloud of lurid blackness, the aspect of which was menacing in the extreme. It seemed spread like a pall over the earth, which lay as if under a spell of stillness. Not a leaf stirred in the forest that stretched around, and the only sound that broke the oppressive silence was the dull roar of water in the gorge.

Agatha fairly shuddered when she faced this lowering front of Nature.

"A terrible storm is about to burst!" she said. "Where can the others be?—and *what* shall we do?"

"The others have played a very unhandsome trick in going away and leaving us," said Thurston. "I can scarcely tell what we had better do, unless—"

The speech was never finished, for at this instant out of the bosom of the cloud darted forth not a flash but a *blaze* of lightning, which lighted up the whole scene with a livid glare beyond all description. Agatha clasped her hands over her eyes, uttering a cry which was lost in the volleying crash of thunder that accompanied rather than followed the awful illumination.

The next moment she felt Thurston's hand on her arm.

"Come!" he said. "This will not do—we must go back into the gorge, and take refuge under the rocks. There is terrible risk in remaining here."

She made no demur, and they reëntered the gorge just as a sighing sound of distant wind came to their ears—a harbinger of the hurricane soon to sweep through the forest.

In the deep-shaded ravine there had by this time fallen a darkness which made it dangerous to attempt its passage. Nevertheless, as Thurston recognized at once, there was no alternative. Some shelter they must have, and there was no other shelter than this to be found.

Trusting to the capability of seeing in a dim light which he had acquired as a scout, he guided his companion along the narrow path. Before they had advanced very far, there came another vivid blaze of lightning and volleying crash of thunder, followed hard and fast by pouring rain.

"Oh!" said Agatha, stopping under a projecting rock. "Let us stay here. We can go no farther."

"We *must* go farther!" said Thurston. "We shall soon be drenched here. The only place which can really shelter us is the cave near the High Fall. We must try and reach that. Give me your hand, Miss Loring. Trust yourself implicitly to me, and I will take you there safely."

"Trust yourself implicitly to me!" These words rang in Agatha's ears above the din of the storm, the roar of the stream. Perhaps the firm clasp of Thurston's hand seconded them—at least it is certain that she had a sense of trust and reliance altogether strange to her as he led her along the perilous way to the cave they had quitted a short time before.

V.

A VERY safe and delightful retreat this cave seemed to them when they found themselves sheltered within it—notwithstanding the facts that they were in deep darkness, and wet almost to the skin.

"Stand still," said Thurston, releasing Miss Loring's hand for the first time, "and I will strike a match."

"Is it possible you have matches with you?" she asked.

"I am an old soldier, and an inveterate smoker," he answered. "I am never caught without matches,

and I carry my case wrapped in leather, so that dampness cannot affect them. See here!"

The next instant a feeble, short-lived blaze lighted up their place of refuge, and showed Miss Loring a stone, on which she immediately sat down.

"We are at least sheltered from the rain," said Thurston, as the temporary illumination died away, "and safe from the electricity, since water is a non-conductor. Now, if you can possess your soul in patience for a while, I hope that the storm will exhaust itself, and we may go home by moonlight after all."

"I can possess my soul in patience very easily," she answered. "It is better to be here than to be riding along a forest-road in such a storm as this. How the rain pours!"

'And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crossed,
Or gild the torrent's spray.'

"You cannot be very nervous, Miss Loring, or you would not be able to quote poetry."

"I am not at all nervous," she replied. "Pray set your mind at rest on that point. I have always felt that if I were called upon to face death itself—I mean death in some sudden and violent form—I should be as calm and collected as I am this moment."

"You might find yourself mistaken. Facing death is not such an easy matter as you think. I, who have faced it many times, know whereof I speak."

"But there was always doubt in that, was there not? If you were *absolutely* certain that death was before you—say, for instance, that you were on a sinking ship in mid-ocean—you would have no fear of losing composure, would you?"

"I suppose not—the inevitable is said to have always a sustaining power. Under some circumstances, however, I can imagine that, apart from courage, a man might shrink from the prospect of leaving those whom he loved helpless behind him."

"And would that be your case?"

The abrupt question did not sound as it would have sounded at another time and in another place. So utterly unconventional were their surroundings, so strange the darkness encompassing them, that the ordinary rules governing social life seemed for the present laid aside, and Thurston replied without a moment's thought:

"Not at all. If this stream before us were able to rise and overwhelm us, I should have the satisfaction of feeling that I left no human being in the world worse for my death, and but one person who would feel any active sentiment of regret."

She laughed slightly—not a mirthful laugh, by any means.

"Then you have an advantage over me in the possession of that one person. I should leave several human beings better for my death, inasmuch as my fortune would be divided among them, and not one who would mourn me beyond a week."

The instinct of distrust was so strong in him with regard to everything which she said or did, that

he set this speech down to mere striving after effect, and answered more lightly than he would otherwise have done:

"You have surely forgotten all your admirers."

"Thank you for reminding me of them," she said, but her tone changed from earnestness to mockery. "I wonder how many among them would mourn me a week! Well, we reap as we have sowed, I suppose. People call me brilliant, beautiful, and fascinating, but many a commonplace woman is richer in love than I am."

It was impossible even for Thurston to doubt the sincerity with which these words were uttered. Half bitter, and wholly sad, the magnetic voice sounded, and he felt his heart strongly stirred by its tones. A doubt of himself—of his own capabilities of resisting this woman's power—began for the first time to cross his mind. Had Mrs. Jennings been right? Was he, after all, playing with fire?

"If you are poor in love," he said, "it is because you have flung it away from you in carelessness or scorn. I *know*, Miss Loring, that devotion the most passionate and true has been poured out like water at your feet."

"Do you know it?" she asked; and there was not a little skepticism in her tone. "Then you are wiser than I am. But I confess I have always been incredulous where protestations of passion were involved. Perhaps I did not feel interest enough to put them to any test. Life is a riddle to which I have never found a key, and I have often thought that it is not worth searching for."

There was something so pathetic in the half-weary, half-reckless ring of her voice that Thurston said, involuntarily:

"You are too young, and far too liberally endowed with every good gift of Nature, to feel anything like that. Surely, you cannot seriously do so."

She did not answer, for as he spoke the most vivid flash of lightning which they had yet seen illuminated the whole wild scene with an unearthly glare, leaping from point to point among the crags, while the roar of the thunder overhead seemed to shake the solid rocks around them.

When darkness again fell, veiling from sight the white sheets of rain, the surging, whirling torrent, Agatha said:

"Can we not go farther back? The rain or the spray from the stream is falling over me."

"Certainly we can," he answered. "Let me strike a match.—Now, give me your hand."

In the farthest corner of the rock-recess he placed her, and then established himself before her so as to shield her as much as possible from the blast and driving spray which even here sought them out."

"I am afraid you are very uncomfortable," he said. "That ledge on which you are sitting is a tilting perch, I suspect. If you will rest one hand on my shoulder, you may be able to steady yourself better."

"It is not necessary," she answered. "I can steady myself very well without troubling you further." Then she added, abruptly: "It is very kind

of you to take as much care of me as if—as if you liked me, Colonel Thurston. I assure you I appreciate it.”

There was a minute's pause before Thurston said, in a voice which sounded constrained :

“Why should you think that I do not like you, Miss Loring?”

“Pray do not ask such a foolish question,” she answered. “You know as well as or better than I do that you do *not* like me ; and you are very straightforward and thorough, Colonel Thurston—far too much so to pretend to be what you are not. On that account I liked you from the first,” she added. “Don't be frightened because I say so—I mean don't think that I am bent on your conquest. I would not add you to the list of my captives if I could ; but I should like to win you for a friend if such a thing were possible.”

“It is not possible,” he answered, hoarsely. “It is absolutely impossible. So far from being your friend, Miss Loring, I have never felt such deep and bitter enmity toward any human creature as I felt toward you before I ever saw your face.”

He saw that face the next instant, for another vivid lightning-flash showed it turned toward him with an expression of astonishment on its pale, clear-cut features.

“Deep and bitter enmity !” she repeated. “Did what you felt go as far as *that*? Enmity is generally associated with the desire to injure—did you wish to injure me, Colonel Thurston?”

Even in the darkness Thurston was conscious that a flush rose to *his* face. At that moment he felt as if his desire that Bertie's wrong might be avenged had been a very paltry thing.

“If you will allow me to waive that question, Miss Loring—” he began, but she interrupted him impetuously :

“I cannot allow it. I would rather—much rather—hear the truth, if you will tell it. Dislike is one thing, enmity another. Why should you have felt enmity toward me?”

Then he told her, with the accompaniment of the raging storm, in the obscurity which shielded their faces from sight, save when the fitful glare of the lightning revealed them for a moment. Who has not observed what strange capabilities of expression the voice develops in circumstances like these? Is it because our attention is not distracted by the play of eye and lip, that the cadences of tone reveal so much when we listen to them in darkness? Certainly Thurston's revealed a great deal to Agatha Loring. To make her understand how much more than an ordinary brother Bertie was to him, he touched briefly on the history of his childhood ; he told her how his father's early death left his mother almost destitute of fortune ; how her second husband had been a wealthy, generous man, whose kindness to him (Thurston) had been unvarying ; how he was killed in battle, and with his dying lips commended Bertie to his step-son's care ; how his mother repeated the charge when she died soon after, and how near to his heart the boy's happiness had always been.

Simply as the story was told, all its details were made very clear to the woman who listened.

“I was forced to go to Egypt,” Thurston went on. “A career there was the only one which opened to me ; but when I turned my face homeward at last, after five years' absence, it was to see Bertie—Bertie alone—and renew for a few months our old association. My thoughts were full of the sunny-hearted boy I left, and I found instead a man whose whole nature had been wrecked by passion, for whom all the hopes of life had turned to ashes, and whose reckless misery was pitiable to witness. He could not endure even my society ; and when I came here I had just seen him start alone with his wretchedness to Europe. Considering this, you may judge how charitably I felt toward *you*, Miss Loring, who from beginning to end had wrought the work.”

“So Bertie Egerton is your brother,” she said, slowly, after a moment's pause. “No one told me—I had no idea of it. Not,” she added, “that Bertie Egerton is more to me than any other man, except that I knew him and liked him until—”

“Until, like Mr. Virien, he ceased to amuse you,” said Thurston, bitterly. “I am sorry we began to speak on this subject. It can do no good, and, however cruel and heartless one may think a woman, one is in courtesy bound not to speak according to one's thoughts.”

Silence for a full minute. The storm by this time began to abate its violence, the lightning grew less frequent and vivid, the thunder rolled more remotely. One of the peals was dying away with many distant reverberations, when Agatha spoke :

“You have only heard your brother's story, so I cannot blame you for thinking of me in this way—nor have I any intention of trying to change your opinion. I have never believed in men's hearts, as I told you once before—so perhaps I have not treated them very tenderly. Your brother seemed to me a pleasant, impulsive, undisciplined boy, who mistook fancy for passion, and who troubled me not a little before I dismissed him. I am very sorry that I should have caused him so much pain, but I could not help it.”

“I do not arraign you,” said Thurston. “Your own conscience may some day do that—some day when even your heart, Miss Loring, has been awakened to a sense of suffering.”

“I thought you were convinced that I have no heart?” said she, quietly.

“How can I tell?” asked he, quickly. “Women are enigmas. God only knows what you are. I only know that you have ruined Bertie's life—and that you would ruin mine if I gave you the chance.”

He uttered the last words impetuously—uttered them without thought or calculation—and, if there had been a flash of light at that moment, he might have been surprised at their effect upon Agatha. She started and clasped her hands tightly together, while for the first time in her life her readiness of speech failed altogether. She desired to speak, but no fitting words occurred to her, and so it was he who went on :

"I did not mean to say that, but, since it has been said, I owe you an explanation. I am not in love with you, Miss Loring, but since I have known you I have appreciated for the first time how a man might be fascinated by the charm of such a woman as you are, even while—"

He paused, but she finished his sentence calmly and clearly:

"Even while you do not respect her. Thank you for being frank to the last, Colonel Thurston."

"You misunderstand me," he said. "I did not mean to be so rude as that. If I had completed my sentence I should have said, 'even while it would be madness to trust her'—madness to suffer one's peace of mind and heart to be wrecked in order that a coquette might add one more victim to her list."

Silence again. The rain had ceased now, and the distant roll of thunder proved that the clouds were drawing off like sullen battalions who fire as they retreat. Agatha's hand involuntarily went to her heart. It may be that Bertie and many another were avenged in what she suffered at that moment. But woman's pride is equal to most emergencies, and hers steadied her voice when at length she spoke:

"It is as well, no doubt, that you are not 'in love' with me. I hardly think I am the kind of woman to make a man happy, even—even if I loved him. My nature is not likely to prove a soil in which the domestic virtues could ever flourish, and a woman without domestic virtues is—what shall I say?—only fit to live and die a coquette, for whom admiration takes the place of love, flattery of respect. Well!"—what a low, soft, bitter laugh it was she uttered!—"one must pay a price for all empire, but you may rest satisfied that I am not a happy woman, Colonel Thurston."

Strange to say—considering how ardently he had desired that she might suffer—this assurance did not satisfy Thurston. Mad though he knew the impulse to be, he would at that moment have given a great deal to make Agatha Loring happy—granting that it was in his power to do so.

"I am sorry—" he began, but she interposed hastily:

"Do not think that there is any necessity to express what you cannot possibly feel. Extorted sympathy is not worth much—and I only mentioned the fact because you seemed to desire so much that I should suffer. The feeling is very natural, no doubt, and I do not blame you. Meanwhile I think it has ceased raining. Can we not leave here?"

"I am afraid we shall find it very difficult to do so," he answered. "The stream has probably increased in volume, and if it fills the gorge—as it may do—we shall be forced to stay here until it runs down."

"That is a pleasant prospect; but do you mean to take it for granted that it has filled the gorge?"

"So far from that"—he rose as he spoke—"I mean to go and explore the passage. I am sorry to leave you here alone, but there is no help for it. I

cannot take you until I have ascertained whether or not it is safe to do so."

"Oh, pray do not leave me behind!" she pleaded. "Let me go with you. I will be very cautious, and surely if it is safe for you it is safe for me."

"By no means," he answered. "To have you on my hands would embarrass me greatly, and in case of danger might be fatal to us both."

"Then do not *you* go. It is better to stay here and wait for daylight than to risk anything."

He put out his hand and touched her dress.

"I thought so," he said. "You are as wet as possible, and yet you talk of staying here until daylight. We may be forced to do so, but I shall not think of such a thing unless it is a matter of necessity. You have a stout heart, Miss Loring, I know; but do you think it is stout enough to stay here in the darkness alone?"

"Yes," she answered. "If you insist upon going without me, I am not afraid to remain; but I hope you will not be rash."

"I shall certainly endeavor not to be drowned, since it would be very unpleasant for you to be left here in absolute solitude—a feminine Robinson Crusoe. I will leave some matches with you, but I beg you not to venture near the waterfall until I return."

He gave her the matches, made her close her palm over them to preserve them from dampness, then struck one himself, reconnoitred in the neighborhood of the fall, reported that the stream did not appear to have risen very much, stepped around the angle of the rock, and disappeared.

A stout heart, as he had said, Agatha possessed, but it challenged all its stoutness to keep nervousness at bay in the position in which she now found herself. Nor was this to be wondered at. Let any reader of moderate imagination figure to himself the situation, and he will be likely to decide that it was not conducive to serenity of feeling. Of course, the time of Thurston's absence seemed immeasurably long, and she had quite decided that he must have been drowned, when—by the light of a match struck at the entrance of the cave—she saw his figure.

"I could manage to take you out, Miss Loring," he said, "but it would be quite useless to do so since the horses are gone."

"The horses gone!"

"Yes. I went to the place where they were fastened, and found that they had evidently broken loose—frightened, I presume, by the thunder-storm. With Sans-Souci ten miles distant, can you suggest anything better for us to do than to stay here?"

"But there are houses nearer than Sans-Souci. We passed two or three."

"We did, but the nearest is four miles distant. Can you walk four miles?"

"I think I can—at least I can try, and it will be better than sitting here in wet clothes."

He felt that this was true; so, having safely made their way through the gorge—a much more difficult matter after the late flood than Agatha had at all reckoned upon—they set out upon a four-mile walk.

It was a walk which neither of them was ever likely to forget. The clouds had by this time parted, and the moon shone forth sufficiently to guide them on their way and prevent their wandering from the road—sufficiently, also, to reveal the loneliness and mystery of the forest which surrounded them. Everything above and below was wet as wet could be; but they walked on courageously, endeavoring the while to sustain their spirits by cheerful conversation. This conversation ranged over a very wide field, but it did not again touch in the remotest manner on the personal topics discussed in the cave.

It was past midnight when they reached their destination. During the last mile Agatha had not declined Thurston's assistance, and for many a long day afterward he was haunted by the picture of that moonlit forest-road, and by the memory of the listless figure that hung in weariness on his arm, of the pale, fair face on which the soft light fell through overshadowing boughs.

All things end at last, and this ended when they emerged into an open space and saw before them a substantial farm-house standing in the moonlight, with that supreme air of quietude which houses wear at night when their inhabitants are wrapped in slumber. So deeply wrapped in slumber were these inhabitants, that Thurston thundered at the door until he was nearly exhausted before he succeeded in rousing them. When once fairly waked, however, they were more hospitable than might have been expected under the circumstances. Having heard who the visitors were, the farmer volunteered to hitch up his horses and drive them to Sans-Souci, while his sons kindled a fire and his wife made some coffee. All of these offers were gladly accepted, and after Agatha had somewhat dried herself, and the coffee had been made and drunk, they entered the obliging farmer's "jersey" and were driven away.

Sans-Souci presented no appearance of life as they approached in the white moonlight, and Agatha said, smiling:

"Our friends certainly do not seem to be suffering any anxiety on our account."

"I suppose they quieted their minds by fancying that we took refuge at some wayside house," Thurston answered, "and the horses have probably not arrived."

After they had alighted at the door and the worthy farmer had been dismissed with many thanks, Thurston turned to his companion.

"Before we part, Miss Loring," he said, abruptly, "I should like to hear you say that you pardon—that is, if you can honestly do so—the many harsh speeches I have uttered to you. I had no right whatever to utter them, and I should be glad if you would promise to forget them."

She looked up with a sort of startled wistfulness on her face and in her eyes.

"You have uttered no harsh speeches that were not honest speeches, Colonel Thurston," she said, simply—"none which I have not already pardoned. But why do you ask this—now?"

"Because now is my only opportunity," he an-

swered. "Before you wake to-morrow—nay, *this* morning—I shall have left Sans-Souci. I made all my arrangements to do so before we started on our excursion."

She did not heed the last words—in fact, she did not hear them. As he said, "I shall have left Sans-Souci," a change swift as thought came over her face—an expression of wonder, appeal, and, above all, pain—which no art on earth could have simulated, and which, like a flash of lightning, laid bare her heart before the man who looked at her.

In that instant it was borne to him with the force of a revelation that his revenge was more complete than he had ever dreamed of making it. For one wild moment his heart leaped up madly—but it was only for a moment. He was one of the men who in an emergency cannot only think but act promptly, and, as he was about to speak again, the door suddenly opened, and on the threshold appeared Mr. Jennings, arrayed in dressing-gown, with a lamp in his hand.

"By Jove!" he said. "So you *are* here! Lucy insisted that she heard the sound of horses' feet. Where on earth have you been all this time?"

"In the Devil's Gorge, where you were kind enough to leave us," Thurston answered, dryly. "I will give you an account of our adventures, but we will not detain Miss Loring, who is very much fatigued.—Good-night," he added, taking the hand of the latter as they entered the hall. "I hope you will feel no ill effects from your drenching and exercise."

"Is it good-by?" she asked, in a low voice.

"It is good-by," he answered.

If his life had depended on the effort, he could have said no more, nor did she utter another word. She only drew her cold, slender hand from his clasp, and, with a slight salutation to Mr. Jennings, passed up the broad staircase and out of sight.

VI.

By the time the inmates of Sans-Souci were assembled round the breakfast-table, discussing their adventurous expedition, Thurston was many miles away, traveling as fast as steam could take him from the scene of it.

He hardly knew—he certainly did not care—where he was going. He had spoken truly when he told Miss Loring that he had decided to leave Sans-Souci after Mrs. Jennings had uttered her warning the day before; but, since that determination was taken, an age seemed to have passed, so entirely do we "live in feeling, not in figures on a dial." Those hours in the storm, the lonely midnight walk, above all that glance of Agatha's which revealed so much of which he had not dreamed—these things made a gap between his life as it had been and his life as it was, which even his thoughts could scarcely bridge.

It is not to be supposed that, in the course of thirty-three years, he had not suffered more or less in matters of the heart, yet he now found himself for the first time under the dominion of a passion—no fancy or sentiment, but a feeling strong as death and overmastering life. Agatha Loring's face was con-

stantly before him, the music of her voice dominated every sound that filled his ears, but he thought that he could find a cure for the infatuation in absence, as he had found a cure for the fever-fits of his younger days.

The idea of yielding, as many men would have yielded, did not for a moment occur to him. He knew that with his whole soul he loved the woman who had ruined Bertie's happiness, and who would ruin (he felt assured) the happiness of any man who trusted his life in her hands; but he said to himself that this love was a mere temporary madness, since no deep passion could flourish where trust was lacking.

"It is an insanity which will pass as quickly as it has come," he thought. "As for that expression in her eyes last night, I *must* have imagined it—it is simply impossible that such a woman could find her heart for such a man as I am!"

But to *think* this was one thing, to *feel* it another. Trust her? No, he did not trust her. He believed her to be coquette and actress through all her nature; but nevertheless her face as he saw it last—pale, appealing, with eyes that revealed a hundred-fold more than speech could utter—haunted him, turn where he would, do what he would.

Nor was this the record of one day, one week, one month. He put the breadth of States between himself and Sans-Souci; he plunged into the business which partly brought him to America; he sought social distractions; but the end was as the beginning. "When Agatha Loring is done with a man he is fit for nothing but to go to the devil as fast as may be," Bertie had said in the mad recklessness of his passion; and this in lesser degree Thurston felt now. He was not ready to go to the devil; but he found existence robbed of its savor as it had never been robbed before. Tormented by passion, by longing, by regret, by self-contempt—what wonder that all things seemed to him worse than empty, less than uninteresting? If Agatha Loring had treated him as she had treated many another, had flirted with and discarded him, he fancied that his cure would have been rapid and complete. But he could not forget that she had showed him glimpses of her nature which he felt sure she had showed to no other man—of its weariness, of its yearning, of its capabilities for higher things—and so, between opposing opinions and wavering feelings, the fight went on.

Nothing on earth is more weary than such a combat, and it was no slight addition to Thurston's trouble that he shrank from meeting Bertie, though the cause of this shrinking would not bear analysis. His affection had not altered in the least; but he felt as if the influence which had entered the lives of both with such fateful result would stand as an estranging shadow between them. So the months slipped away, and November found him still lingering in America.

By this time he determined that he must leave the country. He had exhausted his last excuse for remaining, and Bertie, who had been waiting in Paris for weeks, was growing restless and inquisitive. De-

siring to go direct to France, Thurston, therefore, took passage on a French steamer, which chanced to be that vessel of tragic fate, the *Ville du Havre*.

Before taking his departure he had one last struggle with himself. Since he left Sans-Souci he had heard nothing of Agatha Loring; and it cost him no slight effort to go away with the silence around her name unbroken. That it was better so he was well aware—for what good end could knowledge serve?—but what is there on earth can so persistently ignore wisdom as the human heart? Thurston, however, turned a deaf ear to all that it could urge, and, being a man who held his desires in a strong leash of control, he found himself at last on shipboard without having received a single item of information regarding the woman whom he had vainly tried to banish from his memory.

There is no doubt that Fate seems sometimes to take a malignant pleasure in baffling us when we feel ourselves most secure. So Thurston felt—though it was a very dreary kind of security—as he paced the deck of the *Ville du Havre*, and saw the great expanse of ocean in front, the land receding far and faint behind. "The fight is over, the victory won," he said to himself, and at that moment a woman's laugh floated to him.

A woman's laugh! There was surely nothing remarkable in such a sound, yet, as it fell on his ear, his heart seemed to stand still. He turned abruptly and found himself face to face with Agatha Loring! She was as much astonished as himself, and perhaps as much agitated; but, beyond a certain change of color and expression perceptible on both faces, neither of them betrayed this agitation. To people of their class conventionalities are second nature, and the lookers-on had no reason to suppose their meeting to be other than that of two ordinary acquaintances. They shook hands and uttered a few commonplace. Then Thurston said:

"I had no idea of meeting you here."

"I certainly had not the least idea of meeting *you*," she answered. "No doubt you are on your way to Egypt?"

"I am on my way to Paris at present. I shall not return to Egypt until the end of the year. You, I suppose, are merely going abroad for pleasure?"

"For pleasure, yes—and for health also."

He noticed then that she looked frailer, more shadowy, than when he saw her last—the alabaster complexion was more transparent, the lines of the face more attenuated, the limpid eyes larger.

"Have you been ill?" he asked, quickly. "I did not know—I have not heard."

"Do you remember our drenching in the Devil's Gorge?" she asked. "I took a cold at that time which cost me a severe illness, from the effect of which I have never recovered. The doctors, therefore, have ordered me abroad—which is a pleasant prescription."

"I have often wondered if you did not suffer from that adventure," he said. "But I did not fear anything like this. You must have been very seriously ill. If I had known—"

He stopped abruptly. If he had known, what could he have done? Agatha Loring might be ill unto death, but what right had he to express more than the concern of a common acquaintance? Perhaps she felt this—at least she looked at him with cool, almost haughty, surprise.

"One must pay a price for all diversions," said she, carelessly, "and sometimes it is heavier than one anticipates. I hope we shall have a pleasant voyage, though the season is rather against us. Have you ever crossed the ocean before in November?"

After a few more remarks, they parted—she to rejoin her party, he to go and endeavor to control the tumult of his thoughts alone with a cigar.

To do so was not easy. One glance from those wonderful eyes, one tone of that magical voice, had been enough to shatter all his fancied victory. What had months of combat availed? He asked the question in a sort of despair, and the answer was—less than nothing. The fascination which controlled him was deeper now than when he left Sans-Souci; the passion that he vainly imagined he had crushed was strong enough to defy his utmost efforts to subdue it. A sense of impotence—of being overmastered by a Fate relentless as that of Greek tragedy—began to possess him. He had thought that the chapter in his life in which Agatha Loring's name was written was closed forever, and lo! here on the very ship which was to have borne him from even the memory of his infatuation he found her. What part in his life, and perhaps in Bertie's life, was she destined yet to play?

"One way or another she will come between us and separate us," he said to himself. "Of that I have felt an instinct from the first. Well, it is useless to struggle against the inevitable. 'If the gods force him, who can shun his fate?'"

If he could not shun his fate, he found, however, that it was easy enough—easier, indeed, than he liked—to shun Miss Loring. Unless he sought her attention directly, she never seemed conscious of his presence. Here, as elsewhere, she had a court of cavaliers around her, and it was with a very sore, jealous feeling that he watched her graceful, subtle coquetry—the long promenade with one, the quiet flirtation with another, the seductive charm with all. Plainly Agatha Loring was Agatha Loring still, and had not lost a single attribute of her distinctive character. The realization of this might have cured Thurston, but—it did not do so. He felt sure that he had been worse than a fool ever to dream that she had given *him* a deeper thought than she gave any other victim of her caprice; but the assurance was by no means consoling. In fact, he had reached that stage of passion when reason forsakes a man, and he is ready to act with a recklessness to which he often looks back as veritable madness.

Several days passed, and the steamer was in mid-ocean, before there came any change in the situation. Then, toward sunset one evening, Thurston, by a rare chance, found Agatha on deck alone.

She was leaning over the bulwark, watching the sun sink in the vast expanse of heaving sea—his last

rays gilding the tossing waves with red glory—and, as Thurston drew near, he saw her face in profile before she observed his approach. Seeing it thus, he was struck by its expression of strangely wistful and almost bitter sadness—an expression so new to his knowledge of it, that he hesitated for an instant before advancing to her side.

"I hope I do not disturb you, Miss Loring," he said, "but your attention is usually so much engrossed that I have seen very little of you; therefore you must pardon me if I grasp an opportunity like the present."

"Why should you grasp it?" she asked, turning toward him. "What is there that you and I can say to each other, Colonel Thurston? I supposed that you held aloof from me because you were too honest to talk society platitudes to a woman whom you have never forgiven, never learned to respect. Pray leave me in that opinion to the last."

"I cannot leave you in an utterly mistaken opinion," he said. "It is no such reason as that which has made me hold aloof from you; it is because I distrust my own strength of mind and purpose. See here, Miss Loring, if you care for one more triumph I will give it to you—the only thing on earth I can give you. Do you remember that night in the Devil's Gorge, when I told you that you had ruined Bertie's life, and that you would ruin mine if I gave you the chance? Well, you *have* ruined it. Since I parted with you I have never known a day, hardly an hour, of peace. Do not suppose"—as her lips partly unclosed—"that I blame you for this. I blame nothing save my own folly. But the fact remains—I have lingered in America because I dreaded to go and meet Bertie with this madness upon me. I fought against the overwhelming desire to see you again, as if that desire had been a personal enemy. I forced myself to enter this ship without having gratified it, and almost the first face I met was yours!"

She looked up at him, and something in her appealing eyes recalled to his memory the unforgotten expression with which those eyes met his when they parted at Sans-Souci.

"It was not my fault," she said. "How could I know?"

"Your fault!" he repeated. "Have I implied such a thing? Do not think me more of a brute than I am. Ten minutes ago I never dreamed that I should talk to you like this—but you will pardon me. The consciousness of power is always sweet to a woman, and in all your career of conquest you have never tested—you never can test—that power more thoroughly than you have tested it with me."

She was silent; her face bent downward, so that he could not see it, her hand clasping the scarlet drapery of her shawl closer around her slender figure. The sun was gone, and twilight began to fall over the wide waste of tossing waters, when she spoke:

"Will you believe me if I say I am surprised and—sorry? I never dreamed of testing my power on you; I never imagined for a moment that I could

succeed if I attempted to do so. But surely one whom you dislike and despise cannot harm you *much*."

He uttered a short laugh.

"That depends on your definition of 'much.' If I were wise, I should not let you harm me, certainly; but I am not wise. You are mistaken, however, in thinking that I 'dislike and despise' you. I love you; though if I had ever doubted how little the love of one man is to you, I should have been convinced during the past few days. Enough of this, however! It is unpardonable of me to talk to you in such a strain. Now that the sun has gone, I fear that you must find the air very chilly. Shall I take you below?"

"Not yet," she answered. "Listen to me for a moment, and believe that your brother and yourself are both well avenged. Look here!"—she drew off her glove and showed her hand and wrist wasted to a shadowy degree of thinness—"I have not told the doctors, but I tell *you* that suffering of mind, not illness of body, has wrought this. I was intangibly weary and restless when I met you at Sans-Souci, but since then I have been consumed by a fever of the soul, which has made me what you see. Do you know what I was thinking when you came to my side? I was wondering if down there"—she pointed to the sea—"I might not find rest and forgetfulness. Life has held for me so much outward triumph, so little inward peace, that the thought of death has no terror for me. If it came this moment I think I could hold out my arms and welcome it."

Not even Thurston could doubt the sincerity in her voice, the passionate earnestness on her face, as she spoke. She could not have been less artificial if death had been indeed before her, and recognizing this, he recognized also all that it signified. Involuntarily his hand fell on the one which she had ungloved, and closed over it.

"Tell me," he said, "why such a change has come over you since we parted at Sans-Souci? Agatha"—as she strove to draw away from him—"your eyes told me something when we said goodbye, which your lips must tell me now."

"Let me go!" she gasped. "This is madness, for which—if I answered you—no one would be so sorry as yourself. Let me go—you *must* let me go!"

"Not until you tell me whether I am wrong or right. Agatha, can it be possible that you loved me then?—that you love me now?"

Gray and deep had twilight fallen over the sea, but not so gray and deep but that when she lifted her face he read his answer on it.

"You are mad," she said. "Remember that this binds you to nothing—nothing! Everything stands between us—your brother, my past life, your deep distrust of me—everything! But you are right. I loved you then, as I love you now. It is retribution, I suppose—you know you hoped that it might fall upon me, and you ought to be glad that it has done so."

"Glad!" he repeated, passionately. "Yes, I am glad, though God only knows whether it means misery or happiness."

If he had known the fate toward which they were hastening, he might have spared himself that doubt. It meant happiness for a few short hours, and these hours comprised all their span of life. "After long grief and pain," the end which neither had anticipated was given them as a gracious boon of Heaven, while the ship went forward to meet her doom.

Those in whose memory that tragedy has not been effaced by later calamities will remember that the collision which sunk the Ville du Havre in less than twelve minutes occurred at two o'clock in the morning, when the passengers were all wrapped in slumber. It chanced, however, that Thurston was not among the number of these sleepers. He had turned into his berth not long before, and he was lying awake when the ship struck.

A knowledge of the danger instantly flashed upon him, and springing to his feet he threw on his clothes and went on deck. Here his worst forebodings were confirmed by the terror and confusion which reigned supreme. He took in the situation in all its hopelessness at once, and after a minute spent in trying to learn what chance there was of launching the boats, he hastened back to the cabin, and made his way to Agatha Loring's state-room.

As he reached the door, it opened, and she came out—pale, but perfectly composed. There was no time for questions or assurances. The ship was sinking fast, and their only hope was in gaining the deck.

By dint of struggling, Thurston gained it before the vessel went down. Then they had one minute—only one minute—for any last words.

"If you can save yourself, don't think of me," Agatha said. "I will try and not cling to you as women are said to do."

He smiled a little. "Do you think I will ever let you go?" he said. "We are together now—for life or death."

He clasped her in his arms, and their lips met in the first, last kiss of love.

So they went down together—to death.

SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

BRIGHT little wayfarer in scarlet cap,
With purple tuft atop, and doublet green—
Flora's pet page sometime thou mayst have been,
Fallen from favor by some strange mishap—
It touches me to note the sweet content
With which thou dost accept thy lowly lot,
And makest gay some poor, neglected spot

With thy glad presence—pitching thy small tent
Upon the farmer's homely garden-patch,
Or close beside the dusty roadside way,
Heedless of high or low, if but a ray
Of heaven's golden sunshine thou canst catch;
Watching and waiting, living not in vain,
O tiny prophet of the coming rain!

THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.

WHSOEVER has studied the geographical position of the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company cannot fail to have noticed the vast extent of country intervening between the forty-ninth parallel of latitude and the North Saskatchewan River, in which there exists no fort or trading-station of the company. This is the country of the Blackfeet, that wild, restless, erring race, whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them. With the Rocky Mountains and the forty-ninth parallel as a portion of the circumference, a line drawn from the latter through the elbow of the South Saskatchewan River and the Bad Hill, thence trending northwest along the course of the Red-Deer River, nearly to the Rocky-Mountain House, would inclose the British American territory of the Blackfeet nation. In the United States, it extends along the course of the Missouri River to a point below the Sun River, thence diverging north of east to the elbow of the South Saskatchewan. A line drawn from the latter point to the Rocky-Mountain House would measure six hundred miles in length, and yet lie wholly in the country of the Blackfeet. Along its northern border lies a fair and fertile land; but close by, scarcely half a day's journey to the south, the arid, treeless, sandy plains begin to supplant the rich, verdure-clad hills and dales, and that immense central desert spreads out those ocean-like expanses which find their southern limit down by the waters of the Canadian River, full twelve hundred miles due south of the Saskatchewan.

Within the territory of the Blackfeet nation not a trace of settlement exists, not a trading-post stands to welcome the booty-laden warrior to its rude counter. Along its entire border there prevails, during the months of summer and autumn, a state of perpetual warfare; on the north and east with the Plain Crees; on the south and west with the Kootanais and Flatheads; on the southeast and northwest with the Assiniboinis of the plain and mountains; on the south there are ceaseless predatory excursions against the Americans on the Missouri. Ever since the tribes first became known to the white traders, there has existed this state of hostility among them. The red-man has always three great causes of war—to steal a horse, to take a scalp, or to get a wife. On the north, the Crees and Assiniboinis continually force on hostilities, for the sake of stealing the Blackfeet horses, which are far better than their own; while, on the south, the Blackfeet make war upon the Crows and Flatheads for a similar reason. At war with every nation that touches the wide circle of their boundaries, these wild, dusky men sweep like a whirlwind over the arid deserts of the central plateau. They speak a language distinct from that of all other native tribes; their feasts and ceremonies, too, are different from those of other nations. Not absolutely stationary residents of a domain, and wandering much by fam-

ilies and tribes, yet they are not nomads; a confederacy, there is not the semblance of a national government anywhere. In fact, they form the most curious anomaly of that race of men who are passing away beneath our eyes into the infinite solitude. The legend of their origin runs thus:

"Long years ago, when their great forefather crossed the Mountains of the Setting Sun, and settled along the sources of the Missouri and South Saskatchewan, it came to pass that a chief had three sons: Kenha, or The Blood; Peaginou, or The Wealth; and a third who was nameless. The first two were great hunters; they brought to their father's lodge rich store of moose and elk meat, and the buffalo fell beneath their unerring arrows; but the third, or nameless one, ever returned empty-handed from the chase, until his brothers mocked him for want of skill. One day the old chief said to this unsuccessful hunter: 'My son, you cannot kill the moose, your arrows shun the buffalo, the elk is too fleet for your footsteps, and your brothers mock you because you bring no meat into the lodge; but see! I will make you a mighty hunter.' And the old chief took from his lodge-fire a piece of burnt stick, and, wetting it, rubbed the feet of his son with the blackened charcoal, and named him Sat-sia-qua, or The Blackfeet; and evermore Sat-sia-qua was a mighty hunter, and his arrows flew straight to the buffalo, and his feet moved swift in the chase."¹

According to tradition, from these three sons descended the three tribes of Blood, Peaginou, and Blackfeet, but for many generations there have been two other tribes or parts of tribes recognized in the confederacy. These are the Gros-Ventres, or Atsinas, on the extreme southeast, a branch of the Arapahoe nation who dwelt along the sources of the Platte; and the Sircies, on the north, a branch or offshoot of the Chippewyans of Lake Athabasca. The latter are a small but very mischievous band, which, last of all the tribes, joined the confederacy. How the former tribe became detached from the parent-stock has never been determined; but of the latter tradition tells how a tribe of Beavers, fighting over the wanton killing of a dog, concluded a peace only on condition of separation; and the friends of the chief whose arrow had killed the dog marched out into the night to seek their fortunes in the vast wilderness lying to the south. A hundred years later, a Beaver Indian, following the fortunes of a white trader, found himself in one of the forts of the Saskatchewan. Strange Indians were camped about the palisades, and among them were a few braves who, when they conversed together, spoke a language different from the other Blackfeet; in this the Beaver Indian recognized his own tongue. And to this day the Sircies speak the language of their original tribe—a guttural tongue which may be heard far

¹ Major Butler, "Great Lone Land."

down in Mexico and Nicaragua, among the wild Navajo and Apache horsemen of the Mexican plains—in addition to that of the adopted one. The Blackfeet tongue is rich, musical, and stately; that of the Sircies harsh, guttural, and difficult; and while the Sircies always speak the former in addition to their own tongue, the Blackfeet rarely acquire the language of the Sircies. Although the remaining tribes of the great Blackfeet nation live in close alliance and speak the same language, yet it is comparatively easy to distinguish them by differences of dialect and pronunciation, such as prevail in the various districts of our own country.

Of the territory occupied by the Blackfeet nation, the Sircies, numbering scarcely two hundred souls, inhabit the northern border; joining them on the south come the Blackfeet proper, numbering, according to the late annual counts of the Hudson's Bay officers at their posts, about four thousand. From their southern limit to the South Saskatchewan range the Bloods, numbering two thousand; and thence to the Missouri wander the Peagins, numbering three thousand. In March, 1870, the small-pox, carrying off large numbers of the latter tribe, swept northward through the remaining tribes, and reduced the nation by a fourth. Previous to the ravages of this terrible epidemic, the Blackfeet confederacy was believed to comprise from twelve to fourteen thousand people, all included.

But the Blackfeet, taken as a body, are still the most numerous and powerful of the nations that live wholly or partly in British North America. In person they have developed an unusual degree of beauty and symmetry. Though of less stature than many other Indians, they are still tall and well made. Their faces are very intelligent, the nose aquiline, the eyes clear and brilliant, the cheek-bones less prominent and the lips thinner than usual among other tribes. The dress of the men differs little from the ordinary costume of the Indian of the plains, except in being generally cleaner and in better preservation. The Bloods dress more neatly and are finer and bolder-looking men than the Blackfeet, who, in turn, surpass the Peagins in these respects. The Bloods are said to have among them many comparatively fair men, with gray eyes, and hair both finer and lighter colored than usual in the case of pure Indians. This tribe is supposed to bear its savage name, not from any particular cruelty of disposition, but because, unlike the other tribes, its warriors do not steal horses, but only seek for the blood of their enemies, whom they generally overcome, for they are among the bravest of all the natives. The faces of both Blackfeet men and women are generally highly painted with vermilion, which seems to be the national color. The dress of the latter is very singular and striking, consisting of long gowns of buffalo-skins, dressed beautifully soft, and dyed with yellow ochre. This is confined at the waist by a broad belt of the same material, thickly studded over with round brass plates, the size of a silver half-dollar piece, brightly polished. The Blackfeet, however, in common with other Indians, are rapidly adopting blank-

ets and capotes, and giving up the beautifully-painted robes of their forefathers. The ornamented robes that are now made are inferior in workmanship to those of the days gone by.

The mental characteristics of the Blackfeet resemble closely those of Indians everywhere. Similar circumstances give shape and force to thoughts and emotions in all. Intellectual vigor is manifested in shrewdness of observation, and strong powers of perception, imagination, and eloquence. They are quick of apprehension, cunning, noble-minded, and firm of character, yet cautious in manner, and with a certain expression of pride and reserve. They are strong and active, and naturally averse to an indolent habit. Their activity, however, is rather manifested in war and the chase than in useful labor. Pastoral, agricultural, and mechanical labor they despise, as forming a sort of degrading slavery. In this they are as proud as the citizens of the old republics whose business was war. Their labors are laid upon the women, who also are, upon occasion, the beasts of burden upon their marches; for the egotism of the red-man, like that of his white brother, makes him regard woman as his inferior, and a predestined servant to minister to his comfort and pleasure. The Blackfeet have, moreover, both a local attachment and a strong patriotic or national feeling, in which respect they differ favorably from all other tribes. In their public councils and debates they exhibit a genuine, oratorical power, and a keenness and closeness of reasoning quite remarkable. Eloquence in public speaking is a gift which they earnestly cultivate, and the chiefs prepare themselves by previous reflection and arrangement of topics and methods of expression. Their scope of thought is as boundless as the land over which they roam, and their speech the echo of the beauty that lies spread around them. Their expressions are as free and lofty as those of any civilized man, and they speak the voices of the things of earth and air amid which their wild life is cast. Their language being too limited to afford a wealth of diction, they make up in ideas, in the shape of metaphor furnished by all Nature around them, and read from the great book which day, night, and the desert, unfold to them.

As before stated, although the Blackfeet nation is really a confederacy of five tribes, yet there is no semblance of a national government anywhere. All political power is vested in the head-chief of each tribe, and is nearly absolute while he exercises it. He is the executor of the people's will, as determined in the councils of the elders. Some of them are men of considerable natural abilities; all must be brave and celebrated in battle. Sometimes they are hereditary leaders, but more frequently owe their elevation to prowess in war, or merits as orators and statesmen. Public opinion elevates them, and that, together with an uncompromising assertion of their rights, alone sustains them. To disobey the mandate of a chief is, at times, to court instant death at his hands. But, when a chief is once established in power, the tribe generally confide in his wisdom, and there is seldom any transgression of the laws pro-

mulgated by him. He has absolute control of all military expeditions; and, whithersoever the chief or leader of the soldiers is sent by him, the warriors follow. At the present time, the two most prominent chiefs of the Blackfeet nation are Sapoo-max-sikes, or "The Great Crow's Claw," chief of the Blackfeet proper, and Oma-ke-pee-mulkee-yeu, or "The Great Swan," chief of the Bloods. These men are widely diverse in character, the former being a man whose word, once given, may be relied upon for fulfillment; while the latter is represented as a man of colossal proportions and savage disposition, crafty, treacherous, and cruel.

As a race, the Blackfeet are livelier than other Indian tribes. The latter are generally quarrelsome when in liquor, while the former show their jollity by dancing, singing, and hugging one another with all sorts of antics. Though so fond of rum, the Blackfeet are not habitual drunkards. They get completely drunk once or twice a year, but at other times take nothing stronger than coffee, which the United States Government deals out to them as part of an annual subsidy. They consider—and not without some reason—that these periodical excesses are good for them, curing the biliousness caused by their mode of life.

Their funeral and burial ceremonies indicate their belief in the immortality of the soul. These forms are of a similar type among all the tribes composing the nation. They place their dead, dressed in gaudiest apparel, within a tent, in a sitting posture, or occasionally fold them in skins and lay them on high scaffolds out of the reach of wild beasts, under which the relatives weep and wail. Their arms and horses are buried with them, to be used on the long journey to the spirit-land, showing the possession of the idea of the dual nature of matter and spirit.

A somewhat singular custom obtains upon the death of a child. Immediately upon its decease, the whole village rush into the lodge and take possession of whatever portable property they can seize upon, until the grief-stricken parents are stripped of all their worldly possessions, not even excepting their clothing. The only method of evading the custom is to secrete the most valuable property beforehand, generally a matter difficult of accomplishment.

Although the Blackfeet nation is divided into detached tribes, yet the essential characteristics of the race may be found in all. Proud, courageous, independent, and dignified in bearing, they form the strongest possible contrast with the majority of the Northern tribes; and they have many natural virtues which might carry them far toward civilization, but for the wars into which they have been plunged by the rapacity of the whites. These wars have not only greatly diminished their numbers, but keep alive a feeling of implacable hatred of the whole white race which no extraneous influence has as yet served to mitigate. "At this moment," wrote an American officer scarcely fifteen years since, "it is certain a man can go about through the Blackfeet country without molestation, except in the contingency of being mistaken at night for an Indian."

But fifteen years of injustice and wrong have changed the friend into an aggressive enemy. Injustice and wrong toward the Indian have almost always formed the rule with the Government and individuals, and the opposite the exception. Smarting under a sense of these wrongs, the Blackfeet have been made implacable enemies of their oppressors. Those who have paraded a "knowledge of Indian character" have, in scores of instances, purposely fanned the flames of indignation and desires for revenge, and incited the Indians to make war that their own craft might prosper in government employ. Knowledge of Indian character has too long been synonymous with knowledge of how to cheat the Indian, a species of cleverness which, even in the science of chicanery, does not require the exercise of the highest abilities. The red-man has already had too many dealings with persons of this class, and has now a very shrewd idea that those who possess this knowledge of his character have also managed to possess themselves of his property.

At war on every hand, anything like regular trade with the Blackfeet nation is carried on with much difficulty. Years ago a desultory exchange of peltries and merchandise was conducted through the Peagin tribe at Fort Benton and other posts on the Missouri; but constant imposition on the part of the white traders, and retaliation by the red-men, have now nearly estopped all commercial relations between the two parties. In recent years, a small post established by two Americans on the Belly River, sixty miles within British territory, on the Fort Benton and Edmonton House trail, for the purpose of trading improved arms, ammunition, and spirits, to the Blackfeet, has attracted the greater share of their trade; the Blackfeet realizing the necessity of meeting their enemies with the improved implements of modern warfare. This establishment, controlled by a band of outlaws, obtaining its goods by smuggling across the boundary-line, and the open and flagrant violation of all law, human and divine, and only safe from plunder by the savages by reason of superior armament and the known reckless character of its servants, was fortunately broken up by the Dominion constabulary a short time since. It is a matter of regret, however, that the Blackfeet should have been thoroughly supplied with repeating-rifles previous to its demolition. The closing of this post leaves the Blackfeet nation but one other trading-post in the immediate vicinity of their own territory, and diverts the trade from an American to a British channel.

The Rocky-Mountain House of the Hudson's Bay Company stands upon the high northern bank of the North Saskatchewan River, in the thick pine-forest which stretches away to the base of the foothills. The stream here runs in a deep, wooded valley, on the western extremity of which rise the towering peaks of the Rocky Mountains. The house itself is a heavy log structure, and presents many features to be found in no other post of the region. Built with especial reference to the Plain Indian trade, every device known to the trader has been put

in force to secure the servants against the possibility of a surprise during a trade, for the wily Blackfeet seize every opportunity to overpower the garrison and help themselves, to the complete collapse of profit on the trade to the Hudson's Bay Company. Bars, bolts, locks, sliding-doors, and places to fire down upon the Indians, abound in every direction, and the apartments in which the Indians assemble to trade are cut off from all communication with the remaining rooms of the fort. In effect, the customers of this isolated mercantile establishment are handled very much after the manner of a hot coal, and surrounded, metaphorically speaking, with sheet-iron guards lest damage might result to the holder.

When the Blackfeet have accumulated a sufficient number of peltries to warrant a visit to the Rocky-Mountain House, two or three envoys, or forerunners, are chosen, and are sent in advance of the main body, by a week or more, to announce their approach and notify the officer in charge of the quantity of provisions, peltries, robes, horses, etc., which they would have to dispose of; and also to ascertain the whereabouts of their hereditary enemies, the Crees and Mountain Assiniboinis. The envoys prepare for state visits of this nature by an assumption of their gaudiest apparel, and a more than usual intensity of paint: scarlet leggings and blankets; abundance of ribbons in the cap, if any be worn, or the head-band trimmed with beads and porcupine-quills, while the bulk of the cap is made of the plumage of birds; again, a single feather from the wing of an eagle or white-bird, fastened in the scalp-lock, or the hair platted in a long cue behind, and two shorter ones hanging down on each side in front, each bound round with coils of bright brass wire; round the eyes a halo of bright vermilion, a streak down the nose, a patch on each cheek, and a circle round the mouth of the same color, constitute the effective head-gear of the advance-agents. The remainder of the costume is modified by climate and seasons. In the summer they are almost naked, seldom wearing more than the *azain*, or loin-cloth. In the colder months they wear clothing made of the skins of wild animals, dressed, or with fur on; soft moccasins of deer-skin, brightly ornamented with pigments, beads, and stained quills of the porcupine; leather stockings or leggings of dressed deer-skin, ornamented generally by fringes of the same material, covering the moccasins and reaching nearly to the body, and suspended by a thong round the abdomen. With the females the leggings extend from the feet to the knees, below which they are fastened by a beaded and quilled garter. A shirt, made of soft buffalo-skin, and a necklace of bear's-claws and teeth, together with a fire-bag and tobacco-pipe—the inseparable companions of every Indian—complete the costume. The forerunner is anxious to make every article of his elaborate toilet tell with effect, as his mission is regarded as an important one, in which a failure to produce a favorable impression on the mind of the trader would be fraught with disastrous consequences to the prospective trade.

Upon arriving at the post, the envoys are re-

ceived and handsomely entertained by the officer in charge, who makes them presents according to their rank, and in proportion to the anticipated value of the trade. They are feasted, smoked, and, upon occasion, winoed to a considerable extent. In turn, they report the number of peltries, horses, etc., to be traded by the band, and name the articles likely to be most in demand by their brethren. Such goods are at once placed where they may be easily accessible, and the quantity, if inadequate, is augmented by supplies procured at the nearest post, should there be sufficient time for that purpose. The forerunners are shown the stock of merchandise on hand, and the quality of the goods; the values of different articles are explained to them, and the fullest understanding upon all matters relative to the trade is arrived at. This completed, and a few days of long-ling indulged in, the advance-agents depart to their tribe, and the little garrison of the Mountain House prepare for the coming struggle.

Within the fort a searching examination is made of the efficient working of all bolts, locks, gratings, etc., and of the closing of all means of communication between the Indian-room—a large apartment in which the Blackfeet assemble previous to being admitted into the trading-store—and the rest of the buildings; guns are newly cleaned, reloaded, and placed, together with abundant ammunition, by the numerous loop-holes in the lofts above the trading and Indian rooms. From the shelves of the former are taken most of the blankets, colored cloths, guns, ammunition, ribbons, bright handkerchiefs, beads, etc., the staple commodities of the Indian trade, with a view of decreasing the excitement under which the red-man always labors when brought into immediate juxtaposition with so much bravery—an excitement which renders him oblivious to furnishing an equivalent in exchange, and tends to foster his habits of forcible seizure. Preparations are also made within the stockade for the reception of the ponies to be purchased, and their safe-keeping afterward, for the Blackfeet's fine sense of humor frequently leads him to ride away an animal he has just sold, by way of practical joke upon the owner.

All things being made secure, there remains for the use of the Blackfeet the narrow passage-way leading from the outer gate of the stout log stockade to the Indian-room—a passage tightly walled up with smooth logs, in which no interstices or footholds occur, in order, to prevent all entrance into the yard of the inclosure, the Indian-room itself, and the small hall-way leading from it to the trading-store. This latter is closed by two heavy doors, the space between being barely sufficient to accommodate two persons standing with their peltries. In trading but two Indians are admitted into the trading-store at one time, after the following fashion: The passage-door leading into the Indian-room is opened, and two braves admitted therein; then it is closed, and the other door leading into the trading-store opened. When the two warriors have finished trading, their return to the Indian-room is effected by a similar process, one door always being kept shut. Both these doors are

made to slide into their places, and are manipulated from an apartment occupied by the traders ; so that the supply of customers is regulated as desired. The trading-store is divided by means of a stout partition extending from floor to ceiling into two parts, one for the goods and traders, the other for the Indians. In the centre of this partition an aperture of little more than a yard square is cut, divided by a grating into squares sufficiently large to admit the passage of an arm, a blanket, or a robe, but inadequate to the admission of the red-man in person. This partition is necessitated by the fact of the Blackfeet's forgetfulness of the existence of counters, and the exasperating pertinacity with which he insists upon close and personal examination of the goods. It sometimes happens, too, that he expresses his dissatisfaction at the price of a much-coveted article by desultory firing at the person of the trader, who, in the absence of such partition, has no means of escape or concealment. It is on account of a somewhat frequent repetition of this occurrence that the two loop-holes in the ceiling immediately above the grating are perhaps the most closely guarded of any during the progress of a trade. From time to time, as the shelves are depleted of their gaudy lading, advantage is taken of the absence of all Indians from the room to have new supplies brought in ; care being taken to preserve an equilibrium, the loss of which would lead to a corresponding depression or excitement on the part of the braves. The furs and provisions traded are at once transferred to another apartment out of sight.

On the day appointed for the trade a moving cloud approaching over the prairie soon takes on a certain degree of individuality, and the picturesque throng come in mounted upon their gayly-caparisoned ponies, dashing over the ground at full speed, sometimes singly, most often in knots of two or three, or even larger groups. When the Blackfeet pay a visit to the Mountain House they generally come in large numbers, prepared to fight with either Crees or Assiniboin. The braves generally ride free, while the squaws and children bring up the rear with the ponies and dogs drawing the loaded *travaillés*. A *travail* is an Indian contrivance consisting of two poles fastened together at an acute angle, with cross-bars between. The point of the angle rests upon the back of the dog or horse, the diverging ends of the poles drag along the ground, and the baggage is tied on to the crossbars. The Indians use these contrivances instead of carts. It frequently occurs that, in addition to the packs of dogs and horses, the women are also heavily laden.

The Blackfeet, having successfully forded the river with their peltries by piling them upon the backs of ponies which they force to swim the stream, form a camp at some distance from the fort, pitching their *tepees* and spreading the wet robes out to dry. A *tepee*, or lodge, is generally composed of from ten to twelve buffalo-hides, from which the hair has been removed, and the skin nicely tanned and smoked. The usual number of Indians to a *tepee* is seven, of which at least two are warriors or able-bodied fight-

ing-men. The camp being completed, the ponies for barter are selected, and the furs and provisions made ready for transportation to the fort, and easily accessible during the trade. The ponies of the Blackfeet are generally of a superior breed to those found among other Northern tribes, and command higher prices. The braves are very fond of their horses, and very careful of them, differing in this respect from the Crees and Assiniboin, who are rough and unmerciful masters. They have a custom of marking their horses with certain hieroglyphics, painting them over with curious devices, and scenting them with aromatic herbs.

Everything being made ready in the Blackfeet camp—peltries collected in small bundles, provisions packed, robes and dressed skins dried and easily accessible, the best garments and most vivid paint donned by the braves—whatever is to be traded is now laid upon the backs of ponies and squaws, and the entire camp approach the fort in long cavalcade. Within a short distance of the stockade the procession halts, and the officer in charge goes out to meet them. A small circle is formed by the chiefs and headmen, the trader enters it, and the palaver begins. Many speeches are made ; each brave, first embalming himself in a few words of feeling eulogy, assures the officer of his inordinate affection for the white race in general and his person in particular, and avows his intention of conducting the ensuing trade in a strictly honorable and orderly manner—the whole affair terminating by the principal chief illustrating his love for his white brother and his own “big heart” by loading a pony with an heterogeneous collection of robes, leather, and provisions, and handing horse and all he carries over to the officer. This is the Indian manner of beginning a trade ; and, after such a present, no sane man can possibly entertain a doubt upon the big-heartedness of the donor. The custom has, however, one drawback—the trader is expected to return a present of twice the value. Unlike the Spaniard, when the red-man extends one the key of his house, he expects the offer to be taken literally, at the same time grimly smiling over the certain retribution which awaits the receiver. In fact, it is one of the inconveniences of having Indian friends that, if one expresses admiration of anything they possess, it is almost invariably handed over, and the unfortunate recipient of a penny is in for a pound. In this case it is certain that, if the trader purchases a hundred horses during the trade which ensues, not one of the whole band will cost so dearly as that which demonstrates the friendship and large-heartedness of the chief. For, immediately upon the knowledge of its receipt at the fort, the gate is again swung open, and there is sent out to the chief, in return, a gift of blankets, strouds, ammunition, and finery, under the combined weight of which he staggers off, looking like a vermilion Atlas. Such tangible proof of the corresponding size of the trader's heart being received, the chief addresses the assembled braves, exhorting them to conduct themselves in an orderly and peaceable manner, and not prove him the possessor of a forked tongue by rude

behavior. The braves, standing ready with their peltries, and eager to begin the trade, readily promise to observe his commands, and move up toward the gate of the stockade.

The trader having returned to the post, all preparations for the trade are completed, communication cut off, men all stationed at their posts ready for anything that may turn up. Then the outer gate is thrown open, and the eager crowd rushes into the Indian-room. In a moment the door leading into the little hall-way connecting that apartment with the trading-store slides back, and two Indians with their peltries enter. Then the door slides into place again, and the other one opens, admitting the braves into the store. They look through the grating, select the articles they want, and pay for them in installments. An Indian never asks at once for everything he wants, and then pays for it in one payment; but purchases one thing at a time, receives his change, then turns his attention to another. In this way he seems to get more for his money; and the linked sweetness of shopping is longer drawn out. The trade is rapidly pushed, and the braves are at once returned by the double-barred process to the Indian-room, and a fresh batch admitted, when the doors are again locked. The reappearance of each installment of fortunate braves, with the much-prized articles of ornament and use, continually augments the growing excitement of the waiting throng in the Indian-room. Each one is eagerly questioned as to what he saw, whether there was any of this or that article, and whether the supply would be likely to be exhausted before the questioner's turn arrived. Each succeeding statement that there were on the shelves but a few guns, blankets, a little tea, sugar, etc., intensifies the anxiety, and the crush to get in increases in proportion, under the belief that everything will be gone. The announcement by the trader, through a loop-hole, that there will be enough for all, scarcely allays the confusion in any measure, the universal desire and rush to obtain the first choice still remaining. Thus the trade progresses until all the furs and provisions have changed hands, and there is nothing more to be traded. Sometimes, however, the trade does not proceed so smoothly. It frequently happens that the Blackfeet repair to the fort with but a small collection of robes and leather, under which circumstances, being of a frugal mind, they object to seeing their stock in trade go for a little tea and sugar. These objections generally assume the shape of bullets and knife-hacking, of which the walls of the Indian-room bear plentiful evidence. Then the trading-store is promptly closed, only to be reopened when the sudden ebullition of anger has passed away.

Upon the completion of the exchange of peltries and goods begins the horse-trading; and the method of carrying it on depends much upon the humor which the Blackfeet exhibit. If they appear well satisfied with the trade of goods, then the horse-trading takes place immediately outside the stockade—the animals being led within as fast as purchased, and the Indians shown singly into the trad-

ing-store to be paid. If an aggressive spirit obtains, however, a single brave, with his pony or ponies, is admitted at a time within the yard of the stockade, the trade effected, and the owner paid and passed without the gate before the admission of a second. Perhaps a more than usual care is exercised during the progress of this trade, from the fact that the Blackfeet generally all gather about the stockade at that time, and, the majority being already supplied with goods, they fail to recognize the necessity of longer preserving peaceful relations with the traders.

A peculiarity of these trades lies in the fact that money values are unknown, everything being reckoned by skins, as is the case throughout a great portion of the company's territory. The skin is a very old term in the fur-trade, and is based upon the standard of the beaver-skin, or, as it is called, the made beaver. For example: a beaver, or skin, is reckoned equivalent to one mink-skin; one marten is equal to two skins, one buffalo-robe to six skins, a silver fox to twenty skins, and so on throughout the scale of furs. In a like manner all articles of merchandise have their value in skins. Thus a brave brings a pony, which is valued at fifty skins, and these fifty skins will be divided as follows: a kettle, five skins; a blanket, ten skins; a capote, ten skins; ammunition, ten skins; tobacco, fifteen skins. The brave hands over the pony, and receives in payment a capote, a blanket, a kettle, ammunition, and tobacco. The original skin, the beaver, now seldom makes its appearance at the Mountain House, those animals having been nearly exterminated in that part of the territory; but, notwithstanding the fact of the marked deterioration in the price of the beaver-skin, since it was originally adopted as the standard of value in the fur-trade, owing to the extensive use of silk in the manufacture of hats, it still nominally retains the fictitious value first placed upon it.

A somewhat amusing illustration of the universal passion for dress, which forms a distinguishing characteristic of the Blackfeet, equally with other Indians, occurs in these trades. The fashionable costume of the red-man is not generally regulated by the variable moods of the mercurial Parisian; indeed, it has undergone but little change since the memory of men. Certain interesting specimens of the race are said to have been seen attired in even less than the vaunted Mexican costume—a shirt-collar and pair of spurs. I myself remember to have seen one chastily appareled in a stove-pipe hat. But it frequently occurs, during the trades, that some doughty chieftain elects to appear in more than regal magnificence before his tribe; and for his benefit, and those of similar tastes, the company annually import certain ancient costumes prevalent in England some half-century since. The tall, stove-pipe hat, with round, narrow brim; the snuff-brown or bright-blue coat, with high collar, climbing up over the neck, the sleeves tightly fitting, the waist narrow—this is the Blackfeet's ideal of perfection in dress, and the brave who can array himself in this antique garb struts out from the fort the envy and admiration of all beholders. Often the high hat is orna-

mented with a decayed ostrich-plume, drooping like the shadow of a great sorrow, which has figured in the turban of some dowager of the British Isles long years since. While the presence of trousers is considered by no means essential to the perfect finish of the costume, the addition of a narrow band of gold lace about the coat is regarded as imparting an air of tone to the general effect not to be obtained in any other way. For such a costume the Blackfeet brave will barter his deer-skin shirt, beaded, quilled, and ornamented with the raven locks of his enemies ;

his head-band of beautiful feathers and shells ; and the soft-tanned and flowing robe of buffalo-skin—a dress which adds a kingly dignity to his athletic form for one which *Pantaloon* would scorn to wear. Fortunately, the new dress does not long survive. Little by little it is found unsuited to the wild life which its owner leads, and, although never losing the originally high estimate placed upon it, is discarded at length by reason of the many inconveniences arising from running buffalo in a plug-hat, and fighting in a swallow-tail coat against the Crees.

THE TWO SERPENTS.

AN ORIENTAL FABLE.

CARIGAMA, the sultan, put his son
With Saib, the wise ; and, when the boy was done
With studious tasks, it was the teacher's way
To weave for him some moral tale each day.
One evening when the hour had come around,
This tale he told—in Persian annals found :

“Once a magician, skilled in every art,
Meeting King Lohak, breathed upon his heart,
When from that region, venomous and bright,
Two hideous serpents wriggled forth in sight.
The king, who saw them follow in his path,
Stormed the magician with his fiercest wrath ;
But he, undaunted, answered back again :
‘These are the tokens of your glorious reign ;
And, if you wish henceforth unbounded good,
Fail not to feed them well with human blood ;
Give them your sturdiest men in sacrifice
For their support—for this is just and wise.’
The king, at first, grew pale when this was said,
But by degrees to its result was led,
And scattered slaughter till tumultuous fear
Smote all his stricken subjects far and near.
At length his people, seeing so many slain,
Revolted at the king's bloodthirsty reign,
And locked him in a cavern far away,
Where to the serpents he himself was prey.”

“O history horrible !” the young prince said.
“What could have put such baseness in his head ?
Now tell another tale more fair, I pray,
That I with shuddering may not end the day.”
“Most willingly,” said Saib, “and, when 'tis done,
You will confess it is a simple one :

“Once on a time, a young sultan was led
To heed all things an artful courtier said,
Who crammed him with delusions that were rife
With all the poignancies of sinful life—
With dreams of glory and imagined joy,
And things that dazzle only to annoy.
Pride and voluptuousness performed their part
Till they became joint rulers of his heart ;
And, held by these, above his people's groan
He walked, until they snatched him from the throne.
Still, though he lost his crown, Pleasure and Pride
Clung, like two adders perched upon his side,
Till, sinking down within their coiling snare,
He died, at length, of sorrow and despair.”

Then said the prince, when Saib paused for rest,
“Untrue or true, I like this tale the best.”
“Alas !” said Saib, “why do you thus exclaim ?
Better or not—both stories are the same !”

THE LIGHTING OF A MATCH.

A FEW years ago I was a student at a German university. What happy days those were in that queer old town, with its one long street and diverging alleys, its simple and kindly burghers, and its comfortable, cozy, gossiping, social life ! As I look back on that time, it seems to me to have been an ideal existence of careless joyousness, made up of all that infinite variety of happiness which only the strong magnetism of untried youth can draw together. Was it really so perfect, or is it, after all, merely another instance of retrospective happiness—that kind we all have felt yet never feel ? But why try to analyze it ? Real or imaginary, it is enough that it came to an end.

It had originally been my intention to leave the town in August, at the end of the summer term, but

when the time came I had not the heart to go. The days, and weeks, and months slipped on, and still I lingered. The Indian summer—the old women's summer, as the Germans call it—was wonderfully beautiful that year, covering, with its soft and deceitful loveliness, the rapid flight of time. But even it came to an end at last. Looking out of my window one morning, I found a thin sheet of snow on the ground, and all that day the monotonous gray of the wintry sky formed a background for a succession of black and screaming triangles moving southward. I realized then that it was more than time for me to imitate the birds of passage and migrate—not like them to sunnier climes, but to a little nest of a village high up among the mountains, where I had planned to isolate myself from civilization, and

"cram" for an examination in the spring. So I bade good-by to my friends and to my jolly student's career, and quietly dropped out of the stream of social life.

During the long, dreary, lonely winter months that followed, I led the life of a studious hermit. It was grind, grind, grind, from early in the morning till late into the night. Finance and political economy, history and philosophy, figures, and dates, and definitions, all went pell-mell into the mill to be ground up into answers to a board of Socratic professors, whose only pleasure in life was to put puzzlers to the unhappy wretch before them. Of course, I did wrongly in thus secluding myself; of course, I ought to have remembered how incessant labor affected the mind of the historical John; of course, it was all a mistake from beginning to end. But the tradition of the university sternly dictated such a course to the "crammer," and I was too young and too inexperienced to enable me to defy her mandate with success.

So when the spring came, and those horrible ides of March drew near, I was in no condition to go forth and meet my fate with courage. Indeed, I doubt if the immortal Cæsar himself would have met his so stoically if railroads had existed in those days to whirl him inexorably toward it at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

I was depressed and miserable, unwell in body, sick in mind, full of wretched forebodings, and a despairing, heart-sickening distrust of myself, when one shivering day in March I mounted the train that was to bear me to Berlin—the seat of the inquisitorial board to whose tortures I was about voluntarily to surrender myself. Never in all my life was there a time when I wanted less to be alone, yet with the perversity of low spirits I took a place in one of the first-class carriages in which, according to the German saying, only Englishmen and fools ever travel. As it happened, there were no Englishmen passing along this route, and, no one getting into the compartment but myself, I am constrained to draw the inference that I was the only fool on the train. Be that as it may, my thoughts were my only companions during the whole ride. And charming companions they were, as he knows full well who has ever enjoyed such society on the eve of an examination! In the course of half a dozen hours I had mentally passed through as many struggles with the professorial board as a coward dies deaths before his final dissolution. Of course, in these struggles I was regularly thrown; and as Mother Nature has not particularly endowed me with Antæus-like characteristics, life, under the circumstances, soon became a wretchedly farcical affair—so much so, that I most sincerely hoped the train would find a convenient precipice to glide off of. How many travelers have longed for this same misfortune! What train ever sped along its iron track that did not contain at least one man who, if his wishes had been realized and known as they were thought, would have had his name handed down to posterity as that of a "railroad fiend?"

In justice to myself, I think there was more excuse for my egotistical misanthropy than can generally be advanced in such cases. A person who for half a day has been counting off historical dates on the telegraph-poles that he leaves behind him at the rate of thirty miles an hour, who has varied this operation by putting to himself and trying to answer such questions as "How does credit affect prices?" or "Is payment for capital sunk in the soil, rent, or profit?" and who does all this while an abandoned philosophical *carmagnole* is going on in his brain, with Comte, and Fichte, and Kant, as chief dancers—such a person, I affirm, is entitled to a little forbearance if, in the seconds he can snatch from such distractions, he thinks thoughts and wishes wishes not strictly compatible with a high sense of unselfishness and philanthropy.

But why think continually of the examination? Could you not, by an effort of will, fix your mind on something else? No! I could not, Herr Gemeinplatz, nor could you have either had you been in my place. It is a demoniacal but eternal law that, hard as the real examination may be, it will be at least as easy as the preliminary self-examination of the candidate. The universe, under such circumstances, resolves itself into a committee of the whole to keep the mind of the unfortunate wretch continually on the stretch.

Every object that I saw by the side of the road as we whirled along, every sound that I heard—the whistle of the engine, the beating of the snow and hail, the howling of the wind—contrived, in some ingenious and Jesuitical manner, to remind me, directly or indirectly, of the coming examination—though the hints were generally of so subtle a nature that only a candidate's nervous fancy could have taken them. Even the conductor, when he came along and coolly demanded my ticket, threw me into a state of abject despair by delicately intimating, through the medium of his Saxon pronunciation, that the exact date of the invasion of England by Hengist and Horsa had slipped out of my memory. Thus the day wore on, and evening came, and I was looking forward to a sleepless and wearing night of mental worry, when we brought up at a small junction, where we were to change cars for Berlin.

"We've missed the connection, sir, on account of the storm. The train for Berlin left an hour ago," said my friend the conductor. "The next train doesn't start until ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

Any one but a man traveling to an examination would have sworn at this delay. I did not swear, and was undoubtedly canonized as a saint by the conductor, who evidently expected an outburst instead of the *Trinkgeld* he received. And yet it was a fact; the state of the case looked hopeless enough. If it had snowed on the highlands, it was raining and blowing down here on the plain. The station—a little brick building—stood alone by itself, and, before I could reach the shelter of its roof, I felt that the rain had discovered and entered every crevice in my outside garments.

In the house I found an apology for a restaurant,

tended by a man with his face tied up for a toothache, which had probably been brought on by a too liberal indulgence in his own stock—the meanest, scrubbiest-looking collection of eatables that ever tempted a hungry public to buy. Ordering, for form's sake, a glass of beer (which was handed me warm and flat), I began to question this individual with as much civility as I could possibly affect for such a palpable impostor. Were there any beds to be had in the station? No. Were there any omnibuses or other conveyances to take passengers to the town? No. How far was the town? Twenty minutes. Could I find good lodgings there? Yes. Could he send some one to show me the way? He could—and a small boy, opportunely appearing at the moment, was immediately commissioned by his father (for such I deemed the toothachy man to be) to serve as my guide. So this urchin and I plunged into the storm together. We got along swimmingly, literally and figuratively.

The boy proved to be loquacious, and gave me a list, with commentaries, of the different inns in the town. Of course, there were the "Golden Lion," the "Wild-Boar," and the "Black Bear," to choose from, for every German town, no matter how small, always has a full menagerie in the names of its hostleries. Then there was the "Star," noted for its pancakes, my guide remarked, recommendingly. This little clause decided the question. I chose the "Star."

Judging from the proceedings that followed, I should say that the "Star" was the centre of a planetary system of its own of which my young friend was a gravitating satellite, for we approached it, as it seemed to me, in a series of gradually-decreasing circles. Now I saw the lights of the town, dimly blinking through the rain, on our right, now on our left, then in front of us, then behind us, until at last I gave up in despair, and obstinately fixed my eyes on my little guide's heels. I did not look up again until we circled into the market-place and brought up at the door of the inn.

A few minutes after I was comfortably drying myself before the fire in the guests'-room, and the attentive landlord was himself setting the table for my supper, which was soon brought in hot and savory. Unfortunately, I was too tired and depressed to do it justice. Even the famous pancakes threw out their appetizing odoriferousness in vain. It was with a sigh of relief that I saw the table cleared of everything except my bottle of Rüdeshimer and accompanying wineglass. Then, for the first time during the day, I experienced a feeling akin to comfortableness. The warm coziness of the room, the cheerful buzz produced by the voices of the other guests as they related village gossip over their beer, the excellence of the Rüdeshimer, and the reaction that invariably follows low spirits, all united in throwing me into a delicious state of languor that knew no future and no past.

It was a queer old place, this guests'-room of the "Star," with its smooth-polished, substantial, old-fashioned tables and chairs, its great rafter-beams, indistinctly seen through a cloud of tobacco-smoke,

its sanded floor, and its big, roaring fireplace and chimney. On the walls hung the standard German pictures. There, in the centre, is William, emperor by the grace of God, helmet on head and sword in hand, scenting the battle from afar; on his right and left are the crown-prince and Prince Frederick Charles, both enveloped in smoke and flame, the former leaning on a cannon and sweeping the red horizon with a field-glass, the latter mounted on a war-horse, which is rearing with the double purpose of exhibiting its rider's cavalry-seat and saving its own legs from an approaching cannon-ball. Over the emperor is Bismarck. His splendid head and frontal development are concealed by a huge cuirassier's helmet, from beneath the visor of which his little blue eyes peer forth keenly, while his jaw exhibits a squareness and protrusiveness that would strike envy to the soul of Guy Livingstone himself. Underneath is Moltke, the least martial-looking of them all, slightly inclining forward his head as if dismissing an orderly with one of the courteous bows for which he is famous. This is the quintet that is to be seen in every patriotic inn from one end of Germany to the other. Either the landlord of the "Star" was a Catholic himself, or he was desirous of securing the custom of his Catholic neighbors, for a large picture of Pio Nono hung on the opposite wall. Considering that he was being stared in the face by a group "of vipers engaged in attacking the ship of St. Peter's," the countenance of the old gentleman looked amiable enough.

Fainter and fainter grow the outlines of the pictures; the sound of the villagers' voices now dies into a low, distant murmur, now rises to a roar, as I lose, and recover again for an instant, my hold on wakefulness; till at last I reach the precipice and fall down, down, down into the land of shadows. I dreamed that I was in the inquisitorial room of the university. The pictures that hung on the walls of the "Star" were there, too, imbued with life and plying me with questions. Individually, they were still the emperor, the crown-prince, Prince Frederick Charles, Bismarck, Moltke, and the pope. Collectively, they were a board of examiners. One after the other they put their "posers" to me. The emperor pressed me hard on the subject of the catechism; the crown-prince wanted to know what I knew about artillery; Prince Frederick Charles growled out a few inquiries as to the advantages and disadvantages of uhlans and cuirassiers; Moltke and I ranged together over the whole science of war; and the pope modestly requested me to give him a train of arguments that would conclusively prove his title to infallibility.

To all these interrogatories I replied with the loquacious familiarity and preternatural self-confidence which so often characterize the denizen of dreamland. At last came Bismarck's turn. As I caught his eye, all my self-assertion melted away. By a sort of divination I knew what was coming before he opened his lips. "Mr. Candidate," he said, speaking in the slow, jerky, detached manner of a

man who is struggling all the while to stifle his laughter, "let us hear you give an analysis of the Schleswig-Holstein question." I felt the room begin to reel about me, and I saw an exultant look come over the faces of my persecutors. The emperor reached out his hand for pen and paper, and I knew that he was about to write a pious telegram to his "dear Augusta," announcing my discomfiture; the crown-prince eyed me over through his field-glass; Prince Frederick Charles looked fiercely contemptuous; and Moltke officiously put up his hand to his ear to catch my answer in a manner more offensive than I should have thought his courteous nature could have developed. Even the pope, forgetting for a moment political differences, turned a senile smile upon me. As for Bismarck, he seemed to swell and grow apoplectic with his attempt to choke his laughter.

"Excellency," I stammered out, completely overcome with shame and confusion, "you have settled that question yourself. 'Correct, Mr. Candidate,'" came a voice like a clap of thunder, and I woke up just in time to save myself from falling out of the chair, and to hear the identical words bellowed by the village pastor, who was giving a young candidate of divinity some hints on the subject of the interpretation of the Old Testament.

The charm was broken, the Rüdeshheimer had no longer a taste, the soothing buzz of the gossiping villagers sounded now like idle cackle. I was confused, dizzy, sick.

I called the waiter and asked to be shown to my room. He lighted a candle and conducted me upstairs.

"Up, up, we went, from flight to flight, from passage to passage, round countless corners, and down interminable ways—a very labyrinth of a house, as it seemed to me in my confused brain; convenient enough for ghosts and goblins, but horribly bewildering to a person less richly endowed with the bump of locality. At last we turned into a little alley, off which three doors opened, one at the end and one on either side. The end-room was to be mine. As I stooped to put the key in the lock the shadow of the waiter behind me seemed to go through some fantastic movement on the wall. Turning hastily, I caught the man in the very act of crossing himself.

"Are you a devotee or are you offering me a delicately-put insult because I didn't give you enough *Trinkgeld*?" I thought to myself, as I looked him full in the face.

"Have you seen the devil, that you cross yourself?" I said, aloud, after a moment's pause.

"Excuse me, sir," he replied, considerably confused. "It is the custom of the country."

"The custom of the country?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes, to cross one's self in the presence of the dead."

As he said these words, the door of the room yielded to the pressure of my hand and a cold draught of wind issued forth, putting out the light, sweeping along through the passage-way, rattling all the win-

dows and shaking all the doors, as if it bore some impatient spirit that was striving to escape from the house and join the storm outside. I think the waiter was frightened. I *know* I was. Hurriedly asking me to stand still until he could get a light, he left me, and I was alone in the darkness.

As is usual under such circumstances, my heart immediately issued a challenge to my watch to decide which could make the best time and the most noise. Thump! thump! thump!—tick! tick! tick!—thump! tick! tick! thump!—on went the race, the watch steadiest and holding its own, the heart putting on a spurt and getting ahead whenever the singular words of the absent waiter turned up in my mind. The result was still in suspense when the light made its appearance.

The waiter had entirely recovered his equanimity, and, as if desirous of removing the feeling of distrust that I must plainly have shown in my face, he at once began to converse volubly—asking if the room was warm enough, if he should call me in the morning, if I would like my coffee brought to my room—running through, in short, the whole list of questions a waiter may ask without actually overstepping the bounds of officiousness.

If his object was, as I now believe it to have been, to prevent a recurrence to the little episode that preceded the going out of the candle, he was no bad diplomatist. An indistinct idea that the Rüdeshheimer must have gone to my head began to dawn upon me, and I was too anxious to be rid of him to do more than curtly answer his rapidly-put interrogatories.

"Good-night. Sleep well," he said at last, backing out of the door.

"Thanks."

The key turned in the lock, and I sat down upon the bed with a feeling of relief so great that it entirely overpowered all previous sensations.

How long I sat there in the semi-comatose state of complete bodily and mental prostration, I cannot say. It must have been a long time, for the candle was burned half down before I could rouse myself to undress. I started up suddenly, feeling strange and chilled, and stared nervously about the room with an impression that some one was secretly watching me. The room was large and bare—so large that the feeble light of the candle was spent before it could penetrate the darkness and reach the corners; so bare that the little German bed seemed like an oasis in a desert of plank flooring. There was no place for a person to hide, and yet I felt that there were eyes following me when I moved, gazing fixedly on me when I was still. I looked under the bed; nothing there. I opened a closet-door, and found only some soiled clothes piled up in the corner. I pressed my face up against the window-pane. The storm was raging fiercely, and the night was black as ink; but no eyes looked in upon me from the darkness. As I turned back into the room, holding the light above my head, as one does when looking about a dark chamber, I noticed for the first time that a picture hung over the bed. I should have passed it

by with a sweep of the candle had not my eyes been caught and brought to an instantaneous check by something that met them there. It was the check a person feels when, in the course of an ordinary conversation, he is suddenly conscious that he has used exactly the same words, under exactly the same circumstances, and received exactly the same reply, on some previous occasion, which he cannot for his life remember; it was the start he experiences when, in a moment of abstraction, he happens to look in a mirror, and surprises in the reflection of his own face some strange expression, instantly gone, that he cannot define or recall, but that casts a momentary shadow over the soul. I had not looked at the picture, I could not have told its subject, yet I could no more have passed it by than I could have explained why it riveted my attention. In a moment the feeling passed away, and I was free to move again.

I approached nearer, held up the light, and examined the picture carefully. It was certainly a morbid and original conception. It represented a low, scantily-furnished room, dimly lighted by a candle-end stuck in a bottle, down which were creeping little rivulets of tallow. In a chair by the side of a table sat a young man—a poor student, I should judge by his dress and surroundings. His attitude was one of listless *abandon*. He had slipped down on the chair until his neck was about on a level with the top of the back; his legs were stretched out with the feet wide apart, and only the tips of his boot-heels resting on the floor. His arms dropped down straight at his side, with the backs of the hands outward. Taken by itself, the body might have been that of an intensely lazy man stretched out at his ease. Seen in connection with the head, the attitude of the figure was the intensest personification of utter, hopeless, irremediable despair. The face was ordinary and unattractive, with the sickly pallor and the long hair straggling over the forehead that often characterize the German student.

But the eyes—it was the eyes that told the story! There was in them a latent look of fierceness and reckless decision that smouldered, as it were, behind the sullen brooding expressed in the contracted pupils and half-closed lids—an abstracted gaze that seemed to look at you without seeing you, that was fixed yet roving, that betrayed a mind so stupefied in a constant contemplation of one horrible, absorbing idea that it had lost the power of thinking at all; a mass of paradoxes that conveyed, for all that, but one impression—utter despair.

There was no need for the artist to put a pistol on the table; no need for him to add that crumpled letter just fallen from the listless hands; no need for him, above all, to print underneath the whole those two little words, "Soll ich?" ("Shall I?").

The spirit of suicide was in the eyes. It was almost a refinement of morbid cruelty to throw the agony of the decision on the spectator. The *technique* of the picture was very bad. The artistic sense was shocked almost as much as the emotional was roused. But the whole effect was simply ghastly. I cannot think of it even now without some reawak-

ening of the agitation I felt when I first saw it by the unsteady light of my candle.

"Great Heavens!" I involuntarily said aloud. "Was I not wretched enough before without this infernal picture and its eternal 'Shall I?'"

Startled at the sound of my own voice, sounding singularly hollow and unnatural, as if it belonged to some one looking over my shoulder, I again looked eagerly about the room, half expecting to find somebody there. But it was empty and bare. The man in the picture was the only occupant besides myself.

I tried to undress. It was no use; I could not keep my gaze off the picture. No matter where I stood, the brooding eyes followed me, inquiringly now, as if their owner, wearied out, had left the decision of his terrible question solely to me. I began to be oppressed by the responsibility. I knew perfectly well that my nervousness was morbid, ridiculous, utterly absurd; yet it held me none the less for all that. I found myself walking up and down the room, with my eyes on the picture's eyes, putting to myself the question, "Shall I?" and striving with all the power of my will to bear down the affirmative answer that was perpetually struggling to my lips. I can compare my state to nothing better than to that strange anxiety, which almost every one has experienced in childhood, to step only on certain figures of the carpet, or to avoid treading on the cracks in the pavement. I was afraid to take my eyes away lest the movement should be misinterpreted; afraid to fix them too steadily lest the assent I was striving to keep down should flash into them; afraid to walk lest the sound of my footsteps should settle into the refrain, "I will, I will, I will!" afraid even to think lest some slight action might betray my thoughts, and the fatal signal be given. And all the time I was conscious of the absurdity of my position, and could have struck myself with mortification at my own idiosyncrasy. In spite of reason, in spite of shame, in spite of absurdity, I was fascinated—spellbound by that same spell which holds even the most rational man in bondage during the eternal instant that precedes an expected pistol-shot in the theatre.

It cost me an agony to overcome this feeling and turn my eyes away, but at last I succeeded, and, hastily taking advantage of this brief interval of rationality, I blew out the light, and threw myself, dressed as I was, on the bed. I had scarcely done so, when all my agitation recurred. My nervousness now became absolutely unbearable. It was better to see the eyes than to imagine them; better to give the fatal signal myself than to lie wide awake in the dark listening in a tremor of suspense for the decision. Then, besides, I felt a physical dread that this decision would be followed by a precipitation of the picture on my head, which was lying directly under it. I reversed the order of the bed, and put the pillow where my feet had been. Still no relief. I tried to sneer down my excitement by fretfully laughing at it. "The idea," I soliloquized, "of a reasonable man being wrought up to such a state by a common picture of a German sentimentalist, hesitating whether or not to blow his brains out because

his 'Gusta' has jilted him, or his tailor has dunned him for his last suit of clothes!" But it wouldn't do. I tossed feverishly back and forth on the bed. My head began to throb violently; a mountain seemed to be gradually settling down upon my chest. I must have action or suffocate. I jumped up and lighted the candle again. There were the eyes still following me, broodingly, inquiringly, with their latent look of fierceness and reckless decision. I could have shouted with agitation and fretful dismay. My blood was in a whirl. Up and down, up and down, I paced, ran almost, till I reeled with dizziness, and clung on to the bed-post for support—panting with nervousness, half choked with a burning thirst. I must have water—something to drink. I ran to the wash-stand. The water-pitcher had not been filled. With ludicrous, impotent rage I turned and shook my fist furiously at the picture; then, hardly knowing what I did, I seized the candle and rushed out of the room. I remember hurrying along through the passage, and down two or three flights of stairs to the guests'-room, with a readiness I vaguely wondered at at the time. I remember how vast and ghostly the room seemed, how very lonely the stillness was, how the beer-glasses stood grouped together on the tables, and the chairs, standing just as they were pushed back, still retained in their different positions a faint trace of the individuality of their former occupants. I remember the pictures on the wall seeming to incline forward more than they did in the early evening, as if they were anxious to frown down on me, an intruder on their midnight communion. I remember going to the sideboard, seizing on a bottle of soda-water, wrenching off the cork, and pouring the contents down my throat. Then I remember turning and going up-stairs again. They seemed endless to my tired limbs, but at last I reached the top and dragged myself along the passage. "Thank Heaven! I can sleep, now," I thought to myself, a sudden drowsiness almost overpowering me. As I turned into the alley at the end of which my room was, a strong draught from my half-open door put out my light as it had once before put out the waiter's. I felt in my pocket for matches. None there. Should I go into the room without a light? No, I could not. Unless I could look around, I knew that I should never be able to shake off the feeling that something had happened in my absence. Knowing that the two rooms on either side of me were unoccupied, I decided to go into one of them and get some matches. In German country taverns the doors of the rooms are seldom locked. It is even a rarity if they have a key at all. So I opened a door and felt my way along to the head of the bed, where I thought the match-box would probably stand. It was a little room with just a narrow passage between the bed and the wall. Slowly, step by step, inch by inch, I groped on, straining my eyes to pierce the darkness. At length my outstretched hands felt the table that always stands at the head of a German bed. I found the match-box, as I had expected. I struck a match—it gave a spiteful little glow and went out; another—it followed

suit; a third—it refused to glow even at all. Then a whole succession with like result. The last one was reached. "This is no time to be particular," I thought, as I turned and scratched it on the wall. Successful at last! The phosphorus began to bubble and seethe. With what anxiety I watched the little blue ball of fire as it wavered betwixt expansion and extinction! For a moment there was nothing for me in all the universe but a spark.

Slowly, by almost infinitesimal movements, I began to turn about with my heels for a pivot. A quarter round, a third round, half round—the spark suddenly flared up brilliantly, and there, in that lightning-flash of blue and phosphorescent light, I saw—not a foot away—a dead man's face—a corpse's face with glassy, half-opened eyes staring up into mine!

I remember staggering back with a feeling that I had been struck on the head with a hammer; I remember turning and wildly rushing somewhere—somewhere where there was an icy draught of air—then came an awful feeling of nausea, then a heavy thud. And I remember nothing more until I opened my eyes and saw the gray light of morning dimly illuminating a room.

Where was I? I had no idea, and little desire to find out. A few idle speculations passed lazily through my mind, but I was content to leave them unsolved and lay, deliciously languid, basking in the consciousness of mere abstract existence. Suddenly, with no preliminary warning, with no second of transition, I passed from this state to one of perfect horror. Have I been dreaming, or did I really see it—that awful face? No! that was no dream. It was reality or madness. I sprang to my feet, and knew then, for the first time, that I had been stretched out on the floor. Where was I? Ah! now I remembered. The incidents of the night came crowding on my memory in lightning succession. But which were realities, which were dreams, visions, madness?—yes! madness—for I knew no dreams could be so vivid, so distinct, so actual to the waking mind. I looked quickly about the room. Everything was just as I last remembered it. There was the little bed, there was the closet, there was the chair with my watch on it, and there, looming dark in the gray morning light, hung the picture, still putting to the world its eternal question, "Shall I?" The sequence was complete thus far. Moved by an indescribable glow of hope, I opened the door and rushed to the room where I believed I had gone for the matches. For an instant I hesitated, with my hand on the latch. I felt that a terrible crisis had come in my life. I had no horror now of seeing the face again, but what if—no! that was impossible, it was too real. I pressed the latch, the door swung open, and I saw—nothing—nothing but a little room, with a narrow passage between the wall and the bed, and a table with a match-box. Yes, I had been mad! I knew it now. Slowly, surely, I settled down to the consciousness that it was so. An unnatural calm seemed to envelop me. I went back into my room and carefully washed and dressed; then I sat down by the window

and tried to think—I might as well have tried to fly! The sun was rising. The storm of the night had passed away, leaving Nature fresh and spring-like. The air was so clear that I saw, blue in the distance, the range of mountains where my winter's exile had been passed. A comforting sense of the quiet and loneliness of the place came over me. "I will go back there and sleep," I said to myself. I looked at my watch. I should have plenty of time to catch the train back. Hastily packing up my few things in my little hand-bag, I went down-stairs. Before leaving the room I looked about it with a kind of *blasé* interest. "Good-by, old fellow," I said to the picture, that looked dauby enough in the morning light. I was rather annoyed at myself for not feeling more moved.

In the guests'-room I found the chairs piled up, and the waiter, with the washed-out and disheveled air of his class in the morning, languidly flooding the floor preparatory to scrubbing it. He seemed much surprised to see me at such an early hour, but brought me my coffee without making any comments. I drank it, paid my bill, and started for the station. Still, I could fix my thoughts on nothing—absolutely nothing. For all that, I felt singularly buoyant and reckless. A German song, totally irrelevant, except that it breathed a spirit in some odd way in sympathy with my mood, kept ringing in my ears:

"Die bange Nacht ist nun herum:
Wir reiten still, wir reiten stumm
Und reiten ins Verderben.
Wie weht so scharf der Morgenwind!
Frau Wirthin, noch ein Glas geschwind
Vor'm Sterben, vor'm Sterben."

I was more than half-way to the station when I met a peasant, dressed in his best, coming along from the opposite direction. "God greet thee, Mr. Traveler!" he said, as he passed. I returned the greeting and went on. I had hardly advanced a dozen steps when he turned and called after me: "You come from the 'Star,' don't you?" I admitted the fact. "Has the funeral taken place yet?" "The funeral?" I repeated, mechanically. "Oh, no; I don't think it has," I answered, at random, and started on again. "The funeral! the funeral!" I found myself repeating, as I walked. All at once a very lightning-bolt of thought struck in upon my mind. "Wait a minute!" I shouted after the peasant, and, running back, I joined him. "You asked about a funeral. Is any one dead at the 'Star?'" "Didn't you know that?" he said, with the sublime pity a peasant feels for any one ignorant of a fact he happens to know. "Why, Johann Haberecht died three days ago, and will be buried to-day!" "I think I will go back with you," I said, quietly enough, though my whole mind was in a turmoil of hope and doubt, very difficult to conceive or describe. "Very agreeable to me," replied the peasant, taking advantage of the delay to light his pipe.

We did not talk much on our way back. Like most German country-folk, my companion could be doggedly reserved on occasion. He was evidently

piqued because I did not question him further about the funeral. The truth is, I was totally absorbed in working out a clew in my mind, and had almost forgotten his presence. It seemed to me an eternity before we reached the "Star." The landlord stood at his door looking up and down the road for customers. He welcomed my companion with sorrowful cordiality—as a guest whom he is glad to see, though sorry for the occasion—and me with surprise not altogether free from suspicion. "I think I have left something in my room," I said. "I want to go up-stairs and see." He started to accompany me, but I pushed past him, and was up the first flight before he had time to think. I suppose every person—even the weakest—has known some moment in his life when he experienced a certain fatalistic strength of purpose which gave him an unnatural calmness and a freedom from emotion quite foreign to his normal character. The night before I had been wrought up to a state of intense agitation by the sight of a badly-painted picture; now I was bound on a most ghastly mission, yet I felt no more agitation than if I had been casually going up-stairs. I walked straight to the little alley off which my room opened. My door was still ajar. The doors of the rooms on either side were shut. I threw open the one on my right. Of course, there was nothing there. It was the room I had visited early in the morning. "What a fool to have never thought of this before!" I muttered, as I shut it, and, opening the one opposite, went in. Resolutely keeping my eyes fixed on a little round hole in the shutter at the end of the room, through which a flood of light was streaming, I advanced up the narrow passage between the bed and the wall, until I reached the little table. Then I faced toward the wall. There was a long, red scratch there. I began to revolve with my heels for a pivot. A quarter round—a third round—half round—I looked down, and there, staring up into mine, was the dead face of the night before. There it lay, framed by the coffin-sides—a sufficiently ghastly spectacle at any time. I looked upon it earnestly, but with no other emotion than one of sincere relief. Then, stooping, I picked up some matches lying on the floor, put the match-box exactly in the centre of the table, and left the room, shutting the door carefully behind me. As I was hurrying down the stairs I met the landlord and a solemn, smug-looking man coming up. "The undertaker! I was just in time," I thought to myself.

"Give me a good, warm breakfast. I've changed my mind about the train," I called to the waiter in the guests'-room, which was already crowded with people who had flocked in to attend the funeral. When he brought me my meal I found it impossible to prevent "pumping" him a little: "So you are to have a funeral? You ought to have told me what sort of a neighbor I had. I know now why you crossed yourself last night." The waiter looked rather crestfallen.

"The truth is," he replied, "I was just going to tell you about it when the candle went out. When I came down-stairs to get a new light the master told

me not to say anything about it, as you might be one of the nervous kind. So I didn't explain."

But one point now remained to be accounted for: how did I get from that room into my own? I pondered over it a good while, and at last came to the conclusion that, after seeing the face, I had instinctively rushed in the direction of my own room, and had reached it before swooning. The two doors were shut after me by the strong draught that was a prominent attribute of the little alley.

The landlord entering as I reached this solution, I determined to ask him about the singular picture that hung in my room. Assuming an air of great indifference, I casually alluded to the subject.

"Oh, yes!" he said; "a half-crazy young man—an artist, he called himself—who was passing along this road one summer, painted it in payment for a few days' board. It wasn't worth it, I know; but the fellow had nothing else, so I took it."

"I'll give you five thalers for it," I incidentally remarked. At first he thought it a joke, but, finding me in earnest, he willingly agreed to forward it to me in Berlin.

An hour afterward I was *en route* for that city; two days after I had successfully passed my examination, and, some three weeks after, the picture came safely to hand.

The night succeeding its arrival I gave a little supper to some friends in my room. There were five or six of us—jolly, light-hearted Bohemians all. After supper, when we were comfortably seated over our wine and cigars, I cautiously contrived to turn the subject of conversation upon genius in art. An animated discussion arose between two of the company—both young artists—as to whether genius could ever be discerned in a picture unless it were duly supported by an averagely-good *technique*. After we were pretty well warmed up to the subject, I said:

"The other day I bought a picture which I think very extraordinary, in spite of its apparent defects."

"Trot it out, then," was the unanimous cry. So the picture from the "Star" was uncovered and brought forth. Seen by the strong light of a table-lamp and three or four candles, it certainly did look dauby enough. Its exhibition was greeted with a shout of derision. "Why, it isn't worth the canvas it's painted on!" was the general verdict. I began to feel decidedly ashamed of myself. "All right! I accept the judgment," I said. For all that, I could not help putting the thing in a position where all of us could see it as we sat. The talk was resumed. But from this moment I remarked that, by almost imperceptible degrees, our former high and rather uproarious spirits began steadily to flag and our con-

versation to turn upon more serious subjects. As the evening went on this tendency became more and more pronounced, until it finally assumed the form of absolute gloominess. Weird and horrible stories of murders and ghosts and crimes were substituted for the light students' gossip of a few hours before, and I noticed that just as surely as one of the narrators cast a furtive glance upon the picture (and it was wonderful to see what a strange fascination it now had for all of us), just so surely did his tale take on a more sombre or a more horrible hue. It was nearly midnight when we broke up, all miserably depressed and dejected. At last no one was left but one of the two young artists and myself. It was the one who had taken the ultra-prosaic side in the discussion that led to the exhibition of the picture. I saw that he was nervously anxious to say something, and I guessed easily enough what it was, but I was too desirous for a little quiet revenge to help him with any leading questions. After hinting about for a wearisome time he at last came bluntly to the point: "I would like to take another good look at that picture, if you don't object." "All right!" and I handed it down to him. He examined it closely; then he stepped back and took a long look at it from a distance; then he viewed it from one side, then from the other; then he hesitated a moment as if weighing something carefully in his mind, and then, turning to me, said, without any preface: "Yes, I was wrong; but what a pity the man didn't know how to paint!" he added, obstinate to the last. While he had been looking at the picture, I had been piling up a great heap of newspapers in the fireplace. He had scarcely finished speaking, when I placed it on the top of the heap and applied a match to the mass. As the fire began to blaze up my friend involuntarily sprang forward to save it. I put out my hand to detain him, and, as I did so, our eyes met, and I saw in his a peculiar expression that I had never seen there before, and that died away as I looked. He must have seen something corresponding in mine, for I knew, rather than felt, that a simultaneous shiver passed over us both. "Yes," he muttered, as he looked moodily down upon the fire again, "it is better so!" Not another word was spoken. The fire leaped up and seized upon the picture. The canvas curled and blistered in the heat, throwing the figure of the would-be suicide into an agony of writhing and convulsions; then the body vanished, and only the face was left. For a second the flames seemed to pause before attacking it, as if to give us a last chance to look upon its agonizing and fiendish contortions; then there came a flare, followed by darkness, and a little bit of soot went whirling up the chimney.

C O U N S E L .

OTHERS will kiss you while your mouth is red.
Beauty is brief. Of all the guests who come
While the lamp shines on flowers, and wine, and bread,
In time of famine who will spare a crumb?

Therefore, oh, next to God, I pray you keep
Yourself as your own friend, the tried, the true.
Sit your own watch—others will surely sleep.
Weep your own tears. Ask none to die with you.

THE TRUE STORY OF OWEN GLENDOWER.

THE irregular and wild Welshman who figures as a character in Shakespeare's play of "King Henry IV." under the name of *Owen Glendower* is known to most Americans, and I may say to most Englishmen too, only to the extent afforded by that stage-character. This notwithstanding the fact that Englishmen live next door to Wales, while great numbers of Americans are either of Welsh birth or Welsh descent. The English historians do not give him much room in their tale. Those people whose knowledge of him is not taken from Shakespeare generally have an ill-formed notion that he was a sort of brigand, a half-savage, half-starved, half-naked Welshman, with long hair and the rude manners of a backwoodsman—a mediæval Buffalo Bill crossed on a Carolina freebooter—who burned, slew, and took anything he could lay his hands on, aided by a buccaneering rabble of jail-birds like unto himself. Those who are better informed may look with incredulity on this statement; but I do not make it idly, and I affirm that it is not exaggerated. I have talked of this Welsh hero with numbers of Americans and Englishmen, and I have invariably found that their ideas concerning him (if any) belonged to one of three classes:

1. He was a dreamer, a boaster, a believer in sorcery and enchantment, and a professed worker in the supernatural. This is the idea of him derivable from Shakespeare.

2. He was a robber who dwelt in mountain-caves, and earned his daily bread by plunder. This idea is that most prevalent where ignorance is densest.

3. He was a rebel who made a great deal of trouble for the English King Henry IV., and was well punished in the end by a miserable old age of poverty, suffering, privation, and loneliness. This is an ultra-partisan English idea, not very common in these days.¹

No person who has not studied Welsh history from the Welsh standpoint is likely to have a just idea of this man. I purpose to tell his story as it should be told—as the story of a hero, a man of rare learning in his time, of polished intellect, the friend of Dante, the patron of refinement and culture, a man of vast wealth, of royal blood (if there is such a thing), and the representative of a resistance to tyranny hardly less admirable than that of our Revolutionary forefathers.

Great Britain has no people more loyal to the queen at this day than the inhabitants of the western counties, which combined are called Wales. Yet for

unnumbered centuries these were a distinct people, whom Romans, Saxons, and Normans, alike failed to subdue; and, until Henry VII. came, a Welshman usually hated an Englishman worse than he did a Frenchman. That old spirit is pretty nearly dead now, and it would trouble you to tell at first sight the difference between a Welshman of the better class and an Englishman of the same class. There are several marked differences, but they are not on the surface. Both men are strong in the opinion, however, that Victoria is the noblest of womankind, and both claim her as their own. The Welsh call your attention to the fact that the queen is a Tudor as well as a Stuart, which is quite true; and that the Tudors were Welshmen, which is also undeniable. The Tudors were Welsh princes in Wales ages before Henry VII.'s grandfather married Queen Catharine and introduced the race into England. There was a Tudor king of Morganwg in the sixth century who was the terror of the pagan Saxons who came in after King Arthur fell. Henry VII. marched through Wales to his throne over the dead body of Richard III., who was slain by a Welshman, Sir Rhys ap Thomas, so Welsh chroniclers claim. Since then Wales and England have gradually become one, although the Welsh retain their language—the only language on earth, they proudly say, which has endured through forty centuries with a literature all its own—and they disagree with the English on innumerable points relating to the history of the past. Books and newspapers are still printed in Welsh; songs are sung and sermons are preached in Welsh; and, in relating the story of Owen Glendower from the Welsh standpoint, I shall not worry the reader unnecessarily with boxing the chronological compass, but accept the dates which Welsh writers have for generations agreed upon.

OWEN GLENDOWER was born in 1349, the son of parents who traced their lineage straight to the loins of Welsh royalty. His father was from those lords of Powys who were conspicuous in Norman times, his mother from Llewellyn the Great, last native Prince of Wales. According to the traditions of that superstitious age, the night this child was born his father's horses were found standing in blood up to their bellies. How the blood got there, there is no effort to explain; nor what was done about it, if anything. The circumstance is related as prefiguring the sanguinary career of the infant, and not as a matter to be dealt with in a practical manner. There were other extraordinary phenomena of a like description, according to the old wives: a storm, with terrific thunder and lightning, and frightful bellowings of cattle. Shakespeare took up these tales, and made Glendower boast of them to Hotspur in the play. And it is this which has postured Glendower for all time as a superstitious braggart, while Hotspur, on the other hand, appears a cynical doubter worthy of these days of Huxley and Darwin. Prob-

¹ It was prevalent in Elizabeth's day. In the last part of the "Mirrour for Magistrates," imprinted at London by Thomas Marshe, A. D. 1574, there is a doleful poem in the form of a soliloquy by Glendower, the tenor of which is quite sufficiently illustrated by the title: "Howe Owen Glendowr seduced by false prophecies toke upon him to be Prince of Wales & was by Henry Prince of England chased to the mountaynes where He miserably died for lacke of foode Anno D 1401."

ably Shakespeare never did anything more unfair. It is to be presumed that Glendower was quite as cultivated, enlightened, educated, unprejudiced, as any other warrior of his period. There is nothing in history to show that he was governed by superstition one whit beyond the habit of his time, or that Percy was governed by it one whit less. "At my nativity," says the bombastic Glendower that Shakespeare drew—

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward."

To which Hotspur responds that so it would if his mother's cat had but kittened. Glendower grows hot on the subject :

"Give me leave
To tell you once again,"

he says, and repeats his rodomontade word for word, adding that—

"The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields."

To this, and to all he says, the Huxleyan Hotspur replies with shrugs and saucy repartee. At the end of one of his wildest speeches, the Englishman irrelevantly sneers—

"I think there's no man speaks better Welsh ;"

and Mortimer feels called upon to warn Hotspur that if he does not hold his peace he will make Glendower mad.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," this absurd ass of a Glendower goes stolidly on. "So can I," puts in Hotspur ; "but will they come when you call them?"

"Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil."

"And I," retorts Hotspur, "can teach thee to shame the devil—by telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the devil."

If the real Glendower had not laid the insolent Hotspur flat, at such words as these, there is no truth in history. But Shakespeare lets the Englishman flout and jeer his fierce companion—his elder, too, it is worth remembering—again and again in this wise. The Welshman goes on bragging and crowing :

"Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back."

"Home without boots?" sneers Hotspur ; "and in foul weather, too? How the devil does he 'scape the ague?"

Presently they get to quarreling outright—not like warriors, but like schoolboys: "You shall," "I sha'n't," "You won't?" "No, nor you neither." "Who'll hinder me, I'd like to know?" But here is the passage :

"Glend. I will not have it altered.

"Hot. Will not you ?

"Glend. No, nor you shall not.

"Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

"Glend. Why, that will I.

"Hot. Let me not understand you, then ;
Speak it in Welsh."

And after Glendower goes out, Hotspur falls to abusing him behind his back "like a pickpocket :

"He angers me
With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-winged griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys.

"Oh, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me."

I wonder the Welsh scholars have never rebelled at this brummagem Glendower of Shakespeare's—drawn, not in ignorance, but with intention, I think, to make his audience laugh at the Welshman. I am trembling all this time, I frankly confess, at the bare idea that I am criticising the divine William ; but my audacity is not greater, I stoutly maintain, than that of Hotspur. Glendower was not the man to be Hotspur's or any man's butt and jeer, and Shakespeare knew it. Although he lets the Welshman talk like a braggart and a fool, he puts in Mortimer's mouth such fair and true words as show how well the poet knew Glendower's real character :

"Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable ; and as bountiful
As mines of India. . . .

"I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger."

The place of Owen's birth is not exactly known ; three counties of Wales contend for the honor. He took his name from his estate of Glyndyrvdwy, after a Welsh fashion which still prevails. His name in Welsh was Owain ap Gruffydd ap Vychan, which is simply Owen son of Griffith son of Vaughan. To this day the Welsh people often distinguish among their innumerable Owens, Griffiths, Davids, Howells, Williams, by adding to their names the names of their abodes, even though the abode be nothing more than a stone cottage on a moor. Every Welsh cottage, in town or country, has a name of its own ; nay, every field, every ditch has. The estates of Owen Glendower's parents may not have been extensive, but they were evidently not mean, for the boy was given a good education, and was sent up to London to read law. He studied in one of the Inns of Court, and was admitted to the bar, but there is no evidence that he practised. He married a daughter of one of the justices of the king's bench,

and might have been a judge, perhaps, if he had kept to the law. But the fashion of the time, and his tastes, led him to put aside the coif for the helmet, and turn courtier in the train of the Earl of Arundel. For his valor, or his genial parts, he became a favorite with Richard II., and was made that unhappy monarch's shield-bearer. He was with Richard in many battles, in France, in Ireland, and in the Wars of the Roses. The king knighted him, and he was called Sir Owen de Glendore.

In 1399 Richard II. was deposed, Henry Bolingbroke usurped the English throne, and Owen Glendower went into retirement in Wales. He now became noted for a magnificent and lavish hospitality. His place, called Sycharth, was in the vale of Dee, where he had some forty miles square of Venedotia's most picturesque and fertile soil. Here he literally kept open house, there being neither locks nor bolts on his doors; everybody was free to go and come; there was not even a gatekeeper. The residence was a palace and castle in one, with a tower-guarded gateway, and battlemented walls surrounded by a moat. Within were nine halls of entertainment, each supplied with a wardrobe of garments for the use of the retainers, and these wardrobes were as free as the larder to the guest—he could clothe himself as well as feed and rest; he could stay a month if he liked, or he could go on his way next morning, with nothing to pay but thanks. There was a church on the place, together with several small chapels. Close by were a park stocked with deer, a rabbit-warren, a pond alive with fish, a heronry, a vineyard, an orchard, and a mill. Wine, ale, and mead flowed like water at the generous board; and the life of the cook, by the law of hospitality, was estimated at the worth of a hundred and twenty common men. Glendower was especially fond of gathering the bards about him in those days, and gave himself up with great gusto to the cultivation of his native minstrelsy. He was now aged about fifty, and there was a king on the throne from whom he had no favors to hope; he was abundantly blessed with this world's goods, and no doubt began to feel that, after all, there was no place like home. There were always guests enough to make merry, and to listen to the minstrel's lays; his wife, companion of his long career, was still dearer than life to him, and about his hearth-stones were gathered five graceful daughters and several sons—a "beautiful nest of chieftains," as one of the bards sung. This bard, Iolo Goch, was a special favorite with Glendower, and has left on record a number of poems which tell the story of those peaceful and happy days. Here is a specimen of his verse, relating to the Lady Margaret Glendower:

"His wife the best of wives!
Happy am I in her wine and mead.
Eminent dame of knightly lineage,
Honorable, beneficent, noble!
Her children come in pairs,
A beautiful nest of chieftains."¹

¹ I give the Welsh verses:

"A gwraig areu o'r gwragedd!
Gwyn fy myd o'i gwin a'i medd;

There is nothing to show that Owen had any purpose of leading other than this somewhat sylvan life henceforth, in his grove-embowered castle-home, surrounded by his bards, his guests, and his girls and boys. But among his neighbors was one Lord Grey de Ruthin, with whom Owen had an old dispute about a tract of land which lay between the two men's domains. Both laid claim to this land, and under the late king it had been lawfully ceded to Owen. But now, Grey being a favorite at court, and Owen none, Grey seized the land again. All authorities agree that Owen set about the recovery of this property peaceably. He brought suit in due legal form, and even went so far as to petition the English Parliament for redress. The Bishop of St. Asaph took occasion to advise the Parliament to use temperate measures in dealing with Owen, for fear of rousing an insurrection in Wales, but the haughty Englishmen scornfully declared they had no fear of Owen and his barelegged scrubs. The suit was contemptuously dismissed.

This Lord Grey seems to have been a good set rogue, and bent on making all the mischief possible. Soon after Owen got the above-mentioned snub from Henry's Parliament, the king, in preparing an expedition into Scotland, sent writs summoning his various feudal barons and tenants to accompany him with their vassals. The writ addressed to Owen Glendower was intrusted to Lord Grey for delivery. The rascal maliciously kept it back till too late for Owen to obey the royal mandate. The Welsh chroniclers have no scruple in asserting that the king and Lord Grey de Ruthin managed this trap in collusion. Anyhow the king forthwith had Owen proclaimed a traitor, and aided and abetted Lord Grey in invading Owen's possessions, with full leave to appropriate all he could seize of them. At this, Owen turned in fury on his ruthless persecutor. He made war on Grey, retook the disputed land, and a good bit of his enemy's domains besides. The king sent Lord Talbot to assist Grey in punishing the wild Welshman; and they nearly took him in his bed one night. Their forces had surrounded his house, but he escaped in the darkness and got off into the hills. Next day Owen Glendower sent to all his retainers the signal of war—a full-strung bow. The die was cast; the insurrection had begun. Lord Grey had builded worse than he had dreamed of in his liveliest moments, and Henry IV. had stirred up a hornet's nest which was destined to sting him throughout the remnant of his days. On the 20th of September, 1400, Owen Glendower flung the red dragon of Wales to the breeze, marched on Ruthin, where a fair was being held, burned the town, and carried off most of the people who were not killed to his mountain-fastnesses. Then Glendower proclaimed himself the true Prince of Wales, the heir of its ancient sovereigns, and offered battle to whosoever would dispute his right.

Merch eglur, llin marchawglyw,
Urdol, hael, o reioli ryw,
A'i blant a ddeuant bob yn ddau,
Nythod teg o bennaethau!"

The son of the sovereign of England was the recognized Prince of Wales then, as Victoria's eldest son is now. But the feeling among the Welsh people then was very different from the feeling among that people now. King Henry IV. was a usurper, in the first place; Mortimer was the rightful heir to the English throne. The Welsh people bore the king no love in any case. Glendower was descended from ancestors who had ruled Wales for centuries. His name was associated with the days of Welsh independence, and the spirit of the people was one which looked eagerly toward the hope of renewing that independence. The English laws pressed heavily and unfairly on the Welsh. Under their ancient rulers this people had enjoyed an amount of freedom and justice now denied them. They rallied round the ancestral banner of Wales, the red dragon, and in a wonderfully brief space of time Glendower had an army. The people not only avowed their belief in the justice of his cause, but they stood ready to fight for him.

Now the English Parliament fell into the stupidity and folly of supposing that it could quell the spirit of this fierce race by a course of oppression the most severe that ever disgraced a civilized government. It enacted laws for Wales which would have ruined the reputation of a Hottentot administration. To epitomize rapidly and incompletely: all Welshmen were incapacitated from holding office; in a suit between an Englishman and a Welshman, the former could only be convicted on terms which made conviction practically impossible; the Welsh language was proscribed; all Englishmen who had married Welshwomen were disfranchised; any further such marriages were punishable by forfeiture of goods; Welsh meetings were forbidden to be held save in the presence of English officers; to import writing-materials into Wales was made a capital offense; Welsh parents were prohibited sending their children to any school or apprenticing them to any trade. Upon this, amnesty was offered to all Welshmen who would lay down their arms and eat dirt by a certain day—all, that is to say, except Owen Glendower and his cousins, Rhys and William Tudor. If the Welch had had the souls of mice, they might perhaps have availed themselves of this offer. They had the souls of free men, and they scorned it. The whole land was on fire with patriotism. The students in the universities, the artisans, the very laborers, threw down their books and their tools, and rallied round their old flag. The Welsh scholars at Oxford and Cambridge left their studies and departed into Wales. Welshmen who had settled in various parts of England also secured arms and escaped to their own land. The bards multiplied their *gorseddau*, and struck their harps with bolder hands, singing the glories of battle instead of the amorous ditties of peace. They revived the ancient Druidic practices in inscribing their songs on revolving bars of wood (*peithynen*) in the primitive, vertical characters; and every tree became a book, a letter, a warning, a summons, or a spirit-stirring call. "Never was the Cymric language so studied and improved,"

says the Glamorgan manuscript, "as when in Glendower's time every oak was, in truth, a tree of knowledge and a college of teachers."

The English king granted all Glendower's estates to the Earl of Somerset, his (the king's) own brother, and, gathering his army about him, marched into Wales to fight the Welshman whom he subsequently dubbed (in Shakespeare)—

" . . . the great magician, damned Glendower."

It was a large army, comprising the feudal levies of ten counties. It marched quite through Wales, with the king at its head, to the sea-shore on the west; and then it marched back home again. This appears to have been the amount of the venture, briefly stated. After the time-honored fashion of the Welsh chieftains—a fashion by which they so long thwarted the Norman conquerors in their efforts to subjugate them—Glendower manœuvred his forces in forest-depths, in swampy retreats, and on mountain-crag, where it was folly to assail them. King Henry went back to England in a towering rage.

Owen, having established himself on the lofty mountain of Plynlimmon as a base of operations, sallied out from there and laid waste the surrounding country. It is at this period that we find the valiant Hotspur (Sir Harry Percy) opposed to the insurgents. Hotspur was justiciary of the district; there are letters in existence from Hotspur which show that he was actively engaged against Glendower thus early, or fully two years before the Shakespearean time of making them acquainted. This fact is further encouragement to me in presuming to arraign the immortal bard as a deceiver, and as having set up a false figure of Glendower for Hotspur to jeer at and for English audiences to laugh at. There was no man alive who better than Hotspur knew the fierce nature of Owen Glendower, or more respected it and him. It is these letters of Hotspur, these almost alone, which have told us the story of what was going on in Wales at this time. Glendower is ravaging Montgomeryshire and burning and pillaging its towns; he is destroying the strong castle of Radnor and many other fortresses and cities; he is sacking and laying low Cwmhir Abbey. His exploits are brilliant, terrifying, and invariably successful. He drives Hotspur out of the district, and occupies with his adherents the castles of Conway and Carnarvon. The Flemings in Pembrokeshire (an Anglo-Belgian colony living in the midst of Wales) form an army and march to aid Hotspur, vowing they will drive Owen Glendower from his eyrie. They are fiercer and fuller of hate for the Welsh, are these Flemings, than the English themselves. They surround the Welsh chieftain on Plynlimmon fifteen hundred strong; Glendower has one hundred and fifty men. Trapped, encompassed by overwhelming numbers, Glendower prepares to sell his life at dear cost. He addresses his men in the voice of stern resolve—tells them they have no choice but to die by famine where they are, or to die by Flemish axes in the endeavor to cut their way through a superior force. They cut their way through, accordingly—ten men against

every man of them ! They were one hundred and fifty : they left two hundred Flemings dead on the field ; and the rest of the fifteen hundred went back to Pembrokehire, thankful to get home alive. Glendower remembered them, two years later, when he traveled that way.

The news of this brilliant exploit, and of others in which Glendower seemed to be endowed with superhuman valor and power, ran over the land like wildfire. Glendower's popularity grew as the flames grow before the wind. The superstitious Welshmen—all peoples were superstitious in those days—saw in him the chieftain who was to realize the prophecy of Merlin, that the sovereignty of Britain, after having been in the possession of the Saxons and the Normans, should ultimately return to the ancient Britons. It is not improbable that Glendower himself placed some degree of faith in this prophecy, but there is no reason to believe that he shared in the vulgar rubbish of the uneducated about the mysterious significance of incidents and appearances due to natural causes—the voices of the thunder and the wind, the fright of beasts, the birth of a monstrosity, or the rising of a flood. I have met Welshmen of education even in this day who speak most respectfully of Merlin and his sayings, but who are full of contempt for the table-tipping, slate-writing witchmongery of our own enlightened time. There is no proof anywhere in history that Glendower was a man of vulgarly superstitious mind, that he ever once uttered himself in the ridiculous, bombastic phraseology that Shakespeare puts in his mouth.¹ On the contrary, there are letters of Owen's extant which show him to have been a practical, sensible, shrewd, and wise man, animated by love of his country and his God as well as by personal ambition—a man who would serve his God, his country, and his own interests, by a better witchcraft than conjuring, to wit, the magic of the battle-axe and the wonder-working of an active intellect. A letter to his "very dear and entirely beloved Henry Don," written in Latin, is preserved, of which the following is an accurate translation :

"We inform you that we hope, by God's help and yours, to be enabled to free the Welsh race from the bondage of our English enemies, who have now for a long time past oppressed us and our ancestors. And you may, from your own observation, perceive that their time is ending, and that victory inclines to us, according to God's appointment from the beginning, so that no one can doubt that a good end will arrive, unless by indifference and discord it be lost ; and that the whole Welsh nation is in uncertainty and fear concerning the subjection under which we have heard our forenamed enemies can place us. Accordingly we charge and require and entreat you, with such preparation as you have made, to

¹ Shakespeare may possibly have taken his cue in this matter from the "Mirrour for Magistrates," already alluded to, in which there are many verses like these :

"and for to set us hereon more agog
a prophet came (a vengeance take them all)
affirming Henry to be Gogmagog
whom Merline doth a Mouldwarp ever call
accurst of God that must be brought in thrall
by a Wolfe a Dragon & a Lion strong
which should devide his kingdom them among"

come to us with all boldness as speedily as you can, to the place where you will hear that we are consuming our enemies by oppressing and attacking them ; and this, by Divine assistance, will be shortly. And this you must not neglect, as you would have freedom and honor for the time to come. And wonder not that you received no warning of the first rising ; for we were forced to rise without warning, because of the too great fear and danger.

"Farewell : may God keep you from harm !

"By OWAIN AB GRUFFYDD,

"Lord of Glyndyvrwy."

This is not skimble-skamble stuff—this is not the language of a man who would take the lie from Sir Hotspur, or prate about finless fishes, ramping cats, mouldwarps and ants, in connection with Merlin's prophecies of nine centuries before.

Whatever the causes, however—and they were several—there was a mighty thronging to Glendower's standard. He led his army into South Wales, entered Glamorganshire, and almost made a holocaust of the castles of that rich county. Cardiff surrendered and was spared ; but he laid low Penllyn, Landoc, Hemingston, Dunraven, Talyvan, Llanblethian, Llanyian, Malefant, Penmarc, all strong and noble castles, many of which are ivy-covered ruins to this day, never having been rebuilt. He was repeatedly encountered by Anglo-Norman forces as he roved about, but victory perched always on his standard. Once he went before his army reconnoitring along the sea-shore, accompanied by one friend disguised as a servant, and came to St. Athans (just before Cardiff), where there was a castle—a ruin now—in which one Sir Lawrence Berkerolles dwelt. Of him Owen asked a night's entertainment, speaking the French language, in which he was proficient. It was granted, and Sir Lawrence, delighted with his guest, pressed him to stay several days.

"I expect to see Owen Glendower this way soon," said Sir Lawrence, by way of inducement ; "the English troops are scouring the country for him, and I myself have sworn to give a large reward for his head."

Owen suggested that it would be advisable to secure him soon, "for I hear that he is likely to be crowned ere long if not taken," said he.

On leaving the castle the Welshman left a note behind, which had the extraordinary effect on Sir Lawrence (if the Lleision manuscripts may be believed) of striking him dumb, so that he never spoke again.

"Owen of the Dee Waters," said the note, "as a sincere friend, having neither hatred, treachery, nor deception, in his heart, gives his hand to Sir Lawrence Berkerolles, and thanks him for the hospitality he and his friend have experienced at his castle ; and desires to assure him that it will never enter his mind to avenge the intentions of his host, Sir Lawrence, toward him ; nor shall it, so far as he has the power of prevention, enter the minds of any of his subjects or followers."

King Henry in person led another army, double the size of the first, into Wales that summer, in a

fever of rage and alarm at the Welsh prince's proceedings. The same success which signalized his first expedition crowned his second: he marched back home again without ever having seen his subtle foe, but with his army exhausted by famine and disease; for it was a part of the Welshman's art of war to drain the country and strip it of the means of subsisting the king's men before retiring to the mountains.

In 1402 the appearance of a comet was accepted as a favorable augury by the superstitious among Owen's followers; and the bards seized skillfully on the circumstance to presage tremendous victories for their hero. Nor did the events of the year belie the promises made on behalf of this celestial ally. Victories crowded upon Glendower. That Lord Grey de Ruthin who was the immediate cause of the first uprising had for a whole year been making powerful preparations for attacking and overwhelming Glendower. The Welshman lured him to battle by a pretended show of weakness, met him half-way, struck the first blow, routed his forces, took him prisoner, and locked him up in a strong box he had on Snowdon Mountain. Glendower's mode of dealing with his old enemy was long-headed to the last degree. He gave way to no rages; he coolly employed his advantage to profit his cause. Knowing Lord Grey to be a special favorite of the king, he demanded ten thousand golden marks (about thirty-five thousand dollars) ransom for him—an enormous sum in those days—and got it, too.¹ But, before letting his prisoner go, Owen neutralized his hostility by becoming his father-in-law. Whether Lord Grey fell in love with Owen's daughter Jane while in prison, or whether he merely yielded to the arguments of her father on the subject, it is certain he married her as soon as he was released from durance vile. We hear no more of him after that. He had got enough, probably, to last him the rest of his days.

A treacherous attack on Owen's life, early in this year, was made harmless in a manner which the superstitious considered a miraculous evidence of his being watched over by protecting spirits, but which the reader will credit to the wise forethought of a shrewd and cautious man. The would-be assassin was Owen's cousin, Howell Sele, Lord of Nannau. The cousins were walking in Howell's park, whither Owen had been called on some errand; and Howell, bending his bow on a deer in the distance, suddenly turned it on his great kinsman's breast, and shot the strong arrow straight to its deadly aim. But Owen, having long suspected his cousin, had come to the meeting with a suit of chain-armor under his clothes. Howell was instantly seized and thrown alive into the trunk of a hollow tree, where he was left to perish. Some of the writers contend that he was killed first, but I see nothing incompatible with Glendow-

er's character in the harsher account; he was a stern man, and his times were cruel to the death. Besides, treachery was ever the one unpardonable crime among those Welshmen of old. It was long a mystery what had become of Howell the Traitor's bones. (He was called Howell the Traitor to separate him distinctly from the long and glorious line of Howells in Welsh history, among whom was Howell the Good, as bright a figure in British annals as Arthur the Brave.) So well did Glendower's men keep their secret that not until forty years had passed was his skeleton found in the tree where it had been thrust. The tree was an ancient oak, and it stood four hundred years after that, an object of veneration and dread among the peasants, who called it the Hobgoblin's Hollow Tree.¹ It fell in a storm on the night of July 13, 1813, and was believed (by men educated in these matters) to have been wellnigh a thousand years old.

Once more King Henry marched into Wales, mad for revenge on this diabolical Welshman, who was now again ravaging the country right and left, burning towns, castles, and even religious edifices, when inhabitants, lords or ecclesiastics, disputed his sway. On Cardiff and its neighborhood Owen now especially wreaked his fury, vowing that it was a nest of traitors. He burned its castle (which was afterward rebuilt), demolished its monasteries and convents, and threw down the episcopal palace at Llandaff. The gateway alone now remains of this palace, a ruin of ponderous proportions, with walls many feet thick, and so solid that there are gardens atop. I marvel, as I look on the remains of these walls which Glendower threw down, what engines he used to accomplish a work so herculean. He was before gunpowder in Wales. In the midst of this career of destruction he got news of what King Henry was about, and hastened back to his mountains in North Wales. This time the king came with an enormous army, though what might be deemed the importance of size in an army which could never catch the foe it is not easy to perceive. But though Henry met no fighting-men of Owen's, he met—what he and all the superstitious of his day believed to be—the magic workings of “that devil Glendower” upon the elements. “Through his art-magicke,” says an old English chronicler, “Glyndore did cause such foul weather of winds, tempests, rain, snow, and haile, to be rayised for the annoiance of the kinge's armie, that the like had in no age been heard of.” It is perfectly certain that never was a poor, unhappy monarch so drowned out; never were wretched, bedraggled soldiers so wet through, soaked, pelted, and sent home with agues in their bones fit to last them into their graves. The more recent English writers who have touched on this doleful expedition of Henry's have generally taken a facetious view of it, since to treat it seriously, as the old writers did, as a visitation of the devil under Glendower's special instruc-

¹ We can judge of the importance of this sum only when we estimate its purchasing power, and that may be guessed at when we read that one penny was the normal price of three pounds of beef in the London markets at an even later period; that a chicken cost one penny; that the best pig in market could be bought for fourpence; and that threepence a day was a laborer's regular wages.

¹ Scott alludes to this tree in “Marmion:”

“To Cambria look—the peasant see
Bethink him of Glendowerdy
And shun the ‘Spirits’ Blasted Tree.”

tions, would ill comport with the doubting spirit of our time. Falstaff hardly over-colored the picture that had been drawn before him by men of smaller humor. "He of Wales," says Falstaff, "that gave Amaimon¹ the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman on the cross of a Welsh hook." In the present irreverent century there has even been made a most comical English ballad at the expense of the king, which tells how—

"King Henry's hot thirst for destruction and slaughter
Was quenched by untimely supplies of cold water,
And his gallants so gay, and his barons so bold,
They couldn't catch Glendwr, they only caught cold.
The soldiers, with rain-water up to their knees,
Were very uneasy while 'standing at ease,'
And the trumpets grew hoarse and would not sound their notes,
And the fifes seemed all suffering from very sore throats.
The cavalry's brilliant equipments were spoiled,
And the horses all smoked just as if they'd been boiled;
And the Scotch Fusileers, with the captain thereof,
Were extremely annoyed with a very bad cough;
And nothing was seen 'mid the yeomanry bands
But blowing of noses and wringing of hands,
And nothing was heard of the Shropshire militia
Night or day but—attisha! attisha! ATTISHA!"

There is every reason to believe that had Glendower been taken at this time he would not have been allowed to die the death of a patriot soldier on the scaffold, but would have been burned for a magician, as Joan of Arc was a few years later by the Duke of Bedford.

Shakespeare's play begins at this point in Glendower's career—i. e., soon after Henry's return from this third disastrous venture among the wild Welshmen, who starved him, drowned him, harassed him, but would not fight him. How Henry wronged his nobles and quarreled with Hotspur is set forth in the play. The contemporary historical record relates the quarrel with Hotspur in effect thus: Edmund Mortimer, being now a prisoner of Owen Glendower, his brother-in-law Harry Hotspur besought the king to permit him to be ransomed from the royal exchequer. "Never with the royal money will I strengthen my personal enemies," said the king. Harry Percy said: "Is a man to hazard his life for you and your realm, and will you not move a foot to help him?" "Thou art a traitor!" cried the king, in high anger. "What! help mine own and my kingdom's enemy?" To which Hotspur answered: "I am no traitor, but a true subject, and as such I speak." The enraged monarch drew his dagger. "Not here, but elsewhere," said Hotspur, and withdrew.

This incident gave Glendower powerful allies. The play relates the story of their proceedings with a general fair agreement with historical fact, but (as I have tried to show) with particular and studied misrepresentation of the character of Glendower. The allies agreed to divide the land between the three parties, Glendower, of course, taking Wales; and he, being already in possession of his domains, convened a national assembly to sanction his assumption of royal authority, and was solemnly crowned at

Machynlleth. Among the Cymric nobles who came to the coronation was one Sir David Gam, Lord of Brecon, an Anglicized Welshman, who would hardly have ventured there openly, so well was he known as Owen's enemy, but who came in disguise. He was accompanied by eight retainers, and his purpose was to assassinate Glendower then and there. The keen eye of Owen spied him out; he was a giant, it seems, and moreover he was squint-eyed—two somewhat formidable barriers to an entirely successful disguise. Owen shut him up in prison immediately, where he remained for ten years.

With the battle of Shrewsbury Owen Glendower had nothing to do. He was leagues away from the scene when it occurred, knew nothing about it until some days after it was over, and of course joined in no councils leading to it. He had an army of twelve thousand men, and was down on the southern sea-coast ravaging Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Cardigan, and Pembroke shires, while Percy was marshaling his forces in the north. Eventually they were to join armies and fight to dethrone Henry IV. Of this scheme the king was supposed to be ignorant, but he had been informed, and he set out to intercept Percy and prevent his joining Glendower. Percy might have avoided the conflict, nevertheless, if he had chosen; but he was ruled by that fiery spirit which gave him the *sobriquet* of Hotspur; and Shrewsbury battle was fought. This rashness changed the channel of history's current with a great sweep. For Glendower, on his part, was never so strong, never so feared. His coming into Pembroke shire threw the Flemings into a frightful panic—those same Flemings who had been so eager to get at Glendower on Plynlimmon, audaciously fancying that fifteen hundred men could whip one hundred and fifty. The terrible Welshman now marked his path through them with bonfires and blood. The constables of most of the royal castles tremblingly surrendered them without even showing fight; and those who did not welcome him with open arms he punished as if they had resisted him with battle.

Until recently the received account in history has been to the effect that Glendower was near Shrewsbury field on the day of that battle, and was prevented from joining in the fight by a flood which crossed his path. They have even shown, for some centuries past, a tree in which Glendower was said to have perched himself and watched the battle across the flood. All this is now proved to be fiction. There is a letter from the Archdeacon of Hereford to King Henry, begging the king to come into Wales and crush Glendower, and it is dated Sunday, July 8th. It is written in French, but at the end bursts frantically into an English postscript, thus:

"P. S.—And for God's love, my liege lord, think on yourself and your estate; or by my troth all is lost else, but an ye come yourself all other will follow after. On Friday last Caermarthen town was taken and burnt, and the castle yielded by Ro. Wydmor; and the Castle Emlyn is yielded; and

¹ Amaimon was one of the four sulphurous kings who ruled all the demons of earth.

slain of the town of Caermarthen more than fifty persons."

Sunday falls on the 8th of July only in the year 1403 of that decade, and thus the letter becomes testimony from the English side corroborative of those Welsh writers who show that Owen Glendower was otherwise occupied about that time, and was not concerning himself with the battle of Shrewsbury.

In the next year an alliance offensive and defensive was formed between Owen and Charles VI. of France. But there was no attempt on the part of the English to make war on Glendower. He was left in undisputed possession of the whole of Wales, and amused himself part of the time in entertaining the bards after his old fashion, part of the time in attacking such castles in his domain as were not to his liking. The Italian poet Dante formed one of Glendower's guests at Sycharth this year. There is Cymric mention of a translation of Petrarch's poems, the work of Owen Glendower, which still further presses on our attention the fact that he was a man of rare attainments—learned in at least five languages—English, Welsh, French, Italian, and Latin.¹ For his other favorite diversion, Glendower seems to have been almost as thoroughgoing an old castle-hater as Cromwell himself. He had every castle in Wales in his hands at one time or another during his career, and he never garrisoned one of them, but sent them tumbling. All over Wales to-day you find the ivy-hung ruins of Saxon and Norman fortresses, and if you inquire who shattered these venerable walls, you will find it was either Owen Glendower or Oliver Cromwell. There are scores of these ruins scattered throughout Wales, and nothing on the Rhine is more picturesque. As places of residence, Glendower sometimes found the Norman castles useful, but as military strongholds he scorned them. "Put you your trust in castles?" he contemptuously asked of the frightened friars who had hid their library in Cardiff Castle; "your churches would be safer."

The year 1405 was a momentous one for Glendower. At its opening he was apparently at the zenith of his power. He took two of the most powerful castles in Wales or in the world, Aberystwith and Harlech, which had long defied him. One of these, Harlech, was considered an impregnable fortress, from its strength and from its position, perched on a rocky summit at a dizzy height, overlooking a magnificent sweep of land and sea. The ruins still stand, picturesque and striking in the extreme, where, for a thousand years before Glendower, walls of strength had frowned defiance to every foe.² Glendower had even the boldness, so confident of his strength had he grown, to plan the rescue from Windsor Castle of the young Mortimers.

¹ To give further emphasis to this fact, I quote here from Froude: "As late as the reign of Edward VI. [1547 to 1553] there were peers of Parliament unable to read."

² Harlech was anciently a fortress of the Britons in King Arthur's century, and was called Tŵr Bronwen (Bronwen's Tower).

King Henry kept these boys imprisoned at Windsor, knowing too well the use that could be made of the elder boy's right to the throne of England. Glendower's scheme was to give these boys an asylum at Sycharth till the elder should come of age. Meantime Owen was to be regent and protector of the kingdom. This bold and ambitious enterprise nearly succeeded. The Lady Constance de Spenser, keeper of Caerphilly Castle, had actually got off with the boys on her way to Glendower, when she was overtaken by the king and brought back. This was the first of a series of failures and disasters which, in connection with the preceding and succeeding events, marked the year as one of vicissitudes the most romantic and extraordinary. The king's son, Harry of Monmouth (afterward Henry V.), went forth with a grand army against Glendower. The boy had profited by the lessons his father had learned about the way to fight Welshmen, and the Welshmen, on their part, had grown less shrewd and cautious than before. At Grosmont the boy (he was but seventeen) encountered Glendower and slew a thousand Welsh. Four days later, at Usk, fifteen hundred Welsh were slain; Owen's son Griffith was taken prisoner; his brother Tudor was killed; he himself was forced to fly. These reverses had a deplorable effect on Owen's cause, and, being followed up by the English with skill and energy, the effect was disastrous in the extreme. The English forces poured into the principality like a flood. It was skillfully rumored, too, that Owen was dead—that he had fallen at Usk—the basis for this roorbach being that Tudor, the slain brother, closely resembled Owen in personal appearance; they were distinguishable, in case of death, by means of a wart which Owen had over one eye. And Owen had disappeared. For a time he was reduced to the most painful extremities—forced to hide like Alfred in rocky caves in secret regions known only to a faithful few who cautiously supplied him with food. That from such a condition of despair as this Glendower should rise to power again within a few weeks seems hardly credible; but this is not one of the facts in his career which have been disputed. A French army of twelve thousand landed at Tenby on the south coast; and Glendower came out of hiding and marched to meet the Frenchmen, with an army of ten thousand men at his back! The allies marched through Wales into England, where they burned and ravaged the city of Worcester; and were met by Glendower's old enemy, King Henry IV. And there the two armies stood glaring on each other for eight days, when one or the other retreated. Here come in the French chroniclers to still further muddle the story; and to this day there is no certainty who first showed the white feather. One thing is clear enough: all parties went home. No serious fighting had been done. Glendower returned into Wales, the French returned to France, the king returned to London.

For years after this the peace remained comparatively unbroken. Owen reigned in Wales after a fashion; but the young prince, who, later, became Henry V., was busy with the labor of undermining

Glendower's popularity and substituting his own. He was himself a Welshman by birth, it should be remembered (he was born at Monmouth), and he made friends with the people by coming among them, establishing his headquarters in Wales, and encouraging the belief that, on becoming king, he would not despise and oppress Welshmen. Glendower stoutly held to the title of sovereignty; he lived in regal state, with vassals and retainers in great numbers, and he had among his nobles some of the proudest in the land. But year by year his power was slipping from him, and he grew less anxious to punish and subdue every manifestation of disloyalty. He came at last to the maintenance of the defensive only, retired among his mountain bulwarks, shorn of his old strength, deserted by the mass of his followers, but in spirit still unconquered. The monkish historians pretend that he was reduced to the last stages of penury, want, and privation, but, unfortunately for this story (besides Welsh testimony), there is documentary evidence to the contrary. No one can imagine that Henry V. (who mounted the throne in 1413) would have made overtures of reconciliation to Glendower if he had become so contemptible a foe. But this Henry V. did—offering the most liberal terms, protection in the property and safety in the life, not only of himself, but of all his adherents—to the doughty Welshman who had made his father's life a burden to him. While the negotiations were pending Owen died peacefully in his bed, at the house of one of his daughters, with his grandchildren about him. Thus tranquilly ended the life

whose earlier years had been so turbulent, but which had, nevertheless, extended almost to the Biblical limit of threescore and ten.¹

Any estimate of this man which is not animated by sincere respect is a false one. Owen Glendower was a doughty knight in the field, an accomplished gentleman in the hall, a shrewd and successful general—a character to excite the enthusiasm of the poet and the admiration of the historian. Born in an obscurity so deep that neither his birthplace nor his birthday has ever been conclusively fixed upon, he rose to eminence through his own gifts, to wealth through his own endeavors, to the position of a conqueror and a sovereign through the action of wrong and oppression on a nature which would not brook them, but felt the blood of a kingly race stirred to fury by them, after it had slept in the veins of quieter men during ten generations. For fifteen years he held his ground against all the resources of the English throne, and against powerful enmities, jealousies, and rivalries, within his own domain. He fought a usurper and an oppressor, and such a fight is never waged without some good result. The condition of Wales was better after his struggle than it was before, and the amount of good he accomplished is not to be lightly weighed. We can judge of the profound impression he made upon his time by this fact: Fifteen years after Glendower's death the English House of Commons, in a request for the enforcement of the forfeiture of his lands, stated that, had he succeeded, the English tongue must inevitably have perished off the face of the earth.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest it first with heavenly show."

THERE are times when we accept human voices as though they were sent straight from heaven, when some instinct tells us that they are *true*, and it does not even occur to us to question them; and the occasion of Philip La Mert's making the speech with which the last chapter closed was one of them. Mignon looked in his face and *knew*.

Then, the shock of joy being even more awful than had been the revelation, brain and heart and spirit reeled, and she fell down as one dead at his feet. He was powerless to raise her; he himself staggered as he stood. Lawless and extravagant in all his emotions, he had during the past few minutes been possessed successively by the most powerful and irresistible passions that sway mankind.

Pursuing with headlong fury the ardently-loved and wildly-coveted object of his desires, he had been suddenly called upon in the full tide of tumultuous passion to experience an equally violent emotion in a totally opposite direction. The intensest love that a

man can know, the profoundest remorse that the human heart can conceive—these were the opposing currents that had met in shock so fearful that it was matter for small marvel if brain and soul bent beneath the strain imposed upon it, and that he was, in the whirlwind of conflicting sensations, as one from whom his wits have been stolen by wine.

A hasty step, a parting of the staring, gesticulating crowd, and Adam appeared, his eyes taking in, with one lightning-glance, the tableau before him.

His wife stretched, insensible, at the feet of her former lover—that lover gazing down upon her, wild, disordered, pale as she, with love, horror, and a nameless something that was not, yet touched nearly upon, despair.

For a moment the sight arrested the husband's swift, on-coming steps; for a moment there flashed in his eyes the ominous gleam that had dwelt there on his wedding-morning when he had found his hour-old wife in the arms of the man who now stood before him—then, advancing, he kneeled down, and, lifting in his arms that little, quiet, helpless figure, he carried her out of the building.

¹ He died September 20, 1415, aged sixty-six. Henry IV. died in a fit, in 1413, aged forty-seven.

He called for water, and after a slight delay some one brought it. Not for long, however, lasted this her first lapse of consciousness. With a gasping sob and sigh, she opened her eyes; her hand wandered upward in bewilderment to her brow as she moved her head from side to side and looked around.

At that moment a young man in the dress of an artisan pushed his way roughly through the crowd, and with hurried steps entered the place they had just quitted. A moment later a sharp, quick cry was heard within, and complete silence followed.

A crowd is formed by one caprice, it is dispersed by another; its curiosity is so insatiable that, having bolted one morsel, it instantly demands another. In a few seconds, therefore, Mignon, her husband, and Philip La Mert, were standing alone, the rabble having disappeared into the Morgue in the confident expectation of seeing something like a tragedy. As to that business out there—bah! it was imbecile, a ridiculous fuss about nothing—because, forsooth, a silly *Anglaise* could not stand the sight of *un cadavre*, and such a fine, handsome body, too—quite a picture! Sometimes, to be sure, there were some things there that might give a timid person rather a turn—but to-day! *Va!* what could be more pleasant and comely?

I wonder can any shameless thing under God's sky equal the hardened, brutal indifference of the Parisian crowd, that visits its dead-house as it goes to the play, regarding them alike as a pleasurable show, and manifesting as utter an unconcern at the one as at the other, save when they revel in, and gloat upon, the horrors spread before them?

Mignon slipped from Adam's arms, and, half supported by him, looked uncertainly about her. Where was she, and what did it all mean? Then her wandering eyes fell upon Philip; and her husband, who was watching her, saw a sudden, quick look of recognition, gladness—what was it?—flash in her eyes and brighten her regard.

In an instant—and surely no bird ever flew to her mate with more rapidity or eagerness—she had left her husband and was at Mr. La Mert's side, clasping his arms with both her hands, and gazing upward into his face with a passion of entreaty and eagerness as though her eyes asked the breathless question that her lips were powerless to speak.

Adam, stirring neither hand nor foot, but looking passively on, was conscious of a sensation as of cold fingers closing gently about his heart.

Before Mr. La Mert had time to speak, several people came out of the Morgue all talking together.

"Did you hear him?" said a young woman in French, shrugging her shoulders with indifference; "she was his sweetheart, you understand, and he was jealous and left her; so she was fool enough to drown herself, and now, *mon Dieu!* he is like a madman, trying to get to her—he wants to kiss her, he says—to kiss her, and she is dead!"

"You hear them, Mignon?" cried Philip, eagerly, in his preoccupation, using the only name by which he had ever known her. "You understand what they are saying? That—which you saw, it was a

poor *grisette*; the man who went in was her lover—the extraordinary resemblance was a chance one." He ceased speaking suddenly—whither were his words leading him? Other ears than those of a childish, half-crazed girl were open to him now.

"Only a poor *grisette!*" said Mignon, in a clear, intense whisper, while her hands unclasped themselves from his arm and fell heavily by her sides—"only a *grisette*, but perhaps her life was sweet to her—and oh!" she added, with a very bitter cry, "*it might have been Muriel!*"

It was to herself that she spoke, not to Philip; yet through his triple armor of impenitence, worldliness, and passion, those unconscious words pierced to and awoke that disregarded and half-dead "sentinel of virtue," his conscience, pointing with divine finger of light to the path of duty that stretched before him. In that instant of revelation, and with the bold precision that so preëminently distinguished this man for both good and evil (that quality that used in the right direction makes the hero and the saint, in the wrong the rebel and the infidel), he saw his duty plain and clear, and resolved to do it.

"*It might have been Muriel!*" His lips moved; he was dumbly repeating Mignon's words over to himself.

As he stood there, silent, downcast, the disorder and struggle suddenly gone out of his face, the reckless look of evil faded from brow and lips, and in its place a faint day-dawn of something better, that might, God willing, in the fullness of time grow to a meridian of strength and goodness—how was it possible that any one should know of the battle that had been fought, the victory that had been won?

Not Adam—not Mignon—only he himself was beginning to understand—beginning to see the light shining beyond the distant mountain-tops—to feel that the wrong was turning to right, the crooked puzzle of evil to the clear and noble explanation of good; that for him, as for others, there was a place, however poor or paltry, among the workers in the great scheme of life.

Adam, too, was silent—those words of Mignon's were Greek to him, totally ignorant as he was of all that had gone before. What could he think but that she had been speaking to Philip La Mert of her sister, placing a confidence in him that made his own blood boil with rage—that she should talk to this man, this almost stranger, of that blot on her name which he himself endured, yet never forgot?—and for the first time (in this he was cruelly unjust) the childish innocence that he had so loved in the girl appeared to him almost in the light of a misfortune to herself, a sin against him.

Remember that he was entirely unaware of any cause that should have stretched her unconscious at Philip La Mert's feet, and afterward have drawn her from her husband's arms to Philip La Mert's side, save that she loved him, had loved him all along, although she might not have fully realized the fact until she experienced the shock of meeting him.

Was he forever (he asked himself) to assist at these unseemly and degrading scenes?—was he al-

ways to be placed in the despicable position of a man who could win, yet could not hold, who grasped but the shadow of rights, while the substance forever eluded him?

Without a word he took Mignon's hand (she was not heeding him; to the last her eyes were fixed upon Philip) and led her to the carriage that was waiting.

Speech was impossible to him—a demon had broken loose and was working wild havoc in his breast—broad daylight though it was, he could scarcely see to guide his own and Mignon's footsteps.

She, too, could not speak; she was utterly exhausted by the alternate agony and relief that had so rapidly succeeded each other. Oh, that she could have spoken ere Adam turned away (ay, even in that public place with curious eyes and ears all about her), and removed from his mind a painful impression that the events of the past half-hour had burned in upon his mind, that could never be effaced until it was too late—too late to give back the treasure of lost, happy days that died, unborn; too late to repair the broken promise of passionate love and trust, that might bud again, yet could never grow to so fair and spotless a flower as before the frosts of doubt and suspicion had nipped it!

Oh, what a misleading, mischief-working, life-spoiling thing is this same "impression!" It grows out of the air; it is formed by a glance, a sigh, a gesture; suspicion endows it with life and jealousy nurses it to maturity, and by us it is accepted as a fact, nay, as more—for a fact is a substantial reality, capable of explanation or palliation, but this flimsy, intangible "impression" is not to be combated—we cannot wage war against an airy phantom, and so it remains with us ever present to our minds, to our dying day.

Having placed Mignon in the carriage, Adam paused a moment, regained possession of his voice, told the man to wait, and retraced his steps to the spot where Philip La Mert still stood.

The eyes of the two men met. No unworthy combatants they, and in the regard of each shone forth a fearless, intrepid spirit that made them, even in their enmity, akin, while something of

"The stern joy that warriors feel
Of foeman worthy of their steel"

ran like fire through the veins of both.

Judging (from Adam's point of view) by what had lately passed, it was for him to look the rôle of the despicable, derided husband (for a woman degrades her husband even more than herself when she stoops to compromise her honor in howsoever a small degree); for the other, the triumphant, successful lover, to be master of the occasion—yet, in the conversation that followed, it was Adam, not Philip, who took and held the supremacy.

"Mr. La Mert," he said, quietly, "it has pleased you to follow my wife to Paris, to dog her footsteps, wherever she may go, and finally to force yourself upon her so soon as you discovered her to be unfortunately alone, and deprived of my protection. I

have to ask you whether it be your intention to persist in the prosecution of this unmanly pursuit, also—for I imagine that you have some ultimate views—what may be the end that you propose to yourself?"

"My intentions were," said Mr. La Mert, slowly, "to follow her and you—wherever you might go—to the world's end if need were, but to be always at your elbow; you, whom I counted to be the thief that had, in my absence, stolen the jewel that I believed to be all my own—nor knew of any other rash hand stretched out to grasp it, else had I guarded it with a care that it would have gone hard with me if you found means to outwit. I purposed to watch and wait, whether it were days, or months, or years, but sooner or later to get speech with her, to arouse in her breast a feeling of contempt for you, of pity for me (and she has a very tender and pitiful heart); the rest I left to time, my own patience and cunning, and the devil's help, believing that I should win her away from you, back to me, at last. I would have kept to the last letter the words I swore to her when first I had speech with her—how, if any other man stole her from me, I would move heaven and earth to regain her. You love her," he said, with a gesture of indescribable bitterness, "therefore you are able to comprehend something of the loss I have sustained: and I love her too—as I have loved her from the first day I saw her innocent face; as I shall love her still to the day of my death."

"Enough," said Adam, sternly, to whom this avowal on the part of a man of Mr. La Mert's antecedents and confessed designs appeared to be in the worst possible taste, "of your past intentions—my business is, to ascertain your present ones."

"To abandon my pursuit of her, at once and forever. To love her indeed, but with a love that shall be no disgrace to her, no occasion for self-despisal to myself; to be her true and faithful friend always, if ever occasion place it in my power to do her some such service as a brother might—these are my present resolves—not intentions."

He paused a moment, his eyes traveling past Adam to the infinite peace and beauty of the cloudless vault of heaven, then went on again:

"Also, to retrieve a past injury, to reverse a cruel injury, to bring such peace as I may to a heart that has through me made harsh acquaintanceship with sorrow—no matter that in the so doing I condemn myself to a life-long bondage, to a companionship that is the symbol of a sinful and unhappy past—even as your Mignon was to me the embodiment of a pure and hopeful future."

Mr. La Mert paused again, and Adam, regarding him with a keen and unwavering scrutiny, asked himself, was this man mad enough to expect him to accept this unasked-for and astounding declaration?

Utterly unaware of the resolution that had taken place in Philip's mind, thoroughly aware of the reckless, audacious character of the man before him, and how he was notorious for never relinquishing his pursuit of any woman who had caught his fancy until overtaken, there was, about this suddenly-

changed aspect of affairs, an unreality and incongruity that struck him as almost grotesque in its improbability.

No later ago than last night had Philip La Mert silently flung down the gage of defiance at his feet ; no later than two hours ago had he been hotly pursuing Mignon : how, then, came in a breath, a moment, this sudden and miraculous conversion ? Adam's silence, his glance, instantly informed the other of the incredulity that filled his mind.

"I cannot expect you to understand," said Philip, with a sudden heightening of color and a momentary return to the old pride and haughtiness of regard and bearing, "neither can I explain—my future actions will speak for me, as no uttered words could do—nevertheless I swear to you as between man and man, and in the sight of heaven, that henceforth your wife is sacred to me, and that never by thought, word, or deed, will I do violence to her honor and my own vow. You believe me ?"

"I do," said Adam. In spite of himself, and in the teeth of all the evidence to the contrary, the accent of truth in the voice of the other carried a lightning and irresistible conviction to his mind that he felt bound to accept.

How could he tell that the day was not far distant when these words of Philip La Mert should recur to him as the veriest inspiration of the Father of Lies ? That he would look back to this hour when they two stood together, and marvel that a bolt had not been loosed from heaven to strike one of them dead for the blasphemy that he impiously dared to take between his lips ?

And now that Philip had volunteered and Adam had accepted the assurances given by the former of future good behavior, it might have been expected that a better feeling should exist between them, and the attitude of hostility assumed by each give place to a more harmonious one—might have been, but was not ; enemies they had been from the first day their eyes had met, enemies they would be until death overtook them.

Each man believed the other to be the possessor of Mignon's heart ; the one had stolen her allegiance from Philip, the other had stolen her love (as he believed) from Adam ; what chance, therefore, could there be of agreement between these two proud, deeply-loving, sternly-jealous men ? In neither of them was there one particle of that maudlin, sickly sentimentality that might have impelled some men, after the foregoing scene, into a wholly weak, half-hysterical proffer of friendship. Too boldly and robustly formed for vacillation, strong and thorough in both their likes and dislikes, they knew how to divide the former from the latter by the hard and fast line that our ancestors drew—that is every day becoming more and more rare in this age of mental fogs and obscurity, in which we make haste to pull down all the grand old landmarks, and call good evil, and evil good.

We have no heartiness either in our hatred or our love in this nineteenth century of ours. We scarcely know our friends from our enemies, and in-

stead of a wholesome liking, a vigorous dislike, we smile on all indifferently, and bide our time to give a covert thrust in the dark to the objects of our lukewarm detestation. We have so jumbled up all the good old titles for sin with those for virtue, that we have almost persuaded ourselves the former no longer exists, and are doubtful as to where the one ends and the other begins.

"There is one point," said Adam, after a short pause, "on which I have to ask your forgiveness. When I found that you were paying your suit to Miss Ferrers, I protected her against you by every means in my power, for I had, as I believed, ample proof that you were not free to woo her to be your wife. Believing this, I caused to be conveyed to her the fact that you were married."

He paused, but Philip did not speak, and he went on again :

"Afterward when I found out the truth I told it her. It may be," he went on, bitterly, "that it would be better for her were she your wife, not mine, to-day, but it is useless now to speculate on possibilities. What is done is done. Only I wish you to understand that when I married her, I did so in the firm belief that, it was entirely out of your power to take care of and provide for her as I was able to do—honorably."

"And yet," exclaimed Philip, frowning and looking downward, "it is strange that, knowing something of me, you should not have heard all—it is a very well-known story, and has been bandied from lip to lip with as shameless a frequency as the cuckoo's cry !" He laughed harshly. "At the time I first saw and loved Miss Ferrers," he went on, "I was practically a single man ; my divorce-suit, to which there could be but one issue, was then pending. As soon as the decree was pronounced, I purposed asking Mignon to be my wife. Not wishing her to be insulted by any knowledge of the disgraceful affair, I made myself known to her, not under the name of La Mert, but Rideout, my second name. Well, you have won—I have lost her—and her loss sets me free to commit an act of reparation that I could not have done had she been mine, not yours—it may be that the day will come when I shall be grateful to you that you saved her from me—but not now—not now—"

He repressed himself by a violent effort and went on again :

"I have one question to ask of you," he said. "Your—wife exhibited excessive agitation at sight of a—body" (he shuddered) "in yonder building, that seemed to bear an extraordinary resemblance to some one that she called—Muriel !"

The word left his lips in strange, unwilling fashion, as though it were a name familiar, yet terrible.

"What !" cried Adam, stepping back in horror, "she saw something—in there ? You were not in time to prevent her seeing the ghastly sights of that accursed charnel-house ?" For, in the confusion and preoccupation of his mind, he had possessed eyes and thoughts for nothing but the attitude of his wife and her lover toward each other.

"No," said Philip, looking down, "I was not in time; when I got there she seemed to be tottering on the very verge of madness. She was gibbering and talking to the poor, drowned creature before her, whom she called—Muriel!"

"Good God!" cried Adam, striking his forehead with his clinched hands. "What a brute—what a madman I have been!—to take so little care of her as to let her run the chance of such a fearful shock as that—when I have been so careful to keep from her knowledge that there was any such place in Paris!"

For the first time, his eyes turned toward the pale and wistful face in the distance that had looked in wonder at him many times, but to which La Mert's glance (although he knew all too well just where she was) had not once wandered.

"That there should be anything so fatal, so incredible," went on Adam, vehemently, "that she should see a chance resemblance like that—to the creature in whom her very life is bound up—" He paused abruptly, struck, through all the excitement that possessed him, by the expression of Philip La Mert's face.

"And that other," cried Philip, breathlessly, "who is she—what was she to—your wife?"

"They are sisters," said Adam.

Was every passion and emotion by which man is capable of being convulsed to be experienced by Philip La Mert that day?

All that had gone before was as nothing to the last, the crowning agony that came to him then.

Recoiling before the speaker, holding up his arms as though to ward off some imminent and frightful danger, while beads of sweat gathered and stood upon his brow:

"It is false," he cried, in a low, hoarse whisper, "false—that they two—O God!—they two—out of all women upon earth, should be—sisters—it is monstrous—incredible—"

He dashed both hands before his eyes, tore them away again, turned as one who flees from an avenging Nemesis, and, mingling with the crowd, was lost to sight in a moment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"... Enchantment
Grew drunken, and would have its head and bent."

Two people were standing on the summit of l'Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, looking down on the magical scene spread out below. Probably from this eminence alone is one able to appreciate in all its magnificence the central idea that governs the architecture of Paris, and exalts it, on mere æsthetic grounds alone, above every other city in the world.

And yet the name of the man who so beautified and enriched this city that he loved is writ in water, while that of the great scourge of his country is carved in the hearts of his people; and, while the one has faded away like a breath from the surface of

a mirror, the other shall live among the great ones of the earth for ever and ever.

For the latter understood the nature of the French through and through, and thus understanding knew how to master them. Even in dying do not his subtly-conceived words speak to and thrill them for all time?—

"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé."

Mignon, gazing down on the numberless lines of light that radiated, like the jeweled spokes of some gigantic, dazzling wheel, from every side of the building on which she stood, upon the millions of lamps that trembled over the vast *enceinte* and the ramparts beyond, as though, indeed, the great armies of the sky had stepped down to scatter their fire over the breast of the shrouded city, did she not, looking upward, espy them shining far above in such wise as—

"... Though thou wert to shed
Over the darkest, lushest bluebell bed
Handfuls of daisies—"

felt herself, in presence of the immensity all about her, to be so paltry an atom in the great scheme planned by the Creator, that she forgot her misery even as she forgot herself, being merged into the silent, ineffable splendor of the night, as might be the perfume of a flower or the throbbing voice of an awakening bird.

When we are able to recognize the great truth that we are but infinitesimal portions of the great heart of creation; that our cries, our struggles, our ambitions, will not quicken or arrest one smallest pulse of it—then something of the knowledge of the utter uselessness of our frantic efforts is borne in upon us, and unconsciously we draw a higher, purer wisdom into our souls, and catch some faint and distant echo of that divinest of all gifts—peace.

Adam, looking from time to time at the girl's quiet face, felt no surprise that she did not exclaim aloud at the scene before her. He knew that for an infinite delight, even as for an infinite sorrow, there is no expression but perfect silence—silence that is the voice of waiting; for what, after all, are our keenest longings but an unconscious sigh after the infinite?

He, too, looked abroad; but the glamour stole not into his blood as it had done into hers; the mists of unrest and bitterness were between him and that which lay before him, and he was made of far stronger, sterner stuff, and far less easily moved, than the immature, childish creature that stood by his side.

Presently she shivered; then, as he drew her cloak more closely about her, she crept a little nearer to him, and looking anxiously up into his face—

"Adam," she said, "I have been thinking—and I am beginning to understand so much better than I did before—and do you know that it is all so much more hopeful than I thought at first, and it seems to me that, if I only wait, and am quite patient, it will all come right at the last? And I will be patient," she added, with a half-sob, "and brave. I will never

give up again as I did yesterday—only when I saw *that*" (her little, restless hands clasped his arm more tightly), "so like, so fearfully like, I did not think I could ever pray again—everything seemed to be over, done with; and do you know that it all rose up before me like a vision of what she must have suffered, all that she must have gone through ere she came to be lying there so still and quiet, with the water trickling over her dead face? And even now, when I know that it was not Muriel, I still can't keep it out of my head that perhaps Muriel is enduring all that the poor creature I saw endured ere she found death at last. And yet it is a foolish fancy, is it not?" she said, looking up into her husband's face with a wistful, tender smile, that made his heart ache for her as he saw it. "This afternoon," she went on, "I took courage to read Miss Sorel's letter over again, for the first time since that terrible day when I got news of my darling; and I found in it a different meaning from the one that it had for me before; yes, I saw quite clearly that it was possible, even likely, that Miss Sorel had been mistaken, for all that she was so wise and good—for do you not say yourself that no one can look into another person's mind, the most that one can do is to guess at it?"

Adam, his head turned away from the piteous scrutiny of her blue eyes, murmured some inarticulate reply.

"And so it came to me," said the girl, "all of a sudden that Miss Sorel had been quite wrong in her notion about Muriel; that after all there might be some explanation that she did not know of—that Muriel might have been married, only her husband did not wish it to be known just yet, and she was afraid that some wicked person or other might be trying to set me against her by telling me wicked stories, and so she asked Miss Sorel that strange question about me—"

She paused a moment, but Adam said no word, and she went on again:

"And I have been thinking, too, of what Prue said to me when I asked her what it was Muriel had done that Miss Sorel found so bad and terrible, that it would have been better for me that my sister had died—how with many tears and her faithful arms round my neck she told me that it meant Muriel was wicked; and when I cried out that I was glad to hear it meant that, as that was just what Muriel never was nor ever could be, for she had been good ever since she was born, and it was not in the power of any one on earth to make her different—so I was sure Miss Sorel was altogether mistaken—and then Prue, with, oh! such stumbling, and hesitation, and bitter tears, told me that sometimes the very best and noblest people were cruelly betrayed by those who should have loved and cherished them best, and they and not the person who did them the injury were reckoned wicked—and I could not understand that, for how could one person's wickedness make another seem bad who was perfectly good herself? But Prue said that, no matter how pure and good a woman might be, if she were basely treated by a bad man, she would be branded with shame.

And still I could not understand—and then she told me that if a man persuaded the girl who loved and trusted him above everything in the world to go away with him from all her friends and her own people, and then did not marry her, it meant that she was not fit for good women to live with, but must submit to be cast out, and scorned, and despised—and do you know that when Prue told me this I absolutely laughed, although my heart seemed to be broken, at the idea of any one looking with anything but love and respect on my beautiful, proud Muriel—the best of all—and I told her that she did not know what she was talking about—I asked her if she thought there lived upon earth a wretch so vile, so lost to all humanity, as to be able to love such as she, and yet do her such a hideous, cowardly wrong as that? And again Prue said that it was just such people as Muriel who were oftenest wrong; the bad, clever ones took care of themselves, but the good, who never suspected badness in others, and so—somehow or other she made me understand—and then I think my heart broke outright. But now," she continued, with a triumphant ring in her voice—"now that I know you, now that I see what men are, how kind, and gentle, and true, I feel quite sure that Prue was mistaken, and that there are no men living such as she described—God would not permit it!" she cried, breaking off suddenly; "such a one would be lower than the beasts of the field, as much a murderer as one who takes the life of another—the earth could not contain anything so vile as he—and she will come back to me, as she said she would do, at the end of the two years, honest—as she always has been, always must be. *You* did not deceive me," she said, taking one of Adam's hands, and holding it fast between both her own, "and I was not sweet, or good, or beautiful, like Muriel, and you would not be likely to love me so well as she would be loved—but you took me to your heart and home, though I was so silly, and ignorant, and young, just as the other unknown man has taken my darling."

Adam shuddered; he, too, was beginning to understand many things that had seemed dark to him before, but alas! the light that shone across the past was that of awful revelation, not the mild, benignant rays of hope.

"And so," said Mignon, sighing, "I have made up my mind now to fret about her any more, but just to *wait*—and, sooner or later, it will all come straight—I am certain of it."

He did not reply, but seemed lost in thought. A few moments later he spoke, but in his voice there was an odd hesitation, very unusual with him, as he said:

"You are quite sure, Mignon, that Mr. La Mert told you that what you saw—*was not* Muriel, before the young artisan came whose sweetheart so strangely resembled her?"

"Of course I am sure," said Mignon, looking startled; "it was after he said so that I fainted—he told me about that poor girl afterward. I did not think about it then—indeed, it seemed natural to me that he should understand all about her—but I have

since been thinking that it was—*odd*—that he should have known her face. Perhaps," she added, looking anxiously and eagerly into Adam's face, "he had seen her somewhere before; it was not a face one could easily forget, and she may have met him in Dublin, or been his friend's wife."

"His friend's wife—?"

It was well that in the partial light she could not see the expression in her husband's eyes. He was recalling a story he had heard, not so long ago, of Mr. La Mert and something that had happened in Ireland.

"I have been wondering, too," she went on, feverishly, "how soon we are likely to see Mr. La Mert again. He may be able to give me news of her. Just to think of it! and I have been so careless as to let him go away without asking him a single question! Do you think we are likely to see him again before we go away—or after?"

God forgive him if, as he looked down on that imploring, childish face, he thought he found something more in it than mere anxiety to see this man again for her sister's sake—if he read there a restless longing, an unsatisfied yearning of which she was too ignorant to be herself fully aware—nay, if he saw trembling on her lips and in the depths of her eyes the dawn of the soul that he believed to be as yet unawakened, but that he had so fondly and faithfully believed would sooner or later awaken to *him*—no other!

"You are not likely to see him again," he said, quietly. No, it was not likely, he thought, that Philip La Mert would again desire to have speech with Mignon. He was a more hardened man than Adam believed him to be, were he capable of meeting her glance, and replying to her questions concerning her sister.

"But Paris is not so big a place that one might not run up against somebody else," she said, with a very perceptible fall in her voice, "and I dare say he came for more than just a day or two. If we keep our eyes well open, we may catch a glimpse of him yet, for we shall not be going away yet awhile."

"But I thought you were in such a hurry to get back to Lilytown," he said; "it was only yesterday morning that you said—"

"Only, you see," she said, interrupting him, "I did not know what was going to happen—that I should see him."

Now, if there be any parallel to the extraordinary and perverse dislike (of which I have before made mention) that a woman has to being called a woman, it is that of the objection a man has to hearing his wife or sweetheart speak of any one under the sun save himself as *him*.

Adam drew his hand suddenly out of his wife's clasp: he was angry; worse still, he had lost his patience, but he was too thoroughly manly and chivalrous to vent his irritation on this slender, defenseless girl, who had so great a claim upon his love and forbearance.

She looked at him in surprise, not knowing in what way she had displeased him. To be innocent

has its drawbacks; had she possessed experience, she would have discovered the rock of offense, and in future steered clear of it. Only in that case she would not have been the Mignon that he loved. Well, men are hard to please; and they demand, and, oftener than not, they demand utterly irreconcilable qualities.

"Mignon," he said, a moment later, in his usual tone, "I have some good news for you that I received this morning. And yet it is almost inhuman to say that it is good, although Mr. Sorel is your enemy and a bad man—"

"What of him?" cried Mignon, breathlessly; then, suddenly sobered, "He is not—*dead*?" she said.

"No—not dead, but grief and excitement have so worked upon him as to render him insane."

"Then there is no chance," cried Mignon, clasping her hands in despair, "of our ever getting Rosemary. You said it was not likely that he would wish to retain the house, and that, by setting an agent on the watch, and giving him instructions to buy the house in his own name and transfer it to you afterward, he would never suspect we had got it; but now—"

"But now," said Adam, "the thing has passed beyond possibilities, Mignon; it is *done*. Mr. Sorel's next of kin, a shrewd, practical man of business, without an ounce of romance in his composition, on whom devolved the task of settling all Mr. Sorel's affairs, when he found out from Prue how matters lay, that Miss Sorel had kept the school against her brother's wishes, and from the landlord that the lease had expired in June, but was to have been renewed on Miss Sorel's return, he simply declined committing any such folly in the existing state of the man's health, placed the matter in the hands of the very agent I had put to watch, accepted a sum for fixtures, etc., at a valuation, and caused to be removed to the How all personal belongings of Miss Sorel, and the whole thing is done. I have written to town to have certain things sent in to make the place decent, and we will set out, if you are ready, Mignon, the day after to-morrow."

She did not immediately speak; she was dumb beneath the weight of joy his words gave her, then she took one of his hands between both her own and kissed it passionately.

"To be able to watch and wait for her always—like that?" she said—"to be *sure* of never missing her, come when she will, by night or day, and it is all your doing—all. You are good," she said, with almost a sob in her voice, "and I am not worthy of you; though, indeed, indeed I will try to be—"

"Do not!" he cried, almost harshly, as he took her in his arms, "do you hear me? I forbid it, Mignon—only try! Is it so very hard a thing, sweetheart, to *love* me?"

She shrunk from his embrace—his words; it was not often that he permitted himself the folly of either. "Love" was a word that he had hitherto been shy of using with the girl, and now he said to himself that he had been mad to use it; she would be scared and ill at ease with him. He knew, also, that when the first seedling shoot of that which in time should

become a stately flower begins to stir in the warm, brown earth, it is folly, indeed, to seize and drag it into daylight, seeking to wrest from it its yet unborn secret of color and perfume. Yet it was difficult not to believe that the germ developed slowly, slowly—nay, there were times when he doubted if the germ were there at all; and, in that case, how long and weary would be the waiting for that which should never come?

"And now we will go home and begin to pack up," said Mignon, feverishly, and, turning to depart without one backward look at the magnificent panorama that had but now so electrified her—"only," she added, stopping short, as though a thought had suddenly struck her, "we shall not have many chances of seeing Mr. La Mert again if we go the day after to-morrow; nevertheless" (her face brightened, for a moment she looked again like the joyous, happy-hearted girl of two months ago), "it is more than possible that we shall run up against him some day in Lilytown."

CHAPTER XXV.

"... There's not a breath
Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
Till it has panted round and stolen a share
Of passion from the heart!"

"O PRUE!" cried Mignon, taking one flying leap out of the carriage straight into Prue's arms, "it is worth all—all the disagreeableness of getting married and going away, to come back to you and Rosemary again!"

"Hush, Miss Mignon!—I beg pardon, ma'am," said Prue, with a hasty glance at Mr. Montrose, but, reassured by his unruffled countenance, "it's glad I am to see your bonnie face again." She held the girl away from her, regarding her with fondest love and pride: "For, oh! 'tis a long and dreary time it's been without you!"

"Prue," said Mignon, solemnly, as they went along the familiar approach to the house together, "are you quite sure that we've not all been—dreaming? Do you know" (she grew pale and stopped short) "that I cannot help fancying I have been away for the holidays, and that I shall find *her* standing just inside the door?"

"No, no, Miss Mignon," said Prue, sadly; "but you'll just find two new maids, for cook left a while ago, and there's a bit change in the house."

And, indeed, when Mignon stepped over the threshold, she found that all was not just as it used to be.

From the school-window had forever disappeared the dismal wire-blind that had been the despair of the young and idle male population of Lilytown, and in its place hung curtains of crimson silk and white lace, while through the open window came the perfume of those sweetest of all homely flowers, double-stocks and mignonette. Prue's careful, formal fingers had also arranged nosegays wherever she could find a place to set them, for did she not know

the passion her little mistress had for those delicate ornaments of inanimate creation, that are oftentimes so infinitely better worth looking at than human beings?

As Mignon flew like a butterfly hither and thither, exclaiming, criticising, admiring, something of that instinct so firmly implanted in the feminine breast, and that will often keep a woman straight where love for husband and children will not, viz., the love of home, awoke in the girl's heart.

The colored maps still hung on the wall, in one corner of the room stood the globe over which her weary fingers had traveled so many, many times, but the desks, forms, and blackboard, had all disappeared to make place for such pleasant, handsome furniture, as beseeemed the dining-room of a gentleman who was bringing his young wife home. She ran into the drawing-room. That was also a curious mixture of past and present; for, though the bunch of painted flowers still hung upon the wall, and Diana was still blowing an imaginary horn in the distance, some good fairy had been at work and turned the schoolish, chilly room into a bower of blue and white, that must have been specially chosen, one would say, with regard to the character of Mignon's beauty.

She was standing in the middle of the room, herself the prettiest thing in it, or so thought Adam, who was silently watching her from the doorway, when she spied him and ran forward.

"You like it?" he said, simply, and smoothing her ruffled, dust-powdered hair away from her blue eyes.

"Yes," she said, softly, "I like it." One little, fluttering hand stole timidly up and rested on his breast, then, standing on tiptoe, she lifted her lips—it was not far—to his, with as light, as kind, as affectionate a kiss as though he had been her brother or her father, or anything on earth but her lover or her husband.

"I *like* you," she said, heartily; "indeed, I grow to like you better and better every day; but there is only one person in the world that I *love*."

His arms slackened their hold upon her; she stood alone.

"And when *she* comes," continued Mignon, looking about her with a beaming countenance of utter delight, "how happy we shall be, to be sure!"

"And until then?" he said, quietly.

"Oh!" she said, her face falling somewhat, "I have not thought much about it; but with so much to look forward to we can't be very dull, can we?"

When, some half an hour later, Adam found himself seated at one end of the table, and Mignon, in a fresh muslin gown, with a rose in her belt, at the other, he said to himself that he was an ingrate to Fortune, in that he received her favors with such scanty thanks. Only to think that Mignon was there; that she would be at his table always; that, whenever he came home, this little shape would be within reach of his hand and glance of his eye; that he would nevermore be tormented by stolen and hasty peeps that only left him more hungry than

they found him ; that for to-day, to-morrow, forever, she was safely his wife, unloving maybe, but still his own !

"Mignon," said Adam, when the servant had finally left the room, and Mignon was half-way through her strawberries, "has it ever occurred to you that I have a father?"

"No," she said, "I have never thought about it." And it was true. In the intense isolation of her great sorrow she had thought but little of Adam, still less of his belongings.

Adam left his place and came and sat down beside her.

"And have you never heard, Mignon," he said, seriously, "that sometimes fathers do not like their sons to marry, especially when the sons have not asked their advice?"

"Is he angry?" said Mignon, laying down her strawberry in dismay. "Will he come round here and scold us?"

"He never scolds," said Adam, laughing; "but I expect he will be angry."

"Let us go and ask him to forgive us," said Mignon, promptly, "and I will tell him how it all happened, and that it was every bit my fault. He couldn't possibly blame you then!"

"Poor little sinner!" said Adam, gently, "you will make a great confession of misdeeds, will you not? and I shall stand quietly by and listen to the same. Meanwhile I had better prepare him gently, so in half an hour's time, Mignon, I shall go and tell him."

He spoke less as a beloved son who is about to sue for pardon than as a man who goes to announce a fact and assert his right to self-government.

"And then will he come and see me?" said Mignon, laying one little anxious strawberry-stained hand on Adam's arm. "Do you think that he will say wicked things, as that other old man did?"

"Good Heavens, no!" said Adam, in horror. "And do not fear," he added, "but that I shall know

how to protect you. I shall take you to see him to-morrow morning, when you will also make the acquaintance of—Flora."

"But you said she was married?"

"So she is."

"And does she live with your father?"

"She is paying him a visit."

"With her husband?"

"Yes; Colin is there."

His voice took that tone which one man never uses in speaking of another, unless he heartily likes him.

"And she is quite young?" said Mignon.

"Let me see," said Adam. "She was married at seventeen, and Taffy must be seven years old by now. I suppose she is somewhere about six-and-twenty."

"Then she is quite old," said Mignon, disconsolately, "only two years younger than you are! Is she pretty?"

"Some people think so."

"And good-tempered?"

"So her admirers say."

"But," said Mignon, blankly, "I did not know that when people were married they had admirers?"

"Do they not?" he said, looking keenly at the girl; "well, I suppose Flora is an exception to the rule, for she has several."

"And are you very fond of her?" said Mignon, puzzled by a certain unaccountable hardness in his humor.

"I am not fond of her at all."

"Not fond of her!" cried Mignon, staring at him—"your own sister, the only one you have—just the same to you as Muriel is to me?"

"No," said Adam, "I am not fond of her. On the contrary"—he threw his head back and looked ceilingward, half ruefully, half impatiently—"I am afraid there cannot be the smallest doubt that I do not like her at all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAPRICE AT HOME.

NO, I will not say good-by—

Not good-by, nor anything.

He is gone. . . . I wonder why

Lilacs are not sweet this spring?—

How that tiresome bird will sing!

I might follow him and say

Just that he forgot to kiss

Baby, when he went away.

Everything I want I miss.

Oh, a precious world is this!

. . . . What if night came and not he?

Something might mislead his feet.

Does the moon rise late? Ah me!

There are things that he might meet.

Now the rain begins to beat:

So it will be dark. The bell?

Some one some one loves is dead.

Were it he— I cannot tell

Half the fretful words I said,

Half the fretful tears I shed.

Dead? And but to think of death;

Men might bring him through the gate:

Lips that have not any breath,

Eyes that stare— And I must wait!

Is it time, or is it late?

I was wrong, and wrong, and wrong;

I will tell him, oh, be sure!

If the heavens are builded strong,

Love shall therein be secure;

Love like mine shall there endure.

. . . . Listen, listen—that is he!

I'll not speak to him, I say.

If he choose to say to me,

"I was all to blame to-day;

Sweet, forgive me," why—I may!

O S C U L A T I O N.

"Humid seal of soft affection,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connection,
Love's first snowdrop—virgin kiss!"

IF there be a giddy vagrant abroad, corrupted in his time by evil communication, with some touch of virtue in his nature, and once the friend and companion of all the gentle deities that strewed the path of matrimony with flowers, may it not be attempted to recall him to the circle of his ancient friends? We know not but the force of example and timely admonitions may compass the conversion of that gay prodigal, the Kiss; and if his immediate recantation be a blessing not to be expected, at least we are not precluded from venturing to put him upon reflection, and awaken him to a useful sense of his danger, by briefly calling to his mind the leading events of his past career.

Kissing (for that is the every-day rendering of the high-sounding word "osculation," which forms the title of this paper, and which is derived from a diminutive of the Latin word "*os*," the mouth, and therefore meaning a "little mouth," illustrative of the puckered-up shape of that organ when bestowing or receiving a kiss) was an act of religion in ancient Rome. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of expiration. Spenser, in his "Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney," mentions it as a circumstance which renders the loss of his illustrious friend more to be lamented that

"None was nigh his eyelids up to close,
And kiss his lips."

A little after he introduces the lady, "the dearest love" of the deceased, weeping over him:

"She, with sweet kisses, sucked the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft."

The sacredness of the kiss was inviolable among the Romans for a long time. At length it was degraded into a current form of salutation. Pliny ascribes the introduction of the custom to the degeneracy of the Roman ladies, who, in violation of the hereditary delicacy of the females of Rome, descended to the indulgence of wine. Kissing was resorted to by those gentle, "good-easy" husbands (who knew better than to risk the tumbling of the house about their ears) as the most effectual and courteous process to ascertain the quality of their wives' stolen libations; and Cato the Elder recommends the plan to the serious attention of all careful heads of families. The kiss was, in process of time, diffused generally as a form of salutation in Rome, where men testified their regard and the warmth of their welcome for each other chiefly by the number of their kisses. Among the early Romans the higher magistrates gave their hands to be kissed; and, under the first emperors, the monarchs did the same. This,

however, was soon thought too familiar to be an act of true homage, so only the superior officers kissed the hands, while the inferior were forced to be content with touching the royal robe. Sometimes the emperor kissed the mouth and eyes of those whom he wished signally to honor; but this was a very rare privilege, and persons whom he wished to disgrace he kissed with marked coldness. Agricola complained that, when he returned from his victories over the Saxons, Domitian gave him a "frigid kiss," and left him otherwise unnoticed. In later times the Roman emperors exacted the same homage accorded to the gods, their subjects being required to kiss their feet, and still later to kiss even the ground before them. Diocletian was the first to demand this servile manner of salutation. Christianity, too, did not disdain to borrow of heathendom even such things as were opposed to its inner spirit and intepition. Thus, the popes required the baser laity to kiss their feet, and in 710 Pope Constantine I., on entering Constantinople, caused the Emperor Justinian to kiss his foot. Valentine I. made the custom permanent; and ever since 827 the laity has crouched and crawled up the steps of St. Peter's chair to kiss the toes of the great fetich enshrined thereon.

Kissing the sovereign's hands at court presentations is also only a compromise beginning from the same foundations already mentioned. On levee and drawing-room days large numbers of privileged persons go through the ceremony of presentation to royalty, which nowadays consists of the announcement of the presentee's name, his respectful obeisance, and kissing the right hand of the sovereign. It is not a little amusing for an unconcerned or initiated spectator to watch the bearing of each individual as he or she approaches the royal presence. Intense nervousness appears to be the prevailing tendency, and this often produces very funny results. Some will approach the throne dais with their countenances as pallid as though they were going to execution, with trembling limbs and parched, quivering lips. Others, again, self-possessed up to a certain point, will all at once collapse, and, in the excitement of the moment, will do some *outré* or absurd thing, and shuffle out of the charmed circle in a semi-unconscious state. We remember hearing of a certain provost or mayor of a Scotch burgh, who, on being presented at the court of St. James, got along swimmingly until it came to the decisive moment of kissing hands, when, partly from ignorance of what he ought to do, and partly from sheer *gaucherie* or awkwardness, he plumped down upon both knees, and, seizing the queen's hand with both his own paws, mumbled it over as if it were something to eat! No wonder that the chilling atmosphere of court etiquette thawed into a ripple of laughter, and the

good-natured Victoria herself, we are told, could not maintain her gravity.

When a Czar of Russia dies, his corpse is affectionately kissed, and the same custom is observed with the Jews. When a Jew is dying, his nearest relative kisses him, to receive his last breath—a custom which, we have already shown, obtained among the ancient Romans; he is kissed, when dead, as a farewell, and again when carried to the grave. This custom, we learn from Scripture, was in vogue in the days of Jacob, whose corpse was affectionately kissed by Joseph. The precise meaning of the word “kissing,” in the Hebrew tongue, is “touching with the mouth.” The practice has always been a very essential part of heathen religion—the statues of their innumerable divinities being always adored by kissing. Indeed, the feet and knees of some of their images were quite worn away by the constant touch of worshiping lips, as is the case now with certain saints and shrines in Europe. When Demosthenes was a prisoner in the hands of Antipater, and was taken by his soldiers into the temple, the action of his raising his hand to his mouth in order to swallow the poison which he had prepared for the emergency was supposed by the attendant guards to be an act of adoration. We also read of the inhabitants of Cos, when they found Psyche asleep among the roses and butterflies, treating her as Venus by “kissing her right hand.” Even at the present day Mohammedans kiss the ground in the direction of Mecca.

Kissing was universally practised among the early Christians as a part of their religious rites. The first disciples kissed each other at their *agapes* or love-feasts, just as the initiated did at the Eleusinian mysteries, in token of brotherhood. In 397, however, notwithstanding St. Peter's exhortation, the Council of Carthage forbade all religious kissing between the sexes. Several later sects have at various times sought to bring back the institution of the kiss of peace; but, though doubtless peculiarly edifying to the young folks, it has been found prudent and necessary to prohibit the use and continuance of the same, and to go back to less godly forms of salutation. It still lingers, however, both in the Greek and Roman Churches. In the former it is the universal custom for all persons to kiss each other on Easter-day. “Christ is risen!” they say, as they kiss each other on the cheek—great, hairy Russian *mu-jiks*, flat-faced peasant women, slim nobles and high-bred ladies, indiscriminately. Just before the communion, too, in the Romish Church, some kissing is done. The officiating priest kisses the altar, then embraces the deacon, saying, “*Pax tibi, frater, et ecclesiæ sancta Dei*,” which is followed by other osculatory exercises on the part of the subordinates.

At the solemnization of matrimony among ourselves, it has for long been an established custom for the bride to be kissed at the conclusion of the ceremony by both the groom and the officiating clergyman—an appropriate and, generally, most satisfactory termination of the marriage-rites. This is sometimes followed by a good deal of promiscuous kissing among the relatives and familiar friends of the two

contracting parties. Beyond this, we are not aware of “kissings” forming any part of our religious observances at the present epoch.

The Bible is full of kissing, and some passages where it is mentioned are replete with softness and tenderness, while others teem with treachery and revenge. Jacob's interview with Rachel at the well—Joseph's reception of his brethren—Moses meeting his father-in-law, Jethro—David's kiss of peace to his erring son Absalom, and to his friend Jonathan—and the passionate kisses bestowed on our Saviour's feet by the penitent Magdalene—are a few of the former class; while Jacob's kiss, in which he robbed Esau of his birthright—Joab's treacherous salute of Amasa before his murder of the latter—and that dreadful ONE of the traitor Judas—which has become the type of *all* treachery—are some of the most remarkable in the last-named category. We could pursue our investigation *ad infinitum* were we to confine ourselves to the sacred volume, but enough has been said for our present purpose.

The Roman code has defined with exquisite accuracy the nature, limits, incidents, etc., of the *right of kissing*; although we do not find that this sort of property holds a place among the incorporeal hereditaments of our own laws. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond, granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothing; and, if the husband-elect broke the engagement, repenting of what he had done, he surrendered a moiety of the presents received in the ceremony of betrothing, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss!

In much later times the kiss was esteemed to be a ceremony of particular obligation, as could be shown in a thousand instances. The gentle *Julia*, in “The Two Gentlemen of Verona,” after exchanging a ring with her lover, completes the contract by a kiss:

“I'll seal the bargain with a holy kiss.”

The same lady seems to entertain a high estimate of the value of a kiss; for, in the throes of her remorse, a little before, for having torn into fragments the love-letter of *Proteus*, she hits upon the following expedient:

“I'll kiss each several paper for amends.”

Not satisfied, however, with this act of compunction, and opining that a kiss is the “sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise,” she thus apostrophizes her absent lover:

“... My bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly healed,
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.”

Nor ought we to be surprised at the veneration which has been universally allowed to the ceremony of kissing, when we remember the important functions, which devolve upon the lips in the economy of the human face. It is true they have not been thought worthy of a place in coats-of-armor, like the eyes, or raised to a level with the nose and ears, which have, ere now, been the objects of much costly decoration; but they form that privileged feature which represents in their turn the three most enno-

bling gifts of our nature—prophecy, poetry, and eloquence. The words, "his lips are touched with fire," familiarly express the power of prophecy.

It would be a useless piece of industry to collect here the thousand elaborate and ingenious things which poets, old and young, ancient and modern, have wrought into the description of a kiss. The choice of all the sweet-scented flowers, and the most approved juices, whether for their gratefulness to the taste or the smell, have been from time to time defrauded of their exquisite properties in favor of some particular class of kisses, to which the following one, we suppose, belongs :

" 'Tis every aromatic breeze,
Wafted from Afric's spicy trees ;
'Tis honey from the osier hive,
Which chemist bees, with care, derive
From all the newly-opened flowers."

A humorous friend of our own used to be particularly enthusiastic on the classic subject of osculation. He declared that there were few "sciences" so difficult of acquisition. "People," said he, "will kiss, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips any more than he knows how to make diamonds from charcoal." He used to relate his experience of a good-night's kiss, imprinted on the lips of his *innamorata*, after having escorted her to and from a New England forfeit-party, where the poor girl, being the belle of the evening, had been kissed, and—as he expressed himself—"slobbered over by all and sundry;" he declared that in that one chaste salute he could discriminate "nine distinct and separate flavors"—namely, onions, tobacco, peppermint, gin, lager-beer, brandy, checkerberry, musk, and camphor." If his account was correct, it must have been a somewhat trying evening for his lady-love, if she was, as he described her to be, a delicate, sensitive, and amiable woman. This anecdote, though, is somewhat irrelevant.

Kissing is, as may be supposed, of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare, and generally in a contract-sealing sense. We find the expressions, "Press my sign-manual on her ruby lips," "Seal it with a kiss," etc. The motto on the scroll contained in *Portia's* leaden casket, when opened and read by the lucky *Bassanio*, concludes with the suggestive lines :

"Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss"—

advice which the young and ardent lover is not slow to act upon, apparently :

"A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave ;
I come by note, to give and to receive."

Othello, too, kisses *Desdemona* before he smothers her :

" . . . When I have plucked the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither : I'll smell it on the tree."

Then there is *Petruchio's* kiss, when he evidently meant there should be no mistake about it :

" . . . He took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo."

Coriolanus, too, combined in his kiss such a world of passion in its fierceness and love :

"Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge."

One more of Shakespeare's ideal kisses, and we must leave him. *Mariana's* exquisite song, which every one knows by heart, will be a fit conclusion to our quotations from the great poet :

"Take, oh ! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes the break of day—
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain—
Sealed in vain !"

England, in Shakespeare's time, had gone back sadly from the earlier days of reticence—as practised in olden times—when a man would as soon have thought of kissing his wife in his daughter's presence as we would now think of performing the same grace in church. There is a curious extract in "Notes and Queries" bearing upon this point ; it is from Cavenish's "Life of Wolsey," and is the utterance of a Madame Cregin. "'Forasmuch,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen, without offense, and although it be not so here in this realm (France), yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maids.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her women." But if the English stuck to the custom longer than other European nations, they owed it to them originally, for an old historian says : "The pleasant practice of kissing was utterly unpractised and unknown in England till the fair Princess Rouix (Rowena), the daughter of King Hengist of Friesland, pressed the beaker with her lipkens, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a *husjin*" (little kiss). The practice was particularly abhorrent to, and discouraged by, the Puritans, and John Bunyan anathematizes kissing in no measured terms.

At the present day kissing is a common mode of salutation among even the men of many nations ; we may instance Germans, among whom it is no uncommon sight to find two great bearded and mustached giants kissing each other like a pair of turtle-doves. But the most pleasant, tender—but at the same time perplexing—salute, is that bestowed upon one by the women of Norway, who, after having put you to bed and tucked you up well between the sweet-smelling sheets, bend their fresh, fair faces, and kiss you honestly upon the beard, without a shadow even of shame or doubt.

The respect and veneration paid to the fair sex formed always an essential ingredient in chivalry. This, we suppose, was derived from the customs of the primitive Germans, whose females are represented to have been very high-spirited and virtuous, and to have exercised a considerable sway over the other sex. Whatever truth there may be in this statement, certain it is that a high spirit of gallantry forms the very essence of modern chivalry ; and, as a proof of this, we have only to refer to the classifi-

cation of a knight's duty, *to fear God and love the ladies*, to perceive how necessary female adoration is to the very existence of this order. This principle of female adoration, so prominently displayed in every aspect of chivalry, extended its influence to the laws of the times, for we find James II. of Aragon ordering in this manner: "We will that every man, whether knight or no, who shall be company with a lady, pass safe and unmolested, unless he be guilty of murder." And Louis II., Duke of Bourbon, instituting the order of the Golden Shield, enjoins his knights to honor, above all, the ladies, and not permit any one to slander them. "Because," adds he, "from them, after God, comes all the honor that man can acquire." Under these circumstances, therefore, it is only natural to find the kiss playing a very important part in chivalry; and, at the joust or tournament, a victorious knight considered his wounds and bruises amply compensated for by the privilege of kissing the dainty hand of the Queen of Love and Beauty.

So much, however, for court-kissing, and kissing historically considered. We must bring our examination of these staid formalities to a conclusion, and proceed to consider our subject under other, more natural and more spontaneous conditions.

A mother's kiss! What can be more beautiful and more holy than a mother's love—what more thrilling and more impressive than a mother's kiss? How pure and how unselfish is her affection, with what ecstasy does she clasp her first darling babe to her bosom, with what pride does she gaze on its dreaming beauty, with what passionate eagerness does she all but smother her little one with her loving kisses! But when, from her fond arms, her cherished one is torn, yet warm with her last embrace, her last kiss, and placed beneath the cold sod, which hides it forever from her sight, then does it not seem as if her very life would go with it? Mother's "last kiss" has been the charm which has kept many a schoolboy in the right part, when he had got over all other home influences. Tom Brown, *en route* for Rugby, made a bargain with his father before starting that he was not to be subjected to the indignity of a paternal kiss; not so, however, with his mother, whose last kiss all the racket of public-school life could never efface from his memory and heart. "Mother's last kiss" has proved the salvation of many a man, although its influence has slumbered and not made itself felt until years after it had been imprinted on his lips—lips which had often since then been sullied and defiled with blasphemy and obscenity. But it makes itself felt *now*; and as it burns on his guilty mouth, he forms good resolutions, goes back to good habits, long ago abandoned, and he becomes, by God's help, a man once more. "A mother's kiss!"—ay, though friends forsake, and shame brands thy brow, mother will cling to you, her arms are ever ready to receive you. The memory of a mother's love and kindness, her last fond kiss, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident of the past awakes within us the soft tones of her dear voice, long since, perhaps, stilled forever—

the memory of that kiss will continue with us till life's pilgrimage is done.

The kiss of forgiveness, the kiss of peace, is another of the contract-sealing phases of osculation already referred to, and a very beautiful and touching phase it is. Husband and wife, perchance, have a dispute: hasty temper, an inconsiderate word or look, perhaps, has spread a cloud over home happiness; but only for a brief period. "I'm *so* sorry!" from one or other, and then the magic symbol or seal of forgiveness, of peace—the kiss—and darkness flies away. We saw a brother and sister once, seated together side by side in school. In a moment of thoughtless passion the little fellow struck his sister. She was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed the rage working within, and her clinched hand was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said he; "you had better kiss your brother than strike him!" The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms about her brother's neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss!

What a hard and bitter thing it is to part—to part, not knowing that you shall ever meet again! And who can *know* when the "Good-by" sounds that he shall ever speak another welcome to *that* friend? There is always an undertone of sadness in those two words, "Good-by." "Good-by," you say, and hold still tighter the hand in your clasp—you cling to him that is going, yet does not go. "Good-by" is repeated again and again, and every time the pain gets harder and harder to bear. And yet you cling to him. "Not yet, not yet!" you plead. "O father!—O mother!—O friend! not yet!" and, if it be lover or husband, still more imploring is the prayer, "Not yet, not yet!" and he answers, haply, "*Not* just yet!" but what does it avail? He *must* go, and you must see him no more, till—oh! you do not know *when*—perhaps never. You have him *now*, you are in his arms, you clasp his neck, you hold his hands, you look into his eyes, you hear his voice—he is with you close, close—his real presence, you feel his heart beat, you feel his breath, you hold him fast, fast, as if you could keep him with you forever! The clock strikes; there must be no more lingering—you know that as well as he; but, oh! if you unclasp him *he will go*, and you try to cling with double strength! One last embrace, close, and still closer, and one last, long, lingering, burning kiss—lips glued to lips! He parts your hands, he puts you from him, he rushes out, and disappears; you sink down and cover your face—you know not whether you are in sunshine or darkness, nor do you care. All that is left is that last kiss which burns upon your lips, and which you will feel there hours, days, ay, years after, and which you *must* feel until you have both dropped the body and gone whence none return!

The lover's kiss! Our readers have long ago anticipated this, and suppose most likely that we have kept it for a *bonne bouche*. Alas! eternity is too

short, and stationery too scarce, to give more than a superficial glance at the thousand-and-one phases of "the humid kiss of fond affection." You, reader, remember that *first* time you interchanged the love-kindled and love-kindling, common, yet mysterious, salute! Perhaps it may have been "at the gate," behind the door or curtain, in the balcony or veranda; perhaps it was in the cars, when an opportune tunnel had to be traversed; more romantic still, it may have been in a bower of roses or honeysuckles, or in the leafy glade, far from the ken of human eye. Lastly, and under not the least exciting circumstances, it might have been during a sleigh-ride. Well, no matter where it was, the sensation, we feel sure, was delightful in the extreme. Another fact, too, is undeniable, that a repetition of the same is always quite as charming as the first experience. One may get too much of many other good things, but not of kissing. It is simple, yet excellent. One experienced writer (we forget who) has given us some capital advice as to the practice of kissing. "Don't," says he, "kiss all over, as grasshoppers walk. Don't kiss everybody, including nasty little dogs, male and female. Don't sit down to it. Stand up. You need not be anxious to get in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss. More persons spoil the sport. Stand firm. It won't hurt after you're used to it. Don't be in a hurry. Providence will give you strength for the ordeal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing for frogs. Don't grab and yank the lady as if she was a struggling colt. Don't muss her hair, scrunch down her collar, bite her cheeks, squizzle her rich ribbons, and leave her mussed and rumpled. Take good aim—the lips meet, the eyes close, the heart opens, heaven itself opens before you, and—the art of kissing is learned." Thus far to the initiated. To those whose experience is limited, or to whom kissing is as a sealed book, we have only to say that they have no idea of the treat, the solid bliss, in store for them; and, for encouragement, let us add that the good time is sure to come.

Among other quaint customs, wherein kissing is involved, is the surprisal of any person asleep by one of the opposite sex. In such a situation the drowsy party may be kissed with impunity, and must, in addition, pay the saluting party the forfeit of a pair of gloves. St. Valentine has also a good deal of kissing to answer for. The osculatory customs of this holiday are capitably and graphically illustrated by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Fair Maid of Perth," where the heroine kisses her stalwart beau, Harry o' the Wynd, on St. Valentine's morning, and they afterward exchange their betrothal gifts, prepared on such occasions with much forethought and circumspection as to their suitability and appropriateness.

The knightly oath consisted of kissing the sword-hilt—the pommel or guard being a crossbar, and thus forming a sacred emblem in a twofold sense: its cruciform shape, and the fact of the sword's being itself invariably looked upon as a symbol of knightly faith. "By my good sword," was the oath, fol-

lowed by a pressure of the lips to the centre of the cross-shaped handle.

A kiss has proved practically useful, ere this, in more instances than one, besides being merely a symbol or token of affection and respectful familiarity. There is a romantic story of the great Irish rebellion, in which an imprisoned patriot, under sentence of death, was enabled to make his escape, the plan of operations being conveyed to him in a billet carried to him by his sweetheart in her mouth, and passed to him by the medium of a kiss through the iron grating of his dungeon, before the faces of the government sentinels, placed there to intercept any improper communication. This story has been introduced to the public by Mr. Dion Boucicault, the indefatigable playwright, in his great sensational drama of "Arrah-na-Pogue" (which means, literally, "Arrah' of the Kiss").

The death-bed kiss might be illustrated profusely. Lord Nelson, when dying on board his flag-ship in the moment of victory off Trafalgar, took his leave of his faithful friend Hardy by kissing him. "Kiss me, Hardy!" he said, and these were his last words. His friend pressed his lips to those of his brave commander and friend, and the hero's spirit passed away. Sir Walter Scott's farewell to Lockhart was similar to Nelson's end, his last words being, as he kissed Lockhart affectionately, "Be good, my dear—be good!"

It is no unfavorable step toward the acquisition of better habits in future that the kiss has been emancipated from the iron dominion of the law. The gallant, gay creation of France has done this for the world; but, as it will be the case in revolutions of all kinds, the advantage of the change has been hurt by some abuses. The ingenious Montaigne, indeed, deeply deplores the diffusion of the spirit of kissing in France, because he thinks the prevalence of that custom takes away from the grace and favor of a kiss, and complains of the hard fate to which ladies are exposed in being obliged to lend their lips to every one with the appearance of a gentleman. "As for our parts," he adds, "we are no gainers by it, for, taking the sex in general, for three pretty girls one must kiss fifty ugly ones, and to a squeamish stomach like mine a bad kiss will not compensate for a good one." The last instance in which the kiss formed the subject of serious regulation belongs to a barbarous people. The Empress Catharine of Russia instituted assemblies of men and women to promote the cultivation of polite manners. Among the rules for maintaining the decency of those assemblies, she directed that "no gentleman should force a kiss from or strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of exclusion." Under the notorious "blue-laws" of Connecticut, no woman was allowed to kiss even her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day, under heavy penalties; and it was only a short time ago that we read of a Western magistrate imposing a heavy fine, and a term of incarceration as well, upon some unfortunate fellow who had been unable to withstand the temptation of kissing a pretty girl—his traveling-companion on the cars—but whose modesty and

sense of propriety had received a serious shock in consequence of the unlooked-for and, in her case, unwelcome salute of her fellow-passenger.

It is not considered *à la mode* for a lady to bestow a kiss upon one of the rougher sex, except in leap-year, when, according to theory, if not to the uses of strict etiquette and propriety, we are told it is excusable. Our fair friends, however, with few exceptions, are not by any means without partiality for this method of salutation; and we have heard young gentlemen, loud in their complaints about the tantalizing practice of ladies kissing babies and one another in the presence of gentlemen, who long themselves to be so favored. It is Moore, we think, who sings thus :

" 'I never give a kiss,' says Prue,
'To naughty man, for I abhor it.'
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true—
She'll *take* one, though, and thank you for it !"

The only animal that knows *how* to kiss is man. Dogs lick their masters and bears their ragged cubs, cats their kittens, while donkeys and the Esquimaux rub noses, cows and horses fondle each others' necks and heads; love-birds, pigeons, and other birds, nestle together, and have methods of their own of showing affection peculiar to each, but none of these creatures kiss. Even low-class savages do not kiss like civilized men; so that we may take this habit and function to be actual evidence of intellect and civilization, which is a pleasant idea at any rate.

AN ENGLISH COAST-PICTURE.

NOT far to the south of the river Tweed, there lies on the coast of Northumberland the little village of Bamborough, overshadowed by its lordly castle, which, built on the summit of the cliffs that here skirt the shore, to the east looks down upon low-lying Holy Island with its legends and mysteries, and far away over the restless waters of the German Ocean, and westward commands a wide prospect of level country, bounded by the faint blue outlines of the Cheviots. Along the coast to the south of Bamborough the rocks cease, and their place is supplied by vast mounds of sand, glistening so in the summer sun that the eye is pained by the intensity of the brightness, and gladly turns for relief to the dark shadows of blue and green that melt and interchange upon the sea. The sandy cliffs and hollows rise and fall—now quite barren, now clothed with the rich, rank vegetation of the shore—until, after a walk of some six miles, we come to the little port of North Sunderland, its streets pervaded by "an ancient and a fish-like smell," which leaves no doubt with regard to the character and occupation of its inhabitants. Just half-way between Bamborough and North Sunderland, we have passed unnoticed a place known by the name of Monkhouse, directly opposite which, black and gloomy even in the most cheerful weather, lie the Farne Islands, the nearest of the group being about three miles out to sea.

We passed Monkhouse unnoticed, and, so far from complaining of this, it ought certainly to feel gratified at being introduced even as an afterthought, for it consists of but one house and the inhabitants thereof. As a house, however, it is by no means to be despised, being one of the roomiest I ever saw. In shape it is peculiar, for it is built in the form of three sides of a square, one of these sides being appropriated to the use of horses, cows, and pigs, the second consisting of dairies and kitchens, and the remaining portion of the house forming a very comfortable abode for the master and his not inconsiderable family. The name of the family is Patterson.

Here it was that my friend Jack Woodlow and I determined to spend a month of our vacation the last summer but one. We were both lovers of solitude, and both possessed with a confirmed detestation of fashionable watering-places; so, hearing by chance of Monkhouse from one who had passed by it when on a pedestrian trip, and concluding that here, at all events, we should be able to drink our fill of that peace and quietness we both desired, we took the liberty of writing to Mr. Patterson, and before long received a reply, informing us that he would have great pleasure in affording us accommodation for any period we might desire—such, at least, after a very little less labor than we should have employed in deciphering a Greek palimpsest, we concluded to be the tenor of his letter. The following week found us thoroughly domesticated in our new abode.

But, first of all, I must describe my friend Jack. To me he was always a most interesting subject of observation, and, if I fail to make him such likewise to the reader, the fault lies in my description, not in Jack himself. His personal appearance, as far as natural features went, was commonplace; his tall, well-developed frame, brown, freckled countenance, and abundant beard and mustache, having in themselves nothing either attractive or repulsive. His dress, however, was rather more likely to attract the observation of strangers, inasmuch as it had never obtained for one moment the observation of the person who wore it. I am afraid some would have called Jack a slovenly fellow, but none could deny that his slovenliness produced a picturesque result. Collars he eschewed, and his waistcoat was, as a rule, open all but the lowest button; while his other garments were, as a rule, most anomalous in color and pattern. A large blue necktie and a straw hat with an enormous brim completed his attire. Need it be said that Jack was an artist?

If his outward appearance was striking and peculiar, much more so was the man himself—his genuine character, into which none but his most intimate friends ever acquired a glimpse. His words were

few, but always to the point; he never expressed an opinion, even on the most trifling topic, till after mature deliberation. I have known him, in a London restaurant, keep a waiter standing by him for well-nigh a quarter of an hour, while he leisurely consulted the bill-of-fare and carefully pondered his choice of the edibles before him, and the result of his cerebration would be at length expressed with the utmost gravity and preciseness. Much of his taciturnity must, I think, have been acquired in the silent hours of his studio-work; for I had known him as a boy, and then he was characterized by no lack of impulsiveness. Part of it, too, together with a slight tendency to gloominess at times, was, I believe, owing to the hard-heartedness of a fair pupil to whom he had once given lessons in painting, lessons which eventually cost him, poor fellow, far more than what he received in compensation. But, putting aside such little peculiarities, Jack was blessed with a nature whose kindness and tenderness I have never seen surpassed; and, in matters connected with his profession, he was, without doubt, a genius. He had brought with him to Monkshouse vast quantities of sketch-books and canvases, and affirmed in his dry manner that he meant to carry away with him the whole of the north of Northumberland, and no inconsiderable part of the German Ocean!

Our first days were occupied in explorations along the shore and inland. We paid special attention to Bamborough, and made many painful tramps thither over the glistening, scorching sand, which gave way so much beneath us that it was difficult to make any progress. We always preferred this way, however, to the regular road, for we loved to be close to the roar and flash of the long lines of breakers, and to inhale the fresh, sweet breath of the newly-cast-up sea-weed. The village of Bamborough itself was delightful; the broad, tile-paved streets hardly ever disturbed by vehicles, and echoing to the footsteps of the rare passers-by. There, on these still summer evenings, the air cooled by the breeze just trembling from the sea, no sound save the distant boom of a wave as it broke upon the sand and rolled off along the shore into silence, it seemed like living in a dream of mediæval times; and it would hardly have surprised us to see the gates of the old castle open, and a stream of knights issue forth, armed and equipped for border warfare.

The castle, as I have said, is built on the summit of the cliffs. On the side facing the village, the walls rise to a great height, and are built close up to the edge of a wall of rock which rises sheer some fifty feet from the road, so that it is hard to distinguish where the natural rock ends and the artificial building begins. A narrow path leads up to the entrance on the west side, and, after passing through the walls, which we see to be at least ten feet thick in this place, we find ourselves in the castle-court. This, on the east side, overlooks the sea, and bending over the parapet we hear it roaring and tumbling in the caverns and fissures far below. The castle is still kept fortified, and the court is surround-

ed with piles of cannon-balls. Here, too, is one old cannon which an inscription asserts to have been taken from the Spanish Armada.

Leaving the castle by the north gate, we descend once more to the village, and stroll into the little churchyard. Here not only do the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" sleep, but one tomb at least is of interest to all visitors. This is the tomb of Grace Darling, the heroine of the lighthouse on the Farne Islands, of which I shall speak presently. Beneath a stone canopy lies a full-length figure of the maiden, and beside her rests the oar which, though a woman, she knew so well how to use when, in the fiercest storm, she toiled to reach the perishing sailors. Sad are the thoughts awakened by the gravestones around; so many cover those who have lost their lives at sea, and been with difficulty recovered by their friends, to whom it

" . . . Sweeter seems
To rest beneath the clover-sod
That takes the sunshine and the rains,"

than that the hands of those they loved so dearly

"Should toss with tangle and with shells."

Here is one monument to all who perished in the wreck of a great ship called the *Forfarshire*, a portion of the main-mast of which, by-the-by, our friend Patterson had secured and placed as a pillar to support the ceiling of one of his rooms, where it still stands. Bamborough does not always dream in the rich glow of the summer sun, lulled by the subdued melody of the lazy breakers. The winter comes, and with it blackening skies and bounding billows. The sea roars dreadfully in the clefts and caverns below the castle, and the wives and mothers of Bamborough close fast their doors and windows against the driving sleet, and long for the morning.

We had been at Monkshouse nearly a fortnight when, one morning, as we sat at breakfast (Jack was engaged in disposing of a great number of poached sea-gulls'-eggs—capital eating, though somewhat fishy), a thought struck me as I turned to look out of the window on to the sea.

"We haven't been out to the Farne Islands yet, Jack; when are we going?"

Jack ate at least three gulls'-eggs before he replied.

"Wait a day or two," he said, at length.

"Why wait?"

"My father and sister will be here then."

"Your father and sister? Why—why, you never said they were coming."

"Ah, I think I forgot to tell you," he replied.

"I asked them to come, and the letter I had the other morning said they'd be here next Wednesday."

And Jack continued to dispose of gulls'-eggs.

I was utterly astonished at the intelligence. Jack I had long known, but had never seen any of his relatives. Indeed, this was the first time that I heard he had a sister. Jack's sister! Goodness gracious! I thought, what sort of a girl could she be! There was something so novel in the idea of a female counterpart to Jack that I with difficulty re-

frained from bursting out laughing. I knew that it would be little use questioning Jack about her; and, indeed, it would hardly have been proper; so I sat in silence, and admired my friend's capacity for embryo sea-gulls. At length Jack looked up at me.

"You don't eat," he remarked.

"I thank you; I've finished some time since."

"But these eggs are so capital! Try another. My dear fellow, all my life it has been a point of complaint with me that the egg, which is far away the best eatable we have, should be so absurdly small as to require you to eat at least a dozen before you can begin to appreciate the flavor. Now here we have something like an egg! Who would in future eat the egg of a wretched barn-door fowl when he could enjoy the deposit of this noble bird, twice as large and three times as—highly flavored? Pshaw!"

I looked at Jack in amazement. I had never heard him wax so eloquent, and I hailed it as another sign of the healthy influence of this bracing northern air. I made no reply, fearing to offend my friend's sensibilities, and Jack continued his breakfast in silence. These eggs might be double the size of those of hens, but I could not see that this produced any sensible diminution in the number consumed.

The next day but one was that on which Jack's relatives were to arrive. I passed the interval in a state that almost amounted to nervous excitement, so much was my curiosity aroused with regard to Miss Woodlow. I imagined all sorts of dreadful images, the least frightful being a tall, plain woman, with compressed lips, and wearing spectacles. At last the day came. The nearest railway-station was eight miles distant, and our visitors were to be driven over by our friend Patterson. The hour for their arrival approached. Jack had gone out alone that morning, and had not yet returned. I was nervously apprehensive that he might not be back in time, and that I might have to receive the new-comers alone; and, indeed, so it proved. I was sitting in our little room looking out over the sea, when I heard a vehicle drive up. Then I could hear Patterson's loud voice giving some orders about the horse, and then a light foot on the stairs, and the sweetest, clearest, merriest laugh I ever heard in my life. I rose in an agony of expectation, the steps drew nearer, the door opened, and a voice exclaimed: "Jack! You here?"

Was it possible that I saw before me Miss Woodlow, Jack's sister? If my mind had been occupied for the last two days in an attempt to picture the most charming girl the earth ever produced I should, in all probability, have succeeded just as ill in my preconceived idea of Jack's sister as I had done in imagining everything that was dreadful; and yet there could be no doubt of it—the young lady who now entered the room seemed to me the sweetest creature imaginable. Instead of being tall, she was rather short, but of exquisite proportions; her cheeks bloomed with the most delicate hue of life and health; her lips were slightly parted in a smile, and looked like a rose-bud just bursting into the full flower; and her eyes—oh, no; Heaven forbid that

spectacles should have covered those glancing, bright-blue wells of laughter!

For a moment I stood incapable of utterance. At length I saw that it was absolutely necessary to speak.

"M—Miss Woodlow, I presume? Unfortunately, your brother went out this morning, and has not returned yet. I suppose I must introduce myself—"

"Oh, dear, there's not the least necessity for introduction! Mr. Graham is far too well known to me from Jack's descriptions to allow me to doubt. And, besides, I fancy the number of gentlemen in this neighborhood is not so great as to occasion much confusion to a visitor."

The tone in which this was said was so ravishing that I thought to myself our paradise had now gained the one appropriate object it had before lacked—namely, an angel. For five minutes we talked—that is to say, Miss Woodlow talked and I listened; for, indeed, I was incapable of rational conversation, and at the end of that time the door once more opened and in walked Mr. Woodlow, senior. This time I was not to be so much surprised; the tall, grave-looking man before me made a very characteristic father to Jack.

"Papa dear, I must introduce you to Mr. Graham. That stupid Jack is out, of course, and no one knows when he may return. A nice man he is to have affectionate relatives!"

Mr. Woodlow and I shook hands, and exchanged appropriate greetings. There was a heartiness in his grip that predisposed me to like him before he had opened his lips, and when he spoke his tone was very similar to Jack's; it had the ring of pleasantness and good-nature about it.

"Jack out, is he? Sketching, I suppose. Could we go together and find him, think you?"

I replied that I thought we could, and we set out at once, Fanny (as I heard her father call her) leaning on the old gentleman's arm, and behaving with almost childish delight. I led them first of all to a point whence we could get a good view at once of sea and land. Mr. Woodlow was visibly delighted, but for some time remained silent.

"By Jove!" he at last exclaimed, "this is grand! This is glorious! Just what I like!"

And, indeed, the scene was grand and glorious. The sun was setting, but still remained considerably above the horizon, and far away the Cheviots were intensely blue against the ever-deepening purple of the sky. Above our heads and away over the sea were scattered masses of golden clouds, and all else was still blue, save where it melted into the brighter tints gathering around the west. The tide was slowly receding, and the music of the waves was scarcely heard as they broke in colored foam upon the long stretches of moist sand which reflected the hues of sunset.

Passing on, we soon came upon our friend Jack, seated at an easel which he had himself made, blissfully unconscious of the progress of time. I was curious to see the meeting between father and son, and it quite fulfilled my expectations. Jack was smoking,

and Mr. Woodlow had himself taken the opportunity of our halt to fill and light his pipe. Jack heard us approaching, and turned round, but with no more eagerness than if we had all been living together for some weeks. Putting down his palette and brushes, he advanced to his father and shook hands. Neither spoke a word; neither removed his pipe from his mouth. Fanny was by no means so stoical. She had not seen her brother for more than a year, and, running up to him, she threw her arms round his neck. Jack, with an air of protest, drew his pipe from between his lips and consented to be saluted. How I envied the unappreciative rascal!

"And so, sir," exclaimed Fanny, "this is how you receive invited guests? I declare it's shameful! If Mr. Graham hadn't been polite enough to stay at home to burden himself with our reception, I don't know what we should have done."

I muttered something unintelligible; Jack smiled grimly; and we relapsed into silence, which, however, was soon broken by Fanny, who had been examining Jack's paintings. She asked all manner of questions, and treated Jack most unmercifully for his deliberate manner of answering. So much time was spent in this conversation that it was now growing quite dark, a fact of which no one seemed conscious till Mr. Woodlow, who had just finished his second pipe, rose from his seat on the sand, and apprised us of it. Jack hastily packed up his traps, and we returned to the farm-house, where we found a repast awaiting us, in the course of which Miss Fanny grievously offended her brother by refusing to partake of his favorite dish of gulls'-eggs. We retired early (no one in Monkshouse was ever up after nine o'clock); and, whether it was chiefly owing to my recent excitement, or to a very hearty supper, I know not, but I passed a most uneasy night. One thing there could be no doubt about: Miss Woodlow was the subject of my dreams; but, by sometimes appearing to me in her own charming person, sometimes in the dreadful image I had myself conjured up, she so confused me that I kept constantly waking up in the most grievous trouble and perplexity.

From that day forth Monkshouse was a different place. Whereas previously all had been quietness and dreaminess from morning to night, there was now nothing but noisy merriment and laughter. The presence of Fanny seemed to infuse unwonted life into the good people of the house: the servants went about singing, incipient courtships between the young men and girls ripened into marriage-engagements, old Patterson himself declared that "he hadna kenn'd there was sic a canny young leddy in the world." Little by little Mr. Woodlow threw off the shadow of business cares, and developed an almost boisterous rejuvenescence; Jack, too, had far more to say for himself than on former occasions. As for myself, I was the only one who seemed to be the worse for the change. I grew subject to fits of melancholy, solitary rambles, and the like; of the mysterious cause of all which I can, of course, only form uncertain conjectures: so, without presuming to

dictate to the reader, I shall leave him to form his own.

So many points of interest had to be examined inland and along the coast, that it was a good fortnight, and the utmost limit of our vacation was already drawing nigh, when we began to make plans for carrying out our great purpose—a visit to the Farne Islands. The first thing to be done was to secure a suitable fishing-smack, and, as Mr. Patterson informed us, the proper person to apply to was his son, who lived at North Sunderland, and owned a large number of boats, in which he occasionally carried parties over to the islands. To Mr. Robert Patterson we accordingly went, and it was arranged that on the following morning he should be on the shore at Monkshouse with a boat.

The morning rose in a thick mist, which, however, rapidly cleared away, and left heaven and earth free to rejoice in the light and heat of the summer sun. After a hearty breakfast, during which Fanny, for at least the fiftieth time, persistently refused poor Jack's solicitations in behalf of gulls'-eggs, we issued forth, and embarked on the fishing-smack. Several large stones were put in by way of ballast, the single brown sail was hoisted, and we were soon fast approaching the nearest island. As there was nothing to be seen thereon but a lighthouse, we passed it by, and proceeded to the next. While sailing between these two islands, we were surprised to observe a seal's head emerge close behind the boat. The animal shook the water from its eyes, and regarded us for a time with a look partly of curiosity, partly of benevolence; then ducked, then emerged once more, till at length we drove upon the little, sandy beach of the second island, and the seal, after a farewell flap, disappeared, and was seen no more.

On our way we had been made acquainted, by Mr. Patterson, with a curious fact in natural history, viz., that each one of the islands was appropriated and held exclusively by a distinct species of bird. This we found to be a fact. The island we had just landed upon was sacred to the cormorant. No sooner had we landed than we observed the cormorants, black as night, sitting upright in their nests, in long, parallel rows. At the sight of their visitors they rose *en masse* into the air, positively darkening it with their numbers, and filling it with their piercing cries. We drew near to the nests, and found that they consisted of piles of sea-weed some three feet high in a hollow, on the top of which the birds had deposited their three long, white eggs.

"Now, Jack, my dear boy," cried Mr. Woodlow, "here's a chance. Fill your pockets with cormorants'-eggs. The flavor will be superb."

"Oh, yes, Jack, do by all means," said Fanny. "But I beg that you will make use of a different room from ours when you wish to eat them."

"Bah!" went on Mr. Woodlow, "the stench is really unbearable. Deliver us!—Come, Graham!—Here, Fanny, let us get back to the boat, and inhale a whiff of fresh sea-air. Bah!"

To tell the truth, the atmosphere of the island was strongly odoriferous. The solid rock was cov-

ered to a depth of some feet with remnants of the fish caught and partially devoured by these birds, who are blest above all creatures with an unfailing appetite. I was not sorry myself to leave the island, but Jack was highly aggrieved at the aspersions made upon his taste.

"My dear sir," he said, somewhat indignantly, "what's the good of eating food with no distinctive flavor? One might as well be devoid of taste. If we eat merely to support our existence, we lose one of those points which distinguish us from the beasts that perish. I maintain that the higher the flavor the finer the food, so long as it is not absolutely rank."

He would doubtless have added much more, for he had, in a great degree, got the better of his taciturnity, when all at once a sudden shift in the sail obliged him to duck down into the bottom of the boat, and, at the same time, occasioned the loss of his hat, that went floating down the current, which here was strong, to be sport for winds, waves, and cormorants. Jack was too much of a philosopher to repine at the loss of temporal blessings, so he coolly drew a large silk handkerchief from his pocket, and tied it over his head, manfully indifferent to the open laughter of his father and Fanny, and the broad grins of the boatmen.

The next island at which we touched was one consecrated to the use of various kinds of gulls—the great black-backed gull, the lesser black-backed gull, and many other doubtless worthy families. Here Jack could no longer resist the opportunity; he filled his pockets with eggs, and rejoiced in the prospect of future feasts. But his joy was short-lived. We had all seen as much as we cared to see, and were returning to the boat, when Jack slipped on a piece of sea-weed, and abruptly sat down on the rock. At the same time was heard an ominous cracking, as of egg-shells. He rapidly put his hand into his pocket, and when he withdrew it the doleful look upon his countenance was quite sufficient to justify the peals of laughter which immediately rang over the island, and elicited a reproachful cry from the hovering gulls.

"Why, Jack," exclaimed Mr. Woodlow, when he could sufficiently master his mirth to speak, "you have saved endless trouble. No one now will be at the trouble of breaking the egg-shells when he wants to fry the eggs."

"I assure you, sir," replied Jack, seriously, "it's—not a joke. I—I—" But here he was interrupted by repeated laughter. It would not be easy to imagine a more comical appearance than Jack now presented, as he stood with his head tied up in the silk handkerchief, and his fingers and pockets dripping with the yolks of eggs. It was quite a quarter of an hour before a liberal supply of sea-water had put Jack sufficiently at ease to allow us to proceed.

We now made straight for the most important of the islands, that known as Longstone. On Longstone is the lighthouse which was Grace Darling's home. We landed, and were courteously received by the keeper of the house, a brother of Grace. He

showed us all over the building, which was in excellent condition. So particular was he with regard to cleanliness, that he obliged us to take off our boots before he would conduct us up-stairs. He informed us that, when the government inspectors paid their visit the last time, one of them had drawn a white handkerchief from his pocket, and passed it along the top of the doors, to be sure that no dust had been allowed to gather there.

Here we saw the little room that had been Grace's chamber. Everything is religiously preserved as it was when she lived there. Brave maiden who knew well how to act, but knew not how to receive the praise that her act drew forth!

After a slight repast on Longstone, we reëmbarked, and examined several islands. Here was one occupied by the terns or sea-swallows, the little eggs lying so thickly over the rocks that we had to pick our steps to avoid treading on them. Here was another which was the abode of the eider-duck; a bird that lays five large, olive-green eggs in a nest of down plucked from its own breast. Then there was the island of the puffins, a bird with a beak something like a large parrot's, that makes its nest in the depths of an excavation which it digs in the sand, and there lays its dirty-brown eggs. At last we came to the island where dwelt the man who had special care of all the birds, for they are preserved by act of Parliament. This island was appropriated by the guillemots. It was large and abounding in crevices. All round the farther side the rocks rose sheer from the waves, and on the very face of such precipices, making use of a little ledge perhaps not more than six inches wide, the guillemot lays its one egg—a large, beautiful, vari-colored egg, and shaped like a bell-pear, so that, if perchance it receives a shock, it will roll on its smaller end and not fall from the ledge; for the bird makes no nest.

Here we spent some time, and conversed with the keeper. I, in obedience to the segregative tendencies working ever stronger in my mind, after a short time drew off from my friends. The course of my stroll was, as far as I can recollect, directed by the fact of my having perceived Miss Fanny move away toward a certain point. She had, however, gone some distance, and I lost sight of her. I kept on, musing about I know not what, and I was not far from the edge of the rocks when I heard just before me a sudden scream that seemed to come from some person below the top of the precipice. At first I could hardly move a limb, so intense was the horror I experienced at hearing such a cry in such a place. But the scream was repeated. I sprang forward, and immediately reached the edge. Looking down, I could see no person, but with a feeling of sickening dread caught a glimpse of an object which I knew was Fanny's parasol floating out to sea. Just then the cry rose again—this time a distinct "Help!" In a moment I was rearoused: it was Fanny's voice, and she was at all events not fallen into the sea, but somewhere on the rocks. Leading down from where I stood was a narrow, sloping ledge, which, after descending for a few

feet, seemed to suddenly turn a corner. Without a thought of the danger I incurred, I almost ran down this ledge. When I arrived at the turning, I grasped the rock, and, bending over the precipice, looked round the point. There beyond, standing on a ledge hardly wide enough to afford a foothold, and holding on to the juts of rock as if in an agony of fear, I saw Fanny. The same moment she perceived me, but did not seem able to speak.

"Take my hand, and tread firmly!" I cried.

She obeyed, and the next moment was in safety.

When we were once more on firm, broad rocks, Fanny, quite overcome with her fear, sank to the ground, and I was hardly more capable of standing. After a few minutes' silence, she told me how she had got into the dreadful position. Naturally of courageous temperament, she had thought nothing of walking down the little slope that led from the edge of the rocks, and had just arrived at the turning, when a guillemot flew out from the other side. Feeling sure that the bird had been sitting on an egg there, and being greatly desirous of securing it, she had boldly stepped round the corner. She found the egg and took it up, but when she wished to turn round, she found that all at once her courage had deserted her. She dropped the egg and then her parasol, and cried for help. She seemed to have almost entirely lost her presence of mind, and, she assured me, had I not been at hand, she would in a few moments have fallen.

My feelings may be imagined, though not expressed. We were now sitting side by side on the rocks, and, looking at me with a grateful gleam in her bright eyes, Fanny said:

"I have indeed occasion for gratitude to you. You have saved my life."

The blood rushed to my face, and for a moment I could not answer. At length I recovered myself, and, taking her hand, said:

"Fanny, when one picks up a thing that would be otherwise lost or destroyed, doesn't that thing become one's own property?"

Fanny's face at first grew pale, then a blush rose to her cheeks. Her voice trembled as she replied:

"I—I think it generally does."

"May I take advantage of that rule, Fanny? Will you let me call *you* my own?"

For a moment she was silent, then she suddenly burst into tears.

"Fanny," I cried. "Have I offended you? Speak to me!"

"How foolish of me!" she said, drying her tears. "It was only my fright, and then—then the sudden happiness!"

"Then I *may* call you my own?"

"I am not worth much, but, such as I am, I am yours."

And so I won my wife—won her from the disappointed yearning of the hungry sea in the land of gulls and guillemots.

We agreed not to say a word about the adventure, and straightway joined Mr. Woodlow and Jack. We had seen much and talked much, and the long day was already drawing to its close. We could only catch a passing glimpse of the farthest of the Farne Islands, which, we were told, was abandoned by birds to the dominion of seals. We could well believe it; for the far-off, low-lying rock looked chill and dreary in the gathering dusk. As we were sailing back toward the mainland, the sail of our boat was blood-red, and we saw the tall Longstone lighthouse standing like a pillar of fire in the glow of the setting sun. The rocks, too, here and there were fiery red. Over our heads wheeled a few gulls, uttering long, plaintive cries, and we saw one cormorant stretching its long, black neck in hasty flight as it carried home a great fish in its beak. Save the birds, all was still. The sea was very calm, and the water lapped lazily against the side of the smack and gurgled before the prow. I sat with Fanny in the stern, and, as I quietly took her hand and pressed it gently, I could see great tears fall from her eyes.

We only remained a week longer at Monkshouse; then we left, to take up once more the burden of every-day work. Jack set off to London in good spirits, for he carried with him innumerable sketches and studies to be afterward worked up into pictures. None of us, however, could depart without regret: it seemed as if we were leaving behind us all the beautiful calm and quiet of existence; and it was with almost a shrinking that we looked forward to the noise and bustle of the great world. We shall none of us ever forget Monkshouse—Fanny least of all, for she has, perhaps, most occasion to remember her visit. But indeed it is true that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever!" And here in the New World I often sit and think of Bamborough, with its quiet streets, its lordly castle, and its little churchyard where sleeps the brave maiden; of the great farm-house of Monkshouse; of the long stretches of glistening, scorching sand; of the fishy little port of North Sunderland; and of the dark, gloomy Farne Islands, the land of gulls and guillemots.

LE ROI LE VEUT.

HOLD up that flower that is thy face,
Fresh, fair, and fragrant, unto mine,
And bless me with its tender grace,
Dearer than that immortal wine
Which Hebe, cup-bearer to Jove,
Held up with two rose-touched hands—
Sweet heralds of the sweeter love
That winged her feet at his commands!
But let these hands, so full of charms,

Hold up to me no other boon
But just themselves; and let these arms
Wreath round me soft and swift and soon!
Hold up that flower that is thy face,
Its sweetness consecrate to me.
What was Jove's throne and its high place
To this rare right I hold in thee,
Since I may call thy face my flower,
And know my mouth its honey-bee?

AN ENGLISHMAN IN TURKEY.

IT may fairly be considered a fortunate coincidence that, just at a time when the attention of Christendom, and, we may also add, of the world of Islam, is fastened upon the long-impending struggle between Muscovite and Ottoman, two such instructive and complementary books as Wallace's "Russia" and Baker's "Turkey"¹ should make their almost simultaneous appearance. The two works, indeed, while thus legitimately coupled together, are wholly dissimilar in design and character, and by no means equal in value. Colonel Baker is a close and intelligent observer, is entirely trustworthy in his record of what he himself saw, and is doubtless perfectly honest in the opinions he has formed; but he started out with a very strong bias, which has unconsciously influenced him in the selection and presentation of facts, and he possesses scarcely a trace of that patient cumulation and impartial balancing of evidence which constitute Mr. Wallace's distinguishing merits. His book may be briefly described as the ablest, most elaborate, and most consistent exposition that has yet been offered of the views of the English apologists of Turkey—the class that minimizes where it cannot deny the faults of Turkish character and methods of government, exalts their admitted and supposed virtues, insists that "time" is the only essential element of reform (four hundred years not being enough, apparently), and attributes the periodical "troubles" with the Christian populations to the base intrigues of Russia and the nefarious labors of hired agitators.

If the book were nothing more than this, it would hardly prove attractive enough to invite extended notice at our hands; but, along with his history, and statistics, and speculations, and opinions, Colonel Baker has given a graphic account of a most interesting journey through European Turkey, the narrative of which abounds in suggestive personal experiences and observations. It is to this portion of his work that we shall confine ourselves chiefly in the present paper.

Colonel Baker, who is a brother of Sir Samuel Baker, the African explorer, left England in mid-summer, 1874, and directed his steps toward Turkey, impelled partly, as he says, by mere nomadic impulses, and partly by a desire to ascertain, from personal inspection, whether the country afforded opportunities for the advantageous investment of capital. The preliminary stage of his journey terminated at Constantinople, and, if we may trust his hasty impressions, the famed capital of the sultans is rapidly losing its most characteristic beauties. Large blocks of picturesque Oriental buildings which, at the epoch of the Crimean War, occupied the most conspicuous sites, have disappeared, and in their places stand great, ugly modern edifices, devoid of all pretension to architectural beauty, and destruc-

tive of the general harmony of Oriental scenery. So out of place did these buildings seem when placed in such close conjunction with the older and Eastern style, that, to the fancy of the traveler with reminiscences of twenty years ago in his mind, the very cypress-trees appeared ashamed of them, and, as if to complete the desecration of the beauties of the Bosphorus, innumerable small steamers were puffing their black smoke in every direction, destroying all possibility of romance by suggesting recollections of the Thames. Another change which the traveler remarks is the relaxation of the tyranny of custom that has taken place among the upper-class Turks of the capital during recent years. Almost every nation and creed is represented among the passengers of the small steamers plying between Constantinople and its Asiatic suburbs, and, although the fore part of the deck is still reserved for Turkish and Christian women, yet the former, with their thin *yashmaks*, or veils, jostle or mix with the *Ghiaours* on entering and leaving the vessel—a possibility that would not have been even dreamed of thirty years ago. In the streets of Constantinople, too, the ladies of the harem may now be seen driving about in their handsome broughams to do their shopping, and with their faces enveloped in so thin a *yashmak* that, "like a slight cloud over the sun, it but tempers the brightness that lies behind." In their private life, also, a marvelous change of custom has occurred. The ladies are for the most part decked out in the latest Paris fashions instead of the Turkish dress, and they delight to receive the visits of English and other foreign ladies—an innovation which a few years ago was of very rare occurrence. Nor is this relaxation of prejudice confined to the capital, where, of course, Western influence is strongest. The larger cities of the interior, and even the agricultural classes, are becoming less rigid in their national habits; and Colonel Baker thinks that the seclusion of women, with all its vast social and political consequences, would soon become a thing of the past if Turkey could secure a decade or two of peaceful progress.

Remaining at Constantinople only long enough to wring and bribe from the dilatory officials the necessary passports and papers, Colonel Baker took steamer for Burgas, on the Black Sea coast, with the general idea in his mind of traversing Turkey from east to west by land. In procuring his passport he had, at the very outset of his journey, an experience of the Turkish manner of doing business, which is characteristic enough to be worth mentioning. After being wrongly directed from one department to another for half a day, he at length found the proper office, where a very pompous Turkish official stood writing at a desk and questioning the intending traveler, while *five* other officers sat round looking on. These latter were mostly young, and their principal duties appeared to consist in paring their nails and uttering deep and reflective sighs. Colonel Baker

¹ Turkey in Europe. By Lieutenant-Colonel James Baker. London, and Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1877.

was afterward informed that these gentlemen receive salaries at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars a month each, that he had witnessed their usual occupation, and that there were no fewer than three thousand others in various offices usefully employed in a similar manner!

Arrived at Burgas, "about which there is nothing remarkable except the dirt, the fleas, and the bugs," Colonel Baker addressed himself to preparations for his journey to the interior, and very speedily found himself confronted by the numerous practical difficulties of travel in Turkey. First and worst of these difficulties is the condition of the roads, which is such that any considerable distance can only be accomplished on horseback. The entire traffic and transportation of the country, except where the few railways have penetrated, is carried on by pack-horses; and even in the most populous portions of the empire, between the largest cities, there is seldom a road that can be traveled by wheeled vehicles. Vast sums have been expended during the past ten years in constructing great public highways, and, when just finished, these are magnificent specimens of road-making; but, unfortunately, nothing is ever expended in keeping them in order, and in a few years they become impassable, save for the hardy and sure-footed little horses of the country. During his journey in 1874, Colonel Baker traversed a portion of the great highway from Philippopoli to Yanboli, which was then new, and would compare favorably, as he says, with the largest and best roads in England; only three years later he found it so completely wrecked as to be wellnigh useless for traffic and wholly so for carriages. Throughout the greater portion of the interior, especially in the mountainous districts, not even these abortive attempts at improvement have been made, and the roads are for the most part mere by-ways, or paths beaten out by the feet of passing horses.

Another serious difficulty encountered by the traveler is the absence of hotels, the *khans* being seldom anything more than huts of the rudest and dirtiest kind. One of the virtues of Turkish character—its hospitality—is largely responsible for this; for the well-to-do natives, when traveling, have always the house of some friend to go to, and he passes them on to some other friend at the next station, and so on. The consequence is, that the *khans* are only provided for the poorer classes, whose wants are so moderate that a piece of bread and a bit of cheese are all that they require; and the hungry well-to-do stranger must not only content himself with these, but must then offer himself up as a tender morsel for the feast and revels of the various insectivora which, crawling, hopping, and flying, infest the place. In fact, so little inviting are these *khans*, that Colonel Baker advises the traveler to provide himself with a portable tent, and depend on it for shelter; after the first day food is likely to be abundant, for, as soon as the arrival of a stranger becomes known, the leading people of the towns vie with each other in offering him entertainment. Spontaneous, generous, and unquestioning hospitality is practised by the people

of all classes in all parts of Turkey, and, if it be a relic of barbarism (as the sociologists say), it is certainly a very amiable one. A characteristic illustration of the extent to which this habitual hospitality is carried is related by Colonel Baker, who, on one occasion, while resting in a village *khan*, heard in the street a peculiar wailing, trumpet-like signal, and, on asking what it meant, was told that it was some one calling for the official whose duty it is to provide for the wants of poor and wayworn travelers.

As our traveler was unacquainted with either the Turkish or Greek language, it became necessary for him to obtain an interpreter to accompany him in his travels, and he was fortunate in securing the services of Pano, a Bulgarian, who had been educated at Roberts College, who had spent some time in the United States, and who spoke with facility what Colonel Baker calls the "American dialect," a form of speech which it seems is not beyond the faculties of an unlettered Englishman. Pano was a skillful linguist and a good servant, but the difficulty of obtaining accurate information in a new country through an interpreter is very great, as the following amusing example will show: The party is passing a field, and Colonel Baker observes a crop which he had never seen before, and a man working in the field. He calls up the interpreter. "Pano, what is that growing there?" "I don't know, sir." "Ask that man, and find out all about it." Pano talks to the man about ten minutes. "Well, what does he say?" "He says, sir, that he plants little seeds; and it grows like that." "Does he give it to his horses or cattle?" "Another long talk, and the answer comes at last: "No, he does not give it to his cattle." "What does he do with it, then?" More talk. "He says it is a little white seed, sort of brown color." "Well, what does he do with it?" A very long conversation, carried on in *crescendo* tones, and which becomes very excited. Finally: "He says, sir, that there is a little oil in that seed." "Well, what does he do with the oil?" Talk. "He sells the oil." "Do people burn the oil?" Talk. "No, he says people do not burn the oil." "What do they do with it?" Talk. "He says they eat the oil." "What is the name of it?" Talk. "He says it is called different names." "What is it generally called?" Talk. "He says it is sometimes called *sesame*." A conversation so loud and violent that a quarrel seems inevitable then ensues, and at last Pano says, "This man says that cattle are very fond of that." This leads to a new line of inquiry, and at last, out of all the answers, this information is gathered: that the plant is called *sesame*; that it is grown for its seed, which is made into oil; that the oil is eaten with various kinds of food, while the refuse is given in the form of "cake" to cattle; and that it is a summer crop, and profitable. It is no use asking a direct question; you must approach the subject from various points, leading up gradually to your object. Even the familiar language of gesture and dumb-show is more misleading in Turkey than elsewhere, for an emphatic shake of the head from

side to side means *yes*, while a nod of the head upward means *no*, and thus at the very time when the stranger imagines that all his demands are being resolutely denied, the Khangee is making special efforts to be complaisant.

As it is not our purpose to follow our author consecutively through the various stages of his journey, but rather to touch here and there upon the most characteristic episodes and incidents, we may as well indicate here what his route was. Starting from Burgas, which lies, as we have said, on the Black Sea, a short distance below the eastern end of the Balkan range, he passed along the south side of the Balkans, crossed them at their western extremity to the Danubian Plain, and then made his way southward to Salonica, on the *Ægean Sea*—a horseback-ride of more than a thousand miles, and bringing him in contact with nearly all the peoples of European Turkey. The first stage lay through territory populated chiefly by Bulgarians, and he gives a more pleasing picture of this interesting people than that usually drawn by other travelers. He denies that the Bulgarian peasant is lazy and idle, and suggests that, though the amount of work done by him in a year is small, that is largely the fault of his religion, which forbids him to work on the feast and fast days, which, including Sundays, number one hundred and eighty out of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. When he does work, he rises at 4 A. M. in the winter, feeds his working-cattle, and is away before daybreak to his bit of land, which is perhaps two miles or more distant from his homestead, and he ploughs it till he can no longer see to do so. In the summer, it is true, he may be often found asleep during the day; but, on the other hand, he is frequently at his work at two o'clock in the morning, and continues his labor, off and on, till ten at night. The women are exceedingly industrious: they bake, spin wool and cotton, and weave all the cloths and woolen stuffs for family use.

The interiors of the houses of the working-classes are generally plastered with a mixture of cow-dung and clay, and consist of two rooms and an inclosed veranda. The furniture consists of pots and pans, and some rugs for bedding, a pretty carpet for grand occasions, and some gayly-painted boxes for holding the family clothes and treasures; and these, with an open fireplace and chimney, form all the household appointments of a Bulgarian farmer. The rooms are generally kept clean, but the exterior of the houses resembles the typical Irish cabins. It consists of a small inclosure with a stable and straw-house, but no garden. Although the soil is admirably suited for it, they do not attempt to grow vegetables for family use. This neglect is caused by the narrow limits of their wants. Good wheaten bread, a little salt fish, and some oil, with the addition of sheep's milk, cheese, and sometimes a kid or a lamb roasted whole on high occasions and holidays, form the diet of the ordinary peasant. The better classes live much in the same way, with the addition of soup, stuffed cucumbers called *bombar*, and a very good flat pastry made with flour, cheese, honey, and cream, called

melena. The people are deficient in personal cleanliness, although fond of dress; and an old person of eighty could probably count the ablutions of his body during his whole lifetime on the fingers of one hand. The dress of the women—and, indeed, of the men also—is very picturesque. The former wear costumes of varied and brilliant colors, but the colors are so well chosen that the effect is harmonious and pleasing to the eye. Their belts, bracelets, and head-ornaments, made from alloyed silver, are very elaborate and much prized. They are handed down from mother to daughter as family heirlooms.

The Bulgarian women marry young, but, owing to their habit of suckling their children up to three and four years of age, they soon lose their youthful appearance, and at two-and-twenty look old and haggard. They are very domestic; there is much family affection, and but little quarreling, probably because the women have their time so fully occupied. Ceremony is conspicuous among them, especially at weddings and burials. The former is an occasion for a general feast in the village, and the peasant-bridegroom will spend as much as a hundred dollars in wine and sheep for the carousals, which last for three or four days. The friends of the bridegroom dance their way to the house of the bride, to the sound of the drum, bagpipe, and clarinet, and *vice versa*. Then the presents are exhibited, which consist chiefly of embroidered handkerchiefs; the bridegroom pins these on his coat, and thus decorated joins in the dance. The night before the marriage the bride takes a bath, the first she has ever had in her life; and the great ceremony of crowning the bride takes place either in the church or in the bridegroom's house, in the presence of their friends. The priest performs the service. The bride arrives on horseback, covered with a long veil and with a profusion of gold-tinsel on her head. During the service a crown made of alloyed silver is placed upon her head, grain and raisins are scattered over the happy pair and among the friends, a variety of forms are gone through, and the marriage-ceremony is completed. The bride kisses the hands of her friends with a very slow and dignified inclination, the dancing is renewed, and the tired couple are left in solitude.

In traversing Bulgaria Colonel Baker passed directly over the ground where a year later occurred the famous (or rather infamous) Bulgarian massacres—in fact, visited three of the villages that were most cruelly dealt with. Without denying or palliating these atrocities, he endeavors to discredit the condition of affairs which they are supposed to indicate by proving that, instead of finding in 1874 a sullen, discontented people, ground down by oppression and fretting under the yoke, he found to all appearance a peaceful, happy, and prosperous population, with thoughts devoted, not to external politics, but to promoting education and reaping the fruits of their newly-acquired ecclesiastical independence. The testimony of Colonel Baker on this point, though emphatic, is to be taken *cum grano salis*, for even

oppressed people do not usually reveal their grievances to a passing traveler whose nationality is in their eyes a sufficient proof that he is in sympathy with their oppressors; but suppose we accept it, and concede its adequacy—what then? For the destruction of a dozen villages, and the indiscriminate slaughter of hundreds of men, women, and children, there was at least a faint semblance of excuse if, as has been claimed, this was the only way to stamp out a rebellion which struck the empire in its vitals. But what if these atrocities were perpetrated, not upon rebels, but upon peaceful, contented, loyal, and unsuspecting villagers! Surely in this instance Colonel Baker has allowed his zeal to get the better of his discretion, and in trying to rescue the Turk from one horn of a dilemma has gored him horribly with the other.

At an early period of his inland travels, while on a visit to a friend, he found himself in the vicinity of a Circassian village, and determined to form the acquaintance of this lawless people, whose recent settlement in European Turkey forms one of the staple grievances of the Christians. He describes with considerable minuteness the circumstances of their expulsion from Russia in 1864; claims credit for the humanity of the Turkish Government in affording them an asylum; and, in face of the denial of that government that the immigration has been large, affirms that there are about two hundred thousand of them scattered about Roumelia, Bulgaria, and along the Black Sea coast. Their expulsion from Russia was owing to their wild, independent, and untamable character; and Colonel Baker's account shows that they have lost none of these qualities in migrating to Turkey, where they are the terror of their neighbors whether Turks or Christians. Physically, they are splendid specimens of the animal man, and they "strut about with upright gait and haughty mien, as much as to say, 'The world belongs to us, but we permit you to live in it.'" They group themselves into villages here and there, and dwell in houses built of wattle and mud, with either tile or reed roofs, and hidden from view as much as possible by the choice of the site and by trees and shrubs. They cultivate the land, but in a lazy or careless manner; they steal everything that comes in their way; and their principal occupation is said to be cattle and horse lifting. Their depredations go on unchecked through fear of reprisals, and because their interest at high quarters, through the introduction of their beautiful girls to the principal harems of Constantinople and elsewhere, renders it difficult to get convictions against them. They well know their own power, and carry a high hand with Turk as well as Christian. They obey what laws they like, and repudiate and resist all they dislike. For instance, though it is against the law of the empire to hold slaves, they brought their slaves with them from Asia, and refuse to give them up. At the very time of Colonel Baker's visit, a dispute was going on between the Turkish authorities and the Circassian village with regard to the slave-question. A body of *zaptiehs* (native mounted police) had been sent to the village to enforce justice,

upon which two of them were seized by the Circassians, tied up and flogged, and sent back to their government employers with the message that a worse fate would await any more of these troublesome officials who should think of intruding within the sacred precincts of the village. This was rather too strong a dose of rebellion for the Turkish governing pasha, so a body of two hundred and fifty Turkish cavalry was sent to the village to enforce law and order; but the rebels knew well that they were coming, and the Turks on their arrival found a body of a thousand Circassian irregular cavalry ranged up before the village. It would evidently be a serious affair, and might cause trouble, so the Turkish force retired for "orders." The Circassians, reinforced, moved to a stronger position, and a powerful force of Turkish troops, consisting of the three arms, was sent against them. The Turkish commander was loath to fight, for who knew what influence some of these Circassians had at court? So he tried conciliation, and summoned them to surrender, otherwise he would be under the painful necessity of ordering a charge. There was nothing the Circassians would like better, so they begged the Turks to "come on" and try it! There was no help for it, so the order was given to advance, and forty Turks were immediately placed *hors de combat* by a volley from the Circassians. Another parley now ensued, and negotiations were prolonged until the Circassians were allowed to disperse, and the affair was to be settled at Constantinople, where, as Colonel Baker afterward heard, the whole business was hushed up. What makes this lawlessness the more dangerous is, that the Circassians in Turkey have an organization by which they can assemble a large number of armed horsemen at any point in an incredibly short space of time; and Turkey now finds that she has literally caught a Tartar.

When Colonel Baker visited the village he was received with great civility and regaled with an excellent lunch, for the Circassians are as hospitable as the rest of the Turkish peoples. Any reference to their thievish propensities seemed to cause them great amusement, and the young men informed him that *they* did not know how to thieve, but they looked with admiration at their fathers, and declared *them* real adepts in the art. One fine young man told him, with obvious pride, that his father could steal a horse out of a stable while the owner was asleep by the side of it. The manners of the men are very courteous but independent. The females are brought up to be sold as slaves to foreign harems. Their prices vary according to beauty, but the average is about five hundred dollars. On the day after his visit, the chief of the village made a return-call, and during his brief stay afforded Colonel Baker an amusing example of the irresistible propensity of his race. The host, Mr. Brophy, hospitably offered him some tea, of which his people are very fond.

"I immediately detected," says Colonel Baker, "that the eagle eye of my visitor—and there was no mistaking its expression—had fastened on the Britannia-metal teapot. He shortly afterward asked my host to make

him a present of it; but the reply was that he was sorry he could not, as it was the only one he had. 'Oh,' said the Circassian, 'you ought to give it to me. If you were to come to my village, and took such a fancy to anything as to feel obliged to ask for it, I should hand it to you directly.' But my host did not see the force of the argument, and still politely refused. Shortly afterward he went out to give some orders, and the moment he was absent, the Circassian winked at me, and laughingly took the teapot, folded it up carefully in his handkerchief, and put it into his capacious coat-pocket. On Mr. Brophy's return, I called his attention to what had happened. The chief treated it as a great joke, and evidently thought it so. He laughed immoderately, and patted my host on the back; *but he still kept the teapot, and never gave it up.*"

The afternoon teas of the jovial robber-chief were destined to be but a temporary enjoyment, however, for a few days afterward, as a force of Turkish cavalry was passing through his village, he resisted some orders transmitted by the officer, and was shot on the spot.

While on this visit to Consul Brophy, Colonel Baker had an experience of a Turkish court, which is, perhaps, worth reproducing. The case was as follows: The consul had an English bailiff, who, while sitting in a *hnan*, where the favorite spirit of the country (*raki*) was abundant, fancied himself insulted by a young Turk, of good family, but who had been partaking too freely of the national stimulant. The Englishman walked up to the Turk to expostulate, when the latter drew his sword and, Turkish fashion, attempted to strike him with the back of it. Brophy, who was present, flew at the Turk, and a scuffle ensued; but swords are sharp things to rough-and-tumble over, and the result was that all three parties received some trifling cuts. The consul complained to the magistrate of his district, who was disposed to let the matter drop in the usual fashion, but the former took the matter up seriously, and the result was the presence of both parties before the pasha, or governor of the department. "Turkish courts are all alike, so if I describe one I describe all. It will not take much space, as the only furniture is a carpet, with a divan all round the room, and one small table for the pasha's ink, etc. The courts are open, and anybody may enter and listen to any case which may be going on. We were given the seats of honor close to the pasha, coffee and cigarettes were produced, and while we were disposing of them, several petitions were handed in, upon which the pasha made his notes after conferring with the *cadi*, or judge, who sat on his right. It is the custom in Turkey never to approach any subject of business until you have wasted some—perhaps precious—minutes in talking about generalities, and after this form had been gone through, the pasha commenced to regret that Brophy should have been put to so much annoyance by a hot-headed and drunken young man, who was constantly getting into trouble." It was a matter, he said, that must either be treated with the greatest gravity or with the contempt it deserved, and he should strongly advise the latter course, which, if

Brophy agreed to follow, he (the pasha) would call up the young Turk and make him publicly apologize for his offense. Would the "consulus bey" take a day to think over it, and attend to-morrow? Brophy, on Colonel Baker's recommendation, accepted the advice, and both were in attendance next day. They first met the pasha in a private room, and, as soon as the generalities were got over, Brophy informed him of his decision. It was evidently a great relief to the pasha's mind, and his method of showing his delight was curious, to say the least. Selecting a particular hair in Brophy's whiskers, he, with a sudden jerk, dragged it out, and assured him he was his best and firmest friend.

In Turkish society, this plucking out a man's beard by the roots is considered a mark of great condescension and friendship! Adjourning now to the court-room, which was full, the young Turk was brought in as a prisoner, and in a very dignified manner the pasha informed him that the "consulus bey" had, with great generosity and in consideration of the feelings of his family, consented to overlook his offense and accept an apology; that he might consider himself fortunate that he did not get a month's imprisonment, which, but for his youth, would certainly have been inflicted upon him; and, finally, after rating him severely, ordered him to apologize. Whereupon the young Turk stepped forward before the whole court, humbly took Brophy's hand, kissed it, and demanded pardon.

Over against this case, in which the pasha certainly showed much common-sense as well as justice, but in which a British consul was a party, we may set that of a poor farmer in a village adjoining Colonel Baker's Macedonian estate, who had his straw-stack burned. "I was condoling with the man on his loss, when he told me that it was the act of an incendiary, and that he knew the culprit. 'Then,' I asked, 'why do you not have him up before the *mudir* (magistrate)?' He shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'The man belongs to the *Yuruk* (Turks') village.' 'What of that?' I replied. 'Have him up, and you will get justice; and, if you like, I will see that you have fair play.' Another shrug of the shoulders. 'No, thank you, *Chelibi*; I would rather not make enemies.'" Christians are not allowed to testify in civil cases, and Colonel Baker says that it has become almost a custom for those that can afford it to bribe Turks to swear in the needful evidence, the effectiveness of which depends a good deal upon whether the judge has also been "seen."

We have already stated that one object of Colonel Baker's visit to Turkey was the purchase of landed property. In Bulgaria he found the land high, and for the most part broken up in small holdings; but just after crossing the Balkans, near their western extremity, he heard of a large estate for sale in the rich valley of the Danube. The information subsequently proved to be incorrect—the estate was not for sale—but in his flying visit to it Colonel Baker caught a glimpse of what may be called the patriarchal phase of Turkish life. The estate

belonged to a bey or pasha, who was out when the colonel and his friend Brophy arrived, settling a dispute between two rayahs, in which he had been called upon to act as arbiter. The house was a large and straggling building, with a great kitchen, and a sort of waiting-hall where, as in feudal times, good fare seemed to be provided for all who came to claim it. The numerous rooms had no pretensions to luxury. The walls and long, rambling passages were whitewashed, and, as usual in Turkish houses, the only furniture consisted in handsome carpets and cushioned divans. After waiting about half an hour, the bey was seen driving up in a carriage, with a pair of handsome little black horses, accompanied by two outriders. The carriage was a strong landau, which had been bought second-hand in Vienna, and had the arms of an Austrian noble painted on it; the harness was brass, mounted with the same arms. The bey received his guests courteously, sat them down to coffee, cigarettes, and conversation, and when, after the usual quarter of an hour of generalities, they announced their business, he was both astonished and amused, but insisted on their remaining overnight. The bey was both landlord and law-giver on his estate, and had to give an hour to interviews with his people, after which he took his guests to see the horses (of which he had fifteen fine specimens), and his falcons, which were in excellent condition, under the charge of a falconer. His principal pastime was hawking, which he appeared thoroughly to understand.

"It was now the cool of the evening," says Colonel Baker, "and we were invited to the arbor, where was laid a table with a snowy-white table-cloth, and on it several little dishes, with different kinds of burnt almonds and nuts; salt fish, pickles, olives, two large dishes of most delicious melons, neatly cut up, one of the pink, the other of the yellow variety, two pint decanters of *raki* (Turkish spirit, flavored with anise-seed), and some biscuits. I was, as usual, ravenously hungry, and a horrible dread came over me that this was dinner, and I felt that a meal of pickles, melon, and burnt nuts, could only result in what the little child called 'a pain in the pinafore.' However, my friend, who knew the ways of the country, assured me that this was not dinner, but only a sort of preliminary canter, and that we should afterward be invited by the bey to adjourn to the house, where the great meal would be served. But I had grave doubts on the subject, my own experience having proved that promised meals were not always realized in Turkey. We sat down, picked at the various dishes, and the *raki* was handed round, but my host, noticing that I did not drink it, considerably ordered some wine for my special use. Brophy advised me to imbibe all that I intended to drink, as we should not, according to Turkish custom, have any liquids when we adjourned for dinner. But there is a certain amount of romance about wine, and I felt that I could not drink 'to order' in this off-hand manner.

"Time went on. My host kept talking and drinking *raki*. I commenced by picking at all the dishes for manner's sake and curiosity—then I did it to pass the time. At last I saw that one decanter of *raki* had been finished, and the other was commenced, and, as we had sat there for an hour, I was now convinced that this was dinner, and nothing else, so I thought there was no time to be lost, and therefore attacked the melons and biscuits in

real earnest. But I was mistaken. When the second decanter of *raki* was nearly finished, our host clapped his hands, upon which two servants appeared as if by magic, one with a towel, and the other with a dish and ewer, and we each had water poured over our hands. We then followed our host into the house, where we found in the centre of the room a low platter of beautifully-clean zinc, about three feet in diameter, and upon it three neatly-folded napkins, with a spoon by the side of each, and in the centre a bowl of hot soup. We sat down crossed-legged (a most painful operation), our host made an inclination for us to begin, and in silence we in turn dipped into the bowl. So far it was easy work, and the soup was excellent.

"Four servants stood around, and seemed to divine by instinct when we were satisfied, and the soup was whisked away, and instantly replaced by a dish of quails, but no knives, forks, nor plates! I felt that the crisis had come. I could eat a good fat quail easily enough in my fingers, but what to do with the bones afterward? If I laid them on the platter I might be infringing some sacred law of the Koran, and thus insulting my host. I thought of the shah when he was in London, and how he had thrown the cherry-stones under the table, but here was no table to throw under! I began to calculate how many bones I might swallow with impunity, when our host delicately broke off the leg and wing of a quail, ate the meat, and laid the bones on the platter. I had devoured two quails before you would count fifty! Dish succeeded dish; they were all beautifully cooked; stewed meat, kebobs, stuffed vegetables, etc., etc. We all ate in perfect silence, and finished with washing hands, and coffee. As we were going to start very early the next morning, our host wished us 'bon voyage,' making many polite speeches in Turkish, which we returned. On going to our bedroom we found pillows and two large quilts spread as beds, and we slept soundly, undisturbed by insects."

It is somewhat pathetic, and not a little amusing, to observe the difficulties encountered by Colonel Baker throughout his work in trying to remain loyal to the English pro-Turkish view, and at the same time to tell the substantial truth with regard to what he saw and heard as traveler, and subsequently as resident. He evidently has no special liking for the Turk, and he is too honest a gentleman willfully to distort facts; but his distrust of Russia is too deep to permit him to disclose frankly anything that would further her views; so, as we remarked at the beginning of our article, he compromises by dwelling upon, and illustrating, and magnifying, the good qualities of the Turks, while explaining away or passing lightly over their faults and vices. According to him, the Turkish rank and file—the real pith of the nation—are now, as in early days, distinguished for their patience, discipline, sobriety, bravery, honesty, and modesty. They are even *humane*; for in private life the Turk is gentle and kind to women and children, and exceedingly fond of animals; and the first thought of the soldier after a long and tiring day's march is his horse. It is only when exasperated by what he thinks are insults to his creed that he kills and slays, as his teaching tells him, and acts like a fanatical madman; but he is then, as Colonel Baker holds, outside his real nature, not within it, and the corruption and incom-

petency of which he has been accused are only really true of the depraved oligarchy that rules and misrepresents him. The great virtue of the Turkish character—its hospitality—has already been referred to, and numerous striking instances of it might be culled from Colonel Baker's pages; but we prefer to cite an anecdote which illustrates two other characteristic national traits—his courtesy and his indifference to the passage of time. While stopping overnight at the *khan* of Yanboli, he was driven out of his room by the bugs, and, after making unsatisfactory trial of a bench in the pot-house, ensconced himself in one of a number of *talegas*, or Turkish carriages, standing in the yard, and fell asleep. He did not wake until long past seven o'clock, and when he sat up he discovered that all the other *talegas* had departed. A young Turk, who had been sitting by the *talega*, now stepped forward, and, politely hoping that he had enjoyed his rest, asked if he would now permit him to have his carriage; and Colonel Baker found that the young man, having a long journey before him, had intended to leave at five o'clock in the morning, but, finding a snoring stranger in his carriage, had, with the courtesy and patience characteristic of his race, sat down until he awoke.

Of course, there is another side to all this, and it is not difficult to find evidence of it in those portions of Colonel Baker's narrative in which he is, so to speak, off guard. He admits the worst charges that have been brought against the Turk—that his administration, however good theoretically, is, practically, in the highest degree corrupt and oppressive; that his courts of justice are, as far as Christians are concerned, a farce; that he wrings from his subject peoples exorbitant taxes, and gives them in return not a single one of the advantages of a settled (not to say civilized) government; and that the peace of thousands of Christian households is liable to be broken at any moment in order that his abominable lusts may be gratified. As to his savage cruelty when once his passions are aroused, we could desire no better illustration than that furnished by Colonel Baker in the following reminiscence of his visit to the town of Niausta, near the Macedonian frontier, which was the scene of a characteristic episode of the Greek War of Independence. The town is beautifully situated about two thousand feet up Mount Bernius, overlooking the whole of the Macedonian plain and the sea beyond:

"I was there quite recently" (writes Colonel Baker), "and was led by an old man to a beautiful green sward in a grove of walnut-trees just above a precipitous rock, over which fell a clear stream in successive cascades for about a thousand feet, until it reached the wide plain below. Mountains and woods rose at the back, and I was basking in the beauties of Nature, when I was aroused by details of the hideous conduct of man. 'It was here,' the old man said, 'that, when a boy, I saw all the male population of Niausta brought to execution. The Turkish officials stood here, the executioner there.

One by one the Christian Greeks were led out. The question was put to them, '*Giaour*, wilt thou save thy soul by following God and the Prophet?' The answer was, 'No, *Effendim*;' and the executioner did his work. But there was one young man, so grand, so noble, so handsome, that they paused, then reluctantly put the fatal question, and he firmly answered, 'No!' 'Go back, *Giaour*, and think over your refusal for an hour.' Again he was brought forth, and again the same answer. Still loath to take so fine a life, they offered him a third and last chance for repentance. 'What now, young *Giaour*, wilt thou accept the terms and live?' 'By God's help, never!' he replied, and boldly met his fate."

The demoralizing effects of such horrors are not confined to the moment, but leave their fatal track behind, as was witnessed by Colonel Baker when visiting the house of a Greek shortly after this old man's recital. A pretty boy, about five years old, came into the room, and, upon the colonel's taking him upon his knee and making the usual remark that he "was a fine boy for his age," the father said, "Georgy, tell the gentleman how many Turks you will kill when you are a man."

In spite of this bitter hatred on the part of his subjects and neighbors, and the rising tide of indignation against him throughout the civilized world, Colonel Baker evidently thinks that the rule of the Turk in Europe has by no means reached its term, and that in any event he could be dispossessed only after many years of desperate fighting. Still, he permits himself to speculate upon such a contingency; and, repudiating the idea that any existing nation will be allowed to take possession, he devotes much space and attention to the origin, history, character, and qualities of the several peoples that collectively make up the Turkish Empire. His sympathies and hopes (leaving the Turks out of the question) are evidently with the Bulgarians, who are not only the most numerous and homogeneous race, but, as he thinks, afford the best material for modern civilization to work upon. There has been a great revival of national feeling among them during recent years, and this feeling is manifesting itself, after the true Western fashion, in greater industry, more rational religious observances, and in a desire for universal education. They are, moreover, a sober, hardy, amiable, and docile people, are better off in worldly goods than any other of the subject races, and could be reached by neither the Pan-Slavic nor the Pan-Hellenic agitation. This latter is, doubtless, the controlling consideration with Colonel Baker, whose contempt for the Greeks is only exceeded by his hatred of Russia. Any arrangement that would preclude the dominance of both Greek and Slav would satisfy him; but even those who feel no sympathy with his particular prejudices will feel gratified at the proof he offers that there already exists a solid basis for the readjustment of power in Eastern Europe upon the principle of home-rule.

COLLECTANEA.

THE COUNTRY RAILWAY-STATION.

IN the midst of a noble fervor for æsthetic improvement, which is not without witnesses in many departments, there is one conspicuous monument which has very nearly escaped the uplifting contagion. Though frequented by human footsteps daily, it lacks every element and pretense of beauty. As it began fifty years ago, so it remains—a bald, desert-looking spot, as destitute of attraction and adornment as if it were the gateway to a wilderness, instead of being, as it is, a living nerve-centre in our complex system of civilization.

We submit the proposition, with strong faith in our opinion, that it might be, and ought to be, made more cozy and cheerful. Certainly there is no place where the average American citizen is more often compulsorily placed than at the railway-station; and none where a little deference to his sense of the artistic and comfortable would be more welcome. If he is ever aimless or idle, or ready to be amused and edified; if he wishes a pivot to hang his thoughts upon, it is during that irksome confinement in which he is held before he can take the cars, or continue the journey for the completion of which he has just left them. Instead of entertainment, however, or genial comfort even, he finds nothing but blank weariness. There is not a thing his eye can alight upon to divert him from his natural impatience of the necessary delay; but, on the contrary, there is a preconceived conspiracy in the situation and its surroundings to aggravate and deepen it.

With the single exception that the passenger-building is a weak parody and dilution of Gothic art—now dreadfully and offensively common—there is at the average station no hint whatever to be found of an æsthetic purpose. The grounds are bare and gravelly in all directions; there is no relief of near shrubbery and trees; grass is not only trampled out, but the bereaved spaces seem ready to aver that it has never been there; and a few telegraph-poles, standing upright under the stretched wires, smooth and barless, are the nearest approach to picturesqueness that you can discover. It is a spot for cold, forlorn inhospitality.

The building in which you must rest if you can is bleak and dreary enough. There are, perhaps, two or three wooden settees; a villainous stove which, when there is a fire in it, is hotter than you can endure—though, sometimes, when you would like a fire, it has just gone out; and no seat which invites you can be found. The walls are bare, except where a few advertisements break the monotony; and, for quenching thirst, you may likely enough find a painted water-pail containing water and a tin cup—the latter having been dipped up a day or two or a week previous to your arrival there.

When the station is in the heart of a large village or town, one can, at least, get away from it, or

amuse himself for an hour outside its limits, when he is detained so long; but, in country places, the hundreds of railroad-stations must either offer something congenial in themselves, or leave the passengers without resource. Are the railroad companies really afraid that, if they make these places tasteful and attractive, the passengers will linger too long in them, and at last forget to buy their tickets and take the cars? If this is the true solution of their indifference in the matter—or, let us say, their willingness to make the station look inhospitable and forbidding—they are certainly doing all that human wit can devise to avoid the danger. For, surely, if Ulysses and his companions had been compelled to take the cars at an American railroad-station, neither sirens nor sorcerers would have detained them from their journey.

We do not need to dip far into our private experience to suitably emphasize this subject. Who that travels does not remember being stranded for hours on some one occasion, if not more than one, at a desolate country railway-station? It is a trial never to be forgotten. It will linger in the memory until that particular spot becomes a legacy burned in and borne down to you as if it had descended from antecedent ages of affliction. There is even a thrifty country village not a hundred miles from the present writer's pen, which is not despicable as a country village, but which, from its being a catch-all for the passengers from several intersecting roads, and because it detains them for an hour or more of residence without the slightest comfort or cheer at its joint stations, is marked and monumental in the traveler's hatred. We know what Dr. Chapin will always think of another where he was provokingly compelled to stay a whole day and eat crackers-and-cheese, and lose, by the detention, an imperative and desirable appointment. Horace Greeley wrote one of the chapters in his "Recollections of a Busy Life" at a Massachusetts way-station, because he couldn't afford to waste a single hour; and the writer of this has used pen and paper in editorial work under a similar detention, not so much for economy of time as to forget his surroundings. But all travelers do not have so easy and accommodating a craft, and for the great multitude, in all professions, a cheerful resting-place at the station is a desideratum.

We remember once being left by the cars for a couple of hours in the open fields in June, and we thanked our good fortune that the locality was not one of the regular stations. On either hand were grassy meadows, and tall, umbrageous elms; and under a neighboring bank wound along in serpentine beauty a crystal stream, which chattered its music amid the chorus of bobolinks and robins. It set us wondering why a station itself might not have a few hints of lawn and shrubbery—an adjacent park, say; a fountain, and plenty of trees. The lawn on which we reclined suggested that a depot-settee even

might be made soft, and that some part of the prodigality which Nature proffers might not be lost or worthless if it were bestowed on all stopping-places which the railroad-trains regularly make.

THE SWALLOWS.

FOR pleasant and happy ways, peace among themselves, joy in living, are any birds to be compared with the swallows? All the summers past the world has been more cheerful by reason of them. They have circled and floated overhead from morning till night. The changes which vex and fret us have no power over them. The days are to them all good days. The summer comes and goes, and, with its coming and going, the delightful swallows. The first one to appear among us this year arrived about the middle of May, making his presence known by struggles of distress, for he had done what Buffon says his kind are wont to do, had returned to the old homestead, to the chimney which his forefathers for fifty years had built in, and while exploring it got his head turned round, and, instead of making his exit at the top, came out at the fireplace, and so into the room, where he beat about frantically till the noise he made brought a deliverer. He seemed to appreciate the help that came, and was glad of the shelter of my hand, to which he clung, while, slightly restraining him, I looked him over. His tribe were by no means strangers; but now I made an intimate scrutiny into the general make-up of the bright-eyed creature to know the color of his plumage, and the structure of those strong wings that so untiringly bear him along—the swift, unerring wings, whose qualities are indicated in the old ditty, which says:

“The martin and the swallow
Are God Almighty’s bow and arrow.”

How shall one describe the hue of this sober-suited bird, that reminds us of Charles Lamb’s “Quaker in Black”—that almost invisible color, which is not green, not brown, not black, but a mingling of them all; which has no lights, or shades, but shines with a lovely olive lustre? Under the breast what a tender gray there is! and what an odd body the bird has, like a plump little fish! and a snug head, set close on his shoulders, and bill like a tiny point of iron, and liquid-black eyes, which look up unwinking at me! The feet he curls up like those of a humming-bird; there are sharp points like brads to his tail-feathers, where the midriff, running beyond, furnishes these strong tines to strike against the chimney-back and brace himself by; and the long, thin wings lap over each other at the tips. When I have done with him, I put him down on the door-sill in the sunshine, as a sign that he may go, but, as he remains motionless, I smooth his feathers; and then, as he does not move, take him again in my hand to see if he received injury while beating about; upon which he instantly grows limp, closes his eyes, and seems dying, allows me to turn him over as if he were a rag; then, while I am trying to account for all this, with a slight cry he is gone, sailing away up into the blue

sky; and the trick which a humming-bird has more than once played off upon me has been acted over again.

My little prisoner seemed to have been the pioneer, for within twenty-four hours a great company of his kinfolk arrived, and from that time not an hour passed without our hearing from them—the happiest birds alive, giving voice to their perfect content in that “tsp-tsp-tsip!”—that murmurous twittering which, in some of your moods, is “far above singing.” It comes down from overhead on summer days like delectable bird chit-chat about nothing, as if each were telling the other and all were telling together how happy they are, and what a beautiful world it is! It is never sharp, never querulous. If a shower is coming up it grows more vivacious, till the air seems full of hurried and solicitous notes, but not of discontent or fretfulness, never discordant or unpleasing. The utterances of the swallows are restful, like their motions, which soothe as do the monotonous murmuring of bees. Now they float on the air, now they skim away; there two start up by themselves like a couple of skaters or dancers, there they all circle together, they mingle and separate, they vanish and come again by twos and in companies, never for an instant still, but borne along with no more effort than a bit of thistle-down. Away up in a purer air than ours, they seem instinct with the rarest refinement and grace of movement, the joy of perfect freedom.

THE “UNTUTORED MIND” IN POLITICS.

(NOTE.—In the broken English of the Ojibways *n* is substituted for both *r* and *l*, and *p* for *f*. *Ogimau* means “chief;” *niji-nawba* “my friend;” and *ishcodawaubo* “fire-water.” *Bozhu* stands for the *bonjour* of the Canadian fur-traders.)

Me big Ojibway ogimau;
Name, Mishi-maji-mocway.
Me tenn you 'bout some tings me saw
In white man's town, Minocway.

One white man come to me, he say:
“Oh, bozhu, captin, bozhu!”
Me tink: “To-monnow 'necshun-day;
Dat why dis white man knows you.”

He say, “Me tenn you easy way
How you can make heap donna.
Bening de Injuns in,” he say,
“An' wote wid us to-monnow.

“You good Nepubnican, me know;
You jis' de same as we is.
De man we wote to, Docta Stowe,
Say you as good as he is.

“You got one good big Injun town;
How many wotas in it?”
Me count dem wotas up an' down;
Say, “Sixty-one,” soon minnit.

He take heap tickets out his coat,
An' sixty-two he han' me;
He gib me six ten-donna note,
Den say, “You undastan' me!”

Me say to him, "Me undastan' ;"
 Den put dem tings in pocket.
 He say, "Aw night." Den we shake han',
 An' me go down by mocket.

One nudda white man come dat way :
 "Oh, bozhu, niji-nawba !
 He want heap talk wid you," he say ;
 "Come, git ishcodawaubo !"

We go to bah-noom, git some gin,
 An' den go out a-walkin' ;
 An' den we go denink agin,
 An' dat man keep a-talkin'.

He say : "To-monnow wotin-day ;
 We Democnats, we beat 'em !
 You bet yo' bottom cent !" he say.
 "We chaw 'em up ! We eat 'em !"

"You Injuns, you good Democnats ;
 You wote to John Manoney,
 An' den you git de good ding-bats."
 (Dat mean, we git heap money.)

Me say : "Me want 'em night away ;
 You gib me sixty donna."
 He count 'em out, an' den he say,
 "Now wote de town, to-monnow !"

Dat night, me go to Whiskey-town,
 Git heap pints num—git twenty ;
 My young mans, dey denink it down,
 Den kick up muss, penenty !

Nepubnican, he come my town,
 He say : "Why, Captin Mockway,
 Why don' you Injuns come on down
 An' he'p us in Minocway ?"

Me say : "Some Democnat, he come
 An' gib de young mans whiskey.
 We uddas hab to keep 'em home ;
 It make 'em heap penisky."

Some young mans come a-whoopin' in—
 Dat white man wait no nonga ;
 Each time he tink dey git his skin
 He beat his hoss stenonga !

De Democnat, he nide up, too ;
 He come to me a-hummin'.
 He say : "Why, what got into you ?
 What make you aw day comin' ?"

Me tenn him : "Some Nepubnican,
 He set young mans deninkin'.
 We hab to stay—dey shoot some man ;
 Dey kinn him, quick as winkin' !"

Dat Democnat, he much heap cuss ;
 Ugh ! He one big boss cussa !
 He heah de young mans kick up muss,
 An' cuss 'em wuss an' wussa.

But when he see 'em come 'kenoss,
 A-dancin' an' a-hoppin',
 He jump up quick on top his hoss
 An' put out, nebba stoppin'.

Me beat dem white mans bote—ho ! ho !
 Me beat 'em out dat money.
 We gib no wotes to Docta Stowe ;
 Gib none to John Manoney.

De young mans say : "He bunkum-hunk,
 Dat Mishi-maji-mocway !
 He git de town good big denunk ;
 He make it out Minocway !"

Me tink dem white mans pay agin ;
 Dey not know, yet, me cheat 'em.
 Dey bote do anything to win—
Me got new way to beat 'em !

THE DYNASTY OF COOKS.

It is George Eliot, if we mistake not, who speaks of the silent tragedies, unknown and unwritten, which are constantly taking place amid thousands of human lives while the world moves carelessly along. In much the same way might reference be made to certain innumerable domestic tragedies, equally unobserved and uncommented upon, where cooks play not the heroic but the purely villainous part. The heroine in such cases invariably is the suffering housewife, whose spirit, no matter how resolute it may be when circumstances first bring it face to face with Hibernian depravity, gradually succumbs into despairing submission. A notable feature in the case of bad cooks may be called their tendency to occur in groups. A certain household may have had its kitchen affairs ably and peacefully administered for several years, when suddenly some unavoidable change brings in its wake months of protracted distress, until at last a long line of incompetent or debased cooks shall have given place to one representing "milder manners, purer laws," like Titus after the imperial horrors that had preceded him. Meats served up in conditions of bleeding rawness one day, and blackened to actual cinders the next ; soups that are flavorless mockeries ; vegetables execrably underdone, or else pitilessly scorched ; profane outbursts ; intemperance ; disreputable shrieks of dissatisfaction regarding the just payment of certain wages ; wild maledictions ; noisy departures—these are but a few of the most saliently unpleasant attributes that belong to some such distracting interval as that which occasionally follows the exodus of a trusted and responsible cook.

Not long ago an interregnum of this disastrous and unholy character took place within the family of a certain literary gentleman of New York. From week to week he kept account of the rapid changes in down-stairs government, and called his document, when finished, "Culinary Dynasty of the House of Brown, from the Reign of Bridget the Pure down to the Present Monarch." Similarly embellished by incidental rhetorical graces, Mr. Brown's list read something after the following manner :

Bridget I., surnamed the Pure. Began to reign December, 1867 ; abdicated October, 1876, because contemplating a life of seclusion—and matrimony. Her reign was marked by great executive wisdom,

clemency, and economy, and its cessation caused the most sincere regret. Succeeded by

Bridget II., a sovereign of considerable administrative power, but cursed with a most irascible disposition. Insulted her prime-minister (M^{rs}. Brown) when justly rebuked by that dignitary for her reckless consumption of butter. Popular opinion (Mr. Brown) being decidedly against her, she abdicated, November, 1876, in favor of

Katharine, surnamed the Flirt, on account of the multiplicity of her suitors. A giddy, good-natured queen, but wholly unfitted for her exalted position. Deposed, November, 1876, and succeeded by

A Regency of Three Days, during which Jane (a valued chambermaid) wielded with much ability the culinary sceptre. After which the kitchen was descended into by

Bridget III., a sovereign whose character previous to accession had been represented as stainless, but who early gave signs of the most revolting intemperance. Driven from the kitchen by an indignant people (Mr. Brown) after an alcoholic reign of only two days, and succeeded by

Mary Ellen, satirically surnamed the Skeleton, on account of her unnatural stoutness. Celebrated for intense laziness. Deposed, December, 1876, and succeeded by

Margaret, popularly known as the Fiend. Threatened to kill her prime-minister two hours after coronation. On the following day refused to abdicate. Resisted even the demands of the army (a policeman), who unanimously indorsed the policy of the prime-minister. Imprisoned for high-treason, December, 1876. End unknown. Succeeded by

Bridget IV., surnamed the Lunatic. Her administration was chiefly distinguished by an attempt to subvert the usual methods of dining throughout her realm; causing soup to be served after fish, and meat before either. Banished after a turbulent reign of twelve hours, and succeeded by

Ann, known as the Spoiler. . . . And so on, through a terrible list of wrong and outrage, the chronicle continues, at last ending in the month of February, 1877, with the following happy item:

Bridget XV., the reigning sovereign, surnamed the Culinary Antonine. Modest of demeanor, gentle in speech, wise and economical in her rule. Beloved by minister and people. A slight difficulty with France (the children's foreign nurse), which occurred in the early part of her reign, has now been amicably settled. The realm is at present in a most flourishing condition, and the refrigerator has never been so prosperously administered. Long live Bridget XV.!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE is probably not a lover of Shakespeare anywhere who has not cherished in his gallery of ideal portraits the name and image of IMOGEN; and all who have rejoiced in occasional delightful stage renditions of *Rosalind*, *Miranda*, *Viola*, and *Portia*, have wished to see the sweet daughter of Cymbeline impersonated by one who could embody her womanly love, devotion, and faith. It is strange that, for nearly half a century, the ever-busy stage should leave in neglect one of its most delightful possessions. From the time that Ellen Tree first came to our shores, to May of the present year, Shakespeare's play of "Cymbeline" lay, as far as the stage is concerned, in dust and neglect. It is, no doubt, true that not many of our heroines of the foot-lights could have successfully impersonated the fair Briton, but it is still strange that the dramatic fascinations of the character have not inspired many attempts to portray it. The story of the play is strong in interest; its incidents are eminently picturesque; and *Imogen* shines forth as a star of wonderful beauty and brilliancy. There exists, indeed, every reason why it should be frequently acted, but one—and this is all-important; for, while hundreds might aspire to render the matchless heroine, who of them all could adequately depict her? Miss Neilson has been bolder than the rest, and essayed the task. The portrait as she gives it is pleasing, but it lacks many of the touches that indicate the hand of the master-artist. There are skill and knowledge in some of the stronger passages, and delicacy in many others; but

those shadings and gradations, those utterances ripe and charged with meaning, those insights and upliftings that come of genius, and which electrify and illuminate, are not there. That the delineation is pleasing, and sometimes impressive, we concede; but, while it is easy to be satisfied with the average stage productions of the ordinary drama, it is impossible to accept the same measure of art in the Shakespearean plays. The language there is so freighted with meaning, and the characters so shaded and many-sided, that actors who may be picturesque, impressive, wholly satisfying in other plays, succumb disastrously under Shakespearean burdens. Perhaps there is no other lady on our stage who could do as well with *Imogen* as Miss Neilson does; but we wish, for the sake of the best art, that this were not so. However, let us be thankful for the personation, such as it is. Miss Neilson is far from being insensible to the qualities that make up the character—the chaste modesty, the wifely devotion, the unbounded faith, the exalted sentiment, the sweetness, and grace, and divine aroma, of a pure woman; these things, if not touched with all the depth of color desired, are still recognized and expressed.

Thinking of *Imogen*, and all her sister heroines, one wonders how it is that Shakespeare is not specially the favorite of women. It is in his female characters, after all, that Shakespeare's genius distinctly separates itself from that of all other writers. His men, with the exception, perhaps, of *Hamlet*, are, with all their subtleties

and qualities, much like other characters in literature; but his women are unapproached, and it would seem unapproachable. It is an odd fact that all kinds of people delight in them. The "strong-minded" women do not disdain his portraits of female loveliness, tenderness, and devotion; the admirers of brilliant women of society, equally with those whose sympathies are for the delicate and modest violets of the wayside, have no criticisms to utter, no shortcomings to complain of, no untruthful or unjust delineations to point out; they find, indeed, nothing but ideals that fascinate and win supreme approval. Where else are there such women—in whom wit and womanliness are perfectly united, where glorious spirits and utmost delicacy are hand-in-hand, whose hearts are as tender and pure as their imaginations are ripe and exalted? But, doubtless, it is too late in the day to write a eulogy on Shakespearean women. We could wish, though, that they were better known. And, as there is a large public who know Shakespeare only as he reaches them from the mouths of the actors, it is gratifying to see, in the revival of "*Cymbeline*," the restoration to the boards of one of the most perfect and admirable of the Shakespearean sisterhood. We could wish that not only *Imogen*, but *Isabella*, *Viola*, *Rosalind*, *Miranda*, and the rest, were more often acted for the pleasure and profit of the multitude. It requires, for their successful personation, it is true, a consummate art, and refined and poetic taste; but our American aspirants for histrionic fame would do themselves and their art great honor if they, by diligent care and study, should succeed in making our stage noted for its delineations of these glorious creations, the influence of which upon the public estimation of women would be in every way desirable. Meanwhile, while the stage prepares to make these portraiture better known, all women should more generally acknowledge their beauty. "Sorrow" ought to crown Shakespeare as preëminently the delineator of women, and give his bust a place of honor at its gatherings. Lady lecturers, who are always graven for topics, might tell their listeners something about these fair conceptions, and draw edifying parallels between *Rosalind* and *Viola* and the ladies of the Woman's Suffrage Association. A mania among women for the study of Shakespeare's women is something to be desired. We commend this idea to the attention of literary clubs and all the many associations that have recently sprung into being for the ostensible promotion of culture.

NEVER, on battle-field or in shipwreck, amid arctic perils, or among the dangers of jungle and savage settlement, was there a finer exhibition of heroism than that displayed by the imprisoned miners of Pontypridd and their rescuers; and were not these heroisms of the humble so frequent, this marvelous story of the fortitude and self-sacrifice of the prisoners, and the Titanic and triumphant toil of their deliverers, would become one of those household tales which time cannot idealize—to which tradition cannot add a romantic gilding. These

men, very common and very ignorant, coarse of feature, coarser in apparel, stolid fellows who spent their lives burrowing that English homes may be warm, proved that they had a refinement of courage and heroic virtue which the Lord of Chatsworth might well think an adornment to his greatness. Several of them had stopped work, and were coming out of the mine, when, of a sudden, some accident caused the thin wall of the mine to yield to a vast concealed basin of subterranean water. This water, black and noisome, rushed out in a relentless flood; it cut off two parties, who receded through the dark galleries and fled to the farthest limits of the mine. Here the party which was finally rescued found themselves safe, indeed, from the flood, but preserved by the fact that the dense air held it back; this air was hard, indeed, to breathe. Hideous perils threatened them—peril of drowning, of stifling, of starving. Yet for eight days they lived there, most of the time in the dark, as their candles, which they used for light instead of food, soon went out. Then they were rescued by the magnificent efforts of their brother-miners outside, who tore at the massive walls of coal foot by foot, working night and day for a week, until the huge walls were broken through, a small aperture was made, and the almost lifeless bodies of the pent-up men were drawn forth into the free air again. These men had tended each other through that desperate, starving week; one was a sick boy, who was nursed as tenderly as his mother could have nursed him, and they sang their Cymric hymn, with parched mouths, while the dread of death hung ever over them, and a growing faintness made them sink fast toward oblivion.

The tale of heroism, to the praise of our human nature be it said, is not so uncommon as to need long-drawn panegyric; but one feature of this terrible and happily-concluded event is interesting to the world, and valuable to science. The five men, one and all, lived for eight days; not one of them, moreover, lost consciousness, until, overcome with joy, in their weakness, at hearing that final blow of the pick which broke the last splinter between them and their comrades, they swooned. They tasted no food during the eight days; water they tasted, but it was so noxious that they rejected it; besides, they were living during this period in a terribly-compressed atmosphere, without a breath of current, an air full of coal-gas, yet an air which, thick and noxious as it was, proved their salvation. For this air held back the black torrent, and kept it at bay. Add to these physical circumstances the constant strain and terror of mind; the perpetual fear and even anticipation of a horrible death; the temptation to destroy each other; the utter despair which they must have felt when they thought—as they must have been ever thinking—of the immense barriers between them and life—the black flood on one side, the vast wall of coal on the other! Yet they lived to the extreme limit assigned by the doctors to life without food. It has been thought that the range of foodless life is from five to eight days, according to the bodily vigor of the sufferer. This theory

must now be corrected; for, if we imagine these miners confined in a place where they had every comfort, except food—where they had light, air, warmth, ability to stretch themselves on a bed, the hope of food or water coming—it is certain that they could have lived much longer than the eight days. Even as it was, they were not absolutely exhausted; and it is probable that in the mine, under circumstances the most desperate, they would have lasted out ten days. It is true that the miners were men of great physical strength and powers of endurance; and we may fairly balance this fact against their peculiarly desperate situation. Life is more obdurate than is generally supposed; men can bear more than they get credit for bearing. The catastrophe of Pontypridd shows that resoluteness and strong will have not a little to do with keeping alight the vital spark; and so these men have added a most valuable item to the collected experience of the biologist, as well as an example of noble heroism to mankind.

THOSE ladies who have organized an association for the encouragement of art-industry among women are no doubt disposed to listen to suggestions, and to welcome anything which would open new fields of labor for the class they are interested in. Have these ladies observed that, while the cultivation of flowers in our cities has of recent years spread rapidly, no improvement in an artistic direction has been made over the old-fashioned flower-pot? A vessel of chaste and elegant form for flower-culture cannot be found, unless the recently-designed box with tile ornaments is an exception. These tile boxes, however, are very costly, and at best but inadequately meet the demand. We need vases or pots made of ordinary unglazed pottery, simply and tastefully decorated, and of various sizes and shapes so as to suit either the window-ledge, the veranda, the balcony, or the court-yard, and afforded at low prices. There are now in some of our court-yards urns of painted iron that are certainly ugly enough, and costly pots of very vulgar and florid ornamentation may occasionally be seen at the shops of the dealers; but vessels of inexpensive material and pure decoration suitable for the purpose described are not to be found. Before window flower-culture can be very general, a good deal will have to be learned by those who now every spring permit their hope and faith to triumph over their experiences in former years; but eventually it will come to be understood that flowers will not flourish when baked on hot stones, as we see attempted in every street in our cities, and the fact that *selection* must be made of plants, governed by the conditions of exposure to sun or shade, will yet guide the persistent flower-lover into the practical wisdom out of which his windows shall in time be brought to bloom in brilliant hanging parterres, charming to those who look upon them and sources of endless pleasure to their owners. When this time is reached, tasteful vessels for the purpose will be much sought for; in truth, the invention and manufacture of the right sort of vase or pot will do much toward stimulating indulgence in the agreeable

pastime. Who, then, will give us artistic structures which shall set forth our geraniums and verbenas, our roses and heliotropes, our chrysanthemums and fuschias, our oleanders and lilies, with added glory?

But it is easy to misconceive our idea. Attempts have been made and are made to introduce fancy flower-pots, but these schemes have all started out with two defects—lack of taste and want of gumption. The few feeble experiments in this direction have given us showy vessels that are either detestable with many glaring colors, or which violate an imperative canon of taste by imitating something to which they do not and should not bear likeness. A flower-pot that weakly pretends to resemble a log of wood, or that puts on the form of a willow-ware basket, or tries to pass itself off for something which it is not, is in art an abomination, and should never disfigure either window or garden-stand. The rude red pots of the florist are preferable. The vases we have in mind are something wholly different—truth, simplicity, and pure taste, being their essential characteristics. There are forms of the Greek vase well adapted for the purpose, and Greek decoration is peculiarly appropriate. Examples of these vases can be seen in almost any art-museum, or in any book upon pottery. The material should not be costly—the ordinary clay used in our unglazed pottery is good enough; and the decoration should be severe rather than ornate, or else there is danger that the passion for vulgar display rather than true art-taste will be encouraged. There is now everywhere a great mania for decorating pottery. We have not seen many products of the new-born zeal that called for special commendation; but decoration that looks rather rude for the mantel-piece would do very well for the out-of-door flower-vase. So, ladies who are in full tide of this new fashion may turn their skill and zeal to good practical account by introducing examples of flower-pots and vases calculated not only to gratify and cultivate the art-sense, but to make flower-culture a new delight.

THE Softa, from a cloistral seclusion and a scholastic obscurity, as far as the world knew anything about him, has loomed suddenly, within the past year, into political importance and general fame. He is a queer successor of the savage and corrupt Janizary. It was not unnatural that, in a barbarous state like Turkey, a military caste should arise, who alternately protected and deposed sultans; and, like the corrupted legions of Rome in her decline, should do their violent king-making and upsetting for money. The wonder is, how the feeble line of the Osmanlis ever managed to get rid of those ferocious Janizaries; it was done, not so much by force as by subtlety and intrigue, weapons familiar to Oriental brains. The Softa, on the other hand, is not bred to war; he is a student, and not only that, but a student, for the most part, of theology. He aspires to belong to the Ulema—the great caste of priests, lawyers, and law-professors; he wishes to be a *mollah* or a *mufti*, to be an aristocrat, to be rid of the bother of paying taxes, and even to be exempt from military service. Yet he has dethroned two

sultans within a year, and threatens a third; he clamors about the palace, and conspires in the monasteries; he breaks into the new-fangled Turkish Parliament, and overawes the deputies; he holds himself over Constantinople, a terror and an object of perpetual dread. Why is it that, in countries not free, the students of the colleges should always be a political power, formidable to the strongest governments, and the objects of peculiar care and suspicion to the *gendarmérie*? It may be a libel on the German states; but it is stated, as a reason why the duels of the German students are winked at by authority, that this diverts their attention from politics. All through the annals of European struggles, we find the students playing an important and not seldom a decisive part. Calvin and Cop owed much to the support of the undergraduates of old Paris University; and, from their time to this, the students of the University and the Sorbonne have not only been always in advance of their age, but very troublesome youths for emperors and ministers to deal with. When, on one occasion, they hissed Napoleon III., his throne almost rocked. They nursed the fame of political heretics like Royer Collard, Laboulaye, and Guizot; and of theological heretics like Ernest Renan. So, too, in Germany, the students have almost always been radicals, and are many of them at this moment republicans, sending very outspoken professors and doctors to the Reichstag and Diet. There is some difference, however, between the German and French students and the Softas. In Turkey, the civil law is founded on the Koran, and the Koran is the book of a church militant. The priest, or *mollah*, is the interpreter, not only of the Moslem creed, but the Turkish law. He is political as well as religious. And Islam being a fighting creed, a creed which enjoins defense to the last, and at all hazards, and the Softas being its peculiar guardians and protectors, their interference in state affairs, even to violence, is accounted for. A sultan who is weak is useless to Islam; it is the Softa's duty to get rid of him. So long as he cannot defend the church of the Prophet, his person is no longer sacred; and the Softa, in replacing him by an able "defender of the faith," becomes a patriot, and is applauded by the people.

WHATEVER the result of the conflict between the Russians and the Turks, the Rouman is having, and will have, a hard time of it. His country must have necessarily been occupied by one or the other army, and it probably made but little difference to him which, as far as his treatment was concerned. His chances now lie between virtual absorption by Russia, and a continued state of semi-independence in connection with Turkey. Were the Rouman what our farmers call "a likely fellow," both powers might feel that he was worth fighting for; but, with some good points, he is really one of the most inferior and progressless types in Europe. He is very picturesque in his Astrakhan cap and gayly-embroidered fur mantle; athletic in his proportions, and rather handsome in feature. But he is lazy, unenterprising, and plainly betrays the mixed character of his blood in

his want of marked individual traits. He is an epitome of the races, with no predominant quality of any one; he boasts of a Roman descent, and has managed to cling to the proud name of the conquerors of Europe; but he is, also, somewhat Slavic, and has a dash of the Gothic and the Magyar, and a pretty good modicum of Tartar blood in his veins; presenting thus a very sharp contrast to his neighbor, the Serb, who is of very pure Slavic descent, and has kept his blood almost absolutely unmixed. The Rouman is, perhaps, the only national type in Europe which burrows in the earth for his dwelling. Approaching a Rouman village, you fail to see it till you find yourself walking over the holes in the ground which are politely called its chimneys. He has an excellent soil, well watered, rich, and capable of a very wide variety of products; but it is speaking within limits to say that the Bulgarian fields are made to yield more profitably. If the Rouman had any of the thrift or ambition of a commercial race at all, he would cut his splendid forests for timber; as it is, he is content to hack away at them to the extent of getting enough wood for casks and masks. On his side of the Carpathians, too, are hidden mines of silver and iron, and, for all that he knows, of gold also; but such is his sloth that they lie there quite unmolested. The Rouman country is, besides, one of the healthiest in the world: the cholera, when it invades Europe from the East, most often skips this favored land with its sleepy denizens. Let us, however, say one good word for the Rouman—he is frugal, simple in tastes, and sober; if he does the world little good, he is at least peaceable and harmless.

THE death of Mr. Fletcher Harper impresses one as not only the demise of an individual, but the termination of a literary epoch. He was the last of the original members of the most popular and successful publishing-house in America—of four brothers whose remarkable career has excited the interest of not only all those who have literary sympathies, but that larger class which is ever ready to admire and study success. It seems almost impossible that the great barons of Cliff Street, as they were wont to be called thirty years ago, are no more. Their career was bold, and, to some minds, truculent; they made not a few revolutions in book-making, and were not infrequently engaged in sharp warfare that resounded through the country; they rewarded liberally, resisted strenuously, and made themselves, perhaps, the most unique literary power in the world; and hence now, as the last of the sturdy phalanx succumbs to the only power that ever conquered them—death—we can but think of their long, active, varied, and brilliant career with sensations of keen interest. When in the height of their stirring campaign against all competitors for the English novelists they locked up their workmen for three days and nights, so as to put in type and print, in this incredibly short space of time, the whole of one of Bulwer's novels, they must have felt that they had won their Waterloo. In those days people bought books with zeal, and watched the contests of the publishers with

relish. For many years Mr. Fletcher Harper, although the junior brother, was the most active spirit of the establishment; it was he who planned their *Magazine*, he who projected their *Weekly* and the *Bazar*, he who was ever first with new enterprises. While the firm of Harper & Brothers in the way of business often made enemies, the brothers in their personal intercourse with men usually won both esteem and friendship. It was

impossible not to recognize in them men of sturdy character and simple nature, qualities that always disarm enmity and hatred. In the death of the younger brother all seem to die again, so identified were they with each other in their half-century of business-life; it is impossible, indeed, to mourn at the recent grave of Fletcher without laying fresh wreaths upon the tombs of James, John, and Wesley.

Books of the Day.

ALTHOUGH it is by no means a voluminous work, the memoir of "Barry Cornwall"¹ is made up of five distinct classes of matter—an autobiographical fragment, biographical notes, recollections (by Barry Cornwall) of literary men, unpublished verses, and letters from literary friends. Notwithstanding its fragmentary and sketchy character, however, the reader can obtain from it a vivid and probably accurate idea of a unique type of man and poet. The autobiographical fragment is very slight, and after reading it few will regret that it was left unfinished; for it shows very clearly that Mr. Procter had not enough egotism in his composition to make a successful autobiographer, and he tells us far more about a certain Monsieur Molière, his instructor in French, than he does about himself. If he had filled an octavo, we should have had some agreeable reading, doubtless, but we should have learned but little more about the nominal subject of the book than we knew at the beginning. The biography proper opens like a treatise in metaphysics, and is pitched throughout in a somewhat impersonal key; but it is full of subtle insights and delicate discriminations, and, brief as it is, gives us a truer and more lifelike picture of "Barry Cornwall" than could be obtained from whole volumes of a commonplace memoir. Here, for instance, is a portrait in a paragraph: "No one who has passed an hour in the company of Charles Lamb's 'dear boy' can ever lose the impression made upon him by that simple, sincere, shy, and delicate soul. His small figure, his head, not remarkable for much besides its expression of intelligent and warm good-will, and its singular likeness to that of Sir Walter Scott; his conversation, which had little decision or 'point' in the ordinary sense, and often dwelt on truths which a novelty-loving society banishes from its repertory as truisms, never disturbed the effect, in any assemblage, of his real distinction. His silence seemed wiser, his simplicity subtler, his shyness more courageous, than the wit, philosophy, and assurance of others. When such a man expressed himself more or less faithfully in a series of gracious poems, of which he alone, of all his circle, did not seem proud, it naturally followed that all who knew him were eager to declare and extend the credit and honor to which he had aspired with so much simplicity, and which he bore with so entire an absence of self-assertion."

The hitherto unpublished verses are characteristically facile, musical, and finished, but the only specially noteworthy feature about them is that they seem to indicate that in his old age the poet became rather more sensitive to the sombre and tragic aspects of human life, while one of them ("Improbable Labor") hints at a discontent with the absorption in business which had marked

the greater portion of his own career. The letters, curiously enough, contain none by "Barry Cornwall" himself, but are all to him from his literary friends; yet each of them is a decided acquisition, comprising, as they do, friendly epistles from Byron, Rogers, Jeffrey, Lamb, Hunt, Hood, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, and two very charming ones from Thomas Carlyle.

But the most interesting portion of the work, after the biographical notes, is the "Recollections of Literary Men." Procter enjoyed a larger acquaintance among the literary people of England than any other man of his time, owing, as he says, partly to his being an amateur only, having a great liking and respect for letters, and partly to his not having intermixed with politics, but chiefly, his biographer thinks, to his being known as the most genial and skillful entertainer in London. When nearly ninety years of age he conceived the idea of writing down his recollections of the most noteworthy men and women he had known, but at that time of life work is not easy, and the all too meagre result of the plan are sketches of Wm. L. Bowles, John Howard Payne, Rev. George Croly, Lord Byron (with whom Procter went to school), Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, Edward Irving, Carlyle, Hazlitt, Beddoes, Haydon, the painter, Leigh Hunt, Keats, Lamb, Godwin, De Quincey, and a few others. These sketches are partly critical, partly anecdotal, and partly descriptive, and are extremely entertaining.

THE drama has heretofore been so sparingly represented in American literature that the simultaneous appearance of two comedies by Mr. W. D. Howells and Bret Harte is, for this reason if for no other, a somewhat noteworthy event. Mr. Howells's "Out of the Question"¹ is a genteel comedy, simple in plot and rather thin in texture, and depending for its interest not so much upon stirring episodes and liveliness of incident as upon the attractiveness of the heroine, and the grace and finish and elegance of its style. It was evidently written with an eye to readers, and not to representation on the stage, and, though the characters are well discriminated, and several of the "situations" conventionally stagey, the principal enjoyment to be derived from it is literary rather than dramatic. Before Mr. Howells can produce an acting comedy, he will have to find more robust material than is offered by the slight divergences of social type presented by the frequenters of our summer hotels. Class distinctions in America are not definite enough to serve as the framework of social comedy, and while the interest of the story narrated in "Out of the Question" depends in a considerable degree upon the recogni-

¹ Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), A Memoir. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo, pp. 306.

¹ Out of the Question. A Comedy. By W. D. Howells. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Little Classic style. Pp. 183.

tion of a certain heroism in the character of the heroine, it is difficult to see in her conduct anything more than a very commonplace sort of fidelity and independence. In other words, the objections of a club-lounger like Mr. Charles Bellingham to social contact with such a man as Blake is represented to be, will always appear slightly ridiculous to Americans, who, whatever their other faults, are more likely to regard a man for what he *is* than for artificial external distinctions. Serious criticism, however, is hardly called for in the case of a book which the author himself probably considers simply an elegant trifle, affording refined pleasure for the moment, but not designed either to move the passions or to stimulate thought.

Mr. Harte, on the contrary, evidently "meant business" when he wrote his "*Two Men of Sandy Bar*,"¹ the publication of which in book form is, perhaps, intended to secure an appeal to the reading public from the verdict of those who saw it upon the stage. If such was the design, we fear that the author has only prepared for himself a renewed disappointment; for the uppermost impression which it leaves upon the reader's mind is that whatever merits it possesses would display themselves to best advantage behind the foot-lights. For a "reading play" it is too discontinuous, too technical, too obviously addressed to a miscellaneous audience that is to be tickled and amused, and too rigid in its adherence to the commonplace level of stage dialogue. Directions concerning costume, and detailed instructions about "advancing from the right" and "retiring to left," are rather diverting to the attention, which should naturally be concentrated at the moment upon something quite distinct from stage paraphernalia. The real faults of the drama, however, lie much deeper. It is no spontaneous expression of a genuine dramatic impulse or perception, but a thing of shreds and patches, bringing together in a confused tangle the various characters that have caught the popular fancy in Mr. Harte's stories and sketches. Colonel Starbottle, John Oakhurst, Sandy (from "*The Idyl of Red Gulch*"), the schoolmistress from the same story, and the "heathen Chinese," together with an assortment of conventional personages too deficient in vitality to make even respectable lay-figures, are juggled into a succession of unnatural combinations and situations, but slightly interesting in themselves, and affording no opportunity for either the development or the delineation of character. To an extent that would hardly seem possible, Mr. Harte's best-known creations are deprived of their piquant and original flavor, and Colonel Starbottle, Oakhurst, and "Sandy," as here presented, are little more than travesties of their former selves. Moreover, Mr. Harte's easy optimism has in this case betrayed him into a mistake which, we have no doubt, seriously impaired the acceptableness of the work as a stage-play. There can be no moral or artistic objection to selecting and depicting a combination of circumstances in which the good qualities of bad people are brought out; but it is quite another thing to wrench aside the natural current of events in order to *reward* and, as it were, vindicate a villain, and even the conscience of hardened theatre-goers must have revolted against that culmination of Oakhurst's career which confuses all the distinctions between virtue and the rankest kind of vice. Oakhurst shooting himself through the heart in order that his poor fellow-outcasts of Poker Flat may thereby gain one more chance of life, is a solemn and impressive figure; but Oakhurst rewarded with riches, a beautiful wife, and

high social position, after a consistent career of unspeakable infamy, is simply a nauseous anomaly.

Mr. Harte, in venturing into this new field, seems to have fallen into the error of supposing that, because he has written stories remarkable for their dramatic power, he could with equal ease write a formal acting drama. The error is a natural one, and yet a little reflection suffices to show that the qualities requisite in the two species of composition are, not only not identical, but quite different. The skill which must manifest itself in the production of a successful stage-play is to a large extent technical, while the power that must impart a dramatic effect to the more prosaic atmosphere of a simple narrative is of a far rarer and higher order, being independent of all accompanying allurements of eye and ear. That this is so is proved by the fact that few successful novelists have achieved success in writing for the stage, and by the correlative fact that good stage-plays are seldom or never acceptable when transformed into prose fiction. Bulwer is the most conspicuous exception, but it is well known that his intimacy with Macready gave him the advantage of the best professional knowledge and experience of his time.

WITH the publication of the first volume of his "*Principles of Sociology*"¹ Mr. Herbert Spencer enters upon the final stage of his great work, and we may not unreasonably hope to see, what at one time appeared scarcely possible, the complete presentation by the mind which conceived it of the "Synthetic Philosophy." With this volume also Mr. Spencer begins what will be considered by the great majority of his readers the most interesting portion of his work. The "*First Principles*," the "*Principles of Biology*," and the "*Principles of Psychology*," were necessarily of an abstract and somewhat technical character, requiring faithful study in order fully to comprehend them; but in the "*Principles of Sociology*" the author deals with man in his social relations, and reaches a plane where it is much easier both to appreciate the force of his arguments and to test the validity of his conclusions. Taken as a whole, this first volume may be said to treat of primitive man, and no survey at once so comprehensive, so searching, and so consistent, has ever been made of the earlier phases of human society. Here we begin for the first time to appreciate the value of that elaborate scaffolding of argument and evidence which the author has constructed in the preceding sections of his work: as the synthesis widens and includes higher and higher grades of phenomena, we are enabled to see the close inter-relations of the various orders of facts, and to perceive how essential it is to have a clear idea of the organic whole before attempting to pronounce upon discrete parts. No mere ethnologist, however learned or acute, could have written this treatise, for the same reason that a man coming upon an isolated section of railroad in a strange region could not do more than make a plausible guess as to whence it comes or whither it leads; but, following Mr. Spencer through all the stages of preparatory or subordinate phenomena—in other words, tracing the railroad from its starting-point—each successive grade of a continuous series, though new, falls readily into line, and, when we come to man in the ascending coördination of phenomena, we are already provided with tests, and principles, and classifications. In this, as in the preceding portions of Mr. Spencer's work, the chief interest lies not so much in the discovery of new principles or

¹ *Two Men of Sandy Bar*. A Drama. By Bret Harte. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Little Classic style. Pp. 151.

¹ *The Principles of Sociology*. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 736.

laws as in noting how closely the new and more complex facts conform to the previously-established and relatively-simple principles.

The subjects contained in the volume are classified under three heads, of which the first part, entitled "The Data of Sociology," treats of the factors of social phenomena (external and internal), the influence upon man of climate, geographical conditions and productions, the emotional and intellectual qualities of primitive men, and the ideas which would arise from their attempts to interpret the phenomena of their own and of surrounding nature. The main point brought out in this portion of the work is, that all the religious theories and observances of primitive man took their origin in ancestor-worship, and that ancestor-worship was the logical result of those ideas of a future life which primitive man would naturally form from his interpretations of the phenomena of sleep and dreams, shadows, reflections in the water, echoes, and the like. Part II. is entitled "The Inductions of Sociology," and, with the object of defining the nature and function of a society, draws an elaborate parallel between social phenomena and those of an animal organism. Mr. Spencer's wide knowledge and ingenuity of argument are shown to great advantage in this section, but to most readers it will seem fanciful, while the author himself hardly claims for it sufficient importance to justify the space which it consumes. Part III., entitled "The Domestic Relations," treats in an exhaustive and satisfactory manner of the primitive relations of the sexes, devoting separate chapters to exogamy and endogamy, promiscuity, polyandry, polygyny (polygamy), and monogamy. The whole of this section is profoundly interesting, and it is gratifying to find, as the outcome of the searching inquiry, that "the ideal of the family suggested by a survey of the sexual and parental relations throughout the organic world is also the ideal to which comparisons between the lower and the higher stages of human progress point."

One revelation made to the reader in the present volume is as to the use to be made of the vast accumulations of facts stored away in the "Descriptive Sociology." Immense numbers of these facts are cited in it as evidence or illustration, Mr. Spencer's method being to prove his propositions both inductively (by showing that they accord with the widest possible range of facts) and deductively (by showing that they are what would be suggested by reasoning from established principles).

MERITS of a much rarer and higher quality than are usually met with in current literature will greet the sympathetic reader in Mrs. Sarah O. Jewett's "Deephaven."¹ There are no conclusive indications in it that the author is equal to that sustained and orderly development of character, and those complex adjustments and combinations, that first-rate novel-writing demands; but it may be said with greater confidence than is often felt in such assertions that, if Mrs. Jewett can achieve as much success in these as she has achieved in the detached character-studies and minor scenic sketches here grouped together, she may not unreasonably aspire to the post which the death of Hawthorne left vacant in American letters. Unpretentious as they are, few recent literary performances have given us such an impression of power, of reserved but fully available resources of thought, and observation, and feeling, and of that subtle artistic skill which is a gift rather than an acquisition. Their only fault—and this is so unobtrusive as hardly to arrest the

reader's attention without impairing his pleasure—is the tendency which they reveal on the author's part to take a sentimental view of things and people in general, and consequently to distrust any emotion which is not predominantly "sympathetic." This is never allowed to degenerate into the weak sentimentalism which constitutes its special danger; but, slight as are its manifestations, it is sufficiently noticeable to mar the perfection of work which otherwise reveals wholesome artistic instincts, and in particular it represses the flow of a peculiarly rich and genuine vein of humor.

The little book professes to describe the most characteristic enjoyments and experiences of a summer spent in an old and decaying fishing-village on a sequestered portion of the New England coast, and the unmistakable fidelity of the portraits and pre-Raphaelite minuteness of detail might easily induce the reader to believe that it is really a transcript of such a summer's observations; but we are inclined to think that, as the author intimates in her preface, Deephaven would be sought in vain upon the maps, and that the little society whose ideas, and customs, and prejudices, and individual constituents, are depicted so delightfully, has been brought together for artistic purposes from a variety of sources. The slender chain of narrative which links together the separate studies was probably an after-thought, and, particularly happy and effective though it be, plays but a subordinate and comparatively insignificant part. In fact, our high estimate of the work is in a considerable degree based upon the conviction that Deephaven is one of those places for the lodgment of which in our minds poets rather than geographers are responsible. It is because we think Mrs. Jewett has achieved a remarkable piece of imaginative realism rather than a mere photographic reduplication of places and people, that we shall look to her in the future for something really valuable and distinctive. Leaving the future out of reckoning, however, our advice to all who would enjoy a unique and refreshing *morceau* is, read "Deephaven."

A SERIES which, beginning with two such bright and pleasing novelettes as "Ben Milner's Wooing" and "A Winter Story," can also find room for Mr. Andrew Griffin's "From Traditional to Rational Faith,"¹ is not likely to fail from any lack of variety of interest or comprehensiveness of scope. Wide as is the interval, however, between Mr. Griffin's work and the companions with which it is bracketed, there are many readers, we doubt not, who will pronounce it the most interesting and readable of the three, and it is altogether more likely to leave a permanent impression upon the mind. Mr. Griffin is a clergyman who, after having been raised and educated in the Baptist communion, accepted its principles and polity, and earned an influential position among its priesthood, at length found himself confronted by certain vital questions, the investigation of which gradually led him to a point where, as he feared at first, he was entirely outside the Christian pale, but whence he finally found refuge in the Unitarian faith. Many sincere and serious spirits have encountered the same difficulties and traveled portions at least of the same thorny pathway; but few have begun and completed the process so consciously and methodically as Mr. Griffin, and fewer still have had both the ability and the disposition to make an intelligible record of the successive steps. It is for this reason—

¹ Town and Country Series, No. 3. From Traditional to Rational Faith; or, The Way I came from Baptist to Liberal Christianity. By R. Andrew Griffin. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 219.

¹ Deephaven. By Sarah O. Jewett. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Little Classic style. Pp. 262.

because it is a faithful and touching transcript of a common experience—that the book is really valuable, rather than because it makes any material contribution either to Biblical interpretation or to secular thought. That Mr. Griffin is an earnest, sincere, conscientious, and deeply pious man—a man wholly absorbed in the quest for truth—is transparently evident throughout the narrative; but it is also evident that he is more anxious to preserve as many remnants of his faith as possible than to follow his principles to their logical goal, and one cannot help fearing that his present halting-place is by no means (as he thinks) the final stage of his painful journey.

It is not unprecedented, perhaps, for an American novelist to transfer the scene of his or her story to England, but it certainly is phenomenal for such a story to possess the qualities of "That Lass o' Lowrie's,"¹ the distinctive merit of which lies in the fidelity and vividness of its local color. The scene is laid among the mining regions of Lancashire, and not only does the author confine her attention chiefly to the rough mining-folk natural to the locality, but seems, as a matter of choice, to have adopted the peculiar Lancashire dialect as her medium of literary expression. Either from a genuine partiality for the dialect, or from a willingness to exhibit her skill in the use of a difficult instrument, Mrs. Burnett imposes upon the conversational portions of her story a considerable share of the work which is usually assumed by the narrator, who, in this case, of course, would have to write in ordinary English; and the consequence is that, while the feeling of *vraisemblance* is perhaps deepened, the path of the reader is rendered unnecessarily difficult. In spite of this drawback, however, the book is one which it is very easy to read. Most of the characters, especially the social respectables, are hardly more than conventional lay-figures; but their accessories are managed with a good deal of skill, and they are by no means the mere puppets which every veteran novelist so often utilizes in a labor-saving way. The strength of the author, so far as character-drawing is concerned, is concentrated upon Joan, the heroine, a common "pit-girl," but beautiful, and with capabilities and tastes far above her class, and "Owd Sammy Crowther." The latter, who is the village autocrat, oracle, and satirist, is a creation worthy of Dickens, possessing all the humor with less of the grotesquerie that Dickens would have endowed such a character with. Sammy's public-house companions, his wife, and in fact all the village-folk, are portrayed with genuine and kindly humor, but Sammy himself easily dominates them all, and was evidently drawn *con amore*. The story has a fairly good plot, presents several dramatic episodes, is rapid and lively in action, and is as interesting to read as it is praiseworthy in point of artistic workmanship. Mrs. Burnett has hardly as yet come into full possession of her powers; but "That Lass o' Lowrie's" is a promising work, and would be worthy of special mention, even if current fiction were much better than it is.

BOOKS that have attracted far less attention in this country than their merits deserve are the "Literature Primers," edited by John Richard Green, author of the famous "Short History of the English People," and issued in uniform style with the better-known "Science Primers." Each of these primers is written by a specialist, selected with reference to his skill as a teacher as well as to his knowledge of the subject, and each is carefully

adapted to the wants of beginners. The entire series, so far as it has yet gone, has met with a warm and appreciative welcome at the hands of the English critical press, and a few of our leading educational institutions have perceived the advantages which the little volumes offer as the basis or starting-point for wider study; but, as we have said, the notice accorded the series here is by no means commensurate to its importance. Among the recent issues are the Rev. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature"¹ and Mr. Peile's "Primer of Philology."² The "Primer of English Literature" is in every way a remarkable piece of work. Into the short space of a hundred and sixty pages, Mr. Brooke has compressed a sketch of that literature which even the scholar may consult with profit, and which, for the younger student or reader, opens a broad highway through the most varied, the most copious, and the most splendid national literature of the modern world. Though covering a period of more than twelve hundred years, there is no feeling of glaring inadequacy in the story; all the great landmarks are pointed out and defined; the successive shaping influences and phases of thought are carefully discriminated; and the whole is written in a style which lifts it above the level of a mere text-book into the region of pure literature. Mr. Peile's subject necessarily calls for more minuteness of detail and greater technicality of expression, but it is not less skillful in design and execution. Leaving aside the speculations and controversies that have made philology a field of warfare, he gives all that the average student or reader will care to know, or is likely to master, of the science of language, using our English speech as the special basis of his exposition. Especially good are the chapters on "The Beginnings of Syntax" and on "The Nature of Language." Grammarians and word-critics are so prone to apply hard-and-fast rules, that it is gratifying to see so high an authority repeatedly emphasizing the fact that so-called rules of grammar do no more, and can do no more, than "lay down certain practices observed in speaking by men of a certain day." Other volumes of the series are "Latin Literature," by Rev. F. W. Farrar, and "Greek Literature," by R. C. Jebb, M. A., and all may be confidently commended to readers, students, and teachers.

A VERY useful little book, not only for students, for whom it is especially designed, but for all who may design or desire to spend a portion of the summer in the open air, is Mr. John M. Gould's "How to Camp Out."³ It is the work of one who is able to speak with the authority derived from personal experience, and contains full and eminently practical instructions on the conditions of pedestrian travel, on the outfit of large and small parties, on clothing, cooking and cooking-utensils, marching, the location of the camp, the erection and arrangement of the tent, diet, and the precautions and remedies for certain disasters to which the camper-out is especially liable. Every one who has attempted to deviate from the beaten paths of summer tourists knows how difficult it is to find out just what to take, what to leave behind, and how to make the best use of meagre means; and Mr. Gould has here answered not only every such question, but many more that would only occur to one who has studied both the art and the science of the subject.

¹ Primer of English Literature. By the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 167.

² Primer of Philology. By John Peile, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 164.

³ How to Camp Out. By John M. Gould. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 134.

¹ That Lass o' Lowrie's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 232.

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"Have you been quarreling?"

"Cherry Ripe!" Chap. XXVIII.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE HARBOR AND COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.

SECOND PAPER.¹



NEW YORK BAY.

THE midnight and mid-ocean of southern latitudes are not more stilly than the water-front of the city is a few hours before daybreak. At about

three o'clock every morning, in all the mutations of season, after the most wearing night's work in the world, a little string of writers, composers, and proof-readers, in sociable twos and threes, and in meditative singleness, may be seen passing down

¹ The first paper appeared in the JOURNAL for June.
AUGUST, 1877.

Fulton Street, from the great newspaper offices in Park Row, to the principal Brooklyn ferry-house. When they reach the East River, they might almost as well (for all the sparks of animation visible) be on the brink of Dante's Cimmerian stream, which—

"All the woes hems in of all the universe."

There are sounds: the tide whispers around the piers; the footsteps of the belated pedestrians, the dip of oars, and the hollow thud of paddles, echo with preternatural clearness; but these lend the force of contrast to the sepulchral silence without breaking it, and in the same way the few lights in sight make the blackness in which they hang blacker. A schooner drifts inertly with the tide, her sails looming in mid-air like the wings of a monstrous night-bird, and her steering-lamps gleaming red and green like a pair of dragon-eyes; a questionable row-boat shoots across the quivering reflections thrown out by the lights on the piers; the ferry-boat, with her cabin-windows shining, crosses and recrosses at long intervals. But it is as deathly still as a Sierra pine-forest; the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge rise out of the darkness like two massive mountain-buttres; the masts and cordage of the shipping form a pen-and-ink network against the sky; the vast metropolis and its harbor are fast asleep and dreaming.

The dream lasts until the earliest russet streak of dawn shows itself over Corlear's Hook, and then the sleeping giant into which our fancy has transfigured the city murmurs and stirs; the relaxed pulse of business dilates with new currents, and the nightly lethargy is overcome in a flood of burning energy. The awakening is like the starting of a great, complicated machine: the first motions are cautious and slow; but, as the velocity increases, the various parts become blurred in the seeming confusion of a perfect unison.

The little tow-boats moored to the wharves are the earliest heralds of the morning; as their fires are lighted, gray coils of smoke and white threads of steam roll out of their funnels, and, while it is yet dark, they evince a predisposition to that exuberant vitality which characterizes them when they are under way. The ferry-boats multiply like the brass spheres of a conjurer, and their decks are crowded with laborers; from corners that have been sealed in shadows, unsuspected vehicles of commerce emerge; a hundred new routes are opened; and, almost before the tired-out newspaper-men are in their well-earned beds, the stream that was so silent and unburdened when they crossed it is animated beyond description by a dazzling fleet of steam and sailing vessels.

Upon the wharves, and along the river-streets, a similar transformation takes place. The reader has probably seen those surprising developments of a pantomime by which water-lilies unfold charming young women, and bulrushes are turned to gnomes. In the same spontaneous and inexplicable way gangs of laborers and horses seem to be evolved out of the packages of freight; the dreamy old stores reveal

inhabitants on every floor; the confluent streets pour increasing crowds upon the wharves, and the air rings with the Wagnerian rhythm of the commotion. The friction of the multitude, the variety of color and structure, the quaintness of many buildings, the gracefulness and poetic suggestiveness of the ships, and the impetuous system of the traffic, are some of the things that make the scene particularly charming and exhilarating.

The bowsprits of magnificent clippers reach so far across the street that they endanger the windows of the stores; voluminous sails, whose snowy whiteness has been stained brown and yellow by tropical heat and mid-ocean brine, hang out from the spars in the sun; in some instances canvas banners are unrolled from the foremasts, announcing the names, destinations, and sailing-dates, of the ships; a faint odor of tar flavors the air, and a few of the buildings have been so amended and amplified by detached portions of vessels that they are like old wrecks cast high and dry upon a beach.

I think we can detect an unconscious sort of enjoyment in all the promenaders of this busy river-street; the careworn faces are lightened by the pleasurable sensations of its commercial activity and picturesque variety; but the medium through which the real sentiment of the scene reflects itself is the boy with nautical aspirations—the slender little fellow with pathetically hopeful eyes—whom we meet from time to time, watching with keen absorption the loading and unloading of vessels. His view is introspective, and what he sees leads his mind beyond the external objects visible to the many other and wider phases of maritime life.

As we purpose making a complete tour of the wharves, our starting-point shall be far up the East River, and thence we will follow the water-front to the Battery; from the Battery to the North River, and up the North River to the edge of the suburbs—an itineracy that will allow us to see in greater detail the extent of the dock facilities and the diversity of the harbor's commerce.

Above Corlear's Hook the river widens, but the traffic is not as great as it is lower down, very little shipping being docked above Grand Street. The piers here are quiet; the vessels moored to them are out of service, or under repairs, or awaiting a charter, and a crippled old watchman is the last remnant of the crew. On warm afternoons a few unpretentious anglers—laborers out of work—drowsily play for a bite, and on Sundays whole families of working-people from the overcrowded tenements of the neighborhood cluster in the spots where the breeze from the river is strongest.

Just across the stream at Greenpoint, on the Brooklyn shore, there are some ship-building yards, in which the white frames of the embryo vessels on the stocks are visible; and a short distance to the north are the oil-docks of Hunter's Point, from which petroleum of various grades is exported.

Occasionally the great reservoirs of oil adjoining the docks take fire, and a gorgeous and comparatively inexpensive conflagration results. The writer re-

members a brilliant disaster of this kind which occurred about four years ago, in the gray midnight of an incipient snow-storm, and he still wonders if any the shipping at the wharves, in hues as resplendent as a sunset by Turner. The light was so strong that it illuminated the river for miles, bringing the small-



AT NIGHT.

other spectacle could surpass it in grandeur. A sudden flame leaped out of the uncertain darkness, and uncovered the buildings of the town behind it, and est objects into a black relief, and throwing blood-red and golden reflections in the sky and on the water—the picture being inclosed by an aureole of

wavy yellow on the borders where the night resisted the further advance of the glare. At times the flame subsided for a few moments, during which it seemed to acquire new fury, and the succeeding outburst was fiercer and redder than ever. No remedy was possible—no extinguisher effectual in putting

gers, were dismal, chilly, and destitute of furniture ; every bit of gilt and upholstery had been stripped off her once gorgeous saloon ; and the engine-room, in which her large heart of fire had burned, was a shadowy, echoing void. Close to her lay the iron-clad Montauk in a still more woful condition of



WHARF-SCENE.

out the magnificent combustion ; and the ferry-boats passed to and fro until morning in the floods of a weird, chromatic light, compared with which Western sunsets are pale.

The great iron-works are in the neighborhood of Tenth Street, and steamers that are being dismantled or refitted lie at the adjacent piers, which are covered with a miscellaneous and dingy heap of fragments—the separated sections of marine engines, rusty boiler-plates, battered smoke-stacks, and green copper sheathings. Few things are more melancholy than a dismantled ship. Some time ago I found the ruined hulk of the *Ocean Queen* at one of these wharves ; in the palmy days of the Panama route to California, she had been true to her name—but what forlorn changes time had made in her ! Her broken rigging dragged from the masts and spars ; the seams between her timbers gaped, and the paint was peeling off. The two funnels were battered and red with rust. The once cozy little staterooms opening on the upper deck, in which the warm tropical winds had fanned the grateful passen-

wreck, her thick plates dimpled with the hemispheres of hundreds of cannon-balls, which had struck them without penetrating ; her deck torn up by shells, and her smoke-stack bent and indented. Side by side with these shattered veterans were new white river-steamers, and larger sea-going steamers, into which engines and boilers were being placed by demon-like mechanics—mechanics, dressed in black and greasy overalls, whose fierce-looking eyes were set in ebony faces, and whose hammers were rained upon the bolts and plates with vindictive energy. As the ring of the hammers was borne over the water it became musical, and several piers off it sounded like the strains of an *Æolian harp*.¹

¹ The inspiring music of the ship-building yard is not common in New York Harbor, but it is heard oftener every year, and the progression is encouraging. The sailing-vessels built at this port in 1875 were two barks, two brigs, twenty-one schooners, and thirty-seven sloops, with a total tonnage of 7,334 tons ; and the steam-vessels built were thirty-six propellers for river purposes, and two propellers for ocean navigation, with a total tonnage of 5,463 tons. The other vessels built were twenty-four canal-boats, with a total tonnage of 2,466

The smoke-stacks lying prone, and the old boilers, on the piers of the iron-works, are propitious shelters for the outcasts of the city, and those who succeed in escaping the notice of the watchmen steal into them at night, and sleep in their reverberant darkness with a warmth and an amplitude of space impossible in the doorways or ash-barrels. The vagabond element is conspicuous on the quiet up-town wharves. Unhealthy children and frouzy men loiter upon them, watching and listening to the tide as it murmurs a siren-song around the supporting timbers, and promises swift oblivion at the small cost of one desperate plunge. Now and then the oozy, pallid body of a man, or woman, who has accepted the invitation, appears in the translucent depths, and is borne to the Morgue, which is in that gray pile of buildings at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street—the Bellevue Hospital. A little steamer glides up the river from the hospital-wharf several times a week with the city's unmourned pauper-dead. Unmourned? No! not quite. The reader may sometimes see a sorrowful face watching that funereal little vessel as she steams away with her silent passengers to Potter's Field—the face of a brother, sister, father, or mother, and a pair of eyes that are blinded with grief long before she has disappeared from the view of the other lookers-on.

The nautical school-ship, *St. Mary's*, is anchored

board of her for service in the mercantile marine. The best argument in her favor is the fact that her crew is German, the captain having actually been unable to procure twenty able-bodied, intelligent Americans suited to his ship. The pupils are drilled in common English, seamanship, and navigation, for two years, at the expiration of which period they are supposed to be in a mental and physical condition to do credit to themselves as American sailors. The ship, with its officers, is loaned by the United States to the local Commissioners of Education, by whom the school is maintained, the pupils being charged thirty-seven dollars for an outfit, and nothing for board or tuition.

As we proceed southward the traffic quickens, and by noon it is at a white heat, but the sky and atmosphere remain clear and brilliant. The smallest blocks in the highest foretops, and the slenderest threads of rigging, are distinct. There are dreary, misty days when the water-front is veiled in moist gray, and the air is filled with the alarming screams of steam-whistles and the chimes of fog-bells, but such days are uncommon; the usual day is dazzlingly fine, and the traffic throws off few bedimmed clouds.

From the wharves at which ships undergoing repairs are lying—some of them with the old plank-iron torn from their ribs above the water-line, pre-



FISHING-BOATS IN DOCK.

at the foot of Twenty-third Street, and about one-hundred and twenty boys are being trained on

tons; and twenty-two barges, with a total tonnage of 5,414 tons. The totals of the United States, for the same year, were as follows: number of sailing-vessels built, 798—tonnage of sailing-vessels built, 206,884; number of steam-vessels built, 323—tonnage, 62,759; canal-boats built, 62—tonnage, 6,515; barges built, 118—tonnage, 21,779.

liminary to the substitution of new material, and others noisy with the clatter of calkers' mallets, and redolent of oakum and boiling pitch—we approach the dry docks in which vessels are raised, high and dry, for repairs to their bottoms, and in which their proportions are fully discovered—the effect produced by an ocean-steamer or a large clipper being somewhat startling.

Thence we pass wharf after wharf devoted to some particular interest—this one to the tropical fruit-trade, that to cotton, and the other to San Francisco—concentrating all parts of the world and their produce. How sun-stained and reminiscent of Florida the little schooner is which is loaded to the deck with the golden spheres of the orange-grove—how brown and shaggy her sailors are! From a farther tropic still has come that Cuban brigantine with a cargo of mildly-odorous green and yellow and ripening red bananas; and, as we listen to the ripple of the water around her, we imagine that we hear and smell the amorous wind of the Antilles, and see the mountainous, hazy coast bounding the purple, fruit-bearing valleys. The bronze is not so brown, but redder, on the faces of the fishermen whose sloop is drifting in with a shining load of cod

to Newcastle. On some wharves pyramids of flour-barrels and cheese-boxes are erected; on others the burden is agricultural implements; and on others it is bacon and hams. These with the wheat, which is loaded by elevators, are the staples of reciprocity; and the other exports include pretty nearly everything imaginable, from street-cars to fresh beef and mutton—beef being sent to Great Britain in large quantities.¹

The riches lying upon the wharves tempt many petty thieves, who, when the attention of the cargo-dores is diverted, are magnanimously indifferent to the kind of spoil, and willingly pocket oranges or cocoanuts when no more valuable objects are within their reach. There is, besides, an organized society of river-thieves, who do not limit themselves to the small peculations possible in daylight, but in-



OYSTER-BOATS.

from the fishing-banks outside the Lower Bay; and the sailors on that California clipper are grizzled by the fierce coldness of their last passage around the Horn.

Cargoes of aromatic teas from China, spicy coffees from Java, pungent hides from Texas, fleecy cotton from Louisiana, rich sugar from Cuba, snowy salt from Wales, expensive silks and wines from France—the commerce of zones separated by the farthest distances is emptied in magnificent tribute on these shabby wharves, and returns are made in the produce and manufactures of our cornfields, dairies, and machine-shops.

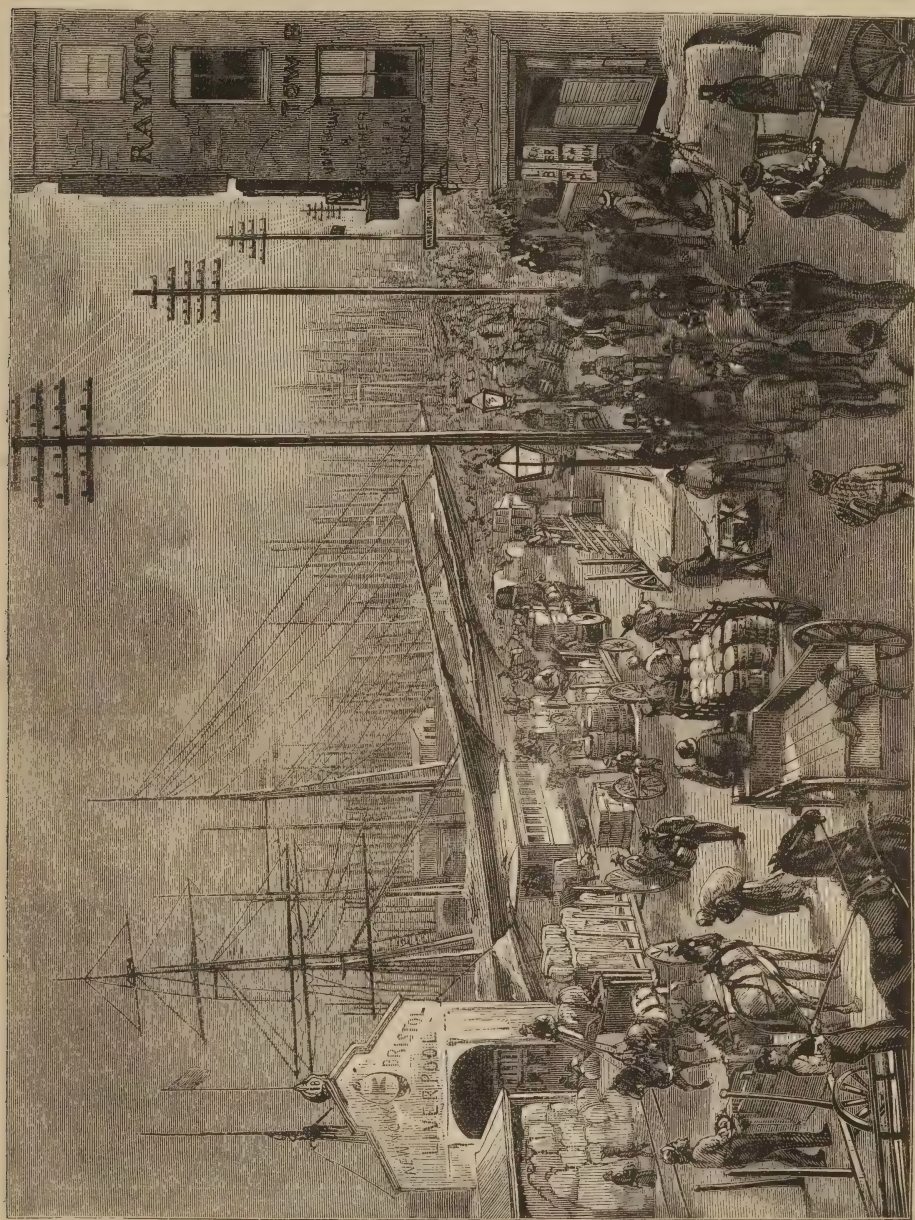
The variety of the exports is increasing every year; and when Americans send cotton-prints to Manchester, as they have done during the past year, it is no longer preposterous to speak of sending coal

dulge in broad acts of piracy under the cover of night—boarding vessels, gagging the captains, and, in emergencies, committing murder. A special corps of police patrols the rivers in a small steamer called the Seneca, whose seemingly aimless cruises give opportunity for the close watching of all suspicious craft—for the thieves operate from the water as well

¹ The values of the principal exports exceeding one million dollars during the year ending June 1, 1875, were as follows: agricultural implements, \$2,060,269; Indian-corn, \$13,081,096; wheat, \$30,611,165; wheat-flour, \$12,000,413; bacon and hams, \$19,616,664; beef, \$2,120,236; butter, \$1,126,349; cheese, \$13,131,226; lard, \$17,559,170; pork, \$3,386,891; all seeds except cotton and flax, \$1,024,996; sewing-machines, \$1,567,932; refined sugar, \$2,028,393; tallow, \$3,763,314; leaf-tobaccos, \$14,916,156; and all other tobaccos, except cigars and snuff, \$2,262,629. The total value of all exports from New York in 1875 was \$329,201,913; and the total value of all exports from the United States, including New York, was \$658,691,291.

as from the shore, and sometimes ply their vocation in what to untrained eyes is a simple pleasure-boat—emerging from their refuge in the guise of fishermen or sailors, and operating in a manner both cautious and audacious. The stronghold of the river-

The crowded confusion of the river-street near Fulton Ferry and Burling Slip is apparently hopeless. Two continuous strings of vehicles loaded with merchandise pass slowly on opposite sides of the roadway, coming occasionally to a dead-lock



THE EAST RIVER WHARVES NEAR BURLING SLIP.

thieves is never permanent. It is transferred from point to point as often as the elusion of the police is necessary; and one day it may be in a dilapidated hut on a lonely spit of sand washed by the sea, and on the next under one of the unfrequented piers up-

town, which causes fierce contention among the drivers, whose imprecations are hot and graphic. On the sidewalk the crowd of pedestrians is dense also, and sufficiently cosmopolitan in its aspects to add more color to the picture—rough sailors crushing dapper shipping-clerks; darkly-brown Italians and Span-

iards elbowing fair-haired Saxons and Scandinavians ; newly-arrived immigrants, round-eyed with wonder, pressing against homogeneous loafers, calmly expectorative and insolently inattentive.

The bordering stores are occupied by a diversity of interests. Out of the upper window one-half a wherry projects, to indicate that its tenant is a boat-builder ; from the doorway of another a suit of yellow oil-skins is suspended as the sign of a clothier ; and a wooden quadrant or compass marks the abiding-place of the indispensable optician. The procession with its background is stirringly dramatic. First, there is the fusillade of the wheels, which drowns all other sounds in its continuous thunder ; then the ceaseless friction of the multitude—a triumphal march of the nations, as a play-bill might call it ; and we can pardon the complacent self-sufficiency of the merchant, the overbearing rudeness of his manners, as he looks from his office-window or doorway upon the superb pageantry, and realizes that he is one of the motors. Should he be willing to forget his own importance for a moment, the symphonic grind of the wheels would iterate and reiterate it upon his brain.

"Stand aside there !"

The crowded wagons make room to let an ambulance pass. One of the unconsidered trifles of humanity, whose shoulders bear the burden of traffic, has been crushed beneath his load ; or one of the nimble sailors, who in working aloft appear like black specks against the lucid blue of the sky, has fallen to the deck. A few idlers follow the ambulance to the end of a wharf ; the surgeon springs out with his instrument-case under his arm. "What has happened ?" *That*—that huddled human form, still alive, but already pale at the first approach of death, with rivulets of blood pouring down its ghastly face from the ears and nostrils, has missed its hold on a topmast-yard, and struck the hard deck with a sickly thud. The surgeon is a practised hand, and an evident believer in Nélaton's theory that, in urgent cases, "there is no time to be in a hurry." He is admirably deliberate ; finds what he wants on the exact spot to which he reaches, and carefully wraps the broken limbs of the sufferer in folds of lint. Little alleviation is possible, however, and the complete relief is in death. The ambulance is driven away, and the spectators retire.

Accidents are common along the river-front, and this one has the effect of toning down our felicitations on the external brilliancy of the traffic, and reminding us of the lives that are spent in its maintenance. Strong men, with their breasts and arms bared to the sun, and their garments wet with sweat, men with blank or careworn faces, hurry along the narrow gang-planks from ship to shore in an interminable file, bearing upon their stooping shoulders burdens that press their jaws against their chests. Up and down, up and down, they pass and repass, not often speaking or altering the dull inexpressiveness of their countenances until they lose, in our imagination, all the divine spirituality of human consciousness, and become as mechanical as the cogs of a

wheel. Cheap material in the most generous system of political economy ! From eight to ten hours a day of duty so laborious that it seems to exceed the limit of man's endurance, and scarcely enough pay to sustain them in the squalor of their tenement-homes ! These 'longshoremen, as they are called, supply the fuel whose burning sends out the tumultuous stream of traffic, and behind the splendid procession of the river-street are the wan faces of starving lives exhausted in toil.

At the southern end of the East River waterfront are the canal-docks which receive the freight of the Erie Canal, and the locality is so deceptively quiet that a stranger would never suspect how immense a commerce belongs to it. The turtle-like canal-boats—painted white in some instances, but much oftener reds and greens, or yellows and blues, in fulfillment of the boatman's strongly chromatic fancies—are moored in such proximity that we may walk across them from wharf to wharf. A few men and women are visible upon their decks, and strings of family washing flutter in the breeze ; upon one boat there is a cradle, upon another a dog is gamboling, and upon another a cat reveals itself ; some of the cabin-windows are neatly curtained with lace, and flowers peep out from behind the curtains—these and a few other signs hint of the interior domesticity. Should we lift the deck off one of the cleanest boats we would probably find the stern divided into three or four small compartments, provided with the necessary conveniences for a small family—more than the necessary conveniences, even such luxuries as parlor-organs and sewing-machines—while the forward end is partitioned off into a stable for the horses or mules, and a fore-castle for the men. I do not mean to say that all the boats realize this description ; but the boatmen, contrary to what is sometimes said of them, are well-to-do as a class, and their quarters are very respectable. The greater space amidships forms a hold for the cargo, and its actual capacity exceeds appearances.

The principal lines of transportation from the West to the East include about ten thousand miles of railway, seven thousand miles of river, sixteen hundred miles of lake, and sixteen hundred miles of canal. The total freight carried over them in one year is about ten million tons, one-fourth of which is transported by boats through the Erie Canal and down the Hudson River, a striking exhibit, which is emphasized by the fact that the canal is only open for six months in the year. The boats travel over ten million miles a season, and give employment to about twenty-eight thousand men and sixteen thousand horses and mules. Passing through the quiet valleys of the Genesee and the Mohawk, they appear so primitive in structure and slow in motion that few persons unfamiliar with the facts would be willing to give them credit for much usefulness ; they are towed on the river in long strings by great white tow-boats, but, inert as they apparently are, their services to commerce far surpass those of the railway, whose trains travel in one day a greater distance than the boats travel in a week.

Adjoining the canal-docks three ferry-houses give us a text for a brief description of the ferries, which link the city with the opposite shores, and employ over fifteen hundred men. There are about seventy-

like reading a chapter of universal geography. To what a degree of excellence ocean-travel has been brought!

Five thousand tons is not an extraordinary size



THE CANAL-BOATS, EAST RIVER.

five boats of various sizes, from one hundred to one thousand tons burden, and the capital invested in them is over three and a half million dollars. They are not such "palatial" vessels as those which connect San Francisco and Oakland; some of them are in the last stage of decay, but the best are commodious, and transport thousands of passengers across the rivers daily with unvarying safety.

The pilots are seamen of experience, who, prior to their enlistment in the service, have been required to show thorough familiarity with the wily currents of the river, and to prove themselves even stronger of nerve and surer in decision than the sailors of trackless seas. A countless flotilla is in their path day and night; when the wind falls suddenly, sloops and schooners are drifting about helplessly, and the pilots must have both skill and courage in full measure when they are steering among them.

A walk through the pleasant umbrage of Battery Park, from which we look down the glittering bay to the Narrows, brings us to the North River, along which we continue our tour amid another crowd of vehicles and pedestrians. Most of the wharves are covered by sheds, and most of the vessels are ocean or coastwise steamers. The new iron steamers of the Pacific Mail line, the white river-palaces of the Hudson, the old-fashioned side-wheelers of the Southern trade, the immense ocean-transports of Great Britain, are drawn together, and reading the destinations inscribed on the façades of the sheds is

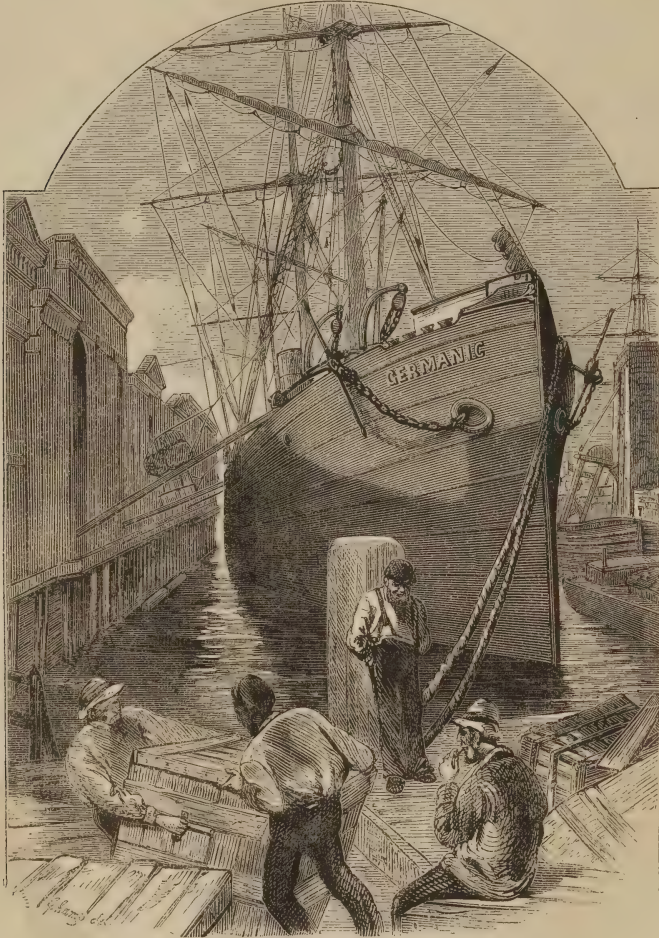
for one of these Liverpool steamers, and the ponderosity and bulk have been secured without the sacrifice of speed. Nearly every month the time of passage between England and America is reduced, and one steamer recently excelled her previous record by making the voyage in a few hours over seven days! Marble chimney-pieces and bronze statuary in the saloon, electric bells in the berths, unlimited hot and cold water for the toilet, bath-rooms and barber-shops, mid-ocean on the Atlantic! It looks like a fantasy, but these are the "modern improvements" found in the steamers of to-day.

The seeming incongruity by which the rivers are designated as "North" and "East" extends to the river-streets, that on the east side being called South because it leads to the south, and that on the west West Street because it is the western border of the city. On West Street the crowd and turmoil of South Street are repeated: the buildings are occupied as stores, warehouses, saloons, sailors' boarding-houses, tobacco-shops, and shipping-offices, and though they are often ill-adapted to their purposes, they are nearly invariably raggedly picturesque.

If, indeed, picturesqueness were the only thing desirable and necessary in the water-front of a great seaport, we might be content with ours; but, unfortunately, picturesqueness is usually the antithesis of convenience, and when we turn a practical eye upon these dilapidated old piers, narrow streets, and tumble-down warehouses, their inadequacy be-

comes plain. The shippers and others connected with the commerce of the city are forever bemoaning the miserable condition of the docks; it is said that thousands of tons of commerce are diverted to Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia, simply because the wharfage of New York is insufficient and badly managed. But there is a fair prospect that the improvements, which are already begun in a small way, will soon be complete and when they are complete

those at Birkenhead, on the opposite side of the river, and all additions made since 1854, the Liverpool docks cover six hundred and ten acres; the length of quay frontage within them is over fourteen miles, and the river-wall bounding them is five miles long and fifty feet high. The variation of the tide in the river is from eighteen to thirty-three feet, and, as the height of the water in the docks is uniformly equal to that of high tide, the shipping in them at low



AN OCEAN-STEAMER IN DOCK.

the city will be on a better footing than Liverpool, which is often pointed out as an example.

The great variations of the tide make it impossible to load or unload vessels abreast of ordinary piers in the Mersey; the anchorage which that river affords is too small and exposed for the shipping of the port, and, if it were large enough, the expense and delay of loading and unloading vessels by lighters would be unendurable to commerce. Only one system—that of inclosed wet-docks with entrance-gates—is applicable to these conditions, and that has been admirably carried out in Liverpool. Omitting

water is afloat on a level from eighteen to thirty-three feet higher than the river. There are not more than a hundred days in the year when vessels drawing more than eighteen feet can enter them, and the time during which vessels of any burden can be admitted is limited to about six hours a day.

The great difference between high and low tide has made a similar system necessary in London. But New York has such natural advantages in the equality of its tides and in the immense area of its water-front and its harbor that, according to General George B. McClellan, who until 1873 was chief-en-

gineer of the Dock Department, a much less expensive system is adapted to it.

The Hudson washes thirteen miles of the city's shore-line, every foot of which might be made available for vessels of the greatest tonnage; the East River washes nine and a quarter miles, most of which might also be made available to vessels of all classes; and the Harlem has an available front of two and a quarter miles. The area of the Hudson and East Rivers immediately opposite the city which is available for anchorage is thirteen and a half square miles; the anchorage of the Upper Bay is fourteen square miles, and of the Lower Bay eighty-eight square miles. The total available water-front of the city is twenty-four and three-fourths miles, and the average variation of the tide is four and three-tenths feet.

The New Jersey shore on one side, and the Long Island shore on the other, offer additional facilities, of which we have taken no account; and the Harlem River itself would be looked upon in many parts of the world as sufficient for a great commerce.

"It is evident," General McClellan has written in one of his reports, "that we need not resort to the English system of inclosed docks. The arrangement best suited to our wants is a continuous river-wall, so located as to widen the river-street very considerably, with ample covered piers projecting from it. This is the simplest, most convenient, and by far the most economical system that can be suggested. It will bring into play all the extraordinary natural advantages of the port, and will give every facility for the cheap and rapid handling of vessels and their cargoes."

Who that loves the city, and is familiar with the crush, confusion, and dilapidation of South and West Streets, can resist the possibilities which this charming project suggests? Think of the demolition of all these crazy old jetties and lofts, and the substitution of firm granite or concrete piers, extending laterally from a broad river-street! think of the solid stone road-beds and the smooth foot-paths, such as those of the Thames Embankment! think of the capacious warehouses fronting on the river-streets, and the many other improvements that the reformation of the dock-system would entail! A revolution would scarcely be too dear a price if we could find a Napoleon and a Haussmann to realize the fascinating vision.

The plans proposed by General McClellan, approved by the Dock Commissioners, and now being carried out with various modifications of detail, are as follows: 1. A permanent river-wall of *béton* and masonry, or masonry alone, so far outside the existing wharf-line as to give a river-street two hundred and fifty feet wide along the North River, two hundred feet wide along the East River, from the southern extremity of the city to Thirty-first Street, and one hundred and seventy-five feet wide along both streets above that point. 2. A series of piers projecting from the river-wall, of ample dimensions and adequate construction, which will allow an unobstructed passage of the water. 3. The erection

of sheds over these piers suitable to the requirements of the vessels using them.

General McClellan is not a visionary person; his contemplated improvements are not as sweeping nor as brilliant as those of a Haussmann, and in preference to a grander scheme, the cost of which might deter its accomplishment, he has proposed one that is eminently practicable and inexpensive. The estimated cost of the river-wall per mile is \$933,271, and the piers are to be, not of iron or masonry, but of preserved wood. "I have no doubt," says General McClellan, "as to the immediate necessity of widening the river-streets and building a permanent river-wall; but I think it sound policy to content our-



THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

selves for the present with piers of cheap materials, leaving for other generations, richer than ours, the construction of more permanent structures."

An uncomfortable set of people foresee the decline of New York, and the transfer of its commerce to other ports, as a more brilliant visionary once foresaw a contemplative New-Zealander gazing on the ruins of London. The distant future may have awkward changes in store, and the supremacy maintained so long by this city may pass to Boston or Baltimore; but that future is too distant for thought now, and in sweet probability the grass will be very thick and very green over the graves of these prophets before many blades have sprouted among the

cobble-stones of the river-streets, or the wharves have ceased to reverberate the thunderous tread of labor.

The steel threads by which the East River is to be bridged are being woven into stouter cables every day. Bartholdi's colossal statue of "Liberty enlightening the World" is to be placed on Bedloe's Island in the bay, and illuminate the harbor with electric lights. French citizens pledge themselves to erect the statue, provided the American people supply the pedestal. General McClellan's plans have already resulted in the reconstruction of many wharves; and further improvements, complete or in progress, give us heart to bear good-naturedly the most cheerless presages of the croakers.

We linger by the water-front until dusk. The

traffic that begins suddenly in the morning ceases as suddenly in the evening. At seven o'clock the wharves are almost deserted. The river is still and glossed with a coppery yellow; the Jersey shore is a low edge of blackness turned against the fading crimson of the west, and for a few moments a peculiar twilight brings the masts and cordage of the shipping into a marvelous distinctness. The changing lights are beautiful; the artist is enraptured, and directs my attention here and there; then he touches his portfolio, and sighs a lamentation over the inadequacy of black and white for sketches of harbor-scenes, which are full of color. I sympathize with him, though his black and white are more capable of doing justice than mine, which are miserably restricted to a quill and an ink-pot.

THE FOREST PRIMEVAL.

I.

WHAT knowest thou, Dryad, of this forest-place,
That turneth solemnly to heaven its sombre face?
Hath it, within its gloom, some hidden grace?

II.

No man hath broken twig beneath its shade;
Bright birds build nests joy-free and unafraid;
The sunbeams, palely, bending boughs inbraid.

III.

What cavern, girdled in by purple gloam
Of tangled tendrils, is thy Dryad-home?
What power hast thou through woven web to roam?

IV.

Wild waters unlock pauses in the way
Of virgin vineyards that, through branches gray,
Count by their buds the breaking of the day.

V.

What dost thou, Dryad, in the dusky deeps,
Where Mystery her voiceless vigil keeps,
And knowledge of the world, enchanted, sleeps?

VI.

Always the winds make melody in air;
The whispering leaves fall down in colors rare;
And shadows, like gray nuns, kneel as in prayer.

VII.

When moonshine cleaves the azure heights, it falls
'Tween interlace of mighty forest-walls,
And, in a leafy splendor, gloom inthralls;

VIII.

Then Dryads count their rosaries of light—
The sparkling dew-beads on the breast of Night—
And haunting demons seek swift, sudden flight;

IX.

And in some circle, guarded by a lance
Of silver moon-ray, dainty Dryads dance,
Till sunbeams, amorous, through the forest glance;

X.

Then hie they to the fountain's fern-filled place,
And 'tween their fancies, clasped in wave's embrace,
Lave Dryad blushes in a naked grace.

XI.

O Dryad, list! Within thy beauteous breast—
On which the sexual seal is surely pressed—
Doth hate or love thy nature strange invest?

XII.

The panther crashes purpose through the brake;
The birds make common cause against the snake;
The lion jealous is for lion's sake;

XIII.

The flower shrinks from poisonous leaf in fear;
The vine in tremor droops as sound draws near:
So Dryads are of Nature e'er its arts appear.

XIV.

Wise Dryad, tarry! Once more answer me—
Art thou of time, or of eternity?
What is to have been, and what is to be?

XV.

Within the forest age eternal springs;
Its seed lies hidden in the tiniest things,
And finds in changes its immortal wings.

XVI.

To be is to have been. The primeval wood
Shall fall by man, or fire, or flood;
Whiche'er destroys gives new and strange birth-hood.

XVII.

Ho, Dryads, mark ye! Thought hath ventured near;
Already change doth subtly enter here.
We fly the wood primeval; Nature's arts appear!

A STRUGGLE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

SKIRMISH.

(From *Mademoiselle Pauline Delange to Madame de Montfriand.*)

CHATEAU ST.-ELOI, VOSGES, July, 1870.

WHENEVER I see you, dearest Clémence, you shall receive a thousand kisses. The packages came yesterday. What you have sent me is superb, and selected with that delicate appreciation of shade and color which only a Parisienne as you are has at her fingers'-ends. Now, quite naturally—for Madame la Comtesse de Montfriand cannot differ so much from my own Clémence du Parc—that little vein of curiosity must still exist, and the question will have arisen in her mind, "What does that plain and quiet Pauline want with this accumulation of finery?" The texture of the *drap d'été* is fairy-like, and the *nuance* charming. The riding-habit is simply *adorable*, and fits me divinely; and the hat—oh! the dear hat! Without my horse, for it rained in torrents yesterday, and it is too muddy for me to venture out to-day, yesterday I put on the whole costume, gathered up the trailing skirt, and, whip in hand, went galloping up and down one of our long corridors.

Now learn, madame, that we are to have no end of guests at the château. That is your answer. Notwithstanding all the clouds which disturb the political horizon, and those rumors of war, which papa thinks are so absurd, an unusual number of people have been invited. Papa's oldest friend, and my godfather, Général de Frail, we expect to-day. The general has been stationed in the neighboring department for the last three weeks. It is intimated that the general is coming to St.-Eloi on a special tour of inspection, for he has attached to him, as his military family, a whole *état-major*—in fact, some dozen officers at the very least. Of course, this cavalcade will not live in the house, but will be quartered in the town. But these gentlemen will be sure to be at the château most of the time, as papa has given the general the library, and all the rooms in the wing adjoining it. Undoubtedly our poor château of St.-Eloi will be resplendent with epaulets, and spurs will be ringing on the stairs, and swords will be found littering the *fanteuils*. Papa is in grand spirits, as he has an immense contract for all kinds of iron from the government.

Madame de Valbois, an old friend of my poor mother, who says she nursed me when I was born, when my poor mother died, arrived here a week ago. M. Raoul de Valbois, her cherished son, accompanied her. M. de Valbois you know about already, at least by hearsay. I may have spoken to you about him. M. de Valbois has just returned from the East, where he was an *attaché* to the Persian legation. The gentleman is not, however, the least bit Oriental. He

assured me that in Ispahan he lived precisely as he would have done in Paris, and that he had trained a Persian to become a perfect *concierge*. There could have been no difference, I suppose, for M. de Valbois, save that he did not have his morning papers, his club, and his airing at the Bois. M. de Valbois has brought with him a superb Persian hound. He is handsome and tyrannical (the dog, I mean), for this morning the big brute flew at Bobe, a little terrier of mine, and wanted to eat him up. But Bobe is bravery itself, and would rather have died than have run away.

I do not know whether I have spelled my funny little dog's name rightly. I half suspect it should be Bobb. Whether this stands for an abbreviation of the English Robert, or is a common term for an animal with a very short tail, I do not know, for both explanations have been given me. Bobe, then, who is crouching at my feet, will serve to introduce somebody else, not exactly one of our guests, but rather a member of papa's working family, for papa has some six hundred and odd men at the forge. This person is an invalid, and on the sick-list. You know how original papa is, so when he insisted on bringing into the house one of his *contre-mâtres*,¹ of course I had nothing to say. You have heard how papa was once a poor graduate at the Ecole des Mines, and went to the United States in search of his fortune. Papa would have died there of fever had it not been for some American acquaintances, who nursed him, and sent him home to France. When papa came to Alsace he started a modest foundry, which has grown and grown, until to-day behold me the daughter of the largest iron-manufacturer in the Vosges, and papa a deputy! Well, there is a kind of lingering tenderness which papa indulges in toward Americans, who are not to me the most prepossessing people in the world. Do you remember that hateful Miss Smeef, of New York, who was at school with us; how she lorded it over all the poor *pensionnaires*; how she browbeat our lady principal, and knew more about Paris at sixteen than we ever shall, I trust, in all our lives?

The way this person came into papa's favor was as follows: About a year ago there was some huge piece of machinery to be moved from our *usine* to a paper-mill some fifteen leagues distant, over a route which went directly across the railroad. This monstrous apparatus, weighing I do not know how much, was placed on one of the strongest wagons, pulled by twelve horses, when the wagon broke, and down fell the whole mass of iron, right across the railroad track. Of course there was no danger to the coming train, for the railroad people could have telegraphed the mishap, only papa would have been forced to pay heavy damages for even an accidental

¹ Foreman, or overseer.

obstruction of the road. Papa happened to see the break-down from one of the windows of his office, and he raged and stormed as only my dear papa can rage and storm. A host of men were called, who all pulled, and tugged, and strained, and the thing would not budge. You know, my dear Clémence, how we French are given to expletives. *Va!* If bad language could have moved that heavy mass of iron, it would have flown. I happened to be riding that way with my groom, and was attracted by the confusion. There was poor papa, in almost a fit of apoplexy, watch in hand, saying that the machine must be off the track in fifteen minutes, or it would be a loss of ten thousand francs to him, because the express-train to Paris would be due in twenty minutes. Papa ordered out more men, and the heaviest tackle. You see, Clémence, I know all about such things.

"It can be done more quickly, and without so much trouble," said a little man, in rather grammatical French, but with a decided English accent. "If you will only keep quiet, and not all talk at once, I feel pretty certain that we can clear the rails of the obstruction in fifteen minutes. Give me, sir"—this was addressed to papa—"twenty-five men—silent ones, above all—and let every one of them have hammers and chisels, and as many levers;" and the little man took a cigar out, and lit it quite composedly.

"How? how?" shrieked papa. •

By this time I was so excited myself that I had urged my horse quite into the middle of the crowd of workmen.

"Do you not see that some of the heavy stays and bolts supporting the machine are all bent up, and twisted around the iron rails of the track, and that by the force of the fall they are completely imbedded? You are trying to move not only the machine, but the railroad together, which is impossible. Here, loosen that rail—pull it up—and the cross-piece too, if necessary;" and, saying this, the man, having thrown away his cigar, set alone at work one-handed, for he had but a single arm.

"What! Is it possible?" cried papa. "You want to move the rails? This is an audacious idea, and the consequences would be dreadful! I must have permission from the head engineer of the road before I can touch a single rail."

But, before papa could say anything more, the workmen seemed to have caught the little man's ideas, for they had pulled up two rails, and the hammers and chisels rained down blows on the jagged and twisted bits of irons. Pretty soon all hinderances were cut loose, and, with a hearty push, by means of rollers, the whole mass of iron was moved off the track. Then, quick as lightning, our little man, for he is scarcely three inches taller than I am, was down on his knees, tugging at the rails, and showing the workmen how to lay them in place again.

By this time a host of railroad employés were on the spot, for it happened three miles above the depot; and while they gaped in amazement over the sacrilege of those divine rights which railroads enjoy

in France, down came thundering along the *grande-vitesse* train, and passed on just as smoothly as if nothing had happened. Of course, after the thing was all done and past, papa had to ask permission for form's sake to remove the rails and replace them again, all of which concessions were kindly granted him. I feel sure our little American—for he was an American—came in for a good deal of praise. Anyhow, papa, who is quick to appreciate merit, and likes to have people in his employ who can bring in prominence those peculiar qualities which sudden emergencies call for, inquired what might be the profession of this person. Our little man proved to be an engineer, and papa engaged him as a superintendent of some of our minor departments. Now, papa has a very excited way of talking about the products of his forge. You might tell him that his pictures were poor copies, or his horses or his dogs bad, or the lawn of St.-Eloi a shabby grass-plot, and he would only shrug his shoulders; but find fault with a single scrap of his iron, and he becomes furious—because he is very conscientious about such things. Now, when the new *contre-maitre* was in position for a month only, papa got into a desperate rage with him. The *contre-maitre* had declared that a certain quality of iron our forge turned out was poor, and not as good as it should be for the price. But papa listened to the new man, and, according to his suggestions, some original appliances were made, and ever since then papa has done nothing else but boast about his iron. It seems that, by the adoption of certain American devices, we not only save fuel, but make tougher iron—an improvement in quality with a diminution of cost. You may not know, my dear Clémence, how this works both ways to our profit, or how the fraction of a centime in our favor makes the difference of a fortune to us when you consider the millions of pounds of iron the forges of St.-Eloi turn out. I would not be the fitting daughter of the largest iron-manufacturer in this part of France if I did not know all the secrets of the business, for papa treats me almost like a partner, and even consults me in regard to his plans.

There, that is enough about the *contre-maitre*. Oh, I forgot—he is an invalid! It is not a very serious matter. There is nothing heroic about him. He did not wade through molten iron to save anything or anybody. Ten days ago some new process was going on of his planning, which came suddenly to a standstill, because a blowing-machine would not keep up its blast in the furnace. I don't know what it was exactly, but something had been clogged up or had stuck fast, and the hands were swearing and suggesting and doing nothing, when the *contre-maitre* did something which set all the machinery going again with such a sudden jar and clatter, that an old piece of lumber was thrown down, which struck the superintendent on the head and stunned him for the moment. Such a precious hard head he must have, not to have been killed, and to have come off with only a scalp-wound! Papa has had the *contre-maitre* at the château for a week, and he goes mooning around the grounds, with his head

bound up, looking like a small edition of Doré's Don Quixote! Oh, how did Bobe come into my possession? Bobe belonged to the *contre-maitre*, and, when the dog left his master one day and came to me, I admired the little brute. Papa asked M. Percival to send to England for just such a dog for me. M. Percival (such an odd Christian-name as he has, Hoo; it is spelled H-u-g-h—what an impossible language is English!) begged papa to keep the dog. Bobe only owes me half-allegiance: for he is constantly playing me false, and running off to his old master. Sometimes I have a mind to send him back.—There, I must cease now, for Madame de Valbois has come in. It is fortunate she has, otherwise I should be as interminable as Mees Clarissa Harlowe, who must have spent all her miserable life writing letters.

There, Madame de Valbois has gone. She asked me to whom I had been writing, and I replied, "To Clémence de Montfriand." She said, quite condescendingly: "What, Clémence du Parc, who was married some six months ago? A good acquaintance, my dear Pauline. If your friend Clémence has the beauty, the grace, the amiability, of her mother, you could have no better friend." You see, then, Clémence *chérie*, Madame de Valbois patronizes you, and congratulates me on having such distinguished acquaintances! Madame de Valbois told me that the general has just arrived, and she left me to meet him. I thought I heard a bustle in the courtyard.—Bless me! I have been looking out of the window! There is a sentinel at the entrance-door, and I see some dozen infantry-soldiers. As I supposed, St.-Eloi will be headquarters. I must go down and welcome my dear godfather—my second father, in fact. Who would think, Clémence, that such a sweet old gentleman, who looks for all the world—save his mustache—like our ancient Professor of Botany, was a redoubtable soldier, and that, in the Crimea, he was among the first to storm the Malakoff? Huzza for the glories of France! The general will kiss me, and will be sure to call me his "pretty little Pauline," as if I were a baby yet. Then he will give me an elegant *bonbonnière* full of the choicest sugar-plums. Now I might be half inclined to laugh at my dear old general's gift to a young woman of almost twenty-one, if I was not sure to find in the box a daintiness or a bracelet. The general forgets that I am growing older, while he—why, really he remains ever the same.—I will give you a breathing-spell, Clémence, while I dress. Babette has come in to aid me in my toilet. I shall resume this interminable letter later.

Just as I told you, Clémence, the most charming of Boissiers boxes was mine, but in it was a ring, an antique—Greek or Phœnician, I don't remember which. The general, who is a famous antiquarian, picked it up himself in some ruin, in Africa, I believe—I think near old Carthage—and he has had the stone mounted by Castellani. Dear old gentleman! when I thanked him for it—for, much to Madame de Valbois's horror, I had turned out all the su-

gar-plums to look for it—the general said to me: "My dear child, some of these fine days, before very long, I hope to present you, above-board, and not in a tawdry box of comfits, such a *parure* as will tend to render my godchild more beautiful when she makes another man happy as his wife." Of course, this remark of my godfather's confused me, and the more so since I became certain that a look of intelligence had passed between Madame de Valbois and Général de Frail. Had these two good people been talking about an intended *parti* for me? I hinted before this to you, Clémence, some suspicions of such a thing. In fact, it is getting to be such a serious matter that I ought not to treat it any longer *en espiègle*. M. de Valbois and I, save for the last four years, when he was absent in America and in the East, have known each other ever since we were children. It is only within the last few years that I have ceased calling him Raoul. I know papa owes a debt of gratitude to M. Raoul's father, who in some way laid the foundation of our fortune. The De Valbois people are all very wealthy. As to M. Raoul, there is really very little to find fault with. He is highly educated, stands well in the Foreign Office, and will rise in position. At twenty-six he has some three decorations, which, with exceeding good taste, he never alludes to. He is a singularly handsome man, and, if but slightly *fat*, is but very little *fade*. But—but why has he been away for the last four years? What I feel is so difficult for me to express about him is this: I am certain that Raoul de Valbois thinks the matter of our espousals (I write you this as if I were the heroine-princess of a melodrama) is a foregone conclusion. I always imagine that there is a little lordly way about him which galls and irritates me. It is, I feel certain, Madame de Valbois who is most at fault. I try not to resent madame's manners by supposing that her son has any such ideas, but for the life of me I cannot help it. It is true the De Valbois family can hold their heads high in point of birth, but what is that to me? Yet Madame de Valbois is constantly bringing into prominence the attentions of Madame la Comtesse This and Madame la Baronne That, who all had superb daughters, with handsome dowers, which good mammas would only have been too glad to confide their darlings to the representative of the De Valbois. I should not mind that so much, for it might be true, only she tells me, pretty much in these words, what she has replied to these eligible offers: "Mesdames, your daughters are surpassingly lovely, and their worldly conditions are no doubt assured, and your proposals generally and collectively do us honor, only we are engaged; the matter is all cut and dried. We have only to put out our hand somewhere—hardly to ask, in fact—only to intimate it, and we can be supremely happy." All these things passed through my mind then, as they do now, when the general spoke to me. Presently Madame de Valbois left us. I never saw my dear godfather in such high spirits. I have described him to you as looking like a quiet professor of sciences, only at times his eyes flash like lightning, and you can see that the man is made of iron

and steel. We had been talking some half-hour on indifferent topics, when the general referred incidentally to my geographical studies about France, for, you know, if I am slightly ignorant about the outside world, I am thoroughly at home in my own country. As to our department and the immediate neighborhood for ten leagues around, I do not think there is a road or a by-path I have not galloped over. The general put to me quite a series of singular questions as to the width of certain roads and the character of the bridges, and we had a dispute in regard to the number of arches which spanned a stream some four leagues from here. The general requested me to find for him a book on engineering devoted to the departmental improvements, in order to assure himself that I was right. I soon gave him the book, and he found that I was correct. There were some maps in the back of the volume, and he spread out one of the department on the table. As he did so a bit of tracing-paper dropped out and fell on the floor. The general picked it up, examined it, and then put the paper in his pocket. Then he went on questioning me, though his queries were put to me *en badinage*, as, "My little pupil, if it is two leagues from the cross-road where the beet-factory is to the village, and three more to the river, with a road only ten metres wide, when you cantered along it with a hunting-party, as you say you have done, pray can you tell me how many ladies and gentlemen rode abreast? Do not forget that the road narrows for the last half-league between the hills. Now count it out on your pretty fingers." Of course, my explanations were none of the clearest, so I referred him laughingly to his staff. Suddenly he asked me, "How far are we from Stultzheim on the Rhine?"

"It is said to be almost seventeen leagues. That is the distance marked in kilometres on the railroad."

"Yes," he replied; "but I mean by the wagoners' route. Now, suppose Pauline had her trunk full of elegant dresses at Stultzheim, and wanted the trunk carted to St.-Eloi, how long would it take the package to reach you?"

"How should I know precisely?" I replied. "But we have, I think, some one here who could give you the exact information you require. Not papa, because these minor details escape him. I think this man can give you the distance, because some months ago several loads of machinery were sent to a cloth-factory within a half-mile of Stultzheim. M. Percival, our *contre-maitre*, must be able to tell you all about it. M. Percival directed the transportation."

"I would like to see him," said the general; and he touched a bell, when one of his orderlies came. Looking out of the window, I saw M. Percival seated on a bench in the court-yard, reading a book. I indicated M. Percival to the soldier, and in a few moments the *contre-maitre* was in the library, looking rather surprised.

"How long did it take you, sir," inquired the general, in a quick, military tone, "to move some machinery from the factory to Stultzheim?"

"Sixteen hours precisely sir," replied M. Percival, in an off-hand kind of way.

"What! and it is but fifteen leagues?" said the general.

"The machinery was heavy, and the road was bad. If I had to do it again, I might accomplish it in, perhaps, an hour and a half less.

"How?"

"By repairing the road."

"What! are the roads bad?"

"No worse than departmental roads are generally in this part of France, sir."

"Not so good as German roads?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I have traveled over those roads which are on the other side of the Rhine, at least across the river from Stultzheim."

"Here is this particular road," said the general; and he took up the book and spread out the map before him. "Here is St.-Eloi, and here is the—" But my godfather, not being familiar with the locality, halted here.

"Yes," said M. Percival, "here are two streams which have to be crossed. The first bridge is excellent and sound, the second one I feel sure is defective. Here are two boggy places, which will get worse in two weeks' time from now, when the streams rise. It rained heavily two days ago, and these summer storms on the Vosges swell the rivers rapidly. You would have—" Here M. Percival looked inquisitively at the general for an instant, and then came to a full pause.

"Is this plan yours?" said the general, taking out of his pocket the bit of flimsy tracing-paper and placing it over the engraved map.

"I think it must be," replied M. Percival.

"I see that it differs slightly from the original," said the general.

"Only because, sir, as was suggested to M. Delange, some alterations on the road were to be made, and, having been in the library a day or so ago, I made the proposed changes."

"You are the very man I want, then. Pray continue, sir."

"How—continue?"

"You paused when you stated that I should have some difficulty about something. Pray explain yourself."

"You would have no end of trouble with artillery there. Your guns, for a rapid movement, would be sure to be stuck."

"Who spoke about artillery or guns? Are you an Englishman?"

"No, sir; I am not."

"What made you think about moving cannon?"

"It simply suggested itself to my mind, as I suppose it must have to yours."

"Ah, indeed! You have seen service?"

"Yes."

"If not a liberty (for you wear an empty sleeve which I respect), did you lose your arm in action?"

None but a very apt engineer with a military training could have made that very neat tracing."

Here, dear Clémence, I would have given a good deal to stay, but the general dismissed me and retained M. Percival. I saw the general at dinner, and he sat beside me. Papa was at his best, and was the life of the table, but my godfather seemed absorbed. M. de Valbois was polite and courteous as usual, madame dignified and slightly incisive. M. Percival has his meals always served him in his room, and has not yet honored us with his company. When dinner was over we had coffee, as usual, in the small drawing-room overlooking the lawn. A dozen people had come in, officials from the *mairie*, some of our neighbors, and there was a sprinkling of officers. I went to the piano to play something, preparatory to whist, for the general and papa have an interminable game which has lasted for twenty years. The servants had arranged the card-tables, when an officer came in and presented a dispatch to the general. My godfather was at the table, and was in the act of cutting for a partner—I could see that, for M. de Valbois was turning over for me the leaves of a *nocturne*, as he is an excellent musician—when the general rose, excused himself, came to me, and begged M. de Valbois to take his place at the table. But Madame de Valbois had already occupied the position. I fancied I knew the reason why. It was because she wanted Raoul to be with me. The general read the dispatch—a brief one, apparently—by the candles at my piano. Of course, my *nocturne* came to a full stop. M. de Valbois left me in a minute, and went out of the drawing-room as if annoyed. I think I made a happy escape, for, somehow or other, I fancied the *grande affaire* was coming. I went on playing again, when my godfather gently put one of his hands on mine and said:

"My little Pauline, I have a service to ask you. What about this M. Percival? Who is he?"

"I assure you I do not know, save that he is papa's head-man, and that he places all confidence in him," I replied.

"An American?"

"Yes; though I have never exchanged a dozen words with him." I was surprised at the interest the general had taken in our *contre-maitre*.

"Pauline, I want more information from the man. He has what we call a topographical head, and a knowledge of this country and of that across the river would be of great use to me, especially at this moment. Is he still-mouthed? Does he know how to hold his tongue?"

"Hold his tongue? Certainly he does, since he has never opened his mouth to me. But papa says he is a tomb of secrets. I assure you, though, I never had any confidences to impart to him," I added, with a laugh.

"Where is he now?"

"How should I know, general? Usually he smokes a cigar after his dinner, in the billiard-room, especially when nobody is there, as is probably the case just now. M. Percival is rather a misanthropic

kind of a person, perhaps unaccustomed to general society."

"Pauline, if I sent for him it might be noticed. You and I will saunter out, and you will take me to the billiard-room." So, unobserved, the general and I left the drawing-room, walked across the courtyard, a mere step to the billiard-room, and, sure enough, there was M. Percival, but M. de Valbois was there too.

"I will engage M. de Valbois in conversation," said the general, indicating M. Raoul, who was listlessly knocking the billiard-balls about, "while you will please say to your *contre-maitre* that I should feel obliged to him if he would come to the library at once. You will also be good enough to intimate to him that he had better not mention to any one my having sent for him."

"But, dear godfather—" I should have declined, but the general's manner was very imperative, so I reluctantly obeyed. I felt very awkward and embarrassed, which, I suppose, may excuse the first words I said to M. Percival, which were—"Monsieur Percival does not play billiards?" The man looked amazed.

"Oh, pardon me!" I added; "that was so very stupid on my part; how can you play billiards, having but one—" Here I came to a full stop. But my curiosity got the better of me, and I asked him: "Would you tell me, sir, what Général de Frail, one of the ablest of our French officers, has found so interesting in my father's *contre-maitre* as to be closeted with him for fully two hours to-day?"

"I can scarcely imagine, Mademoiselle Delange; but since you do me the honor of asking, I suppose the questions put to me by the general were precisely of such a character as an able man in the profession of arms would ask of any one who knew something about the roads in the neighborhood relative to the movement, I fancy, of a column of soldiers"—and M. Percival here rose, and bowed to me, as if declining any further conversation.

"Excuse my detaining you, sir; but this movement of soldiers will be on the railroad. Perhaps we will have a new road to build; then papa will have no end of contracts for rails and bridges."

"Scarcely," was Mr. Percival's reply.

"How scarcely?"

"It is no mission of peaceful enterprise which directs Général de Frail's attention."

"What do you mean, then? Pray be less enigmatical."

"I am not French, mademoiselle, and cannot feel exactly as you do. Perhaps you may think glory is everything."

This speech piqued me, and I did not see that he had any business to find fault with my love of glory; so I said quite petulantly, "Have you had glory enough in your own country?"

"Plenty of it, and I shall remember it all my life, because I cannot play billiards." That speech of his humbled me for the moment, but then I thought it was, if not uncivil, at least unkind of him to recall what was nothing more than an inad-

vergency on my part. I commenced now to be really displeased.

"You are very sensitive, sir," I said. "Frenchmen do glory in such things; and what is an arm? It seems to me, though, that even with only one you have made yourself very useful to papa. But what do you mean by this pointed allusion to glory and France, which, thank Goodness, are inseparable?"

M. Percival seemed to hesitate for a moment, when he blurted out:

"War, mademoiselle, I am afraid, must be imminent, and as the iron-works and this château are very near the border, we shall be likely to suffer first."

Here was a revelation. I did not like his placing the *usine* first in prominence, and the château afterward. But what he said shocked me. I held my peace for a moment, and looked at the general, and saw he was growing impatient.

"You, then, sir, who know about war—are you acquainted with its horrors?" I inquired.

"I have been, mademoiselle."

"The general asked me just now whether M. Percival had a certain amount of reticence, and I took upon myself the liberty to state that he possessed that talent, and here I have had told me the drift of certain suspicions in regard to the matter Général de Frail talked to him about."

"Excuse me. Mademoiselle Pauline Delange asked me questions in such a personal way that I forgot myself. Had the general intimated secrecy, I would never have told you a word."

He rose again, and took his hat this time.

"It is well!" I said, rather triumphantly, imitating papa's manner. "Now the general wants you, probably in reference to the same subject. You can understand that you are to be silent about it. The general will be in the library. You will be good enough to go there at once."

That was like papa all over, and I felt delighted to be authoritative. M. Percival looked at me amazed. You have no idea, Clémence, how amazed a man with a bandage around the top of his head can look. But presently a smile came over his face, and he laughed—not exactly at me, but still he laughed. It was infectious, his laughter, and I laughed myself, as my authoritative manner must have been a dead failure. I added, "Since you have been rather overbearing in your manner, I hope the general will keep you closeted all night with him for a punishment."

"Who—I overbearing, mademoiselle? Your wish is a very unkind one, for my head aches now almost to splitting."

"Well, you will find some camphor-water on the second shelf of the library to the right of the door. I put it there for papa when he suffers from neuralgia. I am sorry for you. I had indeed forgotten that you had received quite a severe blow on the head. It is better, I trust."

"Oh, quite well," he continued. "But, mademoiselle, not being a Frenchman, and only a *contre-*

maître in your father's factory, I am not employed in a military capacity."

"Are you for the Germans?" I asked, quite excitedly.

"My sympathies are my own, and I am not bound to give them publicity—only, mademoiselle, I protest against your right, or anybody's, even your father's, as to ordering me to do anything which does not belong to my particular duties; then, besides, the fate of France"—and here he smiled rather maliciously—"might depend upon my being bright or stupid to-night, or on the contents of a camphor-bottle."

Evidently M. Percival was now laughing at me.

"Then you would in cold blood," I hotly said, "stand upon some high-flown principle of honor—which for the life of me I cannot understand—and see the château sacked and your dear *usine* burned, and papa ruined, because you did not exactly understand all the phases of the question?"

Then I thought I was making too serious a matter about it, and giving the *contre-maître* too great importance. I felt, though, for the first time, some vague, dread feeling of alarm at what might happen. Papa had declared that the idea of war with the Prussians was impossible.

"I have balanced the matter in my mind," said M. Percival, "and the scale just barely descends in favor of the *usine*. I owe a great deal to M. Delange. I should grieve if anything impaired his fortune."

"The *usine* again! and the château and its inmates!" I exclaimed, provoked at the cold-bloodedness of the man.

"What are these handsome grounds, this old château, when compared to whole square leagues of land trampled under foot, and women and children beggared, and turned out to starve and die?"

"You are tragic, sir—rather an alarmist!" but he had scared me.

"Perhaps I am, but I must beg your pardon if I have caused you any uneasiness in regard to the future. Tell the general I shall be in the library at once."

I have kept this letter by me, Clémence. I commenced it yesterday, and can only finish it for the late mail. Last night I could see the light burning in the general's quarters until almost dawn. Général de Frail and M. Percival must have been at it all night. Half a dozen times I heard the clatter of horses' feet in the court-yard. Once I saw a courier ride in at break-neck speed, and leave as rapidly as he came. At breakfast this morning papa looked grave, M. de Valbois anxious, and Madame de Valbois was in tears. There is a whole batch of letters coming in—regrets on the part of our intended guests, and the reason is the terrible nature of the events. At last! I have laid violent hands on a journal papa tried to hide from me. It is war. My God! and was the *contre-maître* right? The general came down late to breakfast. He was gay and pleasant, and cracked his jokes at my expense. Pauline, from

her knowledge of the country, was to have a staff-appointment; and, as there had been a Jeanne d'Arc, there might be a Pauline de St.-Eloi. He asked me if I had ever seen twenty-five thousand men on their march, and he assured me that, if I would mount my horse to-day and go forth with him to the very bridge we had a dispute about, at precisely one o'clock, military time, I could see a whole *corps d'armée* on an advance. He would like me to come, he said, first to give him my opinion as to the appearance of the troops, and then it might be pleasant for me to bid him good-by, for he was to command the division. My dear old general's manner reassured us all, and his joking made papa smile. It seems we are to run the works to their utmost capacity day and night. We received this morning a contract for shot and shell, and all the gun-barrels we can forge. Papa says it will amount to some millions of francs. M. de Valbois is for the first time apparently excited, but has very kindly attempted to allay my anxieties. He has two uncles in the service, and Madame de Valbois is in tears over them. In a moment of nervous excitement she said to me, "My dear Pauline, how glad you should be that Raoul has not assumed the career of arms!" The general told us, since we had the initiative, that was half the battle. It seems, then, everything has been arranged, ready sprung for an emergency. My maid Babette is wild with excitement, and wants to fight herself, and the next moment is in tears about a certain Jean Baptiste, a good lad I know, who is in the artillery, and to whom she is engaged. M. Percival I have not seen. Papa says the *contre-maître* is at work again, and that during some days (for papa goes to Paris by the same train which takes this letter) M. Percival will have entire direction. Evidently the danger of an inroad from our enemies the Prussians is remote, quite impossible, or papa would never have left me. But, Clémence, what if I should see war with all its horrors? It was eleven o'clock to-day when the general, with M. de Valbois, some twenty officers, and as many gentlemen from the neighborhood, left the château of St.-Eloi. We were quite a cavalcade, for the general's escort—a company of Guides—joined us a mile from St.-Eloi. We had some two leagues to go, and we all cantered along at a pleasant speed. It was a lovely day, such as one sees only in this dear country. Every field was blooming, and all seemed hushed in quiet repose. Great fields of colza stretched away, and broad spaces were covered with tobacco-plants. In the meadows the lazy cattle gazed at us as we clattered down the road. There was a gentle breeze, which kept off the dust, just swaying the trees, and the tall poplars rustled so pleasantly. Occasionally, as we passed, groups of peasants working in the fields would stop from their labors, and the women would courtesy to us, while the men would doff their hats, and gaze at our gallant appearance, and cry out in their *patois*, "Vive la France!" The sweet odors of the freshly-cut hay pervaded the air with fragrance. Away off in the distance—for the day was so clear—we could

see the Vosges Mountains, standing out blue and gray on the horizon. The general and I headed the cavalcade. I had on my new riding-habit, the one you sent me, and the dear old general had with his own hands put a heron's plume in my hat. My little bay horse was looking his best, and kept readily alongside of the general's impatient charger. We all took a breathing-spell at a pretty brook and let our horses drink, when we pushed on again at a hand-gallop, so as to be in good time for the arrival of the troops. Just as we arrived at the designated place the general pointed to a rising bit of ground as best adapted to my witnessing the approach of the division.

"Pauline, you are to be my picket," said the general, looking at his watch. "We are in good time. That little American told me of an elevation, just here, big enough to hold a single battery, which completely covered the approaches to the road; and, sure enough, there it is, and there is the clump of trees which would mask it. Your *contre-maître* has decided a military *coup-d'œil*. Pauline, push on your little horse, and see which of us two can scramble up first."

I spoke to my horse, who with a bound took the lead, and I was first. I think the general played me false, for he held in his charger, then dismounted, and was soon surrounded by a group of officers. He drew out a note-book, and commenced writing, and then he addressed an officer, who wrote under his dictation. It was grand to look down from where I was at the little military assemblage below me. The escort had dismounted, and had formed themselves into picturesque groups. Presently the general, M. de Valbois, and a major, the head of the staff, came to me, and they all helped me to alight. It was precisely one o'clock by the major's watch. But no signs of the troops were visible. The general gave an order, and some half-dozen cavalymen were in the saddle in a second, and in an instant more were out of sight. M. de Valbois and the officer talked to me, while I pointed out to the major the Vosges hills, and called them each by name. It was half-past one now, and, though the major used a formidable kind of opera-glass, no cloud of dust was visible in the distance. The general became impatient. I had been wise enough to think of luncheon, and the contents of the baskets M. de Valbois's groom and mine had brought were soon disposed of, but the general would not touch a morsel. "He was smoking," he said, "and had no appetite." The fact is, the general was in a terrible rage, all the worse because it was smothered. It was not one of those temporary gusts which papa indulges in, but something of the most concentrated character. The staff, apparently knowing his mood, kept aloof from him. Presently he called a captain and a lieutenant to him, and in a half-dozen brief words, which snapped like the crack of a whip, told them to "ride on all day, if necessary, until they met the column." Off they started at full speed, at a break-neck pace, both gentlemen jumping their horses over a high hedge. It was almost half-past two before these officers came back, all covered with dust, and their

horses flecked with foam. Faintly, now, ever so faintly, in the distance I heard the sounds of the clarion, and then the roll of the drum. The general pricked up his ears. Nearer came the trumpet-calls, and now the advance, a squad of cavalry, was visible. Then I saw the first files of the infantry, and I could make out in the plain below a long, straggling line of artillery and the wagons. It was a superb and glorious pageant, and filled me with the idea of power and strength. Our own little body of men were ordered in the saddle and formed below, just beyond the bridge. Just then an infantry regiment caught sight of our dear old general, who was on horseback alongside of me on top of the little knoll, and they cried and shouted, and their *vivas* were caught up by the next soldiers, until it was carried all along the line, and rolled away far into the distance. The officers saluted, and the military bands burst out. I turned to Général de Frail, trusting to see some expressions of pleasure on his face, but his face showed no emotion. He was stern and grave. In my enthusiasm I could have shouted, too, and as it was had drawn out my handkerchief, and was waving it.

"My dear Pauline," said the general, "it is true the *tenue* of the men is superb, but, though it all looks so very fine, the division is exactly two hours and five minutes too late—behind time—and I will have to punish some one severely. Now, my child, good-by, and God bless you! When the war is over, we will certainly see one another.—M. de Valbois, I wish you a good-day.—Pauline, kiss your father for me. Pauline, it is a common saying that one can't have an omelet without breaking eggs; and rest assured we are going to give and receive no end of hard knocks.—Ah! here come some brave old friends of mine;" and the general pointed to a regiment, and he showed me its flag. "I commanded some of those men in the Crimea, and we have known what it was to suffer and to be happy together. It is almost my family, for that is my old regiment. I carried that flag when I was a stripling—those same shreds of silk." Here my godfather unbent for the first time, removing his *képi* as the men shouted out his name. "Now, Pauline, my darling, good-by, and may God bless you! We shall see each other again;" and he kissed me tenderly, and I felt a tear on his brave old face. The general's staff then bade me adieu, and took their places in the column, their chief at their head. Dear general! He stood up in his stirrups, looking at me over the tops of the guns, waved his hand to me, and then he disappeared in a bend of the road. It would have been fully two hours before the rear-guard could have passed us. Now M. de Valbois and some three other gentlemen made up the party. We did not wait to see the last of the soldiers. As we turned bridle to go homeward I felt very much like crying. We came home slowly. Still the sweet scent of the clover was in the air, but it gave me a headache. I do not think I said anything to M. Raoul, who rode alongside of me, save to answer him in monosyllables. In fact, we all, I fancy, were more or less

oppressed. I had been over-excited, I suppose, and felt exhausted. The atmosphere might have had something to do with it, for a storm was gathering in the Vosges away off in the distance. Presently we heard the faint reverberation of the thunder, and I trembled so—who am not a nervous woman—that I checked my horse. It was God's artillery and not man's. M. de Valbois urged speed, in order to escape the rain, which we could see driving up from the hills, and we pushed our horses. Just as we got to the château the rain came down in torrents. I rushed into the house to give papa the general's parting words, but he was gone. I had forgotten his intended departure. I have passed a dreary evening with Madame de Valbois, whose presence seems to depress me. It appears that Madame de Valbois's mother saw the horrors of 1815, and the lady must needs tell them all to me. The whole of France is only interesting to Madame de Valbois as having to do with her or her son's interests, or those of the De Valbois. M. Raoul had gone to St.-Eloi to hear the news. I have pleaded my unfinished letter to you as an excuse to be alone. And now, dear Clémence, I have just time to finish this, and send it by André. Somehow, if I commenced this gayly, I feel in wretched spirits to-night. My kindest regards to M. de Montfriad.

For ever and ever,

PAULINE.

(*Madame de Montfriad to Pauline Delange.*)

PARIS, July —, 1870.

MY PAULINE: I can fancy your alarm. That you are nervous and excited, I can readily understand. Instantly on receipt of your letter I saw my father, and it is all arranged. M. de Montfriad will call on M. Delange to-day, in order to urge your immediate departure from St.-Eloi. You must come to Paris and live with us. If war has its misfortunes, it shall serve at least to reunite us. There, poor little dear, the whole matter is concluded. Of course, it is a serious business—for the Prussians. My eldest brother, the colonel of Spahis, arrived here yesterday from Algiers, and leaves for the Rhine to-morrow. He has an appointment in Général de Frail's division, and your acquaintance with this gallant officer may be of use to the colonel. I spoke to my brother about St.-Eloi, and he laughed away my tears. That part of Alsace, he assures me, is just where our French torrent will pour out which must submerge Germany. He told me that all the risk you would run would be to have your old château filled with our officers, and that in a week from now there would not be a chicken or a turkey or a goose on your farms, because the gallant French soldier would have exterminated them. My dear Pauline, there is no danger. I read to mamma that portion of your letter in regard to Madame de Valbois, and what she said of mamma, and mamma feels quite complimented. Nonsense, child, about your aristocratic friends! Though the Du Parcs trace their origin back to the Crusades (the Montfriands were only a goodish family, just emerging from obscurity in the

beginning of the last century), you, Pauline, are worth ten times more than I, having a truer nobility of soul. But, my Pauline—but what is all this you write me about some *contre-maitre*, a M. Percival and his dog Bobe? Take care! I do not like Americans—at least those from North America. *Passe donc*, for those hailing from South America, who are more like Spaniards or Italians, less their originality; but there is an assumption about these people from the United States which is annoying at times, because we can never place them. Imagine a youth we met in the Pyrenees last year, living *en prince*, a gentleman spending his money in the most lavish way, the leader of the hunting-parties, the whole place, in fact, at his beck and call, a ravishing dancer, a breaker of hearts withal, who turned out to be a *commis voyageur* in a silk or dry-goods house in New York, the rival of our *petit St.-Thomas*! You never can know who they are. You seem honestly, Pauline, to be just a little *entichée* about your dog and his former master. *Imprimis*, send back the dog. I have so little sympathy for your *caniche* that, should M. Raoul de Valbois's Persian hound swallow him, I should admire all the more Bobe's mausoleum. Suppose a *contre-maitre* does happen to have ridden on top of a wagon loaded with old iron, does that constitute him a remarkable personage? He may have lost his arm by some mechanical mishap. Are you to fall in love with all the one-armed or one-legged men? Suppose he did have his head broken in your father's service, is he not paid just in proportion to the risks he runs? Pauline! Pauline! are you not rehearsing, all to yourself, a certain quite pretty story, entitled "The Romance of a Poor Young Man?" You and I read it once together, *en cachette*, at school, and do you remember we borrowed it from that very Miss Smeef? I asked mamma about M. Raoul de Valbois, and she sounded his praises, and assured me that she had always understood that M. de Valbois was some day or other destined to make you, my Pauline, happy. There is nothing of the inevitable about this! I am two years older than you, *ma mie*, and might presume, not as much on my seniority as on my position as a married woman. School-girl romances are dropped with *pain au confitures*. As to M. Raoul de Valbois, if you have not exactly a community of sympathy, your fortunes are alike, your ages approximate (M. de Montfriand is twelve years my senior, and I scarcely knew him before my marriage). So, Pauline, take happiness, even if it is thrust on you. Mamma, too, extols Madame de Valbois, as possessing many amiable qualities, which perhaps you may have overlooked. Now, I pause just here, and, as I read over my last two or three paragraphs, I fear I may unwittingly have been dreadfully officious, and may have presented to you matters in quite an unwarrantable light. This M. Percival may be nothing more to you than any other workman. But, Pauline, under your calm exterior I fancy at times I discover something like a *tête exaltée*. I even imagine I see certain womanly indications—weaknesses, Pauline, such as spring from a heart which knows no guile, at least for me—I who

am your best and dearest friend. You always reflected on the surface what was in your heart. That is why, in this insincere and hollow world, I always loved you. Long ago I went to that school of manners where feelings are concealed. Come, come, Pauline, forgive me if I have wounded you; but I am a little afraid about you, not as to any risks the war can bring to the gentle *châtelaine* of St.-Eloi, but because cooped up with Madame de Valbois, and having M. Raoul de Valbois *en grippe*, at least for the present, you might become pensive, melancholy, or, what is worse, fall in love with the wrong man. Your father dines with us to-day, and he shall fix the day of your departure from St.-Eloi. Now I dismiss the subject. My brother says we must bivouac in Berlin, under the lindens, in a month from now at the very farthest. No power in Europe can withstand the valor of our soldiers. All France is in arms, and the glories of the first empire will pale before the wonderful fortunes of Napoleon III. My father leaves shortly for Italy on a diplomatic mission, and my husband accompanies him; so you see, Pauline, how much I shall want your company. It is said that, notwithstanding the war, the season will be a gay one. Your provincial toilet will want refurbishing when you come; you shall have the full benefit of my experience. The smoke of your forges has certainly got into your handsome head, and given you such strange ideas that I almost think a little gunpowder in the distance will help to clear up your mental atmosphere. Come, then, to Paris, and the strong walls of the city shall protect you, as will the loving arms of

Your very best friend,

CLEMENCE DE MONTFRIAND.

(From *Hugh Percival to George Terhune, of New York.*)

ST.-ELOI, VOSGES, FRANCE, *July —, 1870.*

MY DEAR GEORGE: It must now be fully eight months since I wrote to you, telling you that I had obtained a position at the iron-works here. I am better both in mind and body. It will take, though, a long time before the remembrance of all I have lost, that sad void in my life, will pass out of my mind. Perhaps if I had been left for dead at Cold Harbor it would have been better. Then I never would have learned that the woman I loved—your sister, George—perished when the false news of my death was carried to her. I must confess that the idea of my becoming a soldier of fortune, and of taking service in Egypt, never but half pleased me. I never wrote you how I happened to be in Alsace. It was my intention, with what small means I had left, to settle for a year or so in some quiet German university town, where there was a professor of Oriental languages, and acquire some of the more necessary Eastern tongues. Home was, if not distasteful, at least painful to me, who had lost the dear one who was to fill it. I had been advised to take a pedestrian tour, to cure a certain shakiness of nerves, and was trudging through Alsace, when I stumbled across M. Delange, the master of quite an extensive

iron-works here, who gave me employment. Somehow I have made my way very rapidly. Those eight years passed at your father's iron-works were not lost to me. I have charge, now, of a vast establishment, which at the present moment is encumbered with business. M. Delange, in fact, leaves me almost too much to do. I break my long silence, because, since France and Germany are to fight, you might be annoyed at not hearing from me. Now, with what experience I may have acquired of a general strategic character, I am pretty sure that just about the spot where I am writing this, St.-Eloi, will be the exact focal point of no end of cannon-balls. All France seems cock-a-hoop about this war, and thinks it nothing more than a *tournée militaire*. I am afraid they will be mistaken. I knew a host of German officers who fought on our side during the civil war, and from their ability, and from what they told me, I am pretty certain that France will have her hands full. I deem it singularly unfortunate that I should be even near the scene of action. I cannot leave St.-Eloi, as six months ago I entered into an engagement with M. Delange to remain with him for another year, on terms proposed by him, which were of the most liberal character. Of course, if the Prussians surround St.-Eloi I must capitulate, but not before. In the mean time, I am making shot and shell, and forging gun-barrels. Mind you, we are not over seventy-five miles from the Rhine, and our factory is known to be turning out materials of war. If there is a Sheridan or a Kilpatrick on the German side, and their cavalry-officers are not wanting in *elan*, some fine day they will break bounds, and smash our tall chimneys over our heads, for our smoke can be seen for miles around. I have an admirable set of workmen, and have no trouble. I fancy Alsatian workmen are the best in Europe for industry and good judgment. Of acquaintances I have none. M. Delange has frequently invited me to the house, a fine old château, and would have liked, so I think, to show me that civility which is rather rare in France between employer and employé, but I suppose I have rather stupidly, if not coldly, though I trust not impolitely, declined his advances. Nevertheless, I have been a forced guest at the house, having had a bad attack of headache, brought on by an accident. The noise of the hammers in the forge—for my lodgings are in a house adjacent to the factory—would have retarded my recovery, so I was very kindly taken to the château. I am quite well now, having resumed work a week ago. There is a Mademoiselle Pauline Delange, an exceedingly handsome-looking young lady of twenty, the only child of M. Delange. Mademoiselle Delange, for a French girl, thanks to her life in the provinces, seems to me to be quite a natural and unaffected kind of a person. I find that M. Delange consults her sometimes in regard to his business, and occasionally she comes to the factory and takes an interest in what is going on. I think she does a great deal of good among the workmen's families, and plays an important part in their society of *bien-faisance*. I have been very shy of her; for, though

I half suspect she knows I am useful to her father, she rather distrusts me as a fitting guest at the château. She does not disturb me, however, in the least. During her father's absence in Paris, she came to the office, accompanied by a Madame de Valbois, and the two interrupted me for fully an hour asking me a series of questions having to do with the military opening of the campaign, about which they really know more than I do, for my time is so absolutely engaged that I have not had even the chance to read the papers. Somehow I have the reputation of being a military oracle. Even the workmen ask me long questions, ending, "Excuse me, but since monsieur has seen service, he perhaps can tell us." I wonder how they knew I had been in the wars? There is a M. de Valbois, a young Parisian *élégant*, an *attaché* of legation, quite a fine gentleman, who has condescended to make my acquaintance, and who was good enough to express his surprise at the character of the books I was reading when I was ill at the château. Both Mademoiselle Delange and this gentleman have been in the *usine* all the afternoon, very much in the way, I assure you, especially as the lady insisted on having M. de Valbois witness the making of a large casting, and I could not help being amused at the way the young lady enjoyed the spectacle of seeing a well-dressed man like M. de Valbois exposed to a shower of sparks, which must have ruined both their clothes. There, I have given you the details of my surroundings, save M. Delange, for whom I have a great liking and respect. The master is a portly gentleman of over sixty, somewhat hot-headed and impetuous, with an indomitable will, a good eye to business, and who places, I am pleased to say, full confidence in me. Now, George, should you not hear from me for the next six months, do not believe that I am dead. You will probably be better informed on the other side of the Atlantic about the movements of the opposing forces than I will be, who am likely to be in the midst of it. Pray be good enough to send to my bankers in Brussels what little balance of money may be in your hands belonging to me. The excitement and bustle here are at a fever-heat. I am well and strong, perfectly restored to health, and, being fully occupied, have less time to think of my past troubles.

Most affectionately,

HUGH PERCIVAL.

(Pauline to Clémence.)

CHATEAU ST.-ELOI, August —, 1870.

DEAR CLEMENCE: I write you in an agony of mind. Ten days ago my father returned from Paris, apparently well, bringing me news of you. Three days ago he was stricken down with a terrible illness, whether from mental excitement or overwork we cannot tell. For two days he was perfectly unconscious. This morning for the first time he showed some faint signs of returning life. All my preparations for leaving St.-Eloi were completed—against my will, Clémence, not that I would not have liked to be with you, but because I could not bear to leave my father. As my father is so ill, you can under-

stand, Clémence, that I must be with him now. My place is by his side. I could scarcely have found time, Clémence, to write you this, if it were not to inform you that, unless my father's condition improves, I will not quit St.-Eloi. I have just had an anxious talk with our doctor. He says: "Any movement will endanger your father's life. With skillful nursing, it may be a month, two months, before he can even take an airing in a carriage." Think of it, Clémence! I have been almost alone in the château, and like it the better. M. de Valbois left a week ago for Paris, under orders from the Foreign Department. Madame de Valbois is still at the château. Yesterday the first wounded men came in, for there has been a hospital established at St.-Eloi, and, as the men were carried through the village, Madame de Valbois happened to see them, and has been hysterical ever since. She is not exactly selfish, only the war has unnerved her. It may do so for me, for aught I know. I do not think that Madame de Valbois can possibly remain at St.-Eloi, as she has already expressed her desire to be within the walls of Paris. From all that I have gleaned of war-news I am afraid we may run some risk here, and there is no reason why Madame de Valbois should suffer on my account; so I shall throw no obstacle in the way of her departure, but be rather glad if she does leave. I do not in any way, my dear Clémence, think it in the least unbecoming for you to write as you did about M. Percival. It was the *contre-maitre* who brought my poor father to me, for the attack took place at the *usine*. All I know about M. Percival is, that he is at work night and day, though he calls morning and evening to inquire about my father. I have somehow commenced to think that, without M. Percival at the *usine*, matters there, with the master prostrated, would be in dire confusion. I have learned to respect the *contre-maitre*, and, if you will have it, Clémence, to be rather in awe of him—only this and nothing more. My dear father is all to me, and so absorbs my thoughts that I sometimes forget that we are in the midst of a horrible war. Do you, Clémence, pray for my father's restoration to health, and for France, and for your friend

PAULINE.

(*M. Hugh Percival to Mademoiselle Delange.*)

GROSHEIM, August —, 1870.

WILL Mademoiselle Delange receive my thanks for the information she imparts to me in regard to the improved condition of her father? Madame de Valbois I had the honor to escort to Nancy, as requested by you, and the lady is now on her way to Paris. In the present condition of the railroads, given up entirely to the army, non-military travelers find more or less difficulty in their movements. This little journey to Nancy, as I had the honor of informing you, can in no way be prejudicial to the business of St.-Eloi. At Nancy I obtained permission to use an accumulation of coal belonging to the Government, now actually at Grosheim. This will explain to you why I am still at Grosheim. This

afternoon I shall dispatch a train of coal-wagons to St.-Eloi, so that our work will continue. I regret exceedingly the fact announced by you that the military hospitals have been removed from St.-Eloi, since they deprive you of the services of the surgeon. If M. Delange's condition should improve, I would, of course, advise your leaving the château with your father, and seeking other quarters. But the work at the *usine* must continue night and day. Were your father well to-day, it would be a point of honor with him to do his utmost to supply the Government, and fulfill his contract as far as practicable. A few hours before M. Delange was taken ill, he imparted his wishes to me to this effect. Should M. Delange's health be such that he cannot be moved, as you state, the path of duty is plain, and you ought to stay with him. I trust to be at St.-Eloi to-morrow.

With great respect,

Your very obedient servant,

H. PERCIVAL.

(*Pauline to Clémence.*)

CHATEAU ST.-ELOI, August —, 1870.

DEAR CLEMENCE: This may be the very last letter to you. Thank God, my father is better! If this improvement continues, there may be some slight hopes of our moving him. My father knows nothing of the dire calamities which have befallen our country, that our armies have been vanquished, and that the blood of our soldiers is flowing like water. I hear the most sinister news, and I see faces all around me pale with alarm. Some of our best hands at the *usine* have volunteered; others, more timid, are removing from the approaching scene of the contest. The main road before the château is crowded with poor peasants, who plod on in a piteous way with their wives and children, seeking safety in flight. It looks pretty much like isolation for us here. I am assured that, although our works are in one sense a source of danger as likely to draw an inroad from the enemy, strong efforts will be made to hold St.-Eloi to the last. You understand, Clémence, what that means. Almighty God! am I to see scenes of carnage around my home, and my poor father deprived of even the necessities of life? The *usine* is still at work—a detail of soldiers replacing the workmen who have left us. O Clémence, I have been for two days in an agony of grief, all the harder, all the more terrible, because I have been forced to conceal the news from my poor father. Général de Frail is dead—was killed in action. Brave gentleman, whom I loved next to my father! Some days ago I asked for tidings about him. No one seemed to be willing to tell me anything. The day before yesterday I overheard André apostrophize the portrait of my godfather, which hangs in the library, in such touching terms that I suspected he was concealing something from me. "André, André!" I cried, "is the general alive?" "He is dead, poor mademoiselle! He tried alone to turn defeat into victory, and fell a martyr to his country. What a loss! I never can see his picture without talking to it. He was the bravest of the brave, and many a kind word

he has said to me. Mademoiselle, before he left us, he did me the honor to ask me how long I had been attached to the family. On my telling him 'Twenty years,' he said to me: 'André, my good man, you must never leave them. Take good care of Mademoiselle Pauline, my godchild, and M. Delange.' Mademoiselle, come what may, I for one, until the Prussians batter this house over my old head, will never leave it, nor cease to care for you and yours."

My agony was so great, Clémence, that I could not even cry. I fell on my knees, and prayed for the repose of my godfather's soul. Think of the sad coincidence—the misfortune of the thing, for papa sent just then for me, and the first thing he said was: "Pauline, you give me no news about De Frail? You may depend upon it, our general is giving it to those villainous Prussians. De Frail is one of those *dur-à-cuire* that no ball can touch or harm. When De Frail comes back he will be more insupportable than ever—such long stories he will have to tell me! Perhaps the emperor will make him a duke. He

ought to have been made one long ago. How I hope to annoy him one of these days by calling him M. le Duc on all occasions! When we play whist together, I shall say to him, 'M. le Duc should not have trumped that trick;' or, 'If M. le Duc cannot play better than that, let him take to domino!' Pauline, I think if I only saw my dear old friend again, I should get well." Then my poor father laughed a merry laugh, and rubbed his hands in childish glee. I thought I should die.—I can write no more. In this big house there are to-day but my father and I, André and Babette. M. Percival sent me a brief note this morning, stating that, if I had any letters for Paris, I had better forward them at once to him for transmission. I draw a terrible augury from this. Matters must be at their worst when postal communication is closed. I have but time to say, God bless you, Clémence, and may we see each other again!

For ever and ever,

PAULINE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUT OF LONDON.¹

VII.—AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY.

IF it be true that a nation is best seen in its amusements, the reason probably is, that it can never really be seen at any other time. In business-hours people shroud themselves in the mantle of conventionality; in their homes they are disguised by habits, traditions, and associations; on the field of battle they are either machines or animals—and, besides, only the male half is there; in political mobs and gatherings, and even as spectators of shows, they are dominated and, as it were, uniformed by one or two prevalent impulses or emotions. But when a nation, having arisen in the morning with an intention of amusing itself till nightfall, issues forth to carry that purpose into execution, no matter how, no matter where—then, at last, the observer sees them as they are. They have thrown off all the burdens that press them more or less out of shape throughout the year; they forget all that troubled them yesterday and will do so again to-morrow; they think of nothing but how to get the greatest amount of idle and aimless and foolish pleasure out of the present moment; and each one, and all together, unconsciously and inevitably act out their own individualities, with the least possible degree of embarrassment, disguise, or affectation. The spectacle, in this nineteenth century, and in civilized England, if amusing in some respects, is rather astounding in others. It forces one to recognize anew the soundness and necessity of the great human dogma of clothes. Not that English holiday-makers are, in a material sense, sansculottic—far from it: but in a moral and mental sense they are very apt to become so, before the day is over, and after they have warmed the cockles of their

hearts with sufficient quantities of gin and beer. And it must be confessed that, until the millennium gets rather nearer than it seems to be now, the exhibition of even the more playful side of even the English people's inner nature is not entirely savory and delightful.

However, I do not wish to appear atrabilious, nor do I intend to moralize much; but I should be glad to give an impression of a British Whitsuntide in a London suburb. Exactly such a sight can be seen nowhere else; least of all in America. For, though both American and English orators, in their speeches after dinner and elsewhere, talk much about us two being members of the same great Saxon family—of one blood flowing in our veins—and of our aims and interests being identical—I, nevertheless, maintain, nor am I alone in the opinion, that no two nations upon earth are more at variance upon every essential point than are John Bull and Jonathan. The opposition is not intentional—possibly not even desirable; but it is profound and inevitable. Beyond the broad sympathies that ally every human creature to every other, however alien, England and we have naught in common. All our aspirations, convictions, and impulses, are mutually hostile; and, whenever we come openly to blows, we not only fight each other with as savagely hearty a zest as any Turko-Russian combat could show; but it is then, and then only, that we feel mutually at ease, and ready to admit that there are virtues as well as faults on both sides.

Such being the case, there is not only no risk of any description of English manners and customs being (so far as an American audience is concerned) a carrying of coal to Newcastle, but the difficulty

¹ Continued from JOURNAL for March.

will be, to make the audience in question realize what a very foreign substance that coal really is. The lower-middle orders of English people, who form the bulk of those you meet on holidays, are curiously and edifyingly different from what would be taken as the corresponding class in America. We call ourselves independent, but these English are, in a certain sense, far more independent than we. The American citizen is weighed down, restrained, and subdued, by the responsibility, which he can neither evade nor forget, of being his own sovereign, and thus answerable to himself for what he does. The cares of empire are ever on his shoulders; he feels that there is nothing beyond, above, or below him, and that if he be careless in his conduct, or irreverent toward authority, the nation must go to the dogs for want of any one greater than the disorderly American citizen himself to correct his disorder. Far otherwise is it in England, the land of caste—of clear and well-marked distinctions of rank—of *Magna Charta*, Parliament, and Gladstone. The unwashed or partly-washed commoner is secure in his fixed sphere of life, above or beneath which he goes not, neither has interests or rights, but within the limits of which he is more his own master than is any other man alive. He thinks and talks of himself as a free-born British subject, with glorious liberties handed down from his forefathers, and a constitution, and an empire on which the sun never sets, and the rulership of the waves: he can point to his member in the House, and fancies that if that member does not behave properly, he, in his own unwashed person, may advance to the bar of the Commons, and there call his member, and the leader of his party, and Lord Beaconsfield, and the very queen herself, to order. But in spite of these beliefs of his and other similar ones, or even on account of them, the free-born British subject feels with inward satisfaction that he *is* a subject, and that if anything—he himself included—happens to go wrong, no one can hold him responsible for it; it was the duty of the constitutional authority, for the maintenance whereof he is taxed, but no part nor parcel whereof he is, to keep him straight. There are policemen enough about, and the Briton surrenders his conscience into the policeman's keeping, and so jogs on in careless cheerfulness. He knows that that belted, buttoned, and helmeted conscience of his is a good-humored, easy-going, forbearing conscience enough, especially on holidays; he also knows that there is a point beyond which this conscience will not suffer him to go; but within that point is verge and room for as much larking as any right-minded Briton can desire. It would be difficult, therefore, to form a conception of a soul more emancipated from all earthly burdens and anxieties than that which goes forth in its unwashed British carcass to take its holiday. Its independence, inside of those limits which, as a worshiper of caste, it has no desire or reason to transgress, is the envy and marvel of mankind. How long this paradisiacal state of things may last is, in these days of change, of course a question. By-and-

by, perhaps, the great god Caste will begin to totter on his throne, and the policemen cease being incarnations of unwashed consciences. When that era dawns, I shall not care to mingle in a crowd of English holiday-makers. A morose, surly, sad-browed assemblage would they be then; for even as the Englishman is the most enviable of beings when free from the responsibility of himself, so would he, when owning that responsibility, be the most pitiable and oppressed. Imagine having an Englishman on one's conscience! Madness that way lies.

Logically, these reflections, if admitted at all, should come in after our holiday is over; or at most appear as suggestions arising from this or that episode or adventure. Yet it may be as well to have rid ourselves at the outset of the burden of criticism and disapprobation, and thus left ourselves at liberty to be unconditionally entertained by what we may behold during our ramble. An amiable foreigner, comfortably persuaded of the superiority of his country and countrymen over any other place or people on earth, may find a great deal to be pleased with in an English merry-making. And really English people are not bad company, from the English point of view. Setting aside, for convenience' sake, all question of our own perfections, and accepting them as they are—prejudices, follies, faults, and all—we shall be surprised to see how much humor, and sense, and decency, and goodness, there are in them. If our fancy be vivid enough to rehabilitate us as native-born Englishmen, we shall probably realize for the first time how intensely self-satisfied, patriotic, and jovial, it is within the capacity of human beings to be. There is nothing for which we may more heartily thank God than for not being English; yet at the same time we must, if we are honest, confess that we should have been far happier as Englishmen than as what we are. And withal Englishmen grumble, and affirm that things are not half so well with them as they deserve. Why, even this is a blessing; for, if they knew their happiness, it would be annihilated by the shock of its own recognition. When a man can add the bliss of unconsciousness to his other blisses, he is blissful indeed!

I had forgotten that Whit-Monday was the Bank-Holiday (the phrase is a significant one; a *bank*-holiday in England must be a holiday, and no mistake!), and was, therefore, somewhat mystified when my morning stroll and meditation were invaded by the sound of music and mirth, and the trundling up of an array of decorated vehicles, filled as full of bedizened holiday-folk as a Third Avenue horse-car of passengers on a rainy evening. At the junction of my road with that along which they were proceeding stood an inn, and before its hospitable doorway the caravan halted. Doubtless the horses may have been glad of a rest, for they had come far that day. This fact, by-the-by, was borne in upon me, not by the travel-stained aspect of the vehicles, so much as by the degree of beeriness observable in the voices and actions of their occupants. It was still early in the forenoon, but they had stopped at every important ale-house on their road to freshen up all round; and,

reckoning one stoppage to each mile (which, to be sure, is an absurdly small estimate), and half a pint per head to each stoppage, they must have driven through about a quart of liquor for the most abstinent among them.

A few of the semi-detached males, who were hanging on and off the exterior of the open-work, 'bus-like contrivance which arrived first at the inn-door, tumbled off and entered the tap-room, whence they soon emerged laden with foaming tankards for the ladies. Meantime they were all singing in chorus (and in or out of tune, just as it happened) the burden of some old English ditty—"I think it was 'Oh, dear! what can the matter be?'"—with a running accompaniment of laughter, chaff, and waving of hands, heads, and hats. The young woman who sat nearest the 'bus-door, and who was suckling her baby with *naïve* unreserve, sang the clearest and laughed the loudest of them all, and, it may be added, tossed off her glass of ale with such relish as it made one thirsty to behold. As for the baby, it appeared in no way discomposed by its mother's vivacity, but sucked away diligently, and perhaps liked its milk all the better for a flavoring of hops and malt. Nevertheless, methought it was hardly fair to the little thing thus to introduce it to the beer-flask before it was weaned from the breast. Is this English justice, madam, when your infant asks you for milk, to beguile him with ale? A pint less of liquor down your throat to-day would be worth more to him, perhaps, than a dozen temperance-lectures twenty years hence.

I climbed the stile, and, taking the by-path across the meadow, arrived before the caravan at the park-avenue—a splendid vista a mile in length, between luxuriant chestnut-trees. The latter should by rights have been in full bloom that day; but the bitter, frigid, venomous northeast wind, which had been blowing with scarcely a day's intermission for more than a month past, and seemed to have taken a new lease of life in recognition of this occasion, had so checked and disheartened all vegetable efflorescence that it was a mercy we had even green leaves. Along the central roadway streamed the straggling procession of well-filled carriages, carts, wagons, and 'buses; while all along the paths beneath the trees on each side, and over the broad bordering of grass, straggled and streamed, singly, in pairs, in groups, scores and hundreds of jocund pedestrians. The vehicles were amply adorned with festoons and clusters of white and tinted tissue-paper, as were likewise many of the occupants, and numbers of those who trudged afoot. The costume of the crowd was in other respects portentously English. The men wore black coats and black-felt hats—these were *de rigueur*—as to trousers and neckties, they were left to individual tastes, which played strange tricks with them. It was surprising to see how large a majority contrived to conform to this black-coat fashion—persons whose nether integuments, not to mention the cast of their features and the texture of their skins, indicated small affinity with the clastening influences of broadcloth. Some, of course, had to put up with more familiar and less modish attire; but it was al-

ways evident that every man wore the best his wardrobe afforded; and I noticed one who had caused his workman's overalls to be violently washed and starched, so that at a distance of not less than an eighth of a mile he seemed to walk in a summery pair of white ducks. Perhaps, in order to bring the average of his costume into harmony with the coolness of the season, he had mounted a heavily-built and densely-wadded pea-jacket; and, for the rest, he wore a fur-cap with paper streamers, and an attenuated blue necktie. After all, he looked, fashion aside, and from the purely æsthetic point of view, quite as well as ninety-nine hundredths of the male Britons in sight. No one dresses so villainously as the commoner sort of Englishman, except his wife and his daughter.

These ladies were clad in a manner I need not attempt to describe, since those who have seen it would not willingly be reminded of it, and those who have not would discredit my report. All the colors of the rainbow were, no doubt, represented; but many, also, which no rainbow ever knew. Yet it is not so much in color as in cut and combination that the Englishwoman sins. She often contents herself with black or blackish tints, but these she manages to make hideous with a touch beyond the reach of art. Whatever is ungainly is revealed, but concealment ever waits upon that which might have been attractive. Surely, the marriages of the lower orders in England ought to be felicitous, for the swain must be enamored only of the inward charms of his mistress; there is nothing in her outward show to win him. And the virtue that can shine through such gear as this must needs be of a very bright and durable quality.

However, apart from their clothes, that is, inside of them, both the nymphs and the swains are probably quite companionable folk. I found it easier than not to laugh with them when they laughed; there is a kind of cool comicality about them that amuses better than much wit and humor of the more refined description. There is nothing in their jokes and buffoonery themselves, but a great deal in the spirit which produces them. As I walked leisurely up the avenue, the 'bus that I had made acquaintance with at the inn-door came lumbering past. It was pursued by four or five black-coated youths, from sixteen to twenty years of age, whose object seemed to be to seize a ride upon the broad door-stirrups. But, as often as one of them succeeded in jumping upon it, he was straightway displaced, either by the valor of the young woman with the baby, who sat next the door, or by the envious coat-tail pluckings of his own companions: the whole struggle, be it observed, being carried on amid a constant roar of merriment. At length one of the youths, more active or more determined than the rest, having gained the stirrups, made a headlong leap forward and upward, and plunged prone into the body of the 'bus, where he lay for a few moments among the feet of its occupants, his own extremities brandishing in air. Recovering himself, amid much giggling confusion, he constituted himself his involuntary hostesses'

champion, and, standing within the door, fought off all efforts of the outsiders to rival his exploit. With excellent dexterity did he knock off one hat after another of the storming party; and, the human being having not yet been discovered of soul lofty enough to disregard this method of attack, there was a constant running back to pick up the fallen "billy-cocks." Finally, however, a lucky blow caused the champion's own hat to fall; and the situation became interesting. But now was exemplified the English love of fair-play. One of the pursuers magnanimously picked up the hat and restored it to its owner, and then the struggle recommenced; and it continued so long as the 'bus remained within sight. No doubt the whole party came to a friendly understanding at the next ale-house—and for the sport of knocking off hats substituted that of putting bricks in them.

A tall, middle-aged personage, of respectable aspect, had been walking on some yards in front of me, entertained, apparently, as I was, by the humors of the living panorama. All at once, to my immense surprise, he clewed himself up in a painfully convulsive manner, and, rolling over head foremost, lay in the path entirely without motion. The occurrence took place just opposite a wayside bench, beneath a tree, where a merry party were picnicking on sandwiches and bottled beer. They, however, took no notice of the defeated gentleman, perhaps supposing him only a little farther gone than they on the same road they were pursuing. But the singular stillness of the body impressed me; nor did his face wear the look of one who has succumbed to drink; it had a peculiarly drawn and pallid expression. A knot of "irrepressible 'Arries" came along, and gathered round the prostrate figure, with many a comic quip and quirk. One of them stooped above his head, and chirped out, "'Ullo, guv'nor! 'Ow's yer bloom-in' 'ealth?" at which sally there was a general snicker, in which the picnickers on the neighboring bench took part. Only the quiet gentleman himself, the butt of their facetiousness, remained entirely unmoved: the driest joker living could not have kept his countenance better. A policeman sauntered by, but, with the forbearance due to the festive season, only glanced reproachfully at him of the rigid limbs, and passed on. One of the irrepressible 'Arries now caught our undemonstrative friend by the hand, and gave it a rough shake; but there seemed to be no responsive pressure, and when the hand was released it assumed precisely the same oddly-constrained position across the breast that it had held before being interfered with. Several of the grinning group now began to scrutinize the stiffened visage more narrowly; and one of the women on the bench set down the bottle she was raising to her lips with a rap, and turned suddenly pale. "He ain't drunk," declared some one. "The bloke's got a fit—he's an epilepsy!" This opinion raised another giggle, but it was a short-lived one. The woman came and knelt down beside the bloke, who had excited such a commotion merely by keeping still. "No, that ain't an epilepsy; I know what an epilepsy is," said she. "Set him up agin the tree," suggested some one; "a

breath of air's all he wants!" and two or three of them actually did take this thing, which had now become the cynosure of all eyes, under the arms, and dragged it to the foot of the tree, and propped it up there. And there it sat, still with its arms in that oddly-constrained position across its breast, while its ghastly face confronted the bitter east wind. But even that wind seemed powerless to revive it, or even to make it shiver. Meanwhile, the forbearing policeman had returned, and, feeling probably that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue in this instance, he stalked up to the unconscionable delinquent, and, seizing him by the elbow, exclaimed sternly, "Come, guv'nor, you must move on!" No reply. The policeman administered a little shake, and putting his mouth close to the other's ear, shouted, "Where do you want to go?" The figure toppled over sideways, and, but for the clutch of the guardian of the peace upon its elbow, would have fallen. Methought that inquiry had added the last grim touch of irony to the scene. It needed not that irrepressible 'Arry should exclaim, with a half-injured air, "Why, blowed if the bloke ain't dead—that's what he is!" Yet 'Arry was perhaps right, after all, in feeling a little indignant. Gentlemen who are liable to forsake earthly existence thus unceremoniously ought, in common civility, to stay at home on Bank-Holiday.

This adventure a little dashed my spirits; I walked briskly on, and, emerging from the avenue into the high-road beyond, shouldered my way to the thronged bar of the Greyhound Hotel, and called for a pint of ale. It was straightway set before me, in a pewter tankard, and tasted, I thought, better than the generality of draught-beer. During the few minutes that it took me to dispose of it, I contemplated my environment with due attention. The bar, like those of all "pubs," was divided off on the customer's side into several divisions; and there was nowhere anything—except the floor—to sit upon. Each division was packed nearly solid with beer-drinking and beer-drunken animals, while on the opposite side the landlord and his assistants had a good deal more than they could do to satisfy all demands. There was a steady hubbub of more or less thick-toned speech, interspersed with occasional shouts and screams, and burdened with innumerable laughter. A fiddle was playing somewhere, though in the uproar it was scarcely audible where I stood; but some enthusiastic gentry in its more immediate neighborhood had broken out in a riotous dance, albeit there seemed hardly space to do more than stand upright. Nevertheless, I have seen ladies and gentlemen, in far more pretentious circles, attempt the same feat under circumstances almost as straitened—and, it may be added, with considerably less manifest enjoyment. The difference, so far as I could see, was mainly the difference between beer and champagne—and their accessories. But there was more undisguised human nature apparent among the votaries of the malt and hops than of the grape, and yet I am bound to admit that the former spectacle would be less enjoyable than the latter.

I left my four coppers on the swimming counter and fought my way out to the open air once more. In order to enter fairly into the spirit of what was going forward I should have swallowed some three or four pints more. There is an innate sympathy between boozy people that enables them to understand each other vastly better than any sober outsider can understand them. Liquor is like love—it gives to those under its influence a mutual insight unattainable to the unaffected. The stuff which has fired my blood recognizes its presence in your veins, and we are drawn together by its affinity for itself. We are its creatures for the time being, and must obey its motions. Nay, so intimate is its mastery over us, that we mistake its impulses for our own, and fancy that it is we, and not only the tankards we have quaffed, that fraternize so effusively. The next morning we view the matter from a more rational standpoint; but so penitential is apt to be the recognition of our mistake, that we are often half ready to wish we were mistaken still.

The street seemed almost as thronged as the bar: it seemed to sway and undulate in great waves of beery jollity. Through the midst there was a constant succession of populous wagons, bearing westward; but many had turned aside to the stables of the rival hotels on either side of the way, where hasty hostlers loosed the horses from the shafts and led them to their hay. Westward, however, the main current of progress set, and westward drifted I along with it. Presently from behind sounded the rhythm of music, and approached, thrusting its way through the crowd, a brass-band, some twenty strong, with gold-laced caps and red, distended cheeks. They moved at a quicker rate than the bulk of those going in the same direction; but a contingent of admirers kept pace with them on either side and behind, most of whom danced as they went in time with the brisk jig whereto the brass horns were giving utterance. This dancing was impressive, from the complete *abandon* of the performers, and the comparison it suggested between modern and ancient times—when nymphs and satyrs capered in Bacchus's train precisely as these worthy Britons were capering now. One stout-waisted monad, in particular, was wholly possessed and carried away by Saturnalian inspiration. Holding out in one hand the starched skirts of her gaudy print dress, while the other arm arched above her ribbon-frenzied bonnet, she jigged joyously round and round in advancing spirals, dizzying to behold, her features fixed in a fatuous smile of interior delight, oblivious of the eyes and comments of the outside world. Past she went, circling ever onward, the embodiment of the brazen tune, until she was lost to sight, as the music that inspired her to the ear, beyond the heads and shoulders of the vociferous crowd. What a blessing it is that people exist, even in this self-conscious and sagacious age of ours, ready and willing to make unmitigated fools of themselves! There is hope for humanity so long as they survive; and I am glad to record my meeting, on this day, with a really encouraging number of survivors.

In the course of half an hour or thereabout the

street yawned so broadly as to admit within its jaws an open common some five or six acres in area. The main road skirted the southern boundary of this green space, and was itself fringed along its southward side with a succession of ugly little houses, almost all of which now bore the badge of innship, except a few, upon whose shields was inscribed the legend "Tea-Garden." The opposite side of the street, abutting on the common, was occupied by a continuous line of cheap-jacks, peddlers, fruit, candy, and shell-fish venders; hitting, weighing, height-measuring lifting, electric-shocking, and lung-testing machine proprietors; organ-grinders, daguerreotypists, jumping-ropers, panorama-exhibitors—but why attempt an enumeration? There were a thousand attractions, and as many swindles. In addition to these stationary spiders, the street was threaded to and fro by hundreds of mobile hawkers, who pressed upon you all varieties of unimaginable rubbish, from paper rosettes to leaden squirt-bottles, which last found a universal market, and, since I know not whether so excellent an invention has yet found its way to our shores, I will briefly describe it: it is a collapsible leaden tube, three inches long and about an inch in diameter, very much resembling the little zinc bottles in which oil-paints are sold. They are filled with water, and being provided with a small orifice at one end, they emit, on being squeezed, a fine stream of liquid, which the mischievously disposed direct with aggravating accuracy into the faces and down the necks of the unwary. So popular are these little engines ("lady-teasers" is, I believe, the name of them; though, according to my observation, they were more used by the ladies than against them), that it is seldom possible to advance more than a dozen consecutive paces without coming into the line of fire—of water, in this case—of at least one of them. It is *en règle*, of course, to receive the salute with perfect good-humor and equanimity, and to return it if you can; and possibly such *douches* may not be altogether disagreeable on a broiling-hot day. But with that bitter east wind in full blast, I could not but wonder to see the "lady-teasers" so extensively patronized. They are sold, I think, at three for a penny—not a large sum, perhaps, for so much fun, and yet, considering how soon they are used up and the impossibility of recuperating them, the investment is a squandering of money, genuine enough to make poor folks feel as grand as real spendthrifts. I know not what becomes of the squeezed bottles; probably the venders pick them up next morning and "realize" on them.

It is remarkable, by-the-way, the infinity of things that can be got, done, and undergone, in this Whitsuntide world, at the cost of one penny. It was open to me, at any moment, to eat three raw welks for a penny; to deliver a right-hander against a canvas buffer for a penny; to rope as long as I could do so without missing for a penny; to quench my thirst with a greasy thimbleful of chemical lemonade for a penny; to see a juggler spin a wash-bowl on a stick for a penny; to throw three bludgeons at a cocoanut on the end of a cane for a penny, with a reversionary interest in the

nut should it happen to drop into the basket ; to feel the prick of an electrified wire for a penny ; to dance a mild sort of *cancan*, to the music of a tinkling hand-organ, for a penny, with the privilege of kissing my partner whenever and as often as I liked thrown in—although, to speak the ungallant truth, one would gladly have paid an indefinite number of pennies for the privilege of being excused from that privilege, under the existing circumstances. But, in short, it would have surprised me to meet with anything so exquisite that a penny would not have made it mine, or with anything so worthless as not to have been valued at the same figure.

As for the *cancan* just alluded to, there was really next to no *cancan* about it ; and it might be considered unjust both to the dancers and the dance to call it by that famous name. But, with the recollection of a Parisian *cancan* in one's memory, this British plagiarism upon it seemed hugely funny. Six persons—three of each sex—placed themselves opposite one another in immediate proximity with a hand-organ. Owing to the thickness of the shifting crowd round about, there was scarcely space enough between the opposing couples to secure them from treading on one another's toes ; and, the affair taking place in the street, there was constant interruption from heedlessly-driven vehicles, which would cause an unpremeditated variation in the evolutions. Often, too, an uninvited recruit would stumble into the ring, execute a *fandango* independently, and be off again ere there was time to organize a remonstrance. Indeed, no remonstrance seemed to be expected ; nor was it taken much amiss if one of these free-lances of Terpsichore saluted the lips of his fair *vis-à-vis* of a moment, before departing.

The dancing itself was of the most Arcadian simplicity. The gentlemen tilted their hats on the backs of their heads, threw back the lappels of their coats far enough to reveal a finger's breadth of shirt-sleeve at the arm-hole, bent their bodies forward from the hips, and, with their arms swinging loosely in front of them, executed a more or less elaborate double-shuffle, interspersed with occasional throwings-back of the shoulders and flourishings of the feet. The ladies grasped their skirts in both hands, extending them breadthwise, and double-shuffled in like manner to their partners ; the acme of agility always occurring just before crossing over, when the gentlemen would indulge in an extra flourish or two, and the ladies would lift the hem of their robes high enough to display the ragged darning of their dingy stockings. Meanwhile the countenances of all parties wore an expression of earnest gravity which was quite the most absurd feature of the performance. They kept their eyes steadfastly directed upon one another's double-shuffles, and only raised them when the moment came round for changing places. All the grinning was done by the spectators, and even they seemed to consider the exhibition a matter rather for critical scrutiny than for smiles. And the hand-organ ground and tinkled, and the dust rose, and the foreheads of the toilers flushed and glistened ; and still they danced on, looking less as if they were en-

joying themselves, than obeying the promptings of a lofty sense of duty.

I got out of the street at last, and strolled about the broad, uncrowded common. Here were numerous little encampments scattered about—family-parties seated round a basket, with the contents of which they were making merry. Between these groups young folks were wandering to and fro in couples, sometimes running races hand-in-hand, or one pursuing the other, with a kiss to pay for being caught. This, however, was only in case the racers were of opposite sexes ; but it too often happened that I met two, three, and even four, melancholy damsels in a row, untended by any masculine arm, unpursued by any masculine foot. There is a deplorable superfluity of females in England ; yet they seem to exert little influence over the national character, which shows few feminine traits. Perhaps, however, the sway of woman is in inverse ratio to her numerical preponderance in a population. The Englishman is accustomed to seeing so many of the softer side of creation about that he ceases to hold them in respect or reverence, and becomes even more intensely and coarsely masculine than he was before. It is a pity both for him and for her. For she inevitably grows to value herself pretty much as she finds herself valued by him ; she sees that he cares little whether she be modest and pure, and so comes to regard purity and modesty as not preëminently desirable qualities. Certainly the lower orders of Englishwomen have no such feelings of reserve and delicacy regarding their relations with men as our own countrywomen have. A coarse fibre runs, indeed, through all classes of English people, and no degree of education and culture avails to quite refine it away. They are, it may be, a more ingenuous people than we ; they have a certain simplicity which we lack, and both in their vices and their virtues they display a lack of affectation which amuses a foreign eye. But, on the other hand, so far from prizing this sincerity of theirs, they are somewhat ashamed of it, and the higher their level of culture the more do they try to ape the refined and graceful viciousness of their Gallic neighbors. Of course, they never succeed ; but they persuade themselves that they do, and would feel not a little offended by any intimation to the contrary. One result of this thick-fibredness is, that there is less difference, on all really vital points, between an educated and an uneducated Englishman than between an educated and an uneducated Frenchman, Italian, or American. The "average man" of the race is more nearly the man himself than is the case with other nationalities. Doubtless much of the strength and stability of England has been due to this fact. The people are at one, and they can both strike and sustain a heavier blow than the people that is divided.

I have wandered so far away from Hampton Common and the Whitsuntide gayeties there that it would be scarcely worth while to work my way back thither. And a little of that sort of diversion goes a long way, as no doubt my reader will be ready to agree.

MY LADY MARY.

EVERY one to his or her taste. In spite of all, I loved Lady Mary the best. She was not more than twenty-three when I first saw her, and our acquaintance came about in this way:

I was twenty-four years old, and lived at my father's little homestead near Boston. Being the oldest of seven daughters, I had been thinking for some time of going out as a teacher or something else, to help along—for we were very poor—when one day I saw an advertisement in a Boston paper in nearly these words:

“WANTED—A companion for a lady who is an invalid, to take charge of the housekeeping, etc. The duties will be light, and the remuneration liberal. References given and required. Apply to Mr. J. Williams, Beacon Street, Boston.”

Well, to make a long story short, I determined to answer the advertisement; and on my next visit to Boston called on Mr. Williams, who was a pleasant old gentleman, and received me with great politeness. The lady who wanted a companion I found was a Mrs. Maury, of Virginia, whose husband was a friend of Mr. Williams, and had requested him to put the advertisement in the paper, and choose a person who would suit. I did not fancy going so far from home at first, but at last made up my mind to do so; and, as Mr. Williams and myself soon came to an understanding, I was on my way a week or two afterward to Virginia.

At the little country-station where I got out of the cars I found a large family-carriage waiting for me, driven by a respectable-looking old black man, who touched his hat, and then busied himself strapping my trunk on behind; it was an old trunk covered with horse-hide, with my name, “Sally Perkins,” on the top in brass tacks with round tops the size of a pea. I got into the carriage, which then rolled away, and in an hour it drew up before a fine, large house, Mr. Maury's, where Mrs. Maury—“Lady Mary”—was waiting for me on the porch. I fell in love with her at the very first sight. She was a delicate, white-looking young lady, about twenty-three, as I said, and had the sweetest smile I ever saw on any human face. She met me with a warm shake of the hand, and went herself to show me my room, which was as fresh-looking and bright as heart could wish; and on the next day I felt almost as much at home as if I had been in our old farm-house in Massachusetts.

It did not take me long to make the acquaintance of all the family. Mr. Maury was a grave, silent gentleman of about thirty-five, who was always buried in his books in his library, where he was writing some treatise on science or something, which seemed to interest him a great deal more than his wife and children. He had little or nothing to do with the management of his large estate, which was

left to an overseer, and from morning to night was poring over his books and papers, as if there were nothing else in the world.

Well, I soon gave Mr. Maury up as a sort of body with whom I had no concern, rarely even speaking to him, and only returning the stiff bow he made me at meals. With Lady Mary it was quite different. Her name, “Lady Mary,” was a sort of pet name she had been called by when she was a girl, I found; and I soon began to use it in addressing her, as she seemed to like it much better than stiff “Mrs. Maury.” For that matter, it was hard to be reserved and formal with her. She was more like a child than woman, and her blue eyes were as sweet and innocent as if she were fourteen instead of twenty-three. There was a shrinking, confiding expression in her whole face which made me love her at once; and I am glad to think now how much she soon became attached to me in return.

She had two children, a fine boy about five years old, and a little girl about three. The boy's name was Arthur, and the little girl's Annie. They were the sweetest children eyes ever beheld, and, as I naturally love children, I soon became devoted to Lady Mary's little ones, which plainly touched her heart. I soon took the main charge of them, dressing them, mending their clothes, and looking after them, which I could see was a great comfort to Lady Mary, who had no strength to do so herself. She was in very delicate health—indeed, as I afterward found, she had even then contracted the disease, consumption, which afterward carried her off. She would lie upon a couch in her chamber, very pale and weak, and coughing painfully now and then, watching me, with her sweet, girlish smile, as I brushed Arthur's hair or danced little Annie on my knee, and I still remember her dear, sweet voice as she spoke to me at such times more like a daughter speaking to a mother than a married woman addressing a “companion” scarcely older than she was herself.

Well, a year went by, and another year came, and I was still at the Pines, which was the name of Mr. Maury's place. There was hardly anything at all said about a reëngagement of my services—I just staid on as a matter of course, and I could see how much this pleased and relieved Lady Mary, whose health had not improved in the least. During all the time I had been at the Pines I had seen almost nothing at all of Mr. Maury. He was always shut up with his big books and papers, and had very little to say to anybody, not even to Lady Mary. Not that he exactly neglected her, or was unkind to her. He was not unkind, but he was not the sort of husband I would have liked. A man is not obliged to get married, that I know of; but, if he does marry, I think his wife is entitled to some of his society, and to a kind, loving word sometimes—not to be treated as if she were a family portrait hung up on the wall, to be looked at now and then, and no more.

But I find I am making my story too long, and must come to what happened afterward. I had been at the Pines for nearly four years when Lady Mary gave birth to a third child—a daughter. I can scarcely look back, even now, to that time without an aching heart, and having a hearty cry. My poor, poor, little lady had not strength to recover from her illness. Consumption had marked her out already for its victim; but the birth of her child hastened her death, and, when the baby was only a month old, she folded her hands one morning about daylight over her breast, and closed her eyes, never to open them again in this world.

Well, I am not sentimental, or given to fine talk, but Lady Mary's death nearly broke my heart. I can still see poor little Arthur and Annie crying by the bedside, and calling, "Mamma! mamma!" They thought she was asleep, and cried because she would not wake. From that minute I vowed that I would never leave them—and I have kept my word. It was the least I could do, for just before she died their poor mother had called me to her, and said, in a voice so faint and low that I could scarcely hear her:

"Miss Sally, I am almost gone. I am not afraid to die, and my dear Saviour will receive me; but—but—my poor little ones—promise me to take care of them. Mr. Maury may marry again. Do not go away—stay and see that nobody takes away from me—the hearts of my children."

These were her last words. She looked at her little baby lying beside her, stretched out her arms faintly, while her lips moved as though she wanted to kiss the poor, dear little one, and then, folding her hands over her breast, as I have said, passed away as quietly as if she were falling asleep. Mr. Maury was not in the room at the time. He came in soon afterward, though, and I could see from his face how much he was shocked. His eyes filled with tears, and he gave a great sob. He then stooped down and kissed the cold lips, after which he put his arms round Arthur and Annie and cried like a child. They looked at him all this time with surprise—the poor little ones were not used to such caresses—but I could see that he was now deeply moved.

"Miss Sally," he said, in a low, faltering voice, "I have no friend but you now to see to my poor children. You may think me cold, but I feel as if I had lost all that makes life worth living for: remember how much she loved you, and stay and take charge of her little ones."

"That I will do, Mr. Maury, as God sees me!" I said to him; "and you need not make me promise—I have promised already."

And I can say that I kept my promise. When Mr. Maury went out of the room, I knelt down by the bed, with one arm over my Lady Mary's cold breast, and prayed to God to make me feel toward the children, and the baby especially, as if they were my own, and he answered my prayer.

Well, three more years passed, and I had become a fixture at the Pines. About once a year I paid a visit to my home in Massachusetts, but never

staid away long. The truth is, I was not easy or happy when I was long away from my children. I would lie awake at night while my sisters were all asleep, and the rain was falling on the roof of our old farm-house, thinking of the children's faces, and fancying I heard them call to me, or that something had happened to them. So my visits home were always short, and I soon hurried back to my children. If you had seen them, and how much they loved me, you would not have been surprised at this. I do believe they looked upon me as their real mother—but I kept my promise to my dear Lady Mary, that no one should take away from her the hearts of her children. I spoke of her constantly in the long twilights, when the children were gathered around me in the nursery—Arthur with his grave, serious ways, Annie with her sweet smile, and little May—for the baby had been christened Mary after her mother—with her dear, tender little face, with its soft blue eyes and golden hair like her mamma's. They always listened in deep silence to what I said—telling them all about my Lady Mary's gentleness and goodness; and there was one thing to which I accustomed them every evening. Mr. Maury always retired after tea to his library, almost without having spoken to me or the children during the whole meal—for his grave, silent, melancholy moods had grown upon him—and when I had seen that the house-maid washed up the tea-things, I would say to the children:

"Well, it is time to tell mamma good-night now."

They understood what I meant, but other people will require an explanation of these words. I meant Lady Mary's picture. It had been taken when she was first married—at the age of seventeen—and hung in the great hall opposite the large, cut-glass lamp, with red figures on it, suspended from the ceiling. The portrait was lovely, and an excellent likeness. The eyes were of a deep, tender blue, and the hair was Lady Mary's own, like waving gold. There was a delicate rose-color in the cheeks—she had lost this when I first knew her; but the sweet, gentle smile on the lips was for all the world her very same smile. Well, you will now understand what the children meant. I had trained them to stop in the hall every evening before they went to bed and say, "Good-night, mamma." This I never allowed them to neglect, and it was the sweetest sight in the world to see them looking up at their mother's picture and speaking to it, while the lips of the portrait, just parted, seemed to be replying to them.

Well, I must come now to what followed. One day Mr. Maury informed me that he was about to leave home on business at the North—it might have been to see about the printing of his big book—and asked me to take care of the children during his absence from home, which would be for about a week. I answered him a little short, as if to say that he had put himself to more trouble than was necessary in making such a request of me; but he took no notice of my manner, and, after making me a bow and kissing the children, went away. Instead of a week,

he was away for more than a month; and when he came back, I could see from the expression of his face that something unusual had occurred. His face, which was generally without any color at all in it, would often flush, and his eyes grow bright suddenly as if something pleased him. His voice was more animated, and he spoke oftener to me, looking at me as he did so with an expression which I could not understand. I can only describe it by saying that he seemed bent on saying something which he thought might not be particularly satisfactory to me. Three months after his return, he informed me that he was going to make another visit to the North, and set out on the next morning. Two weeks afterward I received a letter from him—short and rather formal—saying that he would be obliged if I would have the house put in the neatest order, especially the blue chamber, as he would return in a few days, *bringing Mrs. Maury with him*. Well, when I read these words I dropped the letter out of my hand, and sat down and burst out crying. If ever I hated anybody, I hated Mr. Maury at that moment, and it was well he was not near me at the time—I would have given him a piece of my mind if I had died for it. To let another woman take the place in his house and his heart of Lady Mary! To forget her so soon as if she had been nothing to him! To give my dear children a step-mother, and their own dear mamma not three years in her grave! I thanked God at that minute that I had never married, and hated the whole male sex.

There was nothing to do but to obey. What was I but a mere hired housekeeper, and what right had I to find fault with Mr. Maury's marrying again if he chose to? I would only make a fool of myself by raising a to-do; and, what was worse than all, the end of it would be that I would have to leave the Pines, and never see my children again. So, after I had had my cry, and stamped my foot viciously on the letter, I quieted down, and set about putting the house in apple-pie order for Mrs. Maury number two.

About a week afterward they came, the coach having been sent to the station for them on the day I was notified. As it rolled up to the door I came out to the long portico, having composed my face so that it expressed nothing whatever, and Mr. Maury got out of the carriage and helped out his new wife. She was a dark-haired woman of—well, I can't say how old she was—about thirty or thirty-five, perhaps—and dressed plainly for a bride, though traveling-dresses are almost always plain. She was not ill-looking—some people might have considered her handsome; and I do not say that there was anything silly or frivolous in her appearance or the expression of her face. In fact, she seemed to me rather too serious for a woman just married. Well, she came up the steps leaning on Mr. Maury's arm, and as they reached the portico, he said to his wife, gravely:

"This is Miss Perkins, our old and highly-esteemed friend.—Miss Perkins, this lady is my wife."

I ducked my head stiffly; but Mrs. Maury held out her hand in a friendly way, and said, politely,

that Mr. Maury had told her all about me, adding something about how faithful I had been, and that she hoped we would be friends, and so forth, and so forth—all of which I listened to without answering, only bowing. Then it came to be the turn of the children. I had dressed them up in their best clothes and brushed their hair, so that they might look their best—for I did not mean that they should look like dowdies before company—and they came when I called them to meet their father and his new wife. I had just told them that, and no more, in so many words, that their papa *had a new wife*; and I could see now, from the expression of their faces, that they had not made up their minds fully as to what it all meant. Well, Arthur, who was then a fine boy of eleven or twelve, came forward, and said, as gravely as Mr. Maury himself could have said it:

"How do you do, ma'am?"

There was not the least bit of a smile on his face as he spoke, and I could see that his father was not much pleased.

"This is Arthur, Mrs. Maury," he said, gravely and a little sternly; "and these are Annie and Mary.—Speak to your new mamma, children."

Annie, who was growing now to be quite a tall girl—she was about ten—smiled in a constrained way without speaking; but little May answered boldly:

"She is not our mamma; mamma is dead."

At these words a heavy frown came to Mr. Maury's face; but the eyes of Mrs. Maury filled with tears, which was the first thing that made me have any opinion of her. She kissed the children one after another, and then said:

"I hope you will try to love me when you find how much I will love you."

After which she went into the house, and I showed her up to the blue-room, while Mr. Maury went into his library. She stood looking around her for some time, and then said, as she took off her bonnet and wrappings:

"How exquisitely neat everything in this room is, Miss Sally!"—she had at once dropped, you see, the *Miss Perkins*—"and I know whom I have to thank for it. Mr. Maury has told me of your devotion to the children—believe me, they shall be mine henceforth as well as yours—and I hope we shall be good friends. I shall regard it as a very great favor if you will remain with us; and I am determined that my coming shall make no change whatever in anything at the Pines."

I can't say I was not pleased at this, mainly because it took a great load from my breast as to myself and my children. Ever since receiving Mr. Maury's letter, telling me of his marriage, I had been brooding over the matter, and saying to myself: "Suppose the new mistress of the Pines is the sort of person some women are—one of those people that nobody can get along with—and suppose she don't fancy plain-spoken Sally Perkins, and we don't agree? Then Sally Perkins will have to pack up her horse-hair trunk and leave—yes, leave her—her—children!—her dear, dear children!" At

which thought I had burst out crying a score of times at the very least, and gone and hugged my children to me, and held them close, as if somebody was coming to take them away from me.

Well, the new mistress soon settled down in her place as the head of the household, which I could not bear at first, thinking of Lady Mary; but I am bound to say she seemed to want to make everything agreeable to me and all. I could soon see that she had made up her mind to do everything to win the hearts of my children, and make them happy. She always had a kind, loving word for them, and especially for little May, who was her favorite. Neither May, nor Arthur, nor Annie, ever called her "mamma," but she never took any notice of this until one day, when, as I was passing through the hall, I heard her and May talking in the drawing-room. I only caught what the lady said, which was this:

"You need not call me mother or mamma, dear, but you can call me Ellen. Your dear mamma used to call me Ellen."

What May answered I did not hear; but, as I passed by the half-open door, I saw her leaning her pretty little head on Mrs. Maury's breast, and the lady smoothing her curls as tenderly as if she had been her own child. To Arthur and Annie she was just as affectionate, too, and nobody about the house had any fault to find with her, as she was a patient, forbearing sort of person, that never scolded or worried after people for fear they would leave a speck of dust on the furniture, or not sweep in the corners. As to the way she treated me, it was always considerate, and she never interfered with me and the children—not even with their stopping before the portrait every evening and saying, "Good-night, mamma." I had made up my mind that I was not going to let them stop doing so without a positive, right-down order to that effect from Mrs. Maury. But she never gave any such order, or made any request on the subject. On the contrary, her feelings were very different, as I found out one evening soon after she came, when the children bade their mamma's portrait good-night as usual, and went up-stairs to bed. I had just tucked them in, and was kissing my dear little May, who had already dropped asleep, when I heard Mrs. Maury's step behind me, and she came to the trundle-bed and said:

"I am glad you have taught the children *that*, Miss Sally. You must never let them go to bed without it. I was in the drawing-room, and it affected me very much."

Which I knew was meant by her to be an allusion to my children's bidding their mamma's picture good-night.

Well, all this time Mr. Maury did not show his nose outside of his library any more than he did before he was married. He was still busy all day long with his big books, and had as little to say to his new wife as he had had to say to Lady Mary. What he married for, particularly, I never could understand, unless it was to have a lady at the head of his establishment to keep things in order, and look after the children, thinking perhaps that I might go off,

or get married, or something, some day—as to which I can only say that he was very much mistaken if he thought that I would leave my children for the best man that ever walked. No, I thank you! I never saw the day when, even without my children, I would have allowed any male thing to fool me into matrimony; and, after noticing how soon Mr. Maury forgot dear Lady Mary, and married another wife, I made up my mind that nobody should have the opportunity of putting another in *my* place, and alluding to me as his "late lamented Sally."

I am now coming to the time when a sad event occurred, and I found what Mrs. Maury meant when she told little May that evening in the drawing-room that Lady Mary "used to call her Ellen." I had often pondered over her words, trying to think how it was that my dear little Lady Mary, who was born and brought up in the Pines neighborhood in Virginia, had ever known Mrs. Maury, who had been a Miss Ellen Ord, of the State of New York. This I now found out, and I will tell you how; but before I do so I must speak of the sad event I have mentioned, which concerned Mr. Maury. He had gone on living his hermit-like life in his library, in the midst of his books and papers, rarely going out, or visiting anybody, when one morning, at the breakfast-table, he opened his lips and said to Mrs. Maury:

"I received a letter by last night's mail which makes it necessary for me to go to England."

At these words, Mrs. Maury, who was pouring out the coffee, was so much surprised that she stopped all at once, and looked at her husband with the silver coffee-pot half tilted toward the cup.

"To England!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Maury slowly moved his head up and down, and then explained what the business was that required him to leave home. A rich uncle of his had died in Liverpool, I think it was, and the lawyers had written to him saying that a large property had been left to him, and he had best come and see after his interests. After he had made this explanation to Mrs. Maury, he rose from the table and went, as usual, to his library, and three days afterward left home for New-York, where he intended to take the next steamer for Europe. I often look back now to that time, and remember little things that occurred. I am not a believer in what some people call pre-sentiments, but I can't get rid of the idea that Mr. Maury must have thought that something was going to happen to him. Maybe I am mistaken in this, and the whole is only a fancy; but one thing is certain, and that is, that he was uncommonly gentle and affectionate to his wife and children during those last three days before he went away. I remember one night particularly, when he came into the nursery as I was putting the children to bed, before which I was hearing them their prayers, which I always did after Lady Mary died. The children were undressed, and had on their night-gowns, and I was hearing little May the last, with her head resting on my knees, and her little, rosy feet peeping out. She was just saying, "God bless dear papa, dear mamma," when Mr. Maury came into the nursery. This

was so unusual that I must have looked surprised, and made him think I was going to speak, for he made a gesture to me with his hand, as much as to say, "Don't let my coming produce any disturbance." So I kept quiet, and little May finished with—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take:
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.
Amen. Good-night, Miss Sally!"—

running the good-night into the hymn, as it were. Her father came to my side as she rose from her knees, and took her in his arms. He then sat down on the trundle-bed, and drew Arthur and Annie to him, and talked with them for some time. I would hardly have known from his voice that it was Mr. Maury, he was so gentle; and I was surprised, most of all, by his talking to the children of their mother, who was near them, and loved them as much as ever, he said, although they could not see her. He staid in the nursery for more than half an hour, and had just kissed all three of the children, and was going out, when Mrs. Maury came in. I well remember what he then said, with a solemn voice, to his wife.

"Ellen," he said, "if anything should happen to me, remember that these children are—Mary's."

At these words Mrs. Maury all at once burst into tears, and, putting her arms around the children, cried:

"Ah, yes—yes! but they are mine, too—mine, too!"

And then she and Mr. Maury went out of the nursery. Well, I might as well come at once now to what happened. Mr. Maury sailed for Europe, and wrote on the very day of his arrival at Liverpool, and every day or two afterward, for a month. The last letter said that he had arranged everything to his satisfaction, and was coming home at once. We never saw nor heard from him again. One day a newspaper, with a paragraph marked with ink, arrived, and we knew all. The steamship in which Mr. Maury sailed had struck an iceberg, and only a very small number of the passengers escaped by taking to the boats, the others having gone down with the ship, and among them Mr. Maury.

When she read this in the newspaper Mrs. Maury fainted dead away, and then took to her bed, and had a spell of illness. Nobody who had seen the humdrum sort of life they had led would have believed how much she loved her husband. As she began to recover she often spoke to me about him, telling me that at heart he was the kindest and noblest of men, and that his grave, cold ways were natural to him, but no evidence of his real character. Of course, I listened to all this without contradicting her, but I could see that she thought I had a different opinion of poor Mr. Maury; for one day, after praising him as usual, while I listened without saying anything, she suddenly stopped and said:

"You do not believe what I am telling you, Miss Sally, and there is only one way of convincing you that what I say is every word of it true."

At that I pricked up my ears, as I never had been able exactly to make out poor Mr. Maury, or find out anything definite about his past life. So I looked at Mrs. Maury in a way which said, "I should like of all things to hear what you mean, madam;" and she began at once what she had to tell me, as near as I can remember, in these words:

"I will begin at the beginning, and tell you the whole story of my life, Miss Sally. My father was a gentleman living near Albany, in New York, and at the age of eighteen I was sent by him to Mrs. Mercer's school for young ladies—a famous one here in Virginia—to finish my education. There I first made the acquaintance of Mary Fenton, your dear 'Lady Mary,' then just seventeen. She was the loveliest and sweetest human being I have ever met in this world, both in her character and person. I need not dwell on this, as you knew her, saw how beautiful and good she was, and can understand how much this goodness made everybody love her. I certainly came to love her very soon, with all my heart; and I know that she loved me as much in return. The difference in our characters may have been one explanation of this devotion to each other, as frequently happens. Mary was the gentlest, sweetest, sunniest little creature in the world, as timid and confiding as a child, and so shrinking and sensitive in her disposition that I have known her to burst into tears at the least tone of reproof in the voices of her teachers. I was, on the contrary, a person of very different character, with nothing at all of dear Mary's timid disposition—indeed, I am afraid I was much more disposed to defy anybody who found fault with me than to take to heart anything they said to me. You see, my character was not very amiable," said poor Mrs. Maury, with a sorrowful smile, "but, believe me, I had a warm heart, and I suppose it was this which made dear Mary love me. I think she looked to me as a sort of elder sister; and, indeed, I do not believe two sisters ever loved each other more dearly.

"At last the session at Mrs. Mercer's was nearly ended, when one day Mary begged me to make her a visit at her father's before I returned home. I needed very little urging, for my heart sank at the idea of parting with her; and, as my mother wrote in reply to my letter asking her permission that she had no objection whatever, I found myself, two or three weeks afterward, a guest at Mr. Fenton's, in this neighborhood. It was a bright, happy old house, always full of visitors, especially of young gentlemen, who came to see Mary's sisters, who were both married soon afterward. Among these visitors was—my poor husband. He was then about twenty-seven, and had lost his father and mother. This may have made him feel lonely at the Pines here, and he often came to Mr. Fenton's in the evening, no doubt to escape from his dreary thoughts at home by himself.

"From our first meeting I was interested in him, and well remember how I used to contrast his grave dignity with the light bearing of the other young visitors, who would run on in laughing talk with the

girls, evening after evening. The interest I felt in his society was due in a great degree to his really brilliant intellect and rare powers of conversation when he was with persons of whom he was fond. I may say that I was one of these persons, and I soon found myself taking a deep interest in him, and comparing him with the gay youths of the neighborhood in a manner far from favorable to them. I say I was 'deeply interested' in Mr. Maury; and I need not tell you, Miss Sally, that a girl when she becomes greatly interested in a gentleman soon begins to have a stronger feeling still for him. This was my case. Before I knew it I found my heart engaged, and was filled with happiness at the thought that my own feeling seemed to be returned. Mr. Maury always sought my society in preference to that of any one else; and, although he had never uttered a word of love to me, I thought I could see that he would soon do so, and I determined that, if he addressed me, and my parents gave their consent, I would marry him.

"It was toward the end of my visit at Mr. Fenton's that my relations with Mr. Maury had reached this point. I was as happy as possible, as I had no doubt he would visit me at our home in New York, and the only thing which made me feel sad was the change which had taken place in dear Mary. She had begun to droop visibly, and seemed to have lost all her good spirits. At school her cheeks had been as fresh as roses, and her eyes full of the happiest light, while now the poor cheeks had become pale, and all the light was gone from her eyes, which were generally cast down, sorrowfully, as if the poor child of seventeen were a sad woman of middle age, mourning over the death of some person she loved. I attempted more than once to find out what troubled her. It was all in vain. She would not tell me. I suppose I appealed to her twenty times at least, but she always declared that it was a mere fancy that she was unhappy—everybody was gayer at one time than another—with other commonplace speeches; and it was only by accident at last that I discovered everything. I can tell you all, Miss Sally, in a few words. I found out the secret of dear Mary's distress from a gossiping old lady of the neighborhood, to whom I spoke one day of her looking so badly.

"'Looking badly!' exclaimed the lady; 'no wonder she is looking badly, poor child! She is pining away for love of that young Mr. Maury. He has been paying her attentions ever since she was fifteen, and has won the poor girl's heart—and now I hear he scarcely ever speaks to her or takes the least notice of her!'

"These words shocked me deeply, and after the lady had gone I went up to my chamber, and, sitting down, indulged in a hearty cry. What ought I to do? I was pulled both ways—by my love for Mary, and for *him*. My heart sank at the idea of giving him up—but how could I ever expect or deserve to have another happy moment if I deprived the poor child of the man she loved? It was a distressing question to decide—I mean how I should act—and

the struggle was long and bitter. But, thank God! I had strength to decide to do what I felt to be my duty. Before I left my chamber I had made up my mind, and on the very same evening I had a long private conversation with Mr. Maury, which ended everything between us.

"I will not enter into the details of this interview, which was a distressing one for both of us. The gossiping lady had exaggerated somewhat, but what she had said was substantially true. Mr. Maury had been thrown frequently in Mary's society before she had gone to Mrs. Mercer's, and, attracted by her loveliness, had paid her a great deal of attention. Nothing of a definite character, however, had passed between them, and their relations were in that dubious state between warm friendship and love when Mary had left the neighborhood, and they had not seen each other again until her return. Then I had appeared, and interposed between them—he had seen a new face which made him forget the old—he could not play a double part—and had therefore ceased his attentions to my dear Mary. There was the whole explanation of everything.

"Well, Miss Sally, I had made up my mind, and I acted as I had determined to. I told Mr. Maury that it was his duty as a gentleman to renew his addresses to Mary, and after urging him to do so by every argument in my power, I ended by saying that, if a gentleman sustaining the situation which he did to Mary paid *me* his addresses, nothing on earth should induce me to listen to them. When I had said this, I rose, and, pleading a headache, which indeed I had, I left Mr. Maury, and two days afterward returned home."

The poor lady stopped after she said this, and seemed to be thinking, so I did not speak, and got up, thinking I would go out softly and leave her to herself. But all at once she said:

"Do not go quite yet, Miss Sally—I have a few words more to say. I have told you all about Mr. Maury and myself—or nearly all, and may as well finish. He addressed Mary and they were married, as you know—and the marriage took place very soon after my departure. I do not know his precise feelings. I am certain that he was tenderly attached to her, but cannot tell what part his sense of honor had in controlling his action. Human motives are generally mixed. If he did not love her at that time, he must have had a heart of stone if he did not afterward—and so I will say no more. Of my own marriage with Mr. Maury I need not speak. I met him by pure accident while on a visit to the city of New York, and, when he renewed his addresses, accepted him. Now he is gone!—O Miss Sally, my life has been a sad, sad life!—I loved him so dearly—and all that is left for me in this world is to live for the dear, dear children who have no one but you and me to take care of them!"

With that the poor lady burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break, which so affected me that I put my handkerchief to my eyes, and walked straight out of the room.

Well, Mrs. Maury and myself are now old peo-

ple, and Arthur is a fine young gentleman, and Annie and May little beauties nearly out of their teens. I have been very happy at the Pines with my children, who kiss me every night just as they used to do when they were little things ; and Mrs. Maury is

as kind and good to me as if she were my own sister. I love her from my heart, but there was one I loved more than her or any one else in this world.

I need not tell you that this one I loved best of all was my dear Lady Mary.

A B O U T I N N S .

MAN is by nature a nomad ; nor does he lose that character by civilization. In primitive ages he wandered with his kind in hordes, from pasture-land to pasture-land, or in canoes from isle to isle. This condition of society still exists on the steppes of Asia or with the Indians of the West. As men gradually settled in cities, they still continued to gratify the inborn propensity by traveling for mutual protection and society in caravans. The open hospitality which one or two were wont to find in every tent was necessarily inadequate to entertain several score or hundreds, and the caravansary, or *choltry*, or *khan*, the same thing substantially, under different names, was built for the accommodation of travelers, affording shelter, but generally no more, the guest being expected to carry with him bedding and provisions. Men still travel in caravans, but generally not on camels : the steamship, the railway-train, convey multitudes from town to town, from land to land, a ceaseless throng, infinitely greater than ever wended across the Asiatic wilds, or filled the numerous and well-constructed inns which Marco Polo tells us were so common in Cathay. Inns have kept pace with the increasing improvements in locomotion, and have gradually been subdivided with the growing wants of society into various departments, from the ale-house or *posada* suited to the uneasy husband, who only wishes to wander a few rods away from home, to the magnificent hotel, in itself a miniature city, accommodating thousands, and ministering to most of the physical needs of the pampered scion of these later ages.

Whether it be that one resorts to an inn when weary and in a state most likely to be pleased by the shelter and cheer he there receives ; whether because all through the day he learns to look forward to the refreshment he is to receive by its cozy fireside ; whether because inns are often situated in romantic spots, or are the first to give us a welcome to scenes historically interesting, or whatever be the cause, the fact remains that inns have always been among the most interesting objects the traveler retains in the memories of his wanderings, and have been among the most prolific subjects treated with humor or poetic sentiment by your painter or man of letters. That the variety in kind as well as the number of inns should increase as the world goes on, is obvious. Sterne gives us a witty catalogue of those who in his day became travelers, or haunters of inns. He might now add a score or two at least to the list. By this word "inn" is implied any place intended for public entertainment. Caravansaries are mentioned in Genesis, probably the earliest authentic record on the

subject. In India, ages ago, it was esteemed a praiseworthy deed for a rich man to erect a *choltry*, or wayside-house, for the shelter of travelers. Antiquarians tell us that there were nine hundred inns in Herculaneum ; of course, many of these were mere wine-shops. After the reign of Nero, Roman publicans were forbidden to provide anything more hearty than vegetables on their bill of fare—a regulation which could not inure to the profit of innkeepers nowadays. It is a noteworthy fact that the sign of a checker or chess board, so frequent in old English inns and so often alluded to by old writers, seems to have been borrowed or handed down by custom from remote antiquity, for the same sign was extensively used on the Roman public-houses, denoting, apparently, the sport common to those who frequented them, as it is still the world over. In the dark ages the chaotic state of society interfered with the maintenance of public-houses : the Saxon had his *eala-haus*, or ale-house, and rude taverns doubtless existed on the Continent. In the middle ages inns became more numerous ; but still for a long time travelers were generally forced to find refreshment for man and beast at the religious houses, where there was no lack of goodly cheer. The ample monastic revenues thus dispensed by the *refectorarius* of a convent were not altogether useless. In the monasteries of Mont St.-Bernard, La Grande Chartreuse, and St. Saba, Mount Sinai, we find relics of this custom existing to this day. One of the earliest of the English inns to attain celebrity is the well-known Tabard, at Southwark, immortalized by Chaucer as the scene of his Canterbury pilgrimage. It was then kept by Henry Baily, who has come in for such a share of fame that antiquarians have devoted much time to hunting up his pedigree. The name has since been corrupted, with a change not uncommon in England, to the Talbot.

After the Reformation the intense activity of the age caused an increase of travel, and a consequent growth in the number and quality of public-houses. As early as the reign of James I. in Scotland, it was enacted that "in all boroughs and fairs there be hostelleries, having chambers and stables, and provision for man and horse ;" while by another statute it was further ordained that "no man traveling on horse or foot should presume to lodge anywhere except in these hostelleries ; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travelers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality." In the third canto of "Marmion," Sir Walter Scott gives a graphic description of one of these antique hostels, a fair specimen of which still survives in the

White Horse Inn, at Edinburgh. It is highly interesting to note in the many quaint descriptions in black-letter folios the singular practices customary at the inns where our ancestors were entertained. Sir Thomas Overbury portrays among his characters "a host," of whom he says, among other good things, that "he consists of double beer and fellowship." Bishop Earle caps the climax to a witty account of an ancient inn by saying: "To give you the total reckoning of it" (the tavern): "it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book, whence we leave them."

Fyne Moryson's "Itinerary" quaintly tells us that the traveler may "have a reckoning in writing, and if it seem unreasonable, the host will satisfie him, either for the due price or by abating part." We are sure the modern traveler would not object to a similar abatement now. He adds: "As soon as a passenger comes to an inn, the servants run to him, and one takes his horse, . . . another gives the passenger his private chamber, and kindles his fier, the third puls of his bootes, and makes them clene. Then the host or hostesse visits him, and if he will eate with the host, or at a common table with others, his meate will cost him sixpence (yet this course is least honourable, and not used by gentlemen); but if he will eate in his chamber, he commands what meate he will according to his appetite, and as much as he thinks fit for him and his company, yea, the kitchen is open to him, to command the meate to be dressed as he best likes; . . . while he eates, if he have company especially, he shall be offered musick, which he may freely take or refuse, and if he be solitary, the musicians will give him the good-day with musick in the morning." It may be observed, in passing, that it was when singing to travelers at taverns that Nell Gwynne, Charles II.'s famous mistress, first came into notice.

Ben Jonson wrote a play called "The New Inn;" Beaumont and Fletcher also composed one entitled "The Maid of the Inn." Oftener than anywhere else do Cervantes, Le Sage, and other writers of that age, lay the scene of their stories at an inn. Who can forget the mirth-inspiring incidents at the *posada* where Sancho was tossed in a blanket? The Flemish painters so often represented tavern-scenes that it is at once evident that inns occupied a very important part in the social economy of the Low Countries in those times. Witness the scores, nay, hundreds of such inimitable scenes from the brush of Ostade, Teniers, and others of nearly equal celebrity. Nowhere do we find the national traits of a people so graphically and admirably handed down to posterity as in these tavern-scenes of the Flemish school.

Sterne saw visions and dreamed dreams at every hostel he visited, and, what is more, has immortalized M. Dessein and his famous inn at Calais. It is to "The Sentimental Journey" that Dessein owes his fame and much of his subsequent fortune. Many

an admirer of Yorick has visited this hotel, of which the *Gentleman's Magazine* said, in 1797: "Dessein's hotel is thought to be the most extensive in Europe. It is, indeed, itself a town: it contains squares, alleys, gardens, in profusion, and innumerable offices. It is furnished with shops of almost every description; and the wants of a traveler must be very numerous if they cannot all be supplied in it." Frederick Reynolds further says of the landlord: "M. Dessein is a well-spoken man of the old *régime*, with a specious address, and an unlimited attention to his visitors. . . . I asked him whether he remembered Monsieur Sterne? The good old *aubergiste* smiled, and replying in the affirmative, one word led to another, until, his presence being required elsewhere, he hastily concluded in this manner: 'Your countryman, Monsieur Sterne, von great, von very great man, and he carry me vid him to posterity. He gain moche money by his "Journey of Sentiment;" *mais moi*—I make more through de means of dat than he by all his *ouvrages réunis*—ha, ha!'"

M. Dessein evidently perceived the true character of the relations of host and guest: the landlord treats the latter to the best in his larder and wine-cellar; and he in turn, in addition to paying a round sum for lodging, may immortalize the host in works that become household words to the generations.

Is it a light thing that the tavern-keepers at Apii Forum or the Three Taverns, near Rome, should have entertained Paul, or had their hostel stigmatized by Horace for the benefit of all coming freshmen, as "packed with sailors and surly landlords"—"*differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis?*" Where would be thine honest fame, Dame Quickly, of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, had not one William Shakespeare made thine the famousest inn in Christendom, while numerous genial writers since then—poor Goldy, Irving, and others—have contributed to embalm the memory of thy sweet self and the sack quaffed by Prince Hal and Sir John Falstaff? Is it not an honor to be remembered in that sweetest of Old England's prose-poems, Walton's "Angler," in the kind manner in which he speaks of his favorite haunt, Bleak Hall, on the sea, still in existence, and its trusty hostess? Hear him: "Yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.—Come, hostess! how do you do? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink; and then dress this chub as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about ten days ago?"—"Here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat or better usage in any place."—"Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings; that so my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent and using us kindly."

The lavender-scented sheets remind me of a hotel where I stopped at San Vicente, in Madeira. On the edge of a natural terrace stood the inn, in the centre of and overlooking one of the most lovely valleys on the globe. On three sides the surround-

ing closely-grouped mountains inclosed this idyllic spot with bastion-like walls never less than three thousand feet high, and rising in the Pico das Freiras to six thousand feet; numerous streams tripped their musical journey down this magical valley, blending their songs with the songs of the peasant-girls wending homeward in the twilight; while on the fourth side the ocean was seen close at hand through a gateway in the mountain-barrier, tumbling for evermore on the beach with the ceaseless surf of the trade-winds, and chanting a thunderous monotone sublime, and seemingly as eternal, as time. And there a hostess, as obliging and courteous as Walton's, prepared me as good a meal as the circumstances admitted, including a cup of tea, which I am ready to match against Walton's best drink; and the sheets of the bed were scented with rose-leaves laid in between them. With the windows open I lay there and saw the stars on their silent march, and the flash of the surf in the light of the rising moon. At Santa Anna, ten miles beyond, over precipice and scaur, I found another hostel wonderfully situated within a few yards of cliffs having a nearly perpendicular fall of one thousand and forty feet; while from the window one could see Courtado Peak, a sea-precipice scarcely a mile away, and over two thousand feet down. On one side could be seen, but not heard, the rolling surge, so far below was it; on the other side glens and streams, thatched huts embowered in flowering vines, and the castellated ranges of Ruivo, made one imagine himself in a land of dreams.

Hotels in the early part of Scott's life seemed to have been poor at best, from his own testimony; but he lived to see a remarkable change brought about as the direct influence of his writings, which so increased the influx of visitors to the spots of which he wrote that hotels, both numerous and good, sprung up on all sides. Montaigne is also intimately associated with the subject of inns. In his narrative of a journey through Germany and Italy he gives a particular account of the accommodations provided for travelers at every place at which he stopped. As the journal of a literary tourist, his minute descriptions of the inns are extraordinary; and, aside from the circumstance that he thus linked their reputation with his own, his observations on the different hotels must to some degree have controlled the movements of travelers during that generation. He notices one fact which I do not recollect seeing elsewhere mentioned. The Germans were very partial to coats-of-arms as they are now to titles, and in every inn there were hundreds emblazoned on the walls and windows, serving instead of a traveler's book to record what gentlemen had put up there. At Augsburg, Montaigne left his own arms painted over the door of the room he occupied, for which job he paid two crowns twenty pence. This seems to imply a collusion between the innkeeper and the artist for the benefit of the latter, which members of the painters' guild would be glad to see renewed, doubtless, in our day.

The keen interest displayed by Montaigne on the

subject he shared with a host of those who wield the quill. Walter Mapes is chiefly remembered for his verses beginning—

"Meum est propositum in taberna mori,"

in which he says, rather profanely, a little farther on:

"Magis quam ecclesiam diligo tabernum,"

which made it necessary that he should add:

"Deus sit propitius isti potatori."

Archbishop Leighton desired to die in a tavern, as symbolical of the transitory nature of human affairs, and Spenser did actually die in one. Goldsmith, Warton, Phillips, in his allusions to Juniper's Magpie in "The Splendid Shilling;" and Keats, in his poem on "The Mermaid Tavern"—have, among many others, given us some admirable verses on inns. Shenstone, with his beautiful country-seat at the Leasowes, to beguile his leisure-hours could still write in this strain:

"Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Crabbe, the modern pre-Raphaelite poet, tells us "all the comforts of life in a tavern are known," and devotes many pages in his "Borough" to a description of the inns of Aldborough, of which the White Lion was the usual scene of his convivial meetings in early life. Dr. Johnson gives the pith of the matter in the well-known words: "There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man but a very impudent dog, indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own—whereas in a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome, and the more good things you call for the welcomer you are. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." The old "Thunderer" was not backward in putting his maxims into practice, and passed many genial hours at the Mitre or at the Turk's Head, in Girard Street, the headquarters of the Literary Club, which boasted such men as Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke.

Those were the palmy days of public-houses, when Will's and Button's became classic terms, and the coffee-house was the rendezvous of the prominent characters of the time, the quarters of rival factions, the favored resort of gentlemen, the asylum of the

Muses. The political element that characterized them is graphically described by Macaulay: "There were Puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where long-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and popish coffee-houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king." The sign of a goat and compasses, so common on English taverns, originated in a corruption of "God encompasseth us," the whimsical name of a Puritan ale-house where Praise-God-Barebones was accustomed to take his daily potations. In this connection I am reminded of a coffee-house in a cellar in Manchester, exclusively frequented by English Radical or Red Republicans, where amid the fumes of crowded pipes they elbow each other in the densely-packed little room, drink coffee, and damn the crown and the royal family in broad provincialisms, altogether a very quaint and entertaining spectacle. In the days of which we speak, there were two low taverns in London called Heaven and Hell. Several plays were suggested by the important part filled by the coffee-houses. "Tarugo's Wiles; or, The Coffee-House," was acted at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1668. It is founded on a Spanish comedy, and the scene is laid in Madrid. Pepys, who saw it acted, dissented from the popular appreciation of it, for he says: "To the Duke of York's house . . . and there saw 'The Coffee-House,' the most ridiculous, insipid play that ever I saw in my life." There was also "The Coffee-House, a Comedy," by Rev. James Miller, first acted in 1737. Next, "The Coffee-House; or, The Fair Fugitive," a comedy translated from Voltaire's "Ecossoise." Another play, by Henry Fielding, was called "The Coffee-House Politician; or, The Justice caught in his own Trap," played in 1730. From this play we learn that at that time there was a paper called *The Coffee-House Morning Post*.

So important were the coffee-houses in the days of the Stuarts, Queen Anne, and the Georges, and so strongly marked was the character of each, that Steele, when commencing the *Tatler*, gave out in the first number, that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of 'White's Chocolate-House;' poetry, under that of 'Will's Coffee-House;' learning, under the title of 'Grecian;' foreign and domestic news, you will have from 'St. James's Coffee-House.'" "Those who wished to find a gentleman, asked not whether he lived in Fleet Street or in Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Smoking there was constant and intense. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters." There Dryden, "the field-marshal of literature," from his arm-chair by the chimney-corner in winter, on the balcony in summer, gave audience to the wits, the poets, the students, and the beaux, who thronged

around him to receive his opinions as *ex cathedra*. In 1712 Addison established another resort at Button's, representing a rival literary and political faction. Goldsmith and his friends made their headquarters at the St. James Coffee-House.

Of the usual round of Addison's life, Pope says in "Spence's Anecdotes," "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's, dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night." Dryden, according to the same eye-witness, was more moderate: "He employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's, only he came home earlier o' nights." Washington Irving, among Americans, was infected with the old-fashioned love for inns, and in his writings has added much to the bibliography of the subject. At the Red Horse, Stratford-on-Avon, a little parlor, the one he occupied, is still called the Irving Room. Probably one of the finest and most interesting of the taverns of old England still standing is the George, of Glastonbury. This was originally the Abbey of the Holy Thorn, suggested by the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, and was a resort for pilgrims. It was suppressed by Henry VIII., and turned into one of the finest hostels of past ages. The arms of the abbey, and also of Edward IV., are still carved over the arched entrance.

The political and literary character of English public-houses in olden time was not a peculiarity confined to England or to that age alone. Throughout Europe the tavern or coffee-house has long been distinguished as the resort of certain classes of men, who, from identity of interests or tastes, meet at some place consecrated by time-honored usage and tradition to politics, fashion, letters, or art. Nowhere is this custom more marked at the present day than in Italy. The way they manage this thing at Rome is happily illustrative of these observations. The *cafés* are numbered by the hundred; not a street is without them. The Caffè dei Sacchi is the haunt of chess-players; the Caffè Greco is well known as the place where artists sporting enormous hats, and enveloped in clouds of smoke, meet to discuss the various interests of art, and the small rooms are always crowded with the followers of a pursuit which has ever been one of the foremost at Rome. The Caffè of the Codini is the favored spot where assemble the queues and tricorned hats. The catalogue might be indefinitely extended.

It must not be inferred, from the description given above of Dessein's hotel at Calais, that such was the general character of inns in France at the time. It seems to have been then as now, although perhaps rather more emphasized, that in the more important cities the inns were sometimes very good, while in the provinces they were small, badly kept, and sometimes disreputable. The innkeeper, if not himself a footpad, was often in league with bandits, and the traveler was scarcely more secure at the hostel than on the road. The inn generally consisted of but three apartments, the stable, the kitchen, and a common bedchamber, where the traveler shared

his lodgings with the innkeeper and the servants. Voltaire says rather sneeringly, "Some travelers think that the whole universe has its eyes upon the inns in which they have slept;" but, certainly, the traveler has the right to complain when no better accommodation is provided than he could generally obtain in those days in France. The scenes often witnessed in the French provincial inns are powerfully suggested in that masterly work, "*Manon Lescant*," a work which has been to modern French writers such a mine of inspiration as Defoe and Richardson have been to the English novelists of this century. The *cafés* early became of great importance as social factors, especially at Paris, where six hundred existed in the reign of Louis XV., the number largely increasing up to the Revolution. Of these, the most famous was the *Café Procope*. The *guinguettes* were more especially wine-shops, often consisting of a large tent, surrounded on the interior with benches; in the centre was a space for the dancers. In the outskirts of the city they were called *courtilles*, because embowered in verdure, the word *courtille* signifying a *group of trees*. The Grande Courtille was in the Faubourg du Temple; but the most noted of these establishments was the Tambour Royal, kept by Ramponneau, on the road to Clichy, now densely covered with houses. The sign-board represented the Boniface astride of a hog'shead; and he himself was very popular, the result of a keen sense of humor, and a portly person which seemed to be in keeping with his character and occupation. Not only did the nobility frequent the Tambour Royal, but even Marie Antoinette went there repeatedly, escorted by the Count d'Artois, her brother-in-law, and her disguise was respected by those who chanced to recognize her. She was often heard to say, in after-years, that she never so enjoyed herself as on the night of Shrove-Tuesday, when she attended and danced in the course in the grand *salon* of this *courtille*. The course was an indescribable rout, in which many hundred dancers, joining hands, whirled around the room frantically, treading under foot whoever fell down.

At the present day, the number of inns at Paris is nearly twelve thousand, subdivided, of course, to meet the various wants of the community and large traveling public ever present there, into regular hotels, *hôtels garnis*, or lodging-houses, furnishing only occasional meals in the apartments, restaurants, *cafés*, and *estaminets* of various grades, names, and kinds. The restaurant system of Paris is a natural outgrowth of the peculiar conditions of society in that city. If adopted by the most careful deliberation, the organization could scarcely be more complete, and yet it has gradually grown out of the needs and characteristics of society, which again is in turn influenced and moulded by the way in which it takes its dinner. Leaving out of question the "swell" restaurants, one of the most common forms of eating-house in Paris is the *établissement de bouillon*. Nominally a mere lunch-house, where beef-broth is the chief dish, they all of them, in reality, furnish a variety of meats, fish, and vegetables, with table-

wine in addition, at a lower rate than at the ordinary restaurant, while at the same time they differ in quality according to the quarter of the city, even when controlled by the same company. They all have certain characteristics in common, one of which is, that a man is employed solely to sit at a desk by the door, and hand each guest as he enters a printed schedule, corresponding with the bill of fare; the waitress marks off all the dishes ordered on this paper, and, after paying his bill, the visitor returns the schedule to the man from whom he received it. These papers are then compared with the moneys received at the desk, and thus a system of checks against stealing is established that is nearly perfect. The waiters in the *établissements de bouillon* are always women, wearing white caps. Breakfast is from 10 A. M. until 1 P. M., and dinner from 5 or 6 until 8 or 9 P. M., in summer. Duval has eighteen of these *établissements* opposite the Madeleine, on the Boulevards des Italiens, and elsewhere, of various grades as regards furniture and decorations, but generally with little difference in the viands. The *crémeries* are ostensibly milk-shops, where one may also in the morning get coffee, tea, or chocolate, the tea always very bad, as it almost always is in France, with a steak or an omelet. The customer, on entering, calls for *trois du café*, for example, meaning three cents' worth of coffee. The regular restaurant differs from the others because it offers meals at all hours, besides breakfast and dinner in the usual French hours. The price of the regular meal is printed in gilt letters on the window-pane, and thus the wayfarer may walk through the streets from one restaurant to another until he finds one suited to his means, merely by reading the prices on the windows. There is also a scale of fees for the waiters, established by custom, according to the rank of the establishment, and the guest very soon learns from the simple and surly "*Merci*," or the emphatic "*Merci, monsieur!*" with attendance to the door, which is respectfully opened for him, whether he has "tipped" the right figure. As the waiters receive their pay in this way, they can hardly be blamed for testifying their views on the subject; but the system is degrading to the waiter, and excessively annoying to the guest, and we desire to enter our protest most heartily against its introduction into the hotels and restaurants of the United States. Well, thrice daily Paris empties itself into the streets and invades the *cafés*, *crémeries*, and restaurants, with its vast population; it is an astonishing spectacle, that overwhelms one with sombre reflections, as he considers that it shows the looseness of the family tie and a preference for publicity to the privacy and genial comforts of life at home, and that families by tens of thousands wholly dine abroad. It must be admitted that one generally gets his money's worth at these restaurants—leave a Frenchman to see to that; the food is also generally savory, even when it is not expedient to analyze its constituent parts. At the same time it is a mistake to suppose that living in Paris is so much cheaper than in New York; prices have gradually advanced, and food and lodging of the same

relative grade now cost nearly the same in both cities.

An interesting organization has also gradually grown up in connection with inns in Great Britain, which could not possibly obtain in America, because with us men are not so divided into classes, and if they are temporarily in a subordinate position expect eventually to rise to a higher one, or altogether to change the business they are pursuing, and therefore naturally and very properly prefer to mix with their fellow-citizens in other pursuits on the common ground of citizenship, without regard to the trade that each may for the time being be following. We refer to the class called commercial men, or bagmen, and the hotel privileges which custom has granted to them. With us, a "drummer" is generally such only for a certain period of life preparatory to an advance in business; but in England, "once a commercial man always a commercial man" is the maxim. The system, whatever may be the opinion of its merits, has gradually become very complete, and numbers at present about fifty thousand members, organized in a guild. They have schools, orphan asylums, hospitals, and a fund exclusively for themselves and their families, and at all the hotels to which they resort a box is kept in plain sight, into which contributions for these various objects may be deposited. In every town of the United Kingdom an hotel will generally be found, entitled "The Royal Hotel;" sometimes it is intended for guests of all classes; and a coffee-room, and waiters in white neckties and swallow-tails, and the quantity of supercilious flunkeyism requisite in such an important individual, are provided for miscellaneous guests; but in all there is also a commercial-room, especially reserved for the commercial men, who, *ex officio*, claim sole right to it, and to invite only such persons to share it with them as they choose, and highly resent any intrusion on their domain, as has been demonstrated on various occasions. Dockrath, in the story of "Orley Farm," alludes to this circumstance. Happening once to be delayed over Sunday in a town in the north of England, and staying at the Royal Hotel there, it was my fortune to fall in with one of these commercial men, a very jolly, intelligent, good fellow, who, with the consent of others of the guild also staying there, invited me to the freedom of their parlor while remaining in the town. A noble fire of sea-coal in the ample grate of the old building, slippers and smoking-caps, were the order of the day, and good tobacco in long white clay pipes, called "church-wardens," of which a supply was ranged over the mantel. Each had a stock of stories to tell of a comic or tragic cast; some were pious churchmen or dissenters, others believed in neither God nor devil. One was traveling for a tobacco firm that had been in existence since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. All agreed that a good dinner on Sunday contravenes no laws either divine or human. Having so agreed, we retired to sleep over it, and met on Sunday after church to discuss the aforesaid dinner at leisure. The wine for the day, together with the allowance, was decided by a *viva voce* vote, and the

toasts were of two kinds, after that for the queen: "Wives and sweethearts," and "Sweethearts and wives," the former being proposed by the married men, the latter by those who still remained bachelors.

In the East we go back at once to patriarchal customs, finding little modification in the accommodations long afforded to travelers, which are still simple and primitive, excepting a few hotels conducted on the European plan in some of the seaports. The khan is still the most important form of inn provided, and is found in its glory in the cities. It is invariably a quadrangular, massively-constructed building, generally in two stories, with an open cloister or balcony running around each side facing the court, which is entered by a lofty, arched way. In the court are often a fountain and a cluster of mulberry and fig trees. The rooms are entirely unfurnished, but free to travelers, and covered with vaulted roofs, each apartment being surmounted by a dome, which springs from an otherwise flat roof. The traveler is obliged to provide his own bedding, food, fuel, and cooking-utensils. Of these khans there are over two hundred in Constantinople. A simpler form is found in the small towns and villages, consisting generally of only two apartments, either adjoining or one over the other, a stable, and a sleeping-room. Very often this is combined with the village coffee and wine shop. The floor is the simple earth, and on one side is a wide divan surrounded by a low railing, and spread with a mat which prudence suggests should not be examined too closely. On entering, the traveler takes possession of the divan—or such part of it as is unoccupied—and his bedding is spread upon it, over a rug which is first laid down. The *surridgee*, or muleteer, turns the horses into the stable, which is perhaps separated only by a low partition, and then assists in preparing the simple meal, which is cooked on an earthen pan of charcoal provided by the innkeeper, and placed on the divan. Smoking follows, of course, and then the traveler rolls himself up in his blanket, and, if well seasoned to such fare and lodging—including innumerable fleas—will sleep gloriously, independent of anodynes and opiates.

Well do I remember an inn of this sort in the little seaport of Phocis, on the coast of Asia Minor, formerly Phocæa, which sent a colony to found Massilia, or Marseilles. We ran in there to make a lee in a heavy gale, just making the entrance to the harbor at nightfall, and a very nasty, uncanny night it was. We moored close to a small, dilapidated quay, that jutted out in front of a coffee-house, which, although scarcely visible in the gloom, we knew must be dirty, dilapidated, and picturesque, like everything else in a Turkish town, as it proved on further inspection. It was dusky as a cavern, except in the centre, where a pan of coals threw red gleams on the grotesque features of a group of sailors lying on tattered mats around the fire, wrapped in *capotes*, and enveloped in a haze of tobacco-smoke. A few leaky wine-skins and casks, two or three old flint-locks, a number of pipes, *nargiles*, coffee-cups, and a broken mirror set in mother-of-pearl, seemed

to complete the outfit of the primitive hostel, which, as indicated by the mirror, served also as a barber-shop and a surgery. In the East the keeper of such a hostel is expected to act also as barber, and a barber is invariably a practitioner of local importance, versed in phlebotomy, the application of leeches, cupping, binding up of wounds, and the like. A common way of shaving in these shops is for the barber to lay the head of his customer on his knee, and, having scraped one side of the face, to turn it over and shave the other side. The man who combines in one establishment a tavern, a barber-shop, and a surgery, is naturally a character of consequence in his neighborhood, as one may often see illustrated in the "Arabian Nights."

Equally entertaining in the retrospect is the recollection of a night spent at a small khan in the mountains of Arcadia. All of Saturday afternoon we toiled up the gorges in a terrific thunder-storm, the lightning leaping from crag to crag, accompanied by the thunder's ceaseless roll. Across our path rushed a mountain-torrent, so tortuous that we forded it twenty times between noon and night. Its bed was dry when we first came to it, and the last time we crossed it a furious, turbid flood reached to the saddle-girths, threatening to sweep us away. Drenched to the skin, at dusk we reached a little hamlet, and immediately took possession of the wretched inn, consisting of two apartments, the stable, and, directly over it, the room we slept in. A roaring fire was built; around it we dried our bedding, as our eyes filled with smoke, and our nostrils with the odors of the steaming horses below; discussed cold chicken, black bread, tea from our tea-caddy—the faithful companion of our travels—and then to bed on the floor,

where, in spite of various other inconveniences, we slept as only the weary can sleep.

We might go on to speak of the inns of Russia, where the traveler, on alighting, always finds the *samovar*, or peculiar tea-urn of the country, steaming with hot, delicious tea; or of the entertaining inns of Portugal, amusingly kept, still retaining many ancient customs, and often situated amid spots of great natural and historic interest—the adage, "Good wine needs no bush," still has a practical sense in Portugal; or of the hostels of Germany, Italy, and other lands, more or less traveled. But it is growing late. Let us adjourn for a quiet smoke in a coffee-house on the shores of the Bosphorus. Here we are; twilight is approaching. A purple haze, like a veil on the face of a Circassian beauty, hangs over yonder towers, heightening but not hiding the charms of the imperial city, that bathes her feet in the Golden Horn and tips her minarets with stars. The shadows of ships, of mouldering walls, and palaces, and kiosks, sleep on the still water, and innumerable lights shoot quivering reflections down the glassy depths. And, lo! the moon rises majestically over the summit of Beylerbey, and sheens city and landscape, cypress and sea, with unimaginable splendor; and now the magical tinkle of a guitar floats over the water. In such a paradise as this one can easily turn optimist, and, soothed by mocha and latakiah, can reason with a certain equanimity upon the destiny of man. Like the smoke of this pipe, our days are born only to vanish. Life is but a journey from an uncertain sunrise to an unknown night. The world is but an inn, wherein we tarry in our passage from the past eternity to the great hereafter beyond!

THE BURDEN OF ISTAMBOUL.

STORM out, ye trumpeters of death!
 Along the Orient mountains blow!
 Awaken larums keen with woe!
 Blow, cruel trumpets, spare no breath!

They call destruction—hear, O East!—
 They call destruction on your race,
 Because ye grant our faith no grace,
 Because your cursing hath not ceased.

A people hastens from afar,
 The mingled nations of the North;
 They gather from the ends of earth
 To crush, and overthrow, and mar.

A fire devours before their haste;
 Behind them smokes of torment rise:
 Before, the land is paradise;
 Behind, a voiceless, desert waste.

Their hearts are merciless to slay;
 They clamor like the ocean-storm;
 They brandish sword and lance; they swarm
 On horses ranked in war-array.

They scale the battlemented walls,
 They leap along the city streets;
 Behold them in your fair retreats!
 Behold them in your lordly halls!

Be fearful; hold within the gate;
 Seek not the harvests of your land:
 They hide the foeman's bitter brand;
 On every side the slayers wait.

O daughter of the Orient, cry!
 Cry out, with ashes on the head,
 Like one who mourneth for the dead!
 For lo! the spoiler draweth nigh.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

" . . . With unladen breasts,
Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
To their spirit's perch, their being's high account;
Their tip-top nothings, their dull skies, their thrones."

"NOW, then," said Flora, "put your hands behind your backs, and for your lesson to-day learn *that* :

'A frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
'Heigho!' says Roly.'

Two childish voices repeated the ancient nursery classic with a readiness that would have been laudable and surprising had they now uttered it for the first time.

"And what does wooing mean?" said Flora, surveying the atoms before her with invincible gravity.

"Getting married," said Taffy.

"Kissing," said Colin, solemnly.

Their mother broke into a sudden peal of laughter. Her laughter was like herself, abundant; for Nature had assuredly not found herself skimped for material when she created Flora. No, nor for color; for, though all about her was a great blaze of scarlet, yellow, and blue flowers, her own tints in no way suffered by comparison, for they were every whit as vivid, and saucy, and daring, as theirs.

"There is," says a famous French writer, "but one way in which a woman can be handsome, but a hundred thousand ways in which she can be pretty." This, being translated, means, I take it, that the devil's beauty of extreme youth, a joyous mood, a becoming gown, the neighborhood of a favored lover, or any other pleasurable and fugitive emotion, is able to transform a negatively plain woman into a positively pretty one.

Now, Flora's good looks in no way depended on any of the adventitious aids before enumerated; nevertheless it was a fact that she just missed being extremely handsome, through the one feature of the face that is so often the stumbling-block over which female beauty trips—the nose.

Lovely eyes are plentiful as blackberries, lovelier, perhaps, among the humble ones of the earth than the great; cherry lips are as often to be met with as the pretty fools to whom they would seem to especially belong, but—a handsome nose! Is there any man who can reckon among all his acquaintance more than a couple of perfectly-shaped proboscides? So far as my own experience goes, I have never discovered a phenomenon of this kind save on the countenances of either profoundly stupid or intensely irritable people.

"*Un petit nez retroussé bouleverse les lois d'un empire*;" but, when there is no empire to overturn, Chloe

is apt to grow dissatisfied with what Providence has seen fit to send her, and to glance with envy at the classic features of Amaryllis, her rival, and Flora would have cheerfully parted with one of her own plump fingers if by so doing she could make that pretty little disdainful nose of hers straight.

With women Flora did not find favor; they affected to consider her coarse, but that she was not, only her splendid *physique* and robust vigor of constitution made her antagonistic to, and intolerant of, those lymphatic and half-starved souls who were not able to take a good free breath of anything, whether of life, air, or beauty, without wincing and shivering, and suffering acute moral indigestion afterward.

There was about this young matron a bold, gay *bonhomie* that might be no more than a mere animal delight in existence, the outcome of a sensuous and a pleasure-loving temperament; but, on the other hand, and on this point opinions were extremely diverse, be no less an admirable quality than solid Christian charity and goodness of heart. Complexion, constitution, and digestion, alike precluded the possibility of her being ill-humored, and to do her justice she seldom was, unless the admiration and attention, that were food and drink to her, were diverted on their way to her by a fair and skillful sister-bandit, though on occasion she was capable of entertaining for certain people a strong dislike. Of these persons her brother Adam was one. Her nerves, too, were excellent, enabling her to bear the discordant shrieks of a paroquet who was strutting on the lawn before her with perfect equanimity and indifference.

"And pray," she said, with mock solemnity, "what is the difference between kissing and getting married?"

"Nurse got *married*," said Taffy, thoughtfully, "but we never saw anybody kiss *her*; and Anne gets kissed, but she doesn't get married—" Here the infant mind paused on the threshold of a definition, and could proceed no farther on its way.

"So Anne gets kissed!" said Flora, coolly; "and pray who kisses Anne?"

Taffy, who had all the elements of a first-rate sneak about him, was about to reply, when a sharp and sudden pinch in his rear from Colin the younger's small hand caused him to stammer and hesitate.

"Now, then," said Flora, imperiously, "who kisses Anne?"

But Taffy's enforced indecision had, for the nonce, saved the recital of Anne's delinquencies, for at this moment there appeared upon the scene no less a person than—Mr. Montrose.

"So, so! Lessons, I perceive," he said, benignly, yet irritably, as his eyes fell on his grandsons; "nevertheless, if not on any subject of moment, my dear Flora" (he bowed gracefully toward his daughter), "perhaps you will do me the favor to dismiss

them, as there are matters upon which—in short, you will understand, I am sure—”

“Certainly, father,” said Flora, dutifully; and at a signal from her the boys vanished. Mr. Montrose drew out his watch and looked at it.

“Five minutes to eleven,” he said, solemnly; “in five minutes they will be here.”

Mr. Montrose replaced his watch with slow deliberation, then commenced to pace the gravel-walk with steps that he was evidently at considerable pains to keep within the measured bounds that he had long ago laid down as suitable to a man of his years and moral excellence. For, unlike some persons who are quite above taking the trouble to convince the world of the validity of their pretensions to perfection, he was ever trying to act up to his own standard of what he thought right and becoming. Thus he never lost his self-consciousness, beholding, not the people he addressed, but the attitude he himself maintained toward them, whether of the attentive host, the affectionate yet severe parent, or the generous friend—in short, finding in everybody a reflection of—himself.

“They won’t come any the sooner for your fidgeting, father,” said Flora, tranquilly, as she inserted a stitch or two in her lace-work, and meditated on Anne’s osculatory escapades.

The color in Mr. Montrose’s face deepened perceptibly; he continued his walk, but with an air of offense. For if there be one thing on earth that irritates a fussy person more than another, it is to be told that he is fussy; for in his own mind he invariably sees himself the only collected person present.

“I am not aware of fidgeting,” he said, stiffly, “and I am sorry to be compelled to remark (you being a married woman, and no longer subject to my authority) that there is—ah—a tone of *levity* about your whole reception of this unfortunate affair that seriously displeases me. When your brother came here last night, and, with a coolness highly unbecoming in so young a man, announced that he was actually *married*, in what way did you receive the intelligence? With indifference and an epigram! Now that I display a pardonable impatience to behold my new daughter-in-law, I am told that—I fidget!”

“I beg your pardon, father,” said Flora, meekly, “but, when Adam walked in and told us that he was married, at the same time volunteering not the slightest information as to the lady’s antecedents or relations, a vision suddenly rose up before me of what she would probably be like that quite upset my gravity—”

She paused expressively, and shrugged her shoulders.

“You have not, then, a high opinion of your brother’s taste?” said Mr. Montrose, coming to a full stop before his daughter, and handling his eye-glasses nervously.

“Adam the gardener’s taste!” said Flora, slightly; “if he has married according to his taste, father, it is not difficult to imagine what that will be. Probably this young woman is some gardener’s daugh-

ter with whom Adam has become enamored while pursuing the congenial occupation of helping to pot out her father’s herbs and bulbs.”

“God bless my soul!” said Mr. Montrose, with much earnestness, all his little pompous airs utterly put to flight for the moment; “you surely don’t conceive such a thing possible! With all your brother’s peculiarities and odd choice of amusements, he would not, I hope and believe, so far forget himself as to introduce into our family-circle a young person who—*who*—”

He paused, utterly overcome by the visions of the “young person” suggested by Flora’s words.

“There is no knowing what Adam will do when once he takes an idea into his head,” said his sister. “So long as he himself were satisfied, he would not care a button what you or I or anybody else might think!”

Not often did Flora venture to make so bold a speech as the foregoing, and now she glanced with a somewhat quickened pulse from under her long eyelashes to see how it told.

Mr. Montrose was irritably glancing across to where, in dim perspective, was visible that trim and well-stocked kitchen-garden in which Adam had dug, and dived, and accomplished his destiny.

“Your brother is his own master,” he said, stiffly; “owing to your departed mother’s injudicious bequest to him, he is in no way dependent upon me, and, although it is true I might show my displeasure by refusing to receive him and his wife, still a family scandal” (he made a gesture of disgust, much as though he had lighted on some noxious and repulsive insect) “has always been my special abhorrence; besides” (here he raised his eyes to the surrounding walls), “how is it possible to be on unfriendly terms with a son who actually lives next door to you?”

“How on earth he got there is a mystery to me!” said Flora, yawning; “the servants say it is a school, or something of that kind—perhaps the schoolmistress improves the shining hour by taking in boarders while her pupils are away!”

But Mr. Montrose was not attending; for the first time in his life he felt himself to be in a dilemma.

Hitherto he had, under all circumstances, been equally pleased and satisfied with himself in all that he did, and with unruffled dignity had acted up to what he conceived to be a right and proper standard of excellence, and, since he was never called upon to fill any situation with which his previous experiences did not enable him to deal, he had been saved from even the mere suspicion of the barrenness of his resources.

Now, suddenly confronted with an unexpected exigency, he was entirely at a loss how to meet it, and in this disagreeable revelation to himself of his own helplessness and incapacity, felt an added cause of resentment against the person who had been its occasion. As a Roman father, renouncing his offspring in well-rounded periods, and enunciating highly moral sentiments from a lofty height of virtue,

Mr. Montrose would have been quite in his element—he would even have figured handsomely as the stately yet condescending parent who received a privileged and duly approved-of daughter-in-law into his bosom—but as a parent who disliked a match concerning which he was by circumstances compelled to spare the thunders of his righteous indignation, he felt himself to be in a false position, whence he knew not how to extricate himself with dignity.

Across the silence that had fallen between father and daughter came the cool splash of a fountain, and the distant laughter of Taffy and Colin the younger, who were evidently having a good time somewhere out of sight. Although the morning was one of intolerable heat, in this corner of the garden were shade and coolness in plenty.

"They are late," remarked Flora, presently, laying down her work, and regarding it critically. "Doubtless the bride is arraying herself in her Sunday's best, and Adam, poor man, is doing his best to tone down the colors a little. Or perhaps—" She paused suddenly, her mouth closed, then opened again in a little, quick gasp of astonishment, as she saw the girl who came stepping toward her by Adam's side.

Here was no gardener's daughter, but a woman in whose veins ran blood every whit as blue as her own, in whose bearing was a pride of race even greater than her own; moreover, who was possessed of one supreme advantage that she herself lacked, the freshness and incomparable bloom of extreme youth.

If there was a moment of hesitation it did not proceed from those whose province it may have been to display it, for Adam, leading Mignon forward, "Father," he said, "this is my wife."

Something that did not often make itself felt stirred in the old man's selfish yet not unkindly heart as he looked down on the girl's gentle face, and felt her slight hand close upon his. Perhaps there was more of human nature in him than he suspected, or some thrill of healthy young life passed from her palm to his, and unconsciously freshened him; yet when he did speak it was only to add one more to those countless billions of unanswered "How-do-you-do's?" of which English air suffers a plethora, and that are about as reasonable as the habit that still prevails in some parts of the globe of rubbing one's nose against a friend's, or offering him a taste of one's own choice and particular lump of salt.

"And this is my sister, Mrs. Dundas," said Adam, turning to Flora, who, with a very perceptible increase of color, had risen to greet her new sister-in-law.

"How do you do?" she said, in her turn, but the meaningless words had a jovial, gay ring in them; and Mignon, turning her eyes from Mr. Montrose's uninteresting, not to say stupid, countenance, to Flora's blooming, good-humored one, was instinctively attracted toward her.

"This seat is not a large one, and I am not a small person," said Flora, laughing; "nevertheless I think that it will hold two." And with a gesture

of invitation she sank into the wooden contrivance whence she had risen.

"What a lovely garden!" said Mignon, involuntarily, as she mentally compared this smiling Eden with the wilderness on the other side of the wall.

"Is not yours as good?" said Flora, mentally adding, "How this chit's blue eyes will put out my gray ones!"

"No," said Mignon, "it is bare, and brown, and ugly; and, though I have planted lots of things, somehow they never seem to *come up* right!"

"Oh!" said Flora, glancing at her brother (and it was significant of the relations existing between the brother and sister that they had hitherto made each other no sort of greeting), "Adam will soon change all that! He will rout the slugs, pickle the snails, and keep you in flowers and vegetables all the year round—in short, I believe that at a pinch he would not be above doing a little—weeding!"

She flashed her eyes full on Adam's (very like her own, by-the-way, in shape and color, but how different in expression!) with an insolence that he was not slow to appreciate; but Mignon, believing this to be an intentional allusion to a matter of which she could never think without intense shame and vexation, blushed furiously, and with the unwise, impetuous courage of youth, exclaimed:

"And why should he not? It is a very right thing to do, and a very kind one! I was very much obliged to him for making those shabby old garden-walks look so beautiful!"

"*He did!*" said Flora, opening her eyes to their utmost extent; "well, I knew Cupid did odd things sometimes, but—*weeding!*"

"I am not aware," said Mr. Montrose, addressing Flora in a tone of dignified rebuke, "that there is anything derogatory to a young man in the act of weeding; on the contrary, it appears to me an earnest of industry, and industry in the young is a very excellent quality. There is, moreover" (here he bowed gracefully toward Mignon), "a gracefulness in the idea of a lover tending his mistress's flowers, a poetry in the image of him presenting her with a cluster that he has preserved from untoward influences—"

"But he wasn't a lover," said Mignon, unexpectedly.

"Not a lover!" cried Flora, "and what was he, then, pray?"

"I thought he was a gardener," said Mignon, in an exculpatory tone.

"There!" said Flora, triumphantly, "did I not always tell you so, that you looked like a gardener? After all, the nickname I gave you was well chosen."

He glanced across at her contemptuously, then back again at his wife.

"But it was nothing to do with his looks," said Mignon, hotly; "it was all my stupid mistake, and—and his coming over the wall that morning."

"Over the wall!" echoed Mr. Montrose, in deepest bass tones of horror; "do I understand you to say my son came over the wall?"

"To be sure!" said Mignon, nodding, "after

snails—at least, I supposed so then, as there was nothing else—only you see he found—*me!*”

“And may I ask,” said Mr. Montrose, his meaningless countenance becoming positively vacuous under the influence of the amazement that filled him, “if my son’s intrusion into your garden was the occasion of your first introduction to each other?”

“The very first,” said Mignon, nodding again; “I just asked him his name, you know, and he told me—and that’s how it all happened.”

“Good Heavens!” ejaculated Mr. Montrose, dropping his eye-glass in a spasm of outraged decorum; “and what did your people—your father—your mother—say?”

“I have no father and no mother!”

“Your nearest relatives, then—your lawful guardians?”

“Haven’t got any,” said Mignon, sighing; “I’ve nobody in the world but one other person and Prue—and Adam,” she added, as an after-thought, glancing up at him with so cold and kind a glance as to convince Flora that for whatever reason this mysterious and candid young lady had married Adam, it certainly was not for love.

“And who is Prue?” said Mr. Montrose—“a female relative, I presume?”

“She is a house-maid,” said Mignon.

“But,” said Mr. Montrose, almost gasping, “your chaperon at your interviews with my son—there must surely have been some one?”

“There was nobody,” said Mignon, “unless,” she added, meditatively, “you would call Bumble a person!”

“And who is—ah!—*Bumble?*” said Mr. Montrose, his hopes reviving at the mention of so eminently respectable a name.

“A fowl,” said Mignon; “Adam used to help me catch him—or try to.”

“Is it the punishment of mine enemy, that he should marry a fool?” thought Flora, glancing at Adam, who stood bareheaded, listening to his young wife’s disclosures as calmly as though she were presenting those unwritten vouchers of respectability that society expects and demands. And yet no man living was better aware than he of how severe was the world’s condemnation of any intrigue, howsoever pure in motive and intent, that traverses its laws.

“Good Heavens!” said Mr. Montrose again, his usual noble panoply of words utterly failing him, and reverting unconsciously to the simple and forcible language that he may have used in the less distinguished and ornate days of his youth.

“Are you angry?” said Mignon, looking attentively at the vacuous, fleshy face before her, in which there was not one line that said, “I have suffered, I have conquered, I know”—“but you must not blame Adam, for it was every bit my fault that we got married—you see, I was so lonely, and poor, and miserable, with no one but Prue to take care of me, and he was so sorry for me!”

“Not because he was sorry for her,” said Adam, quietly, “but because he loved her.”

“So, so!” said Flora, to herself, “you love her, do you, my saintly brother? Take care that I don’t find out a way through her of paying off some very old scores.”

“In my young days,” said Mr. Montrose, recovering his usual stately flow of language, “it was not usual for a young woman to marry a young man because he expressed himself sorry for her; on the contrary, I may say that the whole process of courtship (resulting in matrimony) was an extremely gradual and delicate one, extending over a very considerable space of time. First came a proper and admiring regard; then a heedful and respectful approach on the part of the gentleman (with the cognizance and full approval of his family) to the lady; then a duly-considered and well-digested declaration of love, followed by a period of anxious suspense on the part of the gentleman, of modest hesitation on hers; after which, if she answered him in the affirmative, there ensued a decent and enjoyable interval of courtship, and, finally, a marriage celebrated in the presence of the assembled relatives of the bride and bridegroom.”

“Then I’m afraid,” said Mignon, shaking her head with an air of conviction, “that our courtship was hopelessly wrong from beginning to end! There was no asking anybody’s permission, no suspense (I said ‘Yes’ the minute he asked me), and, as to having a lot of relations to see us married, why, we had not got one between us!”

“I don’t think that you can mean that,” said Mr. Montrose, rebukingly. “I should be quite sorry to think that you really mean us to understand you accepted my son without a moment’s hesitation; it would augur a curious lack of delicacy that I should deeply regret to discover in you. There must have been a period of hesitation, of maidenly—ah—”

He paused, the right word not having presented itself, and he being of so conscientious a turn of mind, that he would rather keep his audience waiting five minutes than affront it with one not exactly suited to the occasion.

Unfortunately, it often happens that while the proper noun, adjective, or what-not, is being sought, the vagrant mind of the expectant auditor sets off with a skip in search of other pabulum, so that when Mr. Montrose had satisfied his critical taste, it was to discover that Mignon’s whole attention was given to the parrot, who had been for the last few moments viciously regarding the pink ribbons in Flora’s mob-cap as though he meditated taking a bit out of them.

“Self-examination,” said Mr. Montrose, his glance wandering from one to another in that search of a word that is so ludicrous to the indifferent, so painful to the sympathetic observer—“self-examination,” said Mr. Montrose, raising his voice a little and growing very red in the face.

“Ha! ha! ha!” went the parrot, in an ecstasy of mirth, and, alas! whether it was the force of that godless bird’s example, or the provocation of a certain something in Flora’s eye, Mignon broke into a peal of laughter that astounded Mr. Montrose as

much as though she had suddenly hopped up and dealt him a facetious dig in the shins.

He began to think that there were worse things about this young person than making love over a garden-wall, and saying "Yes" the moment she was asked in marriage.

"I was not aware," he said, majestically, "that I had said anything extraordinarily ludicrous—still, I am sure, I am always happy to amuse."

So saying, and wishful to mark his sense of Mignon's impropriety by a very proper haughtiness of bearing, he stepped back a pace or two, when, alas! that little imp who ever seems to be at hand to make a mock of dignities, caused him to stumble over a footstool in such wise that he found himself seated with excessive harshness and emphasis on an easy-chair that stood hard by.

Even Mignon felt the occasion to be too awful for laughter, much less smiles, so sat in a scarlet agony, biting her lips and puckering her forehead into a frown in her violent efforts to preserve a decent gravity; nevertheless, as Mr. Montrose glanced from her to his daughter, whose nose rested on her lace-work, and from his daughter to Adam, who had carefully turned his head away, he felt burning within him the righteous anger historically supposed to be cherished by wise men for fools.

What was there to laugh at? he would like to know. He would not have laughed at any one under the same circumstances; on the contrary, he would have felt and expressed sympathy. There was to him something extremely coarse in these repressed manifestations of mirth, and indeed it is one of the hardest problems on earth to decide where humor ends and levity begins, where our subtle and keen appreciation of the incongruities and inconsistencies of human nature deteriorates into a bold and irreverent license that does us an infinite discredit.

At this moment, and surely no winged Mercury of good tidings was ever more welcome, a footman noiselessly approached, and, appearing in their midst, handed to Flora a telegram.

"It must be from Miss McClosky," said Flora, briskly. "Surely it cannot be to say she is not coming to-day."

She bowed in apology to Mignon, opened the missive, read and handed it to her father.

"It is I!" she said, resuming her work. "McClosky *père* is ill—sensible man!" she added, in an aside that was only audible to Mignon.

Meanwhile, the parrot, abandoning his intentions on Flora's ribbons, and perhaps feeling certain memories of the tropical climate whence he had been torn in his youth, awakened in him by the sight of James's canary-colored livery, at this moment elected to make a sudden dash at the man's arm, and swarm up his shoulder. James neglecting in his flurry to lift his shoulder for the bird's support, the latter, feeling himself to be slipping, laid hold of the man's ear, to which he clung like grim death, while the luckless victim, not daring to utter a sound before his master, leaped at least a foot in the air with an-

guish. I wonder what unseemly impulse is that which sets us smiling when we see injuries of a ludicrous character inflicted upon others; why we think it an exquisite joke when, at the pantomime, one clown metes another a sounding crack on the pate; and why we feel our pulses pleasantly quickened when the villain of the piece receives the trouncing he so richly merits? Mr. Montrose, who was a stranger to self-analysis, and only beheld himself as that which he was not, could not, for the life of him, have explained why, when Adam had interfered, and James departed a sadder if not a wiser man, he should have had a far less vivid consciousness of his own wrongs than was his before the episode occurred, and that he was even able to discuss the subject of Miss McClosky's non-arrival with his usual dignity.

Not that he would have retained his irritation long, for it takes such a tremendous effort of imagination on the part of a stupid man to convince him that you are laughing at him, that he is only too glad to dismiss it, and revert to his usual consciousness of perfectibility with solid satisfaction and comfort.

"And who is Miss McClosky?" said Mignon, when the whys and wherefores of that personage's non-appearance had been exhaustively discussed.

"Who is she?" said Flora; "well, she is Miss McClosky! But if she could have had her own way she would be—somebody else!"

"But how could she be that?" said Mignon, much puzzled.

"Ask Adam!" said his sister.

Mignon looked at him, trying to understand; then, all at once, a light flashed upon her.

"I know!" she said, clapping her hands; "Miss McClosky was in love with Adam, or he was in love with her."

"Yes," said Flora, grave and amused; "it was one of the two!"

"Were you *very* fond of her?" said Mignon to her husband, without one flicker of color in the cool, delicate cheeks, whence the blushes had long ago faded.

"But he married you, not Miss McClosky!" said Flora.

"People don't always marry the ones they like best," said Mignon, with a wistful look in her blue eyes that struck Adam like a blow, and gave birth to fifty hitherto formless suspicions in Flora's busy brain.

"And now, Mignon, if you are ready, we will go," said Adam; and the girl stood up and put her hand in Flora's.

"I hope we shall be good friends," said the latter, in her hearty, pleasant voice, "although we *are* relations, and *do* live on the opposite sides of the wall. I won't inflict myself upon you too often, but I'll come—sometimes."

"Come often," said Mignon, impressively, "come twice, three times every day if you are able, for oh! though I was as dull as dull could be before I got married, I am ten thousand times duller now!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Pleasure is oft a visitant, yet Pain
Clings cruelly to us like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches."

"ARE you very busy?" said Mignon, putting her head in at the half-opened door of the room that now went by the name of Adam's study, but retreating when she saw how he sat, his head buried in his hands, at a large table covered with books.

"I am not too busy to attend to you," he said, coming forward and leading her in. "Where will you sit?" he added, looking about him in some perplexity, for every chair was piled as high with dusty tomes as was the table.

"Are you doing lessons?" said Mignon, looking about her with considerable awe as she sat down on the big easy-chair that he had swept clear of its contents and placed for her; "why, I thought—I thought—"

"You thought that because a man gets married he leaves off learning anything?" said Adam, laughing.

"No," she said, still looking about her, "but I had a notion, an impression, that you never did anything but—gardening!"

"To garden is the occupation of my leisure hours," he said; "I have periods of work as well, Mignon. Has it never occurred to you to wonder how I managed to amuse myself during the many hours a day that you are working or gossiping with Prue?"

She looked across at him with a sudden, quick compunction: no—it had never occurred to her to wonder what he might or might not do, so thoroughly had she been engrossed in her own selfish thoughts, hopes, and fears.

"Has it been very lonely for you," she said, "all by yourself? Do you come and read these dusty, stupid books because you have nobody to speak to? You see," she went on, drawing a little nearer, and looking at him with anxious, gentle consideration, "it is not a thing to get used to all at once—a husband—and sometimes I forget all about you! Do you know that one morning I actually got up early because I thought that it was my morning to practise before breakfast, and only when I was walking past your door recollected I was married?"

"You will get more used to it in time," he said, encouragingly, "perhaps—who knows?—forget to learn your gospel and collect as you did last Saturday night for Sunday!"

"But that was because I had taken off my wedding-ring when I washed my hands, and forgotten to put it on again," said Mignon, hastily; "you see it is so bright, and new, and pretty, it would be a thousand pities to spoil it!"

Yes, that was what a woman's badge of life-long duty and devotion was to her, no more and no less than a pretty shining toy.

"And these books," she said, touching one of the heavy tomes before her, what are they? geography? history? mathematics?"

"Something far more serious and disagreeable," he said, ruefully—"law!"

"You are studying it?" she exclaimed, looking at him with respect; "and why do you do that?"

"Because," he said, "to live, one must eat, Mignon, and to eat costs money, and, if one has not a great deal, why then one must do one's best to earn it!"

"But have you not got plenty?" said Mignon, in surprise. "Do you mean to say that you have got to work for it?"

"I intend to do so!" he said; "but until now, Mignon, I have been somewhat idle—indeed, for the past two months before our marriage I never opened a book or a paper—though I am afraid it will be a long business, this making money, and that I shall be an old man before I begin to grow rich."

"But I have some money," said Mignon, triumphantly, "oh, a great deal, and I can draw it out whenever I please; and you shall have it all, every penny of it, to do just what you like with!"

"No, no," he said, kindly; "we won't take the little woman's hoard away from her. Perhaps she'll find it useful some day, when she wants to run away from her husband."

"I know I am a great expense to you," said Mignon, not heeding his latter words, her mind anxiously bent upon her own shortcomings. "And I have a very large appetite, and I bought a pair of new boots yesterday! But I won't buy any more," she added, shaking her head with immense decision; "at least not out of your money—I'll use some of my own!"

"But I thought you were going to give it to me, Mignon?" said Adam, gravely.

"So I was!" she said, looking rather chafallen. "So I will! Only, you see, now that I know you are not very rich I shall hate to come and ask you for so much as a penny!"

"You must try and get over that," said Adam. "It would be such a thousand pities to touch a tremendous sum like that, Mignon! No, no, as soon as we come to the last bit of bread in the pan, and meat in the larder, we will begin to draw out your hoard—a pound at a time!"

"But are we as poor as all that?" said Mignon, in awe-struck tones.

"We are not rich," he said, lightly, "and to beg I am ashamed—and to earn money at the bar is not easy, Mignon—"

"You are a barrister!" she exclaimed, "and some day you will wear a wig and a silk gown?"

"If I live long enough," he said, laughing, "though I am afraid that the wig and gown will be the most important part of the concern, for, until a man is forty, his briefs are usually to be counted on his fingers!"

"But I thought—" she said—"I have heard Miss Sorel say that barristers usually live in chambers—in the Temple?"

"So they do," he said; "and I have a little den of my own there. When I was eating my dinners I lived there altogether, but now that I have mar-

ried a wife," he added, leaning forward and patting her blooming cheek with his forefinger, "why, Mignon, I thought I would study at home, so had a cart-load of books sent down—*voilà tout*."

"But why do you do that?" she said. "It was a great deal of trouble, and you might have gone up as often, and stopped as long, as you liked."

"In short," he said, with a very unusual touch of bitterness in his voice, "I might as well have gone—and stopped altogether, Mignon, for any difference that it would have made to you!"

"There you are mistaken!" said Mignon, quickly, "for I should miss you very much indeed. Ask Prue if I did not stand at the gate a whole hour yesterday, watching for you, and only came in because a rude young man would walk up and down, and kiss his hand to me!"

"And yet, Mignon," he said, "and yet—" but he proceeded no farther in his speech.

The sweetness that is not love, the gentleness that is not affection, the sense of pleasure in a person's society that yet is not sympathy, are they not harder to fight against than positive indifference, suspicion, and dislike?

It is in the capacity we possess to move certain people that we are able to estimate the extent of our power over them; and of such power over Mignon, Adam knew that he possessed not so much as the shadow.

And about her, too, was that somewhat rare quality, in a nineteenth-century maiden, a "gentle hard-heartedness" that some writer has ascribed to Miss Austen's heroines, and that is more difficult to overcome than the aversion of an obstinate, self-willed virago.

The girl had risen, and was looking down on a book before her that had opened at the title-page.

"You have a second name!" she exclaimed, putting her finger down on the book; "and such a pretty one, too! Why do not Flora and your father call you by it?"

"My mother always did," he said; and how different was the tone in which he said "My mother" from the one in which he habitually said "My father!"

"You loved her?" said Mignon, gently.

"Yes," he said, leaning his head on his hand; "home was home to me while she lived."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward," he said, with a short, impatient sigh, "it was—different. My father and I had but little in common, Flora and I still less. They were as uncongenial to me as I to them—they went their way, I went mine; and yet we managed to clash pretty well sometimes."

"Did Flora marry Colin for love?" said Mignon, irrelevantly, her eyes wandering to the open window, through the curtains of which showed a patch of blue sky, set about by a frame of scorched Virginia creeper.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"But did she?" persisted Mignon.

"Do wives always love their husbands?" he said, and looked hard at her. Then he burst out laugh-

ing. "What a couple of Quakers we are, to be sure, with our cross-questions! If you want to know, Mignon, you must ask Flora herself. She won't hesitate to tell you the truth; and as to hurting her feelings on any point except her complexion, it's utterly impossible."

"It is very odd," said Mignon; "but though he seems so fond of her, they never go out together by any chance. He never proposes, nor does she seem to expect it."

"Colin is a wise man," said Adam; "and perhaps, when you have been out once or twice with Madam Flora, you will the better understand why he permits her to take her airings alone."

"But what does she *do*?" said Mignon, thoroughly puzzled.

"What does she *not* do?" he said, with much disgust. "Well, Mignon, she has asked you again and again to drive to town with her, and, by my desire, you have each time refused; but, the next time she asks you to do so, go! And if you ever want to go with her a second time, then I am very much mistaken."

"One sees a great many people when one goes to town?" she said.

"A great many."

"One stands a good chance of meeting the people one wishes to see?"

"No, not a very good one; it is a big place, Mignon."

She was standing directly before him; she had put her hands behind her back, and was regarding him very thoughtfully.

Some emotion was working in her mind, and had brought a faint color to her cheek; a question of some sort trembled in her eyes and seemed to seek the answer in his. Unconsciously, he put out his hand and drew her nearer to him.

"Do you think that I should be likely to run up against *him* there?" she said.

He dropped her hand as though it burnt him, his face changed from the warmth of flesh and blood to rigidity of steel, as he said, calmly:

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Mr. Rideout," she said, looking surprised; "of whom else should I speak?"

"There are other men in the world," said Adam; "why cannot you call him by his name?"

"Because," she said, with conviction, "somehow he always was, always will be, *him* to me! You see he was the first person who ever fell in love with me, he wrote me my first love-letter—and, altogether, I really think that, if I lived to be a hundred, he would always be *him*!"

Had the air suddenly grown stifling, or was the mere touch of Mignon's gown too irritating to be borne, that Adam rose abruptly, and, going to the open casement, leaned far out into the garden air?

"I am nearly positive," she went on, "that he told me that he was living near here, that he was constantly in and out of Lilytown; and, if so, he is sure to come back sooner or later, and we are bound to meet him, are we not, somewhere or other?"

No reply.

"Though I should think it was most likely that, if he were passing this way, he would come in and see us."

Adam left the window, turned and faced her.

"And does your happiness depend on your meeting this man again?" he said, sternly. "Do you look forward to such a meeting with feelings of interest and pleasure?"

"I look forward to seeing him so much," she said, vehemently, "that, if I thought I was going to see him this very minute, I should jump for joy. There is no one on earth—save her—that I so long to see as I do to see him!"

"And you say this to me," he said, in an intensely low, clear voice—"to me?"

"And to whom, then, should I say it but to you?" said the girl, gently.

"Tell it to the winds—to Flora—whom you will; but bring me no more of your confidences—I will have none of them! Do you hear me, Mignon? I will have none of them!"

His clinched fist came down with a crash on the table by which he stood.

She looked at him with a sudden fear and wonder in her blue eyes.

"And if I may not come to you with my hopes and thoughts and fears," she said, with a certain sweet and simple dignity, "then there is no one else to whom it is meet that I should go, for it is not to Flora, no, indeed, that I should speak of such matters. And I will not trouble you again, nor vex you with my troubles and desires—you who have been so good and kind to me always!"

Her voice ceased in a little sob; then she turned and went quietly away, and all the sunlight and sweetness of the summer day seemed to merge themselves in her garments and go out with her through the open door, leaving the man who stood in the midst of his room looking very cold and pale and weary, as one who in the battle of life flags suddenly, and, weary of the rout, feels that he has no longer heart or vigor to continue the war with any hope of success.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours."

"I BEG your pardon," said Flora, "but I have knocked three times, and—have you and Adam been quarreling?" she added, abruptly, as, advancing, she caught sight of Mignon sitting, like Niobe in grief, with tears splashing heavily down upon her clasped hands.

"No," said Mignon, dashing her tears away and sitting erect, "we have not been quarreling." Her right hand instinctively tightened on that oft-perused, closely-guarded letter of Miss Sorel's that now told a flattering tale of love and hope, and now one of utter despair and desolation.

"It is rather early days to begin," said Flora; "as far as I can remember, Colin and I were perfect turtle-doves for the first month we were married—though, to be sure," she added, meditatively, as she sank into an easy-chair, "we have fought without intermission ever since! It is always a great mistake to cry," she went on, with conviction; "to get into a rage is not half so disfiguring to one's appearance, and answers the purpose just as well!"

"But," cried Mignon, with a little, impatient stamp, "we have *not* been quarreling; I have not even seen Adam since breakfast, and—"

"Then you have been indulging in sentimental poetry, or are you a prey to melancholy?" said Flora. "If the latter, I can tell you of an excellent cure I saw in a book for it the other day: 'It is no small remedy to cure melancholy to rub your body all over with nettles!' I can't say I have ever tried it, but I make you a present of the suggestion."

Flora had risen, and was now surveying herself from head to foot in a swing-glass with sincere admiration; and, indeed, it must be confessed that Flora in out-of-door attire was every whit as fine a woman as Flora in a white morning cap and gown—the only pity was that she struck one as being almost *too* fine—one felt a sensation as of catching one's breath in the effort to get her all into one's eye at once.

Some people have a distinct personality of their own; one picks them out instinctively from the ruck of breathing automata by which one finds one's self surrounded in all places; we are conscious of the presence of the others, but we do not look at or observe them; whereas, to those who distinctly impress themselves upon us as *persons*, we give our full and critical attention.

Now, Flora's personality was very great. Mignon could have found it in her heart to wish there were less of it as she sat looking at her sister-in-law, and wondering how it was that, though other women wore oddly-shaped head-gear and curiously-blended colors, they never contrived to look half as remarkable as she did.

"I am not quite sure," said Flora, taking up a hand-glass, and surveying herself with grave deliberation, "whether this shade of tea-rose is not rather too deep for my complexion. Of course, it's all very well for those whitey-brown women who can't supply any color themselves, but, when one has a skin like a peach, why, one is obliged to be careful!"

Flora had long ago come to regard Mignon as a little, harmless, pretty schoolgirl, without an idea in her head, or even the sense to observe when she (Flora) made a fool of herself.

"It is very odd," said that young matron, as she slowly revolved before the presentment of her own charms, "but, wear what I will, people stare at me when I go out as if they had never seen a woman in all their lives before! It used to make Colin furious; he actually had the impertinence to declare that it was my fault, but now he goes his way and I go mine, and, if we were to take a drive together, I am sure we should both feel as if the world were coming to an end!"

"And where is he this afternoon?" said Mignon, rousing herself with a great effort.

"Gone to town with Taffy and Colin the younger," said Flora—"but come!" she added, walking briskly to the window and lifting the blind; "put on your hat and cloak, for if we dawdle about in this fashion we shall never get out to-day."

"But I am not going out," said Mignon, who had put away her letter and taken up an ancient piece of needlework.

"But, indeed, you are!" said Flora. "Why, I do believe," she added, suddenly, "that Simon Pure is going to town himself, for he has got on a respectable hat, and his nether garments dimly suggest a wedding! Have you been quarreling," she said, turning sharply round on Mignon, "and is he striding away,

'All in his Sunday best,'

to sue for a divorce or catch the tidal-boat from Folkestone? My dear, I know his little ways, and there is—there certainly is—(or can it be merely the unusual elegance of his coat?)—an unutterable *something* about his back that speaks volumes!"

A rustling of petticoats, a scramble of feet, the blind lifted a few inches higher, and Mignon, with an odd and unaccountable sinking at her heart, was also regarding the unusual spectacle of Adam in perfectly orthodox costume disappearing in the distance.

"I wonder where he is going?" she said, dropping the blind, and looking at Flora anxiously; "he scarcely ever goes out in the afternoon—"

"So you *have* been quarreling," said Flora, calmly; "I thought as much. Well—take my advice, my dear, don't be the first to give in—bring him down on his marrow-bones, and, for you're quite pretty enough, keep him there! When I first married," she continued, returning to the contemplation of her charms, "I made up my mind never to yield a point, whether I was right or wrong, particularly if I were wrong, and I never did! It is only a question of pull devil, pull baker, and whichever pulls hardest and longest wins!"

"Poor Colin!" thought Mignon, with a sigh.

"Here is your hat," said Flora, who had fallen to rummaging among various bandboxes; "my dear, why do all your garments look as if they came out of Arcadia? How on earth you contrive to look such a piece of innocence I can't imagine; I'm sure I did not at your age!"

Mignon, glancing across at her sister-in-law, could not find it easy to suppose that at any time her looks could have erred on the side of innocence.

"Shall I go?" said the girl, doubtfully, half to herself, half to Flora.

Five minutes ago the visit to town had been unhesitatingly negatived. Now she hesitated; what had happened in the interval to work the change in her mind?

"Of course you will," said Flora; "as that husband of yours has gone out himself, he can't possibly

object to your going, or want you for this, that, or the other, as he generally does."

No, indeed; it was rarely enough that Adam ever wanted her for anything now, thought Mignon, as she took up her gloves and followed Flora downstairs.

Without, Mr. Montrose's men-servants were simmering in the sun with patient disgust, while Mr. Montrose's horses were champing their bits and pawing the gravel in a fury of impatience to be gone.

Whatever might be the quality of the old gentleman's wits, his taste in horse-flesh was unimpeachable and no tightly bearing-reined showy screw ever disgraced the respectability of his family chariot.

"After all," said Flora, as they rolled away, "it was very foolish of me to come out this broiling afternoon" (she moved her pale-pink parasol a few inches and glanced up at the blazing sun overhead), "and very kind of you, I am sure, to accompany me!"

Mignon did not reply; she was wondering whether Adam had made up his mind to go out before or after Flora had appeared.

Her speculations were, however, cut short by the discovery that to go out with Mrs. Dundas was to assist at a raree-show, to which all comers were welcome, and no one paid a penny for the treat.

For every head to turn as on a pivot as she passed, for the stolid faces of passers-by to rapidly change from an indifference to an open-eyed and wondering regard, nay, for the very carters on their perches to remove their pipes the better to favor Flora with a broad and familiar stare, surely there must be something hopelessly wrong somewhere, or did all women of quality and fashion conduct themselves thus when they went abroad?

"It really is very singular," said Flora, with much complacency; "but the way people will stare at me is perfectly ridiculous! Now, do you know" (she paused to pursue with her eyes and wrest from a man who was passing a glance of bold admiration) "that, although you are very pretty in your way, yet for one person who looks at you there are ten who look at me?"

"I dare say!" said Mignon, smiling, in spite of her heavy heart.

"It was always the same," said Flora, pensively. "Colin declares that it is because I stare about, but other women stare about enough, goodness knows, but nobody looks at *them*."

And she extended her plump hand with a slightly theatrical gesture, that made Mignon, scarcely knowing why, shrink farther back into her corner.

At this moment a man in a mail-coach, who had been passing and repassing the carriage for some minutes, apparently deeming the free-and-easy gesture a sign of encouragement, turned slowly round and looked at Flora with a half smile, that from a stranger is so deliberate an insult (if she did but know it) to the woman who has provoked it.

"People are so ill-natured in this world," said Flora, a momentary flicker in her eyes betraying that

she had accepted, not repelled, the impertinence ; "would you believe that there are actually people who call me—fast? And if there is one thing on earth more than another that I have a horror of," she added, piously, "it is a frisky matron!"

It is a peculiarity worth observing in human nature that, having taken mental photographs of ourselves, the result should always be the exact reverse of what we appear to our friends.

"Did you see that?" suddenly exclaimed Flora, laughing heartily. "A man on a cart was so engaged in staring at me, that he actually fell off his seat!"

"Did he?" said Mignon, her pale cheeks growing scarlet, and glancing apprehensively at the gray backs of the coachman and footman before her. Verily we should pay good wages to our servants, who, however flagrantly we may sin or misconduct ourselves, dare not treat us with anything but absolute respect! When *they* trip and fall, their shrift is apt to be short indeed.

As they neared town, the fun grew fast and furious. Flora's form seemed to grow larger and more striking; she sat erect, her eyes darting hither and thither, missing not one glance of admiration, from the faultlessly-attired whip who tooled his four-in-hand by, to the hurdy-gurdy man with a monkey, who dared to lift his eyes to hers with as bold an appreciation of her beauty as the other. A fine, free woman is fine and free for prince and peasant alike, and the latter is in no way impressed by the sober respectability of her servants or the irreproachable character of her equipage; she may be a duchess for all that he knows or cares.

"The park," said Flora, as the footman turned and touched his hat for orders.

"Not that there will be a soul there," she added, to Mignon; "how can you expect people to remain in town the last week in July, when they have a chance of getting out of it? If there is one thing on earth I made a mistake in," she went on with conviction, "it was in marrying—Colin! Boxed up in the Highlands for three parts of the year, with a visit to his frumpish old mother in Eaton Square, in June, a month with papa in July and August, these, including a visit to Ireland in the winter, are all the amusements I get; and, except the winter trip, there is not an ounce of fun to be got out of the whole twelve months! It all comes," she continued, impressively, "of marrying a man who has not come into the title and estates, and who has an old father who literally seems to intend to live forever; and until Sir Peter dies, we have nothing, absolutely nothing, to make life bearable!"

They were by now in the park, and though, according to the shibboleth talked by the fools of fashion, there might not be a soul present, still there were a good many bodies riding, driving, and walking about, who did not seem to find the lack of the spiritual essence before alluded to to trouble them in the least.

It was all new to Mignon, and from beneath her white sun-shade she looked all about her with eager, curious interest.

There were men in the company of their wives looking bored and extinguished; men acting the part of *cavalieri serventi*, looking alert and happy; the right Jill with the wrong Jack, the right Jack with the wrong Jill; here and there a pair of lovers properly matched, the man having that contented air which is his nearest approach to happiness in public, the girl pervaded with that ineffable air of *bien-être* that nothing short of the right man in the right place ever produces; women who were pretty by nature and ridiculous by fashion; women who spent half their lives in trying to persuade the world that they were beautiful, and who had all the tastes of pretty women, with none of the means of gratifying them.

But if Mignon was amused, so was not Flora. The carriage had been drawn up beside the railings, and as the minutes went by and the stream of carriages on the one side, of people on the other, flowed slowly past, she grew more and more impatient, her fine color grew finer still, her roving glance flitted incessantly from one to the other of the passing faces. Now and again a hat was raised to her, but the owner of the same, after a more or less admiring glance at her blooming countenance, invariably passed on.

Flora Dundas might be a very lovely and charming woman to flirt with at home, or on the quiet, but in public—no, thank you! She had an awkward knack of attracting general attention to herself, of conducting her flirtations in the broadest light of day, so that all who ran might read, and men as a rule prefer a little secrecy about the matter, and are far oftener found faithful to the plain woman, whose behavior is irreproachable abroad, than to the imprudent beauty who has thrown the challenge down to society, with a foolhardy defiance that, by some curious process of reasoning, she justifies by the name of courage.

In vain Flora bowed with charming *empressement*, in vain she threw arched invitation into her eyes, the carriage in which she sat remained unbesieged, while those of infinitely less attractive women were surrounded. Her gay smiles began to fade, the corners of her lips to fall; she was indeed intensely conscious of looking that shorn and incomplete splendor, a handsome woman, from whom that indispensable adjunct, man, was missing.

Nevertheless, there was balm to be found in Gilead, when, by-and-by, a languid voice murmured, "How d'ye do, Mrs. Dundas?" into the back of Flora's pink bonnet, and, turning with instantly-recovered good-humor, she found herself face to face with one of those frock-coated, tight-booted, eyeglassed gentlemen whose object in life it appears to be to prove how contemptible and worthless a creature man can be when he has nothing to occupy either his mind or his hands.

"How do you do?" said Flora, with great animation, "and where on earth do you spring from? Why, I have not seen you since—since—"

"Lady Waterdale's garden-party," he said, taking her hand and gently squeezing it, while his lan-

gaid glance dwelt on her face as though, on the whole, he rather admired and liked looking at it. Rather, not much, for this person's manner gave one the impression that it would be absolute death to him to be in earnest about anything.

"Mr. Colquhoun—my sister, Mrs. Montrose," said Flora, turning to Mignon, and with faint reluctance Mr. Colquhoun withdrew his gaze from the one occupant of the carriage to the other.

There is that in every woman's eyes which will instantly determine a man's glance either in the direction of respect or freedom. It is no more than the work of a moment, yet the woman's place in the man's estimation is then fixed forever.

Thus Mr. Colquhoun, as he raised his hat to Mignon, became all at once aware that he was in the presence of some one altogether different from, and by no means to be confounded with, Flora.

"Is your husband here?" he said to the latter, his tone changing, his familiar, lounging attitude insensibly becoming more respectful.

Flora stared at him for a moment in silence. Was this man mad? Could any past or present admirer commit a more glaring solecism than to make inquiries after the lawful lord and master of one who herself totally ignores him?

"I believe he is very well," she said, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and then was piqued to discover that Mr. Colquhoun was not listening for her reply, or indeed looking at her at all, but at Mignon.

He leaned over Mrs. Dundas.

"Miss Montrose surely," he said, in a very low voice, "not Mrs.?"

"She is my brother's wife," said Flora, coldly.

"How d'ye do, Colquhoun?—How d'ye do, Mrs. Dundas?"

And another dandy, even more fearfully and wonderfully made by his tailor than the man he addressed, paused to smirk, and bow, and murmur his little nothings by the side of Flora's landau.

Flora was now in her element, coquetting, smiling, ogling, making herself, in short, as detestable as a woman in whom vanity has obliterated all traces of good-breeding, possibly can.

In all this mirth Mignon took no part. Almost hidden beneath her white umbrella, she watched the passers-by, and dreamed her dreams undisturbed, and the two men, finding it impossible to win one look from those misty, exquisite blue eyes, devoted themselves to Flora and her follies, laughing loud and long at her sallies with the laughter that is not with the person who provokes it, but against him.

"There is Colin!" exclaimed Mignon, suddenly, feeling the sight of Colin's ugly, honest countenance to be a refreshing one, and wishing with all her heart that she could pluck up enough spirit to jump out of the carriage and ask him to take care of her, along with Taffy and his brother.

"Is that you, Colin?" said Flora, in her loud, clear voice, a voice that set the passers-by turning round to see from whom it proceeded. "Come here, I want you!"

At hearing himself addressed by his wife he started, winced visibly, then raised his hat, nodded, and passed on.

He had no taste for the rôle of *mari complaisant*, and his wife's conduct in public had an unfortunate knack of making him appear to fill the character whether he would or not.

"Upon my word!" said Flora, reddening and biting her lips as she caught a covert smile upon the faces of the two men beside her.

It spoke something for Colin's manliness of character that, in spite of all that notorious flirt Flora Dundas might do, he was *not* known in society as Mrs. Dundas's husband.

"It is quite a family gathering, I am sure," said Flora, sarcastically. "Is not that" (turning to Mignon) "your amiable spouse, yonder?"

Mignon looked up quickly; yes, sure enough, at a little distance, and apparently watching her intently, was Adam. He, too, when he found himself observed, waved his hand and disappeared in the crowd, his great stature marking him out to her eyes for some distance.

There came into her face so lovely a rush of color, into her eyes so proud yet wistful a regard, that Mr. Colquhoun, after duly noting these signs, turned and looked about him for their cause, with true masculine presumption concluding that they must be caused by one of his own sex.

"Is it possible?" suddenly exclaimed Flora, in tones of intense excitement, her fine color paling a little, her breath coming and going quickly; "*yes—no—yes—it really is,*" and regardless of the sun's scorching rays, she leaned eagerly forward to look at some one who was advancing slowly along the gravel-walk.

Both men turned to stare; Mignon, catching something of Flora's excitement, also bent forward, and beheld—Philip La Mert—haggard, ill-dressed, worn, strangely out of place in this arena of frivolity and fashion, brought hither by no thought of distraction or amusement, a shadow, indeed, of the handsome, devil-may-care fellow who had shaken Prue into bringing Mignon her first love-letter not two months ago.

"He does not see me," cried Flora, breathlessly, too taken up with herself to see how the girl by her side was gazing at him with flushed cheeks, and her soul in her eyes, only prevented from uttering his name aloud by a sudden shyness, and almost fear, that his looks induced in her.

For he saw neither her nor Flora; his gaze was bent beyond them both—bent on a person who seemed to have for him as great a fascination as he had for them.

Involuntarily Flora and Mignon turned to see what it was that he regarded; the two men turned also, and, as they looked, made up their mouths into that whistle which is a man's way of showing surprise or concern, and to which the fair sex has no equivalent.

A block in the carriages had occurred, and drawn up so close to Mr. Montrose's that Flora

might have put out her hand to touch its sole occupant, was a Victoria, in which was seated a woman whose face, manner, and costume, were as irreproachably faultless as her equipage and horses.

Cold, chaste, pure-looking as the snow-drops that rested on her blond hair, she was the very impersonation of chilly innocence, of passionless perfection, and a greater contrast to the man whose eyes at that moment met her own could not well be conceived. It was as it should be—he was the sinner, she the sinned against; and as she looked, there dawned slowly on her lips a faint and haughty smile of triumph.

It was all the work of a moment, then the carriage moved on; Philip La Mert had passed on his way; then—

"Who was that woman?" cried Mignon, breath-

lessly, something in that fair, cold face, that transient yet cruel regard, impressing her so strangely, that she did not even note the disappearance of the man whom she had so ardently longed to see again.

"That," said Flora, drawing a deep breath, "*was*—Mrs. La Mert; *now* she is—Miss Dorillon!"

"And will be Mrs. De Vœux before three months are out," said Mr. Colquhoun, shrugging his shoulders, adding, *sotto voce*, and with more real disgust than one would have believed him capable of entertaining, "demmed bad taste on her part to show so soon after the *esclandre*. I really couldn't have believed it of a woman whose taste in dress and everything was always so good; while as to La Mert—*que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRIALS OF DIGGING IN CYPRUS.

SEVENTEEN years ago General Cesnola came to this country from Italy, where he was one of Garibaldi's soldiers, and opened a riding-academy in this city. The war of the rebellion having begun a few months after his arrival, he shut up his academy, and enlisted as a volunteer in the Union army. He soon became the colonel of the Fourth New York Cavalry. He was thrown into Libby Prison. It took him ten months to get out of that place of horror, and when he presented himself again in Washington he found waiting for him his commission as brigadier-general. He served until the end of the war, when Mr. Lincoln nominated him as consul to the island of Cyprus. In that island he made excavations and discoveries during the next twelve years, spending in his diggings the sum of seventy-two thousand dollars, and obtaining a collection of statues, bass-reliefs, and objects in gold, silver, and bronze, valued by competent judges at four hundred thousand dollars. Eighty-eight boxes of these treasures, containing four thousand objects, he sent to the Turkish Government as a royalty—the Turks did not propose to let him dig without paying them for it. Sixty boxes, containing fourteen thousand objects, were lost at sea by the burning of the vessel that was carrying them. Three boxes, containing four hundred objects, were sold to the Berlin Museum; and several more were presented to nine other European museums. The bulk of the treasure, consisting of two or three vessel-loads, came to this city, and was deposited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which paid General Cesnola for it one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Signor Castellani, who is a competent judge in such matters, says that it is worth three hundred thousand dollars, and that he himself would give that sum for it. General Cesnola soon followed his goods to New York, and was elected secretary of the Metropolitan Museum. He is now busy superintending the arrangement of them in their new home. He expects to stay in this city, and to educate his two daughters here.

He does not think that the island of Cyprus is exhausted. The northern shore of that island might, in his opinion, still be explored with profit. There are, doubtless, Greek antiquities buried there. But he believes that the Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities are for the most part exhausted by the researches already made, with the exception, perhaps, of those in Palæo-Paphos and its suburbs. It is nevertheless difficult to see why there are not yet left many more trophies of the Assyrio-Egyptian civilization, although General Cesnola's opinion that, owing to the outlay of money necessary properly to conduct the explorations, only a national government could afford to enter upon the business, is worth the consideration of any enthusiastic archaeologist who may be contemplating a voyage to Cyprus.

This, then, in brief, is the story of the general's life. The true value of his excavations consists in the fact that, by means of them, we learn for the first time the origin of Greek art. This art was not created out of nothing. It was a growth from the soil of Egyptian and Assyrian art in Cyprus. In ancient times, long before the days of Phidias and Praxiteles, the Assyrians and Egyptians went to Cyprus, lived there, and built houses and temples. They went there because the Mediterranean island was rich in cedars, in grain, in hemp, in flax, in copper, iron, silver, and gold. The ships of Cyprus were famous in the days of the prophet Ezekiel (xxvii. 7). In the course of time the Greeks also went there, landing on the northern coast, and learning from the Assyrians and the Phœnicians whatever the latter could teach them. There was a good deal that they could learn in art-matters, as some of the Cesnola antiquities very plainly show. They took the knowledge with them to Greece, and made themselves immortal by it. Cyprus, as Dr. Brunn well expresses it, is the caldron where Greek art was brewed out of the civilizations of Assyria, Phœnicia, and Egypt. And the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city is now the place, the only

place, where we can see just how this was done. The "brewing" is actually going on there right before our eyes.

General Cesnola found himself in Cyprus with but little to do. The duties of the consulate were not burdensome. One day he saw in a bazaar at Larnaka, a town on the southern coast where he lived, some terra-cotta heads finely sculptured; and, having asked the salesman where they came from, learned that they had been found on a spot about a mile off. This very trifling circumstance led to the beginning of his labors as an explorer; for he immediately went to the place, hired two or three men to dig for him, and in two years obtained nearly six hundred heads, statuettes, and statues, at depths varying from six inches to two feet. So much for a beginning. By the death of a near relative, he soon came into the possession of ten thousand dollars. He spent every dollar of it, and more than sixty thousand dollars besides, during his ten years of exploration.

The difficulties that he encountered make the story of his triumph romantic. First and foremost in his way was the covetous, ignorant, treacherous, fanatical Turk, who rules in Cyprus. The sultan, indeed, allowed him to dig, but the governor-general of the island and the local authorities were suspicious and fault-finding. They bothered him with their interference, and often set the mob on his men. Little knew they of the real value of his treasures, except, of course, what they learned from the Europeans. But their cupidity was great, and so was the cupidity of the populace. On one occasion, General Cesnola, asleep at midnight in his house, was awakened by the pawing of horses in his court-yard, and by the loud talking of the riders. Dressing himself in haste he ran down-stairs, and found that his visitors were couriers come to tell him that a mob had taken possession of his diggings some distance off, and were preventing the removal of some sculptures which he had excavated. While they were telling their story, a third courier arrived with the intelligence that two policemen had appeared on the scene, and had claimed possession of the sculptures in the name of the sultan. The general did not wait for any more arrivals, but, mounting a mule, galloped to the spot.

It was about half-past one o'clock in the morning when he reached it, and the sight that confronted him he has not forgotten. The people had lighted fires on the desert plain, and were bivouacked there. They made the night awful and hideous with their shouts and contentions. Each walking figure cast its shadow in the firelight; around the encampment was blackness of darkness; above it a thick and starless sky. What should be done with this noisy, fighting crowd? The tactics of a United States general and the sense of a Solomon would not have been out of place. General Cesnola had at least one of these qualifications: he was a Federal general. Comprehending the situation at once, he rode up to one of the Turkish policemen present, and asked him to take charge of the mule, reeking with foam, and to walk the animal around slowly for its health. The

officer consented. His companion was then called, and requested to disperse the crowd. He proceeded to do so; and before the throng seemed to know what the American consul, whom they had recognized, was about, the general had his sculptures carefully placed upon carts, had given them and his mule to the care of one of his servants, and had seen them safely started some distance on the way to his house. He then put himself under the care of the two policemen, and, followed by the noisy but almost unaccountably harmless rabble, proceeded to the nearest village, and found a shelter and a wooden shuttle. Wrapping himself in a pair of quilts, he soon fell fast asleep.

The owners of lots where he wished to dig usually held them at their full value; but when he had been successful in one lot, and wished to buy an adjoining one, their prices were prodigious. Five thousand dollars on one occasion was asked for a few acres of ground; one hundred dollars was the price received.

When the cupidity of the natives led them to steal, their superstition sometimes forced them to make restitution. The peasants at Aghios Photios secreted in their houses a good many statuettes, but, after considerable inquiry and the exercise of tact, General Cesnola learned the names of the thieves, and the nature of the objects that had been stolen by the principal offenders. He summoned one of these men and opened before him a copy of Layard's "Nineveh," a book which has many illustrations. "This book," said he, gravely, "is a book of divination. You have stolen some of my property. You know it—I know it. I will show you, by means of this volume, just what you took." He pointed to a picture which resembled very nearly the object that he had lost, and then fixed his eyes upon the bewildered peasant. "The Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed the latter; "I will get it for you immediately." And off he went, returning in a few minutes with the missing piece, and apparently with the deepest contrition. Mr. Layard's "Nineveh" is, in General Cesnola's opinion, a most entertaining and useful treatise.

If the peasants bothered the explorer, certainly the local authorities were not less troublesome. These dignitaries did not know the worth of the general's acquisitions in Cyprus until some of his brother consuls told them. The brother consuls, not unnaturally, perhaps, seemed to be very jealous. They informed the authorities that the American consul was appropriating the wealth of the land; that he was digging up vast quantities of gold and precious stones; that he had found countless and priceless works of art; that he was enriching himself at the expense of the country. The noise of their complaints often reached the governor-general of the island; and nothing but General Cesnola's official position as the accredited representative of the United States saved his labors from being stopped, and his treasures from being confiscated. Indeed, his position needed constantly to be supplemented by stratagem. The Austrian consul, in particular, was an active reporter at headquarters, having had a little

quarrel with his American peer. For eight years he never called on him. Finding the excavated objects accumulating at the American consulate, and not knowing how to store them all, General Cesnola determined to ship sixty boxes of them to London. He slyly chartered a vessel which was about to return to Alexandria, intending to reship the goods at that port. The schooner happened to be an Austrian one, and in order to leave Cyprus it was necessary to get a bill of lading from the Austrian consulate. To that consulate went General Cesnola's servant. "What are the contents of these boxes?" inquired the representative from Vienna. General Cesnola had entered the goods as "private effects," but his servant stupidly let the cat out of the bag. The governor-general was written to about the matter. He informed General Cesnola that he would like to look at the collection before it left the harbor.

The general replied that the goods were private effects; but that, if the governor-general desired to see what had been excavated in Cyprus, the desire should be gratified at once. Would the governor-general be good enough to call at the American consulate, and visit the collection? His excellency wrote that he would. Meanwhile, the explorer gathered a large number of mutilated and headless figures which had been cast away as rubbish, or as too heavy for transportation, and set them in the rooms lately occupied by the boxed treasures that he wished to transport. Along the walls in nice order he placed them; and upon the shoulders of each headless figure he stuck a broken and valueless head taken from the same heap of rubbish. It mattered not to him that fragments of women's heads appeared on the bodies of men, nor that fragments of men's heads appeared on the bodies of women. He did the best that he could, and awaited the visit of the governor-general. That functionary soon came, clothed in Oriental dignity, and in the insignia of office, and attended by a numerous and imposing retinue. He traversed those rooms in state, examined the wonderful sculptures, expressed his satisfaction with their noble artistic qualities, and his willingness to permit the shipment of the sixty boxes of "private effects." The story somehow or other soon got around Larnaka, the seat of the consulate, and is told there to this day; but, whether or not it has reached the august ears of the governor-general, history does not record.

During the excavations at Golgos, which were very successful, the governor-general was again appealed to. He had heard that the gold in that place was abundant, and that great quantities of it had been unearthed. He laid the matter before the council, and asked what should be done. The council, composed of the dignitaries of the island, including the Turkish chief-justice and the Greek Archbishop of Cyprus, advised that the excavations should be stopped, and that the sultan at Constantinople should be notified. An order to that effect was issued; and in the order, with characteristic Turkish incongruity, the general was informed that a recently-made request for the loan of twelve tents for the use of his men would be granted.

It was not pleasant to be cut off in the midst of those days of success at Golgos, eleven of which had brought the explorer two hundred and twenty-eight beautiful and very valuable sculptures. There was no telegraphic communication between Cyprus and Constantinople; and the general knew that, whatever might be the decision reached by the sultan, it would take a month for that decision to reach Golgos. He bethought himself, also, of the sluggishness of Turkish diplomacy, and determined to carry on a correspondence with the governor-general, and also, meanwhile, to carry on his explorations. Accordingly, he wrote to the ruler of the island a letter of thanks for the promised tents, explaining the good purpose that those coverings would serve for his hard-working men, offering most warmly his gratitude and theirs, but omitting any reference to the obnoxious order to stop digging. Ten days passed before an answer came. The governor-general was pleased that the tents would be so serviceable, but had not the American consul *forgotten* to mention whether his excavating had been discontinued? Following the example of dilatoriness in official correspondence, the American consul suffered a week to elapse before he replied to the second letter, and then wrote that he hoped very soon to be able to leave the diggings. He did leave soon with his oxen, his camels, his carts, and his trophies. It is easy to see, however, that had he been merely a private citizen, and not the representative of a great nation, his stratagems, clever as they were, would not have prevented his defeat and expulsion.

The town of Palæo-Paphos is especially attractive to the explorer. It gave its name to the Paphian queen who was born of the foam. General Cesnola thought that the ruins of a castle there might cover the site of one of the ancient royal palaces. The ruins were used by their owner as a stable for his camels and donkeys; but, when the diggings began, this man looked for gold beneath them. He watched the diggers, and dogged the footsteps of their chief; and, when his interference had become almost unendurable, the general promised to give him all the gold that was found. As the work proceeded, and no gold made its appearance, the old man—his name was Osman Aga—threatened one day that, if before sundown he got none of the precious metal, he would put an end to the operations. The men were then forty-one feet below the surface, and had struck the foundations of what seemed to be the very palace that they were in search of. Something must be done to appease the cupidity of the Turk. General Cesnola happened to have in his pocket two gold-coins of the Emperor Heraclius, which, by-the-way, were very common in Cyprus; and he remembered how the King of Naples used to do at Pompeii when taking royal visitors out to see the excavations. Beckoning to his foreman, he slyly slipped these coins into the man's hand, giving him to understand that they were to be buried, and then dug up for the benefit of Osman Aga. After that the aged owner of the place was eager to have the work go on as fast as possible, and

his eyes twinkled at the thought of the possessions that might be in store for him. The next day, at the depth of fifty-two feet, the workmen reached virgin soil, and soon afterward the excavations were abandoned, the results not having been encouraging.

The peasants in Cyprus persistently refused to work with iron spades and with wheelbarrows, and their refusal was one of the principal obstacles encountered. Although those useful implements had been imported from England for the purpose, they left them on the ground. The native basket, slung over the shoulder by a rope, was, in their estimation, better than a patented wheelbarrow. Their hands and their knives were preferable to spades. It sometimes took these men one month to dig out a single statue, after the statue had been reached. In any other country the labor could have been done in two hours. The earth around these statues was, indeed, very difficult to remove, being mixed with clay from decomposed bricks, and being often as hard as the figures themselves. It was necessary to bring water, and to pour it on the concrete mass—a slow process, because the water was brought a good distance, from a spring so small and feeble that some time was necessary for the filling even of a single jar. In carrying this water, the jars, incased in a wicker yoke, were put upon the backs of donkeys, ridden by men; and it is interesting to learn from some little terra-cotta images found at Alambra, in Cyprus, that the same method was used by the Cypriote water-carriers three thousand years ago. After wetting the statues in order to get off the incrustation of clay, the men placed them in the tents lent by the governor-general—a precaution the importance of which had been very severely inculcated by the fact that the sun, shining upon the statues, had, in several instances, produced evaporation so rapid that they began to split. In addition to the clay which surrounded them were large quantities of triturated straw from the mortar of the fallen walls of the buildings, which the combined action of heat and moisture had very effectively consolidated.

The "Golgos-room" in the Metropolitan Museum, in this city, contains about eight hundred and ninety heads and statues. Its contents cost General Cesnola two thousand dollars to dig up, and three thousand dollars more to remove from the place of digging to his house in Larnaka, the seat of the American consulate in Cyprus. These sums give some idea of the expense incurred in archaeological excavations in that island. A number of mountain-ridges lay between Golgos and Larnaka, and the process of removing the sculptures was difficult and tedious. The objects excavated were put in carts and drawn by oxen to the foot of the first mountain, where they were taken out of the carts and placed upon camels and mules. The smaller objects, like statuettes and heads, were laid in long wicker baskets, two of which were slung across the back of a mule or camel, one of them being on each side. Life-size statues were also slung across the backs of these animals, one statue hanging lengthwise on one

side, and the other statue on the other side. A colossal statue required two camels to carry it. The beasts were fastened side by side about two feet apart, so that they could not get away from each other, the saddles and bridles being connected with ropes, and the statue was laid at right angles across the camels' backs, their irregular gait causing it to swerve back and forth oddly but safely enough. Thus they ascended the mountain, and descended to the foot of the second range, where their load was transferred to a new set of carts, and borne up an easy ascent to the top. At this place the descent was almost precipitous, and a heavily-loaded camel or mule, careful though his step might be, could not be trusted. So the wheels of the carts were taken off and put upon the beasts, while the carts themselves, with their contents, slid like sleds to the bottom, where the wheels were put on again, and the treasures resumed their journey across the plain to Larnaka. The price per day for a cart, two oxen, and a driver, was one dollar. The general had ten carts. Fifty additional men were employed at half a dollar a day. It took three months to remove the Golgos collection from Golgos to Larnaka. It cost not less than seventeen thousand dollars to remove the Cypriote antiquities from Larnaka to New York. The boxes in which they were brought were made of wood that came from Trieste in Austria. There are no forests in Cyprus—only a few locust and olive trees—and, consequently, no boards.

As General Cesnola's excavations advanced, it began to be evident that the authorities on the island did not propose to have the results of them leave Cyprus for foreign ports. We have already mentioned one occasion on which sixty boxes of his treasures were shipped by stratagem. For this reason it was that he did not write early to European and American journals the story of his successes. His object was, first, to get his sculptures; and, next, to get them away; and, knowing as he did the cupidity and the treachery of the Turk, silence about the nature and the worth of his discoveries was his best ally in the effort to give the benefit of those discoveries to Christendom. Dr. Schliemann's enthusiastic public announcement of the finding of the well-stocked tomb at Mycenæ has caused him a world of trouble with the Greeks. In his recent lecture before the London Society of Antiquaries, he spoke very feelingly about "the obstructiveness of the delegate of the Greek Government," and the interference of the Athens Archæological Society. He has suffered also from robbers, a class of persons with whom General Cesnola, doubtless by reason of his policy of secrecy, had little to do.

The mention of Dr. Schliemann's "tombs" suggests to us that General Cesnola also found tombs, and that the exploration of them was attended with peculiar difficulties. The dead in ancient Cyprus were not often laid in chambers cut into the rock, but in chambers walled with brick and mortar, through the interstices of which, during twenty centuries, the dust slowly and easily filtered; so that the tombs, when opened, were found full of powdered

earth. The vaults of the famous temple of Kurium were also filled with dust, and two months were consumed in laying bare their contents.

The rank and authority of an American consul were, as we have seen, indispensable to General Cesnola's success as an explorer in Cyprus. Indeed, his own presence on the ground was almost always necessary for the proper protection of his men. In 1868 he sent a number of diggers to Neo-Paphos, under the charge of a foreman. They were stoned by the Turks, and compelled to flee for their lives. A letter from the governor-general, it is true, apologized for the misbehavior of his subjects, and assured the consul that their hostility would not again impede him in his work. But when, a year afterward, he repeated the experiment in the same place, a Turkish mob attacked his men, who left their tools and fled. The ringleaders were prosecuted before the local magistrate, but so lenient was his treatment of them, that they were really encouraged to renew their attacks.

General Cesnola, very naturally, determined to go himself to Neo-Paphos, and look into matters. The prefect, or *caimakim*, of that region, having heard of his arrival, sent an officer with four policemen to take care of him. A few hours afterward, while on the road to Ktima, a place near by, the general and his escort came upon two Turkish gentlemen, and overheard the following not very complimentary conversation: "Who is that dog?" asked Turkish gentleman number one of his companion. "Some great *giaour*—may Allah confound him!" was the reply. Considering the circumstances, the provocation was intense. The consul determined to make an example of the offenders, and, calling upon the officer who accompanied him, demanded their arrest. They were arrested forthwith, greatly to their surprise; they did not know that the American understood the language of the Turk. They begged his pardon; they kissed his dirty boots; they pleaded for mercy; they behaved themselves most abjectly generally—but to no purpose. Their capturer had them conducted in disgrace through the crowded bazaar of Ktima, and, as the police-court was not in session, saw them ignominiously caged in the common jail.

The next morning the prefect called upon General Cesnola, and interceded in behalf of the prisoners. "They are Turks of distinction," he said. "So much the worse," replied the general; "they should have known better;" and the prefect departed. In a few minutes two ladies, one of them thinly veiled, made their appearance. Pretty women wear the thinnest veils in Turkey, and one of these women was very pretty. They were the wives of the prisoners, they said. Would the good and mighty American listen to their prayer? The general was sorry for them, but he desired to protect his band of honest laborers, and considered that the present was an important occasion for vindicating their right to dig. The prisoners were sentenced to a month's imprisonment. General Cesnola staid a week in Ktima, and just before leaving had the men

released from confinement, after they had publicly begged his pardon. He knew that they would be released as soon as he had left the place, and he made a virtue of necessity. Thereafter he was known in Ktima as the *Seitun*, which, being interpreted, is the devil.

The American consul, it is worth the while to remark in passing, had opportunities, on several occasions, for exercising his authority in behalf of the oppressed in Cyprus. Many poor creatures are now living who are believed to have found, through him, deliverance and joy. The revolution in Candia, for instance, several years ago, temporarily dis severed the diplomatic relations between Turkey and Greece; and thousands of Greek subjects living in Cyprus were for weeks in daily dread of being banished from the island. When at length the order for their banishment came—they were commanded to leave Cyprus within twenty days—the poor creatures were in the direst distress. It was a cruel edict, almost incredibly cruel, did we not remember the scores of similar though more ferocious edicts that Oriental, and even European, history records: the edict of Ahasuerus, for example, with respect to the Jews in his kingdom; the edict of Mithridates, King of Pontus, by which, according to Valerius Maximus, eighty thousand Romans and other Italians living in Asia were put to death on the same day; the edict of Mehmed, Pasha of Sidon, by which the Druses were exterminated; the edict of Sultan Selim I., by which forty thousand persons in his domains were massacred because they belonged to a sect which repudiated the three immediate successors of Mohammed, and thirty thousand more were condemned to perpetual imprisonment; the edict of Nadir Shah, King of Persia, in the eighteenth century, by which thirty thousand men were indiscriminately murdered; the edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, by which half a million Jews were expelled from Spain; the edict of Philip III., by which the Moriscoes were banished from that country. It was a sad sight—the sight of the thousands of men, women, and children, gathered in the square in front of the American consulate, whither they had fled with vague hope of succor. Their houses, and lands, and goods, were to be abandoned; and nothing but the most distressful poverty awaited them on the shores of Greece, to which they had been ordered to depart. Very pitiful were their cries and lamentations; but all that the American consul could do for them was to use his personal influence with the Turkish authorities. He had no official authority or influence at his disposal. Like every other consul on the island, his orders were not to interfere. For several days General Cesnola bethought himself how best to reach the heart of the governor-general, and to procure for the miserable villagers the right to stay in their homes. He went and expostulated with him; asked him what means of transportation were available for such a crowd; where they could get the money to pay for their passage; whether it were wise to give such a blow to his own popularity among his subjects; whether he supposed that the great powers

ever would allow Turkey and Greece to go to war with each other ; and whether it were well, by one act, to neutralize all the good that he had ever done to Cyprus.

The governor-general reminded the consul that the edict had issued from Constantinople, and that it applied to the rest of the Turkish domains as well as to the island on which they two were living. The consul begged him, in return, to ask for instructions from the sultan ; and the upshot of the matter was, that from Constantinople soon came a prolongation of the time for another twenty days, at the expiration of which the war-cloud had passed away, and the Greek colony were free to remain in their homes. It is unnecessary to add that General Cesnola received from the colony many tokens of gratitude. He will not soon be forgotten by the Greeks of Cyprus.

A residence of twelve years in Cyprus did not favorably impress the American consul with the government of the Porte, or with the character of its subjects. He has returned to this country in a mood of mind capable very heartily of approving Mr. Edward A. Freeman's recent scarification of the present lord of the Paphian isle ; and, like Mr. Carlyle, he puts little store by the promises or the prophecies of the "unspeakable Turk."

The passion for excavating seems to lie very deep in the human breast. Many of the tombs that General Cesnola explored had been opened and rifled of their contents centuries ago in Cyprus. The tombs of celebrities are, indeed, especially fascinating to persons who do not occupy them. Just now the Florentines are said to be anxious to open Michael Angelo's tomb in Santa Croce. They have already exhumed the bodies buried under the statue of Lorenzo in the Medici Chapel, and treated them most villainously. Raphael's tomb in the Pantheon was uncovered with great ceremony fifty years ago. As for archaeological excavations, these are now in progress—in very suc-

cessful progress—in almost every country in Europe. Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Germany, Ireland, and England, have yielded certainly, during the last few years, as much as could reasonably have been expected. Nevertheless, General Cesnola asserts that nothing is more precarious, more expensive, and, so far as money is concerned, less remunerative, than archaeological excavations.

The chief value of the labors of the American consul in Cyprus consists, as we have said, in the discovery of the pedigree of Greek art. Greek art was not a distinct creation, but a gradual development from Egyptian, Assyrian, and Phœnician art. The sarcophagus of Athenau, found in Cyprus, contains examples of Assyrian, Egyptian, Chaldean, Persian, and Greek art, side by side ; and some of the Golgos statues show the gradual departure from the conventionalism and stiffness of Egyptian art and the arrival at pure Greek art, together with many of the intervening steps ; so that the gaps between the two styles are now almost entirely filled up. The attainment of this result involves also the attainment of other important results. The Homeric archæology, for example, has been elucidated ; the sites of seventeen ancient cities have been identified ; the history of the island has been discovered, and Engel's "Kyprios" is now an obsolete book ; the Cypriote alphabet has been deciphered by the labors of De Luynes, of Lang, of George Smith, of Samuel Birch, of Brandis, of Moritz Schmidt, and of Isaac H. Hall, which have given a new and wholesome impetus to philological study ; the first authenticated specimens of Phœnician art, and the first authenticated specimens of Greek glass-manufacture, have been brought to light ; the earliest and most precious examples of Greek glyptic art have been secured—in a word, the archæology and the art of ancient Greece have been rediscovered. General Cesnola's position as an explorer is altogether unique, and admirable, and safe.

MY MOTHER'S DOOR.

I MET in the mist one summer morning
A girl whom I had known from a child,
And whose bright self was her best adorning—
But that dark morning her looks were wild.
"Stop, little Norah !" She did as I bade her.
"Why are you here alone on the moor ?"
"I was sad last night, to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door."

"Why do you go, then, and what is your sorrow ?
Tell an old man who has known you long."
"Soggyth Aroon, you will know to-morrow,
And be first—but don't—to say I was wrong.
I used to be glad—no girl was gladder—
I never remembered that we were poor ;
I was sad last night, and to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door."

"What has she done to you ?" "Broken my heart, sir."
"And what have you done to her now, pray ?"
"Nothing but love him, and take his part, sir,
For the poor fellow hasn't a word to say."
"Then she got mad, and you got madder,
And didn't you stamp your foot on the floor ?"
"I was sad last night—" "And to-day you are sadder,
Because you go from your mother's door."

"You will go back, Norah. Give me your hand now."
"I would rather not, sir." "I say you will.
You will fetch him to see me. You understand now."
"Your reverence knows him. It's only Phil.
She locked me up, and he brought a ladder.
He loves me." "You told me that before.
But your mother is sad." "She shall *not* be sadder—
I will *not* go from my mother's door !"

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BIRDS.

BY no possible stretch of the imagination am I an ornithologist; nor do I claim to possess any more knowledge of natural history in general than the smallest neophyte might pick up by a little quiet study and about the same amount of quiet observation. Nevertheless, I am an ardent lover of birds, and more particularly of what are conventionally termed "cage birds." Perhaps this love, together with a little experience in nursing their daily lives and in drawing, whether by artifice or otherwise, the *social* part of their natures into close communion with my own, will justify to the reader all that I may hope now to narrate on the subject.

A certain writer—it might have been Emerson—has said truthfully that Americans raise birds wholly for pleasure, without having the smallest sense of what pleasure is. I say "truthfully" has this remark been made, because I verily believe that people, and they are counted by thousands, know very little of the pleasure that *may*, by proper conduct and management, be derived from the keeping of birds. For some unexplained reason we are apt to look upon birds as creatures loathing the human family, and as eager to avoid us altogether. We are prone to regard them as timid and afraid of mankind, and not at all desirous of courting our society or of sharing in our friendship. Does not the blue-bird that willingly becomes a tenant of the tiny house which we have reared in the garden, and repays our thoughtfulness by a wealth of melody; does not the robin that, as if conscious that the Creator made provision for him as well as for us, comes and partakes of our cherries, and, if unharmed, sings for us from early morn until night; do not the hundred other warblers that linger when we linger and sing when we are sad—prove unceasingly that the nature of a bird is social, that it has a keen sense of kindness, and is ever ready to give more than it receives?

But, allowing that you do not look at these birds through my spectacles, that in most of them you recognize only thieves, what have you to say with regard to the little prisoners which, in brass cages, adorn your windows or your conservatories? Do they sing for you through the livelong day, and are you satisfied with this only? Have you no misgivings when, on your approaching the cages, they dart upward and in all directions against the bars, terrified by your presence? Do you ever pause to ask yourself, "Why is my bird afraid of me?" and have you ever found the answer?

Such questions as these seem pertinent to my subject, and I have repeated them here because they are or have been uttered a hundred times by every bird-owner. I would only say, in answer, that a person who can remain satisfied with *only* the song of a caged bird has really no good reason for holding him a prisoner; and, furthermore, that that which causes your bird to be afraid of you is a lack of confidence, engendered by the neglect on your part to

inspire him with confidence. To come more forcibly to the point: A friend and neighbor of mine owns a dog, a cat, and a canary—a very unusual combination for a person who has never forsaken bachelor propensities. Of the dog he makes a confidant and a familiar, always taking him on long walks and excursions. Tabitha is about half prisoner and half pet, fares well under his guardianship, and is, on the whole, as tame and humble as cats in general. The smallest of the trio, and not the least admired, receives his daily food in the morning, sings in the day, and when his master returns in the afternoon sings even louder, but ceases, shy and affrighted, when perchance its owner steps up to the cage and ventures to speak to it a word or two of greeting. These facts tell the whole story, and teach a lesson which, from a somewhat prolonged experience, I have found to be true, namely, that a dog or a cat is not more easily won into one's friendship than a bird, providing you set out with the determination to make them *all* your confidants. I am, of course, fully aware that we are more apt to make freer with a dog or a cat than we are with a bird; and, again, that most, if not all, of our animal pets come to us already tamed and trained; whereas we purchase birds in a semi-wild state, and have more to contend with as regards their training. Make due allowance for this difference, and still I maintain that it is much easier to *win the confidence* of a bird than it is of a dog. And now, how can this be done? I am not aware that I have developed any peculiar system, or discovered any new secret in the way of training birds. I will only say that I have never failed in any attempt yet made in this direction, and, if the method be worthy of acquisition, the reader is free to take advantage of it. Indeed, I sincerely hope that it may be looked into by bird-fanciers in general, and be more universally pursued by those who have birds and fail to understand them. Not to confound matters, I shall select from the aviary such birds as seem to be best suited for taming, and treat each separately. As regards the natural history of the subject, nothing need here be said—the books being sufficiently full on these themes.

I.—THE CANARY.

THE canary has been called the prince of domesticated songsters, and justly has he won his reputation. In the humblest cottage as well as in the palace, and in every quarter of the globe, you will find him singing, every strain a "dew-drop of celestial melody." It is his song which is the first attraction; for few people there are, I think, who would care more for the beauty of his plumage. Above either song or plumage, however, are those other and too often mistaken qualities which in him lie as purely wrought and genuine as do these same qualities in the heart of man—his loving, trusting, faithful disposition, his peaceful, quiet, and contented manner,

his lively cheer, his sympathetic tenderness, and his remarkable capability and patience in learning of new things. People have said to me oftentimes that they believed no bird less capable of culture than a canary; and, after some questionings, I have invariably found that their experience with other birds was wholly second-hand. Others have told me of their good luck in training a canary, asserting that they had finally won his confidence, that he would eat from the hand, come and go at bidding, etc. "Will he do the same by anybody else?" was the inquiry then put. "No." Such a bird, then, has been only half trained; for he should be taught to fear nobody that uses him well.

Now, the secret of training a canary-bird is very easily explained. I will suppose that, having conceived a fancy for such an object, you have gone to the bird-store and purchased a bird. If you have gone thither well advised in the matter, you will have demanded either a *jonquil*—that is, a golden-yellow male bird with almost an orange crown, the color much deeper on the cap over the eyes, and on the scapulars, and entirely free from any green tinge; or a *mealy-bird*, the golden plumage of the back, breast, and head of which appears frosted over or powdered. Either of these birds has superiority of form, being considerably longer and of more graceful curves than inferior varieties. Unless the dealer be scrupulously honest, which it is well to admit, or is not very desirous of depleting his stock, which it is right to question sometimes, he may take advantage of your inexperience, and endeavor to convince you that a *lizard* or a *spangled-back* bird is equal to the other varieties which I have named, both in respect of song and plumage. One should treat such information as chaff, demand only the best variety, if obtainable, and be *very sure* that a female is not sold for a male.

As regards cages, the brass, either square or round, are preferable to any other. Wooden cages of any sort are totally unsuited to canaries, and the painted-wire cages are not much better. I hold it as an opinion that the "model" canary-cage has never been seen in this country, or at least is not procurable at a bird-store. I saw one once in England, which seemed to fulfill every requirement, and which I hope may soon be introduced to the public. In appearance it resembled two round cages placed side by side, and opening into each other through wire-work; it was made of brass, and was not much taller than an ordinary single cage. A cage so constructed enables a bird to fly or spread his wings more readily, and does not, as now, confine his movements to mere hoppings. Moreover, it will put to silence the time-worn saying that "the smaller the cage, the sweeter the song of the bird in it." I have never been able to trace the origin of such an absurdity; and, so far as my own experience goes, it is not so much the size as the *suitableness* of a cage that influences the bird's song.

Having obtained, now, your bird and its future domicile, the most important subject next requiring investigation is that of management. There are a hundred different ways of taking care of a canary

now in vogue, but there is only one *right* way. The philosophy of management may be summed up in this wise: proper *light*, proper *air*, and proper *food*. Never, except for special reasons to be mentioned, remove the bird suddenly from a dark to a light room, or *vice versa*; from morning until night allow him the broad sunlight, but never expose him to the direct rays of the sun. Either of these wrongful proceedings has a tendency to destroy the song and, in very many instances, to develop epileptiform symptoms. If a bird, say a golden-yellow bird, be kept constantly in shadow, his plumage will gradually lose its smooth, glossy appearance, and assume a dun color. If, on the other hand, he be kept exposed to direct sun-rays, and especially so in summer, his bright yellow will lapse into gray, the feathers will become crusty, and the bird will assume a sickly look and habit. In respect of birds, I say to my friends, "Give them the same light that you would give to your tender flowers in the summer-time," and this is the advice which I always endeavor to follow.

As a general rule, you cannot give a bird too much *fresh air*. Even in the winter-time, although it is never safe or expedient to hang the cage in the window, it is advisable to throw open the window once or twice a day and let in the air. Canaries are tender creatures; but they will stand a low temperature—as low as fifty degrees—providing they be out of the reach of draughts. A temperature not lower than *sixty* degrees is perhaps more desirable, and this should be maintained day and night if possible. More birds sicken and die from diseases contracted by exposure to night chilliness than from any other known causes. Again, the air of the room should not be overheated or suffused with gas. If, of a morning, you should chance to observe the same tinge gathering on the wings of your canary that is constantly noticeable on silver-plate in winter, the chances are that coal-gas has much to do with it. On the other hand, the odor of tobacco-smoke, instead of injuring, seems to have the tendency to improve the brightness of the plumage, and at the same time to put more vigor into the canary's song. Were I writing without some experience, I should unhesitatingly say, never subject your birds at all to tobacco-smoke. But facts appear to controvert any counsel of this order: for my own birds, whenever tobacco is lighted, will, if the cage-doors are open, immediately fly toward the smoker, and vie with each other in getting into the densest cloud. Having sniffed the aroma, they will light upon the shoulder, or the back of the chair, and pour forth the sweetest harmonies of the day. Permit me to suggest, then, plenty of fresh air, an even, moderate temperature, and, occasionally, tobacco-smoke. Be sure, however, that during and after smoking a current of fresh air is allowed to pass through and to ventilate the room.

I come now to speak of the food best adapted to canary-birds. The few authorities on this phase of the subject show but little agreement, and, while some suggest the same kind of food day after day, others would give to a bird whatever he cares to eat—acting, I suppose, on the theory that the feathered

tribe best know their own wants. For my own part, I have learned to follow a little common-sense in the matter, and, disregarding books and their conventionalized notions, have adopted my own way of feeding.

In the morning, usually at the same hour every day, I give to each canary a daily allowance of summer rape-seed, canary-seed, and millet-seed, in equal proportions, altogether a *dessert-spoonful per diem*. Most birds will eat more than this amount if it be allowed them, others will remain satisfied with less. In the summer, or, rather, as early in spring as possible, they are allowed every other day a small quantity of chickweed, lettuce, or water-cress, well washed and fresh. And here let me suggest that it is a good plan to start lettuce in a pot about February, so as to have an early supply. In the winter-time I place a thin slice of *sweet* apple in each cage daily. Birds are fond of apple, and I have yet to learn the first instance of its ever having hurt them. Once a week, in winter, I take half a wine-cracker, crush it, and put it into the cage of each bird; and occasionally, if sweet apples are scarce, I allow the same quantity instead of oatmeal-cracker, also crushed. During the mating-season, in March and April, whether the birds are paired or not, they are given selections from the above foods daily, efforts being made to vary it as much as possible. To the female, if breeding, a little wine-cracker soaked in milk is a most tempting and healthful morsel, as is also the oatmeal-cracker in milk. During the moulting-season, in July or August—a season which is about as fatal to canary-birds as it is to infants—the food should be very carefully chosen and proportioned. The mixed seed should be put into the cage as usual; and, once a week at least, a small quantity of raw beef, of the tenderest sort, scraped and moistened with cold water, should be put into the cage. Once or twice a week give a mixture of half a wine-cracker and *very little* hard-boiled yolk of egg crushed, and every day some ripe chickweed or lettuce. Some people are in the habit of giving, at such times, a bit of sponge-cake, a lump of sugar, or sugar-candy, also a little crushed hemp-seed. I believe such food totally unsuitable, and especially in respect of hemp-seed; it is much too rich and fattening ever to give to a canary.

Unless a person has plenty of time dragging on his hands, and a great deal of patience besides, I think it hardly worth while to attempt to breed canaries, or, for this matter, birds of any sort. Nevertheless, it is a very agreeable and instructive operation for such as have the time, and well worth all the trouble which it occasions. I have no special counsels to advance as regards the management of breeding canaries, and indeed this is no part of my subject.

I have been thus particular about the food suitable for birds because I deem it to be the first step to be learned before an attempt is made to tame them. Next to such food as I have suggested, every bird should be provided with plenty of fresh drinking-water, and also a *daily* bath. The cage, includ-

ing perches, dishes, etc., should be kept sweet and clean, and the bottom of the cage be either strewed with *river* sand, or covered with a sheet of so-called "gravel" paper—the former being preferable. If all these suggestions be regularly and continuously carried out, and the bird be neither in the mating nor moulting season, you may now begin to think of taming him. I may be permitted to show you one way of doing it, and, that I may take an actual case, I will give you the later-life history of a jonquil that came to me when he was about a year old.

When I first put him into his new cage, he was as wild a bird as I ever saw. Of beautiful plumage, graceful form, and sly yet winsome ways, his natural song, blended with the notes of a nightingale, his first instructor, charmed all who chanced to hear it. I must confess, however, to some misgivings in my first endeavors to gain the affections of this bird. For several days he confronted my approaches by the most willful conduct, and every repeated attempt to gain his good-will was rebutted. I have seen birds that one could tame by simply talking to them in a natural, subdued voice. But Tim was not one of this sort, and something more potent than "silvery tongue" was needed to impress him with a sense of the situation. Matters had thus continued for about a week or ten days, when I found myself obliged to resort to more severe measures. In the early morning his cage was cleaned, and fresh water put in, but no food was allowed. You would have smiled to see him peeping coily down into his seed-cup, and yet disdainfully, on discovering nothing there. His apparent comprehension of "hard times" gave him the half-haughty and half-saddened look that most men wear under like circumstances. A two hours' survey gave him a pretty clear notion of the situation; he seemed now to take it all in at a glance, and whether convinced or not that this was his first lesson, he appeared to be at least a fit subject for further experiment. So, without saying a word, I opened the cage-door, and, with a few seeds in my hand, I thrust the latter gently into the cage. But not yet had he reached the verge of starvation; the seeds looked tempting, to be sure, but not sufficiently so to lower his dignity. Hence a patient waiting of two hours more. Again the hand was thrust into the cage, a few seeds were snatched up with lightning speed, and after this I was given to understand that Tim is hungry, but never stoops! I counted it a most encouraging sign, however, that the bird should deign to pick up the seeds at the end of a four hours' training. At the close of the sixth hour, Tim was as calm as an April sunset; he was, indeed, most tractable, and no sooner had I again put my hand containing the seeds into the cage than he perched upon my thumb as cheerily as though it had been his perch, and began to devour the proffered food.

I allowed him to satisfy his hunger for about one minute; then I drew my hand with the bird out of the cage, and retreated to a chair. Before I had seated myself, however, he had deserted me, and had perched above the window. "You may stay there all day,

if you like, my fine fellow, but you'll find it a poor pasture for hungry birds." I held the seed-cup in my hand, and on the floor beside me lay a small vial of oil of anise. "When you get ready, you may come and get your seed, Tim," said I; and then I went on with my whistling. For a half-hour or more the bird had the freedom of the room, and half in despair and half eager to improve the time, I sat down at my writing-desk, placed the seed-cup and oil-bottle in front of me, and went on with my work. I had wellnigh, while absorbed in other thoughts, forgotten Tim, when, on a sudden, I felt a slight rustling on my shoulder, and a moment later he was on the table in front of me. He was allowed to gather up a few more seeds; then I seized him gently, opened the vial, rubbed a very small quantity of the anise upon his nostrils, and then replaced him on the table. It must have been an hour before the intoxication or stupor (which, for the benefit of gentle readers, let me say is perfectly harmless) passed off; then the bird began to eat again, and, finally, on a little persuasion, hopped upon my finger, then on another, and so on back and forth until I put him back into his cage. Hardly was he returned when he poured forth his strains of sweetest melody.

On the next day, after cleaning the cage, I placed it on my table, leaving the door open and the seed-cup outside. It required no persuasion whatever to induce the bird to come out, and now every sign of terror had left him. While he ate, I gently stroked his feathers, talked to him, whistled to him, fondled him—it was all I cared to do. Tim was conquered at last. He had learned his first lesson, namely, that to know the master he must become friendly to him, and, before receiving food, he must respect the giver. From that day to this the bird has been one of the family. Whereas formerly I had to contend in order to get him out of his cage, now I have to contend to get him into it. A part of the day he spends with me, singing while I write and work, now pulling the beads off my pen-wiper, and dropping them into the ink-stand; now removing the pins from the coil, and carrying them to the top of the bookcase; now getting into an open drawer, and playing mischief among my papers. Even while I write these words of his little story, he and a bullfinch are contending in front of me for the possession of my blotter, and I will not say them "nay" to their little antics.

The story which I have thus related applies to all of my five canaries. As you will observe, it required more patience than trouble to bring Tim to terms, for he was, to begin with, a stranger-bird. To tame a nestling is no work at all; for if it is taken in hand early a little fondling and simple talk will accomplish the desired results. After one has passed the *hard* point, that is to say, after the goodwill of the bird has once been won, you need not trouble yourself about teaching him any "tricks." His own inventive genius will save you this trouble, and you may be sure that it never exhausts itself, until the little voice is stilled in death.

Most of my canaries are as familiar with other

members of the family as with myself. With the children Tim especially is on the most affectionate terms, joining them in their sports, nibbling their cookies on the sly, and following them everywhere about the house.

By thus gaining the confidence of birds, what else is gained? I have had this question put to me time and time again, and I will here try to answer it. Whenever I hear these birds warble, and watch their movements, note their mutual tenderesses, the words of Longfellow seem never so eloquent and touching. He speaks of the birds—

"Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught;
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven."

Let me say that these birds—little prisoners, if you choose to call them so, but not little prisoners if you choose to sweeten the whole of their life by blending it with your own—teach us many a lesson. There is not on earth, I fancy, such perfect, unselfish, and devoted love as that of a bird for its chosen mate; nor is this love superior to that which the same bird will evince for its keeper when once its confidence has been gained. If you would wish to know something of the ideal of a perfect life—whether a bird has *soul* or not I am unable to say—study the nature of these birds. If you would wish to comprehend the full meaning of *friendship*, gain the friendship of a bird—and he, not you, will be the last to break it. It does *not* pay to keep a bird merely for his song; it does pay to keep him for his love. In health and in sickness, in life and—I was almost going to say in death—he remembers the first as well as the last kind act that you paid to him, and will thank you in the sweetest strains that the Creator bestowed upon his little being. I might cite numerous instances to illustrate this fact, but shall limit myself to one only.

About a year ago, a canary which I dearly prized, and which, in reality, was one of the most intelligent birds that I have ever owned, flew upon a case where some light and a few heavy volumes had been piled rather carelessly. While hopping about he accidentally overturned one of the smaller volumes, his feet became entangled in some way or other, and the whole pile fell over upon him. I heard the chirp of alarm, the crash, and hurried to the rescue, but only to find that both of Goldy's legs were broken. Tenderly I lifted him, examined the injury, and splinted the fractures as best I could. For three days I nursed the little unfortunate, but without much satisfaction as to the results. I began to think that the bird had received some internal injury, but what it was no one could say. On the fifth day the bird, lying in cotton, was placed on my table—his old favorite spot, and he knew it well. Presently there was a slight rustling of his wings, he seemed eager to get again upon his feet, but, too wise not to see the foolishness of such an attempt, he contented his little soul by warbling the saddest and the most touching, if not the loudest, song that he ever sung. Naturalists will tell you that the story of the swan's

dying song is only an invention of the poets. No naturalist shall dispute with me that the last song of that dying canary was not *his* sweetest—ay, so sweet that it seemed almost attuned by the reflected minstrelsy of the hereafter!

II.—THE BULLFINCH.

A FEW years ago, while coursing down the Rhine, I encountered a man who had a small tin whistle in his mouth and a large osier cage upon his back containing about a dozen or more of small bullfinches. He was endeavoring to dispose of them, and his price for a single bird was only a mere pittance. Being about to turn homeward, I bought a pair, or what I fancied to be a couple of male birds. The man assured me that the birds which I had just purchased were not more than a week old, and he himself had only yesterday taken them out of the nest. My favorite whistling-theme in those days was the old-time "Bugle-Call," and, in order to get them early into good training-order, I procured for the birds a suitable cage and proper food, and gave them the benefit of the whistle as often as I found it convenient. In less than three weeks from that day I was on the Atlantic homeward bound. The voyage was altogether a pleasant one, and the bullfinches thrived as well as anybody on board the steamer. While we were coming home, however, I discovered that the bird-seller had either intentionally or ignorantly deceived me, and that one of the bullfinches was a female. I felt a little worked up at first, for I had counted upon having in a few months' time two excellent imitators. I consoled myself by the thought that perhaps I should get along as well with a male and female as with two males. So, on reaching home, I separated the birds and allotted them each a cage in different parts of the house. By this time the male had caught the simple air which I had not ceased to whistle frequently during the day, and in about six months he had not only mastered it thoroughly, but was also making rapid headway with another melody. Before relating more of the story, such of my readers as know nothing of the worth of the bullfinch as a *social* bird will need to be told something about it.

For some reason or other, the importation of bullfinches into this country has not been large, and, unless a person has easy access to a well-stocked bird-store, he will very rarely see one. It is a little singular that so few people should have any knowledge of one of the most famous of German favorites—I say German, for in the Fatherland almost every weaver and cobbler, tailor and tinker, owns a bullfinch. To say nothing of his docility and his quickness at learning a tune, the bullfinch possesses also the merit of being a very beautiful bird, notwithstanding that he is somewhat thick in proportion to his length. The combination of colors which he exhibits is most charming—his head, chin, and throat, being usually a velvety black, the lower part of the throat, shoulders, and back, a dark gray, the breast a crimson, and the rump clear white. The rest of the plumage alternates in white, red, steel-blue, and black.

Whether taken when old or when young, the bullfinch, always a quiet bird, thrives under all circumstances. It easily adapts itself to confinement, and a very small cage seems to please it as much as a very large one. Where a person has other birds under his care, however, it is best to keep the bullfinch in a separate room, beyond the range, if possible, of their singing. Of course, such a proceeding would not be at all necessary if no efforts were making to train the bullfinch.

The natural food of the bullfinch are the seeds of the fir-tree, the pine, beech, and also the berries which grow in the fields and forests of their native home. In confinement—that is, if you give him only the range of a small, square cage—his principal food should be summer rape-seed, occasionally a little wine-cracker, and at least once a week a little fresh lettuce or chickweed, and ripe sweet apple. The baneful hemp-seed, which so many people in this country still persist in giving to birds of all sorts, should be given to the bullfinch only for a special reason: namely, after he has learned to pipe a tune you may, once in a great while, give him a few hemp-seeds as a reward for his song. Bullfinches are very fond of hemp-seed, and I fancy they would eat nothing else whatsoever, provided they were free to select; but it speedily fattens them, puts them out of song and out of health, and shortens their days fully one-half. Like the canary, the bullfinch should have fresh water to drink and to bathe in every day, and the cage be kept supplied with river-sand. During the moulting-season, in September, it should be kept warm, out of the way of draughts, and should be allowed a little of the yolk of a hard-boiled egg two or three times a week.

To return now, after these general explanations, to the bullfinches which have been under my charge. I know of no better way of acquainting the reader with the *modus operandi* in the training of bullfinches than to begin at the beginning—or, if you please, at the nest.

My two birds reached America in the late spring, and in April of the following year I put them in their cages in the same room. In the course of a few days the wooing-call opened, and I next put the birds together in a breeding-cage, and wellnigh concealed the latter among some tall, leafy plants. I also put into the cage several short lengths of cotton twine, small twigs, hay, hair, and dry moss, hoping that my newly-wedded pair might thus be induced to build a nest, after their own fashion, on the slight wicker framework which I had previously attached to an inner corner of the cage.

I was not disappointed; for in the course of a few days they set about the work as harmoniously and industriously as though they were in their native wood. I cannot speak much in praise of the architecture of the nest, for it was a pretty shabby affair, and loosely and badly put together. Nevertheless, it suited them, and, if they were well enough pleased, what reason had I for complaint? The birds were about a day and a half building their nest, and on the following morning the first egg, bluish white and

speckled brown, was laid. Five of these eggs were laid in the course of six days. On the seventh day from the laying of the first egg, and about the fifteenth from the time the birds were mated, the female began to sit upon the nest, and for a couple of weeks she continued there, with only very brief intervals. During all this time the male bird sang repeatedly, no longer piping the "Bugle-Call," but rather uttering a low, prolonged strain closely resembling the grating of a small carriage-wheel. At the same time he was the most gallant of husbands, always calling and caressing his mate, and apparently never wearying of giving her the choicest food in the cage.

The hatching lasted fifteen days, and I was rewarded for all my small pains by seeing two young bullfinches—all mouth, as usual—in the nest. The three remaining eggs proved to be unfruitful.

I allowed the nestlings to remain with their parents five days—not daring to leave them longer lest they might learn some of the harsh notes of the older birds—placed them then in a new nest in another cage, and carried them to the most distant room in the house. These young were far from beautiful objects, their prevailing color being a dirty ash, with a tinge of red upon their breasts and coverts. Still I cared nothing for this, for both of them were male birds, as plainly shown by the red tinge and their remarkable sprightliness and docility. From this time onward I fed them daily—nay, somebody fed them *hourly*—on summer rape-seed bruised and soaked in water, mixed with a third part of soaked cracker. In about a fortnight, perhaps less, they were perfectly able to leave the nest, to hop about in the cage, and to feed themselves. They were as tame and trusting as a child, showing no fear or even the slightest embarrassment, provided anybody approached them gently, and spoke no harsh word. They would perch upon the finger, take food from the mouth, and allow themselves to be fondled and caressed by every member of the family. For the most part they were kept in a darkened room, and as much out of the way of noise as possible.

Just as soon as they were separated from the parents, and placed in quarters by themselves, they were accustomed to hear, in the early morning after being fed, at noon, and oftentimes before evening, "The Last Rose of Summer" played, always in the same key and measure, on a tin flute. I am particular in specifying the name of the melody, for it was suggested to me by a friend of somewhat longer experience as being, of all melodies, perhaps the best suited to the soft, pure, flute-like voice of the bird. When I say that no living *cantatrice* can interpret this beautiful, old-fashioned song with such sweetness and genuineness of expression as can the bullfinch, I am sure of stating a truth that will not be disputed by anybody who has chanced to hear them both.

During this training the room, as I have said, was kept nearly dark; but, as soon as the bird began to imitate a few of the earlier notes of the song, a

little light was admitted into the room, in order to exhilarate his spirits. Strange as it may seem, and yet not so strange, after all, to one who has ever visited a bullfinch academy at Hesse, the two birds advanced about equally in their training, and fortunately both possessed about the same tone of voice. Meanwhile they were kept on a short allowance of food, but were by no means *starved*, as is recommended by most bird-fanciers. This system was continued for about six months, at the end of which time both of the birds far, very far, surpassed the instructor.

People owning bullfinches that have come to them already trained have said to me that, oftentimes, they have been unable to induce their birds to pipe. The reason of this is, that they, like orchestral musicians, recognize and seem to stand in need of a *leader*, whose duty shall be to mark the measures of time. A familiar whistle, or rather the whistling of the first strain of the familiar air, will almost invariably suffice to induce the bullfinch to get into readiness for piping. You will then stand in front of the cage, and by a graceful, sidewise movement of the head to and fro mark the measure of the song. Quickly the bullfinch, in obedience to your invitation, will make several very elegant gestures, now swaying the body, now the head, and anon spreading out its tail like a fan, and presently he will burst out in song. Perhaps his voice will be a little husky at first, perhaps he may chance to strike a wrong note. No one better than he, however, can detect such a blunder, and no one more patiently than he will "try, try again" until success comes. It also, oftentimes, happens that such a bird, having been placed with other birds or neglected by his keeper, will lose the recollection of a phrase of the song. But be sure that he will be the first to realize his forgetfulness, and will not go on singing until his leader has uttered the whole.

What I have said with regard to the training of bullfinches is applicable, of course, only to nestlings. I fancy it would be an almost utter impossibility to teach an old bird to pipe, especially if he had been kept with other songsters. Bullfinches already trained to pipe one or more tunes may always be purchased at the bird-sellers' at prices varying from ten to a hundred dollars, while very young birds, unlearned, are sold from two to five dollars. If possible, a person interested in birds should purchase a nestling rather than a learned bird, for the pleasure of teaching him and winning his friendship amply repays all the outlay of time and trouble required. I am in earnest when I say that to train a bullfinch thoroughly is about half as troublesome as the keeping of a poultry-yard, and no more; for, after you have given him his food and drink for the day, your labor ceases, and only in leisure moments need you to repair to his room to give him the benefit of the flute for a few minutes—say, morning and night. Allow me to suggest, in passing, that the more flute-music and the less *talk* you give the bird, the better will it be for him; for rarely should he hear the sound of a human voice.

A MIDNIGHT DRAMA.

WHAT a sigh was that! not noisy, but profound and eloquent at once of an old grief and a fresh perplexity. Bob Withers, the gentleman in his shirt-sleeves before the mirror, had heaved that sigh every night for ten years, simultaneously with the act of removing from his head the fine chestnut wig which conceals the almost complete destitution of the natural covering. The grief is therefore an old one, but an element of perplexity has mingled with this nightly sigh more lately—namely, since having wooed and won Angie McLane in his wig, he has been screwing up his courage to the point of revealing to her that it is a wig, as he feels in fairness he ought to do. He has put it off, and put it off, never finding just the right opportunity for the confession, until now the wedding is but a month off, and the task seems harder, more impossible, than ever. He is at present spending a couple of days at the house of the McLanes in the country, with a view to getting acquainted with the family. For the sake of enjoying unalloyed the pleasure of Angie's society for this short time, he has compromised with his conscience by resolving at once on leaving to write to her and tell the truth, and by no means to procrastinate further.

Meantime the process of getting acquainted with the family does not get on very prosperously. Bob is a poor match from the parental point of view, and a bitter disappointment to the McLanes. Nothing but Angie's resolute character could have extorted the grudging consent which their engagement had at length received. The family consisted, besides Angie, of her father and mother, and two brothers, John and George. Mr. McLane kept his room, being a confirmed invalid. John, strong-willed and arrogant in temper, ruled the family with a rod of iron—George being kinder-tempered, but of much less strength of character. Angie was the only member of the family whom John could not rule, and she had carried the point of her engagement against his bitter opposition. Mrs. McLane was a mere shuttlecock between John and Angie, receiving an impulse from one which lasted till the other got hold of her. John had accepted the engagement with an exceedingly bad grace, and made scarcely a decent pretense of concealing from Bob his contempt and hostility, and his desire to find any pretext for forcing a quarrel. This was particularly unpleasant and demoralizing to Bob, because the injury to his own self-respect by the sense of the tacit deceit he was guilty of as to his wig left him unable to meet John's overbearing insolence with the quiet dignity he would have liked to assume.

After going to bed he lay awake a couple of hours thinking over these embarrassing circumstances, and the delightful fact of Angie's love, to which they were offsets. In the course of his tossings he became aware that his seal-ring was not on his finger, and instantly remembered that, after using it for a forfeit

in a parlor-game that evening, he had forgotten to replace it. Vexation at his carelessness instantly made him wide awake. The ring must be on the library-table. If not, then he knew not where; and, if there, it might be filched by a servant in the morning. Associations made it invaluable, and he found himself so uneasy about its safety that he could not sleep. Perhaps the best thing he could do was to quietly step down-stairs in his stockings without disturbing anybody, and make sure about it. He knew that he could, even in the dark, steer his way straight to the library. In this sleepless, excited state of his mind the slight tinge of adventure in his plan had an attraction.

Jumping out of bed he put on a part of his clothes, and, softly opening the door of the room, went across the hall and down the stairs to the ground-floor. It was quite dark, but he found his way easily, having a good topographic instinct. From the lower hall he entered the dining-room, and from that the library. The sea-coal fire in the grate was still flickering brightly, illuminating the sumptuously-furnished room with a faint, soft glow of peculiarly rich effect.

There on the table his ring glittered in the fitful firelight, and, as he slipped it on his finger, he felicitated himself on his successful enterprise. The room was so charmingly cozy that he felt it would be a sin not to linger awhile. So, throwing himself on a sofa before the grate, he fell into a delightful reverie.

Just there, in that chair, Angie had sat during the evening, and there he pictured her again, finally going and leaning over it in a caressing attitude, fondly cheating himself. Over there had sat Mrs. McLane, and the chair-back at once transfixed him with two critical eyes, till he was fain to look away. The brothers were there, and there.

Bob chuckled with a cozy sense of surreptitiousness as he thought how they would stare could they see him now. The subtle pleasure of clandestine things is doubtless partly the exaggeration of the personality which takes place as the pressure of other minds is withdrawn. To persons of Bob's sensitive mental atmosphere that pressure is painful when such minds are hostile, and often irksome even when they are friendly, if not in perfect accord. So that now it was with a positively voluptuous sensation that his personality expanded till it filled and felt the whole room.

The fire burned, and busily flew the shuttles of his fancy, weaving once again the often-varied patterns of the future. Those shuttles had little leisure nowadays, for all the web must be unraveled and rewoven, that through it all might run the golden thread of Angie's love. How rarely did it light up the fabric, before so dull and dark!

The bronze mantel-clock sounded with a silvery tinkle the hour of two, but the sound fell apparently

unheeded on the ear of the dreamer. It was a full minute before the impression reached his mind. There are times when the thoughts throng so that each new sensation has to take its place in the cue and wait its turn to get attention. Then he stirred and roused himself, emerging reluctantly from the warm, voluptuous atmosphere of imagination, as one leaves an enervating bath. He had been lying thus a full hour, and it was high time to return to bed. He left the library and started across the dining-room with a hasty step.

Perhaps long gazing at the fire had dazzled his eyes, or perhaps his haste, together with an undue confidence in his skill in navigation by dead-reckoning, rendered him less careful than when he had come down. However that may be, a light-stand which he had easily avoided then, he now blundered fully upon.

Everybody knows that when one stubs the toe in the dark, instead of delivering the blow when the foot is moving slowest, at the beginning or the end of the step, it always happens so that the toe strikes with the maximum momentum. So it was this time. If Bob had been kicking football he could not have made a nicer calculation of force, and the shock sent the stand completely over.

It would have made noise enough anyhow, but it must happen that on this stand the family silver was laid out for breakfast, and the clangor was similar to that of Apollo's silver bow, what time he let fly at the Grecian host before Troy.

Bob stood paralyzed with horror. Even the anguish of a terribly-stubbed toe was forgotten in an overpowering sense of the awful mess he had made, and the unimaginable consequences that would at once ensue. As the hideous clangor and clatter rang through the house, shattering its sacred silence, he shrank together and made himself small, as if he could impart a sympathetic shrinkage to the noise. The racket to his own ears was splitting enough, but he felt, in addition, as if he heard it with the ears of all the family, and he wilted before the conception of the feelings that were at that moment starting up in their minds toward the unknown cause of it.

His first rational idea was, to bolt for his room, and gain it before any one was fairly roused. But the shock had so scattered his wits that he could not at once recollect his bearings, and he realized, with indescribable sensations, that he was lost. He consumed precious moments bumping himself all about the room before he found the right door.

As he reached the foot of the staircase, voices were audible above, and lights were gleaming down. His retreat was cut off: he could not get back to his room without being discovered. He now distinguished the voice of Mrs. McLane in an agitated tone entreating somebody to be careful and not get shot, the gruff voices of the brothers responding, and then their steps rapidly descending the stairs. Should he go up and take the risk of a volley while announcing himself? It would make a pretty tableau. Presenting himself in such a guise and under such circumstances, what sort of a reception could he ex-

pect from John, who treated him with undisguised contempt in the drawing-room, and whose study it was to place him at a disadvantage? He might have hesitated longer, but at this moment the voice of Angie, crying down to her brothers to be careful, decided him. He could not face her under such terribly false circumstances, and without his wig.

All this took place far quicker than I can write it. The glimmer of the descending lamp already shone dimly in the hall, and Bob frantically looked about him for a hiding-place. But all the furniture stood up too high from the floor, and the corners were distressingly bare. He sprang into the dining-room, but in the dark he could not see how the land lay, and hurried on into the library.

The dying fire still shed a dim light around, and he eagerly canvassed the various possibilities of concealment which the room offered. Youthful experience in the game of hide-and-seek now stood him in good stead, and showed him at a glance the inutilities as refuges of half a dozen places that would have deluded one less practised by the specious but too-easily-guessed shelter they afforded.

Vainly seeking a safe refuge, he ran round the apartment like a rat in a trap. He already heard the brothers in the dining-room picking up the silver and wondering to find it all there, when, obeying a sudden inspiration, he clambered upon a lofty bookcase that ran across one end of the room, arching above the dining-room door, and reaching within a few feet of the ceiling. In cold blood he never could have scaled it. Lying at full length upon the top of the bookcase with his back to the wall, the bulge of him was still visible from the farther part of the room, in case it should occur to his pursuers to look so high.

The latter now entered the library; and, peering over the edge of the bookcase, Bob recognized with singular sensations the two gentlemen with whom he had been quietly conversing a little earlier in the evening. Then they were arrayed in faultless evening dress, and their manner, although supercilious enough, was calm and polished. Now he saw them half dressed, with disheveled hair—John carrying a student's-lamp in his left hand, and in his right an ugly-looking cane-sword with a blade painfully naked, while George held a revolver at full cock.

Talking in a low tone, as they called one another's attention to various spots where possibly the burglar might be concealed, they went slowly from corner to corner, probing every recess with the sword, and in an attitude of strained attention to every sound. Their faces, grotesquely lit by the mingled fire and lamp light, showed a fierce hunter's look that made Bob fairly sick.

He did not dare to look at them long lest the magnetism of his gaze should attract their involuntary attention. Nay, he even made a frantic effort not to think of them, from the fear that some physical current might have the same effect—for he believed strongly, though vaguely, in the mysteries of animal magnetism, and had a notion that a person sensitive to such influences might detect the pres-

ence of his victim by the very terror the latter had of him.

He could scarcely believe his fortune, when, a moment later, the two brothers passed again beneath him back into the dining-room.

From there they went on through the rooms beyond, and the sound of their footsteps died away entirely.

Perhaps five minutes after, they returned—that is, as far as the dining-room—and Bob gathered from their conversation that they had found one of the fastenings in the basement in a condition indicating that the burglar might have escaped there.

Mrs. McLane and Angie, having satisfied themselves that the coast was clear, descended to the dining-room, and a lively discussion of all aspects of the problem ensued, which was highly edifying to Bob.

Then the conversation became still more interesting, as it turned on himself. He heard Mrs. McLane saying :

"He must be a hard sleeper, for I knocked several times on his door."

Then one of the brothers grunted something contemptuously, and he heard Angie's voice excusing him on the ground that he must be tired after his long journey.

"Are you sure you looked everywhere in the library?" was Mrs. McLane's next question, at which a cold sweat started out on Bob's face. He had just begun to feel quite comfortable.

John and George, however, declared that they had looked everywhere.

"Did you look under the sofa?"

"Behind the window-curtains?"

"In that dark corner by the bookcase?" asked the ladies in succession.

Ingenuous cruelty of Fate! Even Angie was racking her brain to guess his hiding-place. What if it should be she who hit upon it!

Bob drew a breath of relief as John replied, with some asperity, to all these questions, that he had told them once that they looked everywhere.

This silenced them, but Angie said, a moment after :

"Just let me ask one more question: Did you look on top of the bookcase?"

It seemed to Bob that he died then, and came to life again to hear John reply, contemptuously :

"Over the bookcase? There's no room there; and, if there were, nobody but a monkey could get up."

"There's room enough," persisted Angie, "and I have often noticed, when sitting in the library, what a nice hiding-place it would be. What if he should be up there now, and hear what I'm saying!" she added, in an agitated whisper.

"Nonsense!" said John.

"Well, there is no harm in looking, anyway," said Mrs. McLane.

"Come along, then," grumbled John. "You shall see for yourselves."

At this Bob shut his eyes, and turned his face to the wall. The ostrich instinct is the human instinct

of despair. He tried to fly away from himself, and leave his body there as a derelict. The effort was desperate, and seemed almost successful. But he could not quite sever the connection, though his soul appeared to be hovering over his body, only attached by a single thread—but a thread which, alas! would not break.

A moment after they all passed through the door directly beneath him, and, going clear to the other end of the library, stood on tiptoe, and peered at his hiding-place. There seemed to be eyes in his back, which felt their scrutiny. But the lamp they carried did not suffice to bring out his figure clearly.

"I'm sure I see something," said Angie, getting up on a chair.

"It's only the shadow of the firelight," replied John.

"Light the gas and let us make sure," said Mrs. McLane.

George stood up on a chair under the chandelier, and lighted one of the burners.

An inarticulate ejaculation fell from every mouth. A human figure was distinctly visible, reclining along the top of the bookcase, with his face toward the wall. The ladies would have forthwith run away but for the fact that one door of the room was directly beneath the bookcase, and the other close to it. Upon Bob's paralyzed senses fell the sharp words of John :

"We've got you. Get down!"

He did not move, but at the summons his soul, with inexpressible reluctance and disgust, began to return from the end of its floating thread, and inhabit the quarters for which it could not quite shake off responsibility.

"Get up, or I'll shoot!" said George.

"Oh, don't shoot him!" cried Mrs. McLane, while Bob, still motionless, dimly hoped he would.

"Get up!" reiterated John; and he did get up. His own will was inactive, and John's was the force that moved his muscles. He turned around and sat up, his legs dangling over the edge of the bookcase, and his wet, white, wretched face blankly directed toward the group—a most pitiable figure.

"Jump down," said John; "and, if you try to escape, you will get shot!"

Bob let himself drop without regard to how he was to alight, and in consequence was severely bruised against a chair and the edges of the bookcase.

He stood facing the group. His eyes mechanically sought Angie's. What was his surprise not to perceive in her expression of mingled curiosity and fright the slightest sign of recognition! A glance showed him that it was the same with the others. John and George evidently supposed they were dealing with an ordinary burglar, and the others were apparently quite as devoid of suspicion as to his identity. His wig! He had forgotten all about it. That explained their singular demeanor.

The bald man in stockings, trousers, and shirt, caught hiding in the library after an attempt on the silver, quite naturally failed to recall to their minds

the youth of rather foppish attire and luxuriant locks who bade them good-night a few hours previous. As this fact and its explanation broke upon Bob's mind he felt an immense sense of relief, instantly followed by a more poignant perception of the inextricable falsity and cruel absurdity of his position. He had little time to think it over and determine his best course.

John stepped forward, and with the point of his cane-sword motioned him into a corner, thus leaving the way clear to the ladies, who at once hurried into the dining-room, throwing glances of fear and aversion upon Bob as they passed. Angie paused at the doorway and asked :

"What are you going to do with the dreadful man?"

Bob even then was able to notice that he had never seen her so ravishingly beautiful as now, with her golden hair falling over her charming *deshabille*, while her eyes scintillated with excitement. She would have blushed to have been seen by him in such an undress toilet, but, with an odd feeling of being double, he perceived that she now regarded him as she would have an animal.

"George and I will attend to him. You had better go to bed," replied John to her question; and then he sent George after some cord, meanwhile quietly standing in front of Bob with cocked revolver. Had he scanned his prisoner closely, he might have detected something familiar in his lineaments, but in careless contempt he took him in with a sweeping glance as an average burglar, whose identity was a question for the police.

Bob had not uttered a word. In the complex falsity of his position he could not indeed muster presence of mind to resolve on any course, but regarded with a kind of fatuity the extraordinary direction events were taking. But when George returned with the rope, and ordered him to put his hands behind him, he said, in a tone so quiet that it surprised himself :

"Hold on, Mr. McLane; this joke has gone far enough. I am Robert Withers, at your service, and respectfully decline to be considered in the light of a burglar any further."

George's jaw dropped with astonishment, and John was scarcely less taken aback.

"D—d if he isn't!" ejaculated the former, after a moment, in a tone of incredulous conviction, as he recognized at once the voice and now the features of Bob; "but where's your hair?"

Bob blushed painfully.

"I wear a wig," he replied, "and to-night, coming down-stairs after you were all abed to get my ring which I had left on the table here, I did not fully dress. Going back, it was my luck to stumble over that cursed stand in the other room!"

"But what did you hide for?" asked John, sharply.

Bob just touched his bald head and replied :

"I heard the ladies up."

John pitched the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said, with a sardonic smile :

"Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will presently be wanting to know what we have done with the burglar."

Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitterer humiliations.

John thought a few minutes longer; and then he said :

"Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make."

They sat down.

"You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you shall have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" And John rose.

"For God's sake, don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic.

John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering :

"Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way out of it to call her down?" Then, with a saving reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, reseating himself opposite Bob, said, with a sardonic smile: "So you don't like my little suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole, I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave the house at once, relinquish your engagement, and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily.

Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half-dressed, with that queer, white, bulbous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and defeat, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. It did stir compunctions in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in a silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was distinctly audible.

"You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at an end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke.

"It won't be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and An-

gie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lip trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess.

Bob started up from his abject attitude and stood facing her with the look of a man waiting his doom from the firing-squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention.

"You mean, cowardly fellows!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men were so mean!—And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for your beauty? I don't care if you wear forty wigs, or none. You

are absurdly vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works.—Anyhow, John," she added, turning to him, as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine *physique*, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder-pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining-room, in a moment re-appearing, to say: "Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want to. I'm by no means sure that I shall.—And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake."

There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said:

"I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you need expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.¹

THE family of Thomas De Quincey was unmistakably Norse in its origin—one of those families of restless, adventurous blood ready to follow any leader. They joined William the Norman, and as a reward, no doubt for good service, had privileges bestowed upon them, assumed a territorial distinction from the village of Quincey, in Normandy, and thence, as was to be expected from a family of such character, transplanted themselves to England in due course, and rose to rank and influence. A younger branch of the family was among the earlier emigrants to New England, where they laid aside the aristocratic prefix, and became sturdy enemies of the mother-country. Lord Hillsborough said of one of the most famous of them, Josiah Quincy, Jr., when he was in England just before the breaking out of the Revolution, that, if the government did its duty, he would be in Newgate or at Tyburn. He died in sight of his native land at the early age of thirty-one, and left his little son the heritage of a great name—a name to which he added new honors as the President of Harvard. The English De Quinceys did not succeed in perpetuating themselves as squires, the last who enjoyed any relicts of their territorial domain being an elder kinsman of De Quincey's father. The father of Thomas de Quincey was a plain, unpretending man, who began life with six thousand pounds. He married, while still young, a Miss Penson, the daughter of an English officer, a woman of marked character and intellectual attainments. The father of De Quincey was a man of cultivation, given to literary pursuits, and was himself an anonymous author. His small fortune did not promise to his wife the style of living to which she had been accustomed, so he became a merchant in Manchester, and carried on extended transactions with America and the West Indies. He

was far from lending himself to the slave-trade, however, even by passive concurrence to this memorable abomination, but was one of those conscientious protesters who throughout England stoutly abstained from the use of sugar in their own families. To this gentleman were born five sons and three daughters, his fourth child being Thomas, who opened his eyes to the light of this world on the 15th of August, 1785, at Greenheys, a rustic suburb of Manchester, forming a sort of *terminus ad quem*, beyond which was a cluster of cottages. Shortly after the birth of Thomas his father fell into such ill health that under medical advice he was compelled to spend nearly the whole of his time abroad.

The great shadow of death fell upon the boy when he was about a year and a half old in the loss of his sister Jane, who was two years older than himself. There was another death in the house about the same time—the death of a maternal grandmother; but as she had come for the express purpose of dying in her daughter's society, and from illness had lived perfectly secluded, the nursery-circle knew her but little, and were not much affected by her death. A few days before the death of his sister Jane a whisper arose among the servants and the children that the nurse had on one occasion treated her harshly; and, as this happened only three or four days before she died, a sense of awe and indignation was diffused through the family. The effect of the story, which was doubtless exaggerated, was terrific upon De Quincey. He did not often see the person charged with this cruelty, but, when he did, his eyes sought the ground, and he could not bring himself to look her in the face. The feeling which fell upon him was a shuddering horror, as upon a first glimpse that he was in a world of evil and strife. With three innocent little sisters for playmates, sleeping always among them, and shut up forever in a silent garden from all knowledge of poverty or oppression, or outrage, he had not suspected until that

¹ Thomas de Quincey: His Life and Writings. With Unpublished Correspondence. By H. A. Page. In Two Volumes. London, and Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, 1877.

moment the true complexion of the world in which he and his sisters were living. His acquaintance with mortality commenced with the death of his sister Jane. He only knew that she had disappeared. She had gone away; but perhaps she would come back. Happy interval of heaven-born ignorance! Gracious immunity of infancy from sorrow disproportioned to its strength! He was sad for her absence; but in his heart he trusted that she would come again. Summer and winter came again—crocuses and roses; why not little Jane?

When De Quincey was a little over two years old he was seized with an ague, which clung to him till the end of his fourth year. At this mature age he donned nankeen trousers, though he so far retained hermaphrodite relations of dress as to wear a petticoat above his trousers, and all his female friends, who pitied him as one that had suffered from years of ague, filled his pockets with half-crowns, of which he could never render any account. When his sister Elizabeth was about nine, and he was about six, she was taken suddenly ill. She had been permitted to drink tea one Sunday evening at the house of a laboring-man, the father of a favorite female servant. The sun had set when she returned, in the company of this servant, through meadows reeking with exhalations after a fervent day. From that time she sickened. The boy grieved that his sister must lie in bed, and grieved still more to hear her moan; but it appeared to him no more than a night of trouble on which the dawn would soon arise. The nurse awakened him from that delusion, and launched God's thunderbolt at his heart in the assurance that his sister *must* die! He reeled under the revelation. All was soon over, for the morning of that day came which looked down upon her innocent face sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking. On the day after her death he determined to see her once more. The house had two staircases, and by one of these, near mid-day, when all would be quiet, he knew he could steal up to her chamber. It was about an hour after high noon when he reached the chamber-door; it was locked, but the key had not been taken away. Entering, he closed the door so softly that no echo ran along the silent walls. He sought his sister's face, but the bed had been moved, and the back was turned toward him. Nothing met his eyes but a large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendor. From the gorgeous sunlight and the cloudless, blue sky he turned around to the corpse. There lay the sweet, childish figure; there the angel-face; it was said in the house that no feature had suffered any change. Had they not? The serene and noble forehead *might* be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands laid palm to palm—could these be mistaken for life? He stood checked; awe, not fear, fell upon him; and as he stood a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Instantly a trance

came upon him. He slept, he knew not how long; slowly he recovered his self-possession; and when he woke he found himself standing close to his sister's bed. There was a foot (or he fancied so) on the stairs. He was alarmed, for, if anybody had detected him, means would have been taken to prevent his coming again. Hastily he kissed the lips that he should kiss no more, and slunk with stealthy steps from the room. When the funeral came he was carried thither in the ceremonial character of mourner. He was put into a carriage with strangers. At the church he was told to hold a white handkerchief to his eyes. He made an effort to attend to the service, but sank continually into his own solitary darkness.

One summer evening a few months before this, De Quincey was standing with the rest of the children and listening for the sound of wheels. His mother had been summoned by an express to meet his father, who had broken a blood-vessel. "What did that mean?" It meant that a person was very ill and feeble. "And would he die?" Perhaps he would; most people in cold climates did. Papa De Quincey returned, but only to go abroad again in search of health. He visited France, Portugal, the Madeiras, and the West Indies; but in vain. Before long they were waiting again one summer night for a carriage at Greenheys. The first notice of its approach was the sudden emerging of horses' heads from the deep gloom of a shady lane; the next was the mass of white pillows against which the dying patient was reclining. The hearse-like pace at which the carriage moved recalled to the mind of young De Quincey the spectacle of his sister's funeral, which had so lately formed a part in the most memorable event of his life. Mr. De Quincey languished for weeks upon a sofa, surrounded with East India productions, which he displayed for the amusement of his son Thomas, who, from his repose of manners, was a privileged visitor throughout his waking hours. The lad was aware by something peculiar in the look and aspect of the house—a depression visible on all faces, and a quiet tread—that some speedy catastrophe was approaching; and at length one morning he saw signs which significantly indicated that it was at hand. Dead silence reigned in the house—whispers only audible, all the women of the family weeping. Soon after the children, of whom there were four able to understand such a scene, were carried into the bedroom in which their father was at that moment dying. If he had asked for them, his senses had left him before they came. He was delirious, and talked at intervals, always on the same subject. He was ascending a great mountain, and had met with some obstacle, which to him was insurmountable without help. This he called for from various people, naming them, and complaining of their desertion. The person who had gathered his children together raised the hand of the dying man and laid it upon the head of his son Thomas. They left the room, and in a minute or two heard the announcement that all was over. The whole estate left by Mr. De Quincey amounted to only sixteen hundred pounds a year, the amount left

to each of the boys being one hundred and fifty pounds, and to each of the girls one hundred pounds.

William De Quincey, the elder brother of Thomas, an adventurous and haughty boy, with no love of books or of gentle pleasures, began to lord it over his fragile companion. His contempt for his shy and delicate nature was awakened on perceiving how he shrank from the calls made upon him to aid in his rough escapades. The pillars of Hercules upon which rested the vast edifice of his scorn of his brother were: first, his physics—he denounced him for effeminacy; and, second, he assumed—and postulated as a *datum*, which he himself could not have the face to deny—his general idiocy. Physically and intellectually he looked upon him as below notice; but *morally* he assured him that he would give him a written character of the very best description whenever he chose to apply for it. The boys were sent daily, shortly after their father's death, to study the classics under the Rev. Samuel Hall, one of their guardians, in Salford, within a mile from Greenheys. The coming and going became continuous scenes of feud. William picked a quarrel with the factory-boys, and a campaign was persistently carried on, and Thomas was compelled to help him, under terror of being punished and gibed at. Promotion was bestowed upon him for good conduct, and so rapidly that on his eighth birthday he was raised to the rank of major-general. He rose by his absolute docility. What he was told to do he did, never presuming to murmur or argue, or to so much as think about the nature of his orders. If those orders were to run away, he obeyed them cheerfully. On one or two of these occasions the poor boy fell into the hands of the enemy. On his third capture he was delivered over to the custody of young women and girls. Terrors and dire anticipations of punishment were passing through his brain, when suddenly a young woman snatched him up in her arms and kissed him. From her he was passed round to others of the party, who all in turn caressed him, with no allusion to his warlike mission against their relatives. Not only did these people kiss him, but, not seeing any military reason against it, he kissed them. Really, if young women would insist on kissing major-generals, they must expect that the major-generals would retaliate. One only in the crowd adverted to the character in which he came before them.

"Think," she said, "of this little dog fighting, and fighting our Jack!"

"But," said another, in a conciliatory tone, "perhaps he won't do so any more."

Thomas made great progress at Salford, especially in Latin, in which his teacher was an expert scholar. It was on account, probably, of his proficiency that, in his eleventh year, it was arranged that he should enter the Bath Grammar-School. He was accompanied by Richard, a brother younger than himself by four years, a boy of exquisite beauty, which was a source of ludicrous molestation in the streets, for ladies stopped continually to kiss him. He was so insensible to the honors they show-

ered upon him that he used to kick and struggle with all his might to liberate himself.

We have glimpses of De Quincey's school-life in the letters which he wrote to his sister Mary in his fourteenth year. He had already made a collection of books, and, exceeding his liberal allowance of pocket-money, had run in debt three guineas, which lay heavily on his conscience. Plaudits were showered upon him by the master of the school, who paraded his Latin verses before the older boys, who were moved to hatred rather than to emulation. They tried by every means to fasten quarrels upon him. His former tutor had given all the preference to Latin, but at Bath he developed a passion for Greek. At thirteen he wrote Greek with ease, and at fifteen he not only composed Greek verses in lyric measures, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment, and was in the habit of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek he could furnish *extempore*. "That boy," said one of his masters, a ripe and good scholar—"that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one!" Praise sounded sweet in his ears; but it was accompanied by many mortifications from his school-fellows, and he was finally removed from Bath in consequence of an alarming illness that threatened his head. His mother read to him during his illness, as she had done during his infantine sufferings from ague; but was shocked at his hearing compliments paid to his merits, and refused to let him return to Bath. She kept him under her own eye, and engaged tutors for him and his brothers, one of whom was a Frenchman who had fled from his own country during the Reign of Terror, and who wanted to marry Mrs. De Quincey. He had an unruly trio of pupils, this poor pedagogue, for Thomas and his two younger brothers took seats at the window, and employed their time in making faces at an old lady who lived opposite. Utterly unable to teach or to keep order, the mastered tutor was constantly to be heard crying: "Now, Monsieur Tomma, oh, do be persuaded! Oh, do be persuaded!" The poor man wept; but Monsieur Tomma would not be persuaded. At length the old lady opposite complained, and Monsieur Tomma was persuaded (commanded, of course) to go over and apologize to her. She was surprised to receive a call from the little wretch who had so annoyed her; but his apology was so handsome that she asked him to sit down, and he at once entered into conversation with her. She afterward spoke of him to many people, saying that he was the cleverest and most charming little boy she ever saw. The tutor went back to France, but not as Monsieur Tomma's step-father.

Bath being out of the question in the opinion of his austere mother, Master Thomas was sent to another school at Winkfield, in the county of Wilts, whose chief recommendation lay in the religious character of its master. With him went his brother Richard, whom the boys christened "Pink," because he was so handsome; and to him came his mother, whom a schoolmate of De Quincey's described, fifty

or sixty years later, as a superior woman, intimate with Hannah More. Thomas considered his mother at least the intellectual equal of that overrated elderly prude. At the expiration of a year or thereabouts he left Winkfield to go to Eton, to join his friend Lord Westport, for a tour in Ireland. This was in the spring of 1800, his fifteenth year. Lord Westport was highly connected, his father being the first Earl of Altamont, and his mother a daughter of the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe, and he introduced his young friend to the notabilities of Eton. They visited the gardens of the queen's villa at Frogmore, where they saw her majesty and all the royal princesses. On one occasion they were throwing stones, when a turn brought them full in view of a royal party coming along one of the walks at Frogmore. Lord Westport, who had been practising on a peculiar twist of the wrist with a shilling, suddenly turned the head of the coin toward De Quincey with a significant glance, and muttered, in a low tone, "Grace of God," "France and Ireland," "Defender of the Faith," etc. It was his majesty George III., and, as he had perceived them, it was necessary that they should go and present themselves. The king spoke with great kindness to Lord Westport, inquired about his mother and grandmother as persons well known to himself; and then turned to De Quincey, whose name had been communicated to him. Was he of Eton? He was not, but hoped he should be. Had he a father living? He had not; his father had been dead about eight years. But he had a mother? He had. And she thought of sending him to Eton? She had expressed such an intention; but he was not sure whether that might not be in order to waive the question with the person to whom she had spoken, who happened to have been an Etonian. "Oh, but all people think highly of Eton; everybody praises Eton. Your mother did right to inquire; there can be no harm in that; but the more she inquires the more she will be satisfied—that I can answer for." Then came a question which had been suggested by De Quincey's name: Did his family come into England with the Huguenots at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? He replied, with some haste, "Please your majesty, the family has been in England since the Conquest." It is probable that De Quincey colored, or showed some want of composure, with which, however, the king was not displeased, for he smiled and said, "How do you know that?" The lad hesitated a moment, and said, in effect, that the family from which he traced his descent had certainly been a great and leading one at the era of the barons' wars, as also in one of the crusades, and that he had seen notices of it not only in books of heraldry, but in the very earliest of all English books. "And what book was that?" "Robert of Gloucester's 'Metrical Chronicle,' which I understood, from internal evidence, to have been written about 1280." The king smiled again, and said, "I know—I know!"

In 1801 De Quincey's guardians decided that he should go for three years to the Manchester Grammar-School. When he first entered they read Sopho-

cles, and it was a constant triumph to him to see their "Archididasculus" (as the pedantic teacher loved to be called) conning their regular lesson before they went up, laying a train with lexicon and grammar for blowing up and blasting any difficulties he found in the choruses; while the first form, in which De Quincey was, never condescended to open their books until the moment of going up, but were generally employed in writing epigrams on his wig, or some such important topic. Master Thomas bore his lot for more than a year, representing at first mildly, and then more urgently, to his guardians the claims he had to be transferred to the university.

It is piteous to read De Quincey's appeals to his mother to be taken from the penance of his school. He had not passed one quarter in it in health. There were three things there which murdered health. The first was a want of exercise; in winter there was for a considerable time not *one* hour in the day for walking out. The second was the badness of the air, which every day grew worse, from the increasing number of the factories in Manchester. The third was the short time they had to eat their dinners in; he had barely time to push it down—as for chewing it, that was out of the question. Except at the house of Mr. Kelsall, who was his father's successor in business, there was no house in the town to which he could go and come away at all hours; and even there he sometimes felt an intruder. Besides, Mr. Kelsall and he had not one idea in common, and Mrs. Kelsall was often out, and oftener engaged. He gave other reasons and representations, but all failed of effect. He must at once choose a profession, or stay where he was. As this meant drudgery in a lawyer's office for years, he declined to comply, and decided to take the matter in his own hands. He wrote to his friend Lady Carberry for five pounds. After some delay, through absence, she sent him ten pounds, saying if it were not repaid she would not be ruined. With this and the two pounds he had in his pocket, he resolved to run away. He took a solemn farewell of each familiar room, and wept; sought occasion to pass close by "Archididasculus," and thus bid him a silent farewell by bowing, as he thought to himself, "He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again." To one of his fellow-scholars who was in his secret he intrusted three pounds, as gratuities to be given to the servants, reducing to nine pounds the amount in his hand. Early in the morning he got out of the house; and having, after considerable difficulty, had his trunk conveyed to a carrier's, he set off to walk to Chester, carrying a small parcel with articles of dress under his arm, an English poet in one pocket, and a small edition of Euripides in the other. He proceeded to the Priory, Chester, where his mother lived, in the hope of having a secret interview with his sister; but some unknown servants of his mother's brother, Colonel Penson, spying the lad hovering about the house suspiciously, communicated the fact to their master, by whom he was confronted instead of his sister. He was taken in, and his whole affairs discussed; and his uncle, who had a sneaking sympathy with him,

dissuaded his mother from any interference with his plans. He suggested the propriety of a small allowance, which was granted, and the young peripatetic was permitted to depart and make his way to Wales. As long as he kept up any correspondence with his guardians he received a guinea a week, upon which sum he obtained a bed and some apology for a supper, tea or coffee at least, at the inns scattered about the Welsh valleys for the sake of tourists. Finding, however, that his three shillings a day did not go far in these showy houses, more than half being exhausted upon a bed, and perquisites to the "waiter," "chambermaid," and "boots," he resolved to carry a tent with him and sleep out-of-doors. It was miserably small, to make it more portable, and on account of its pole, which was a common walking-cane. He pitched his tent always on the lee-side of a hill, and apprehended little from any enemies, except the wild mountain-cattle, which sometimes used to advance on his encampment in the darkness—why, neither he nor they, perhaps, knew. No lumbering cow appears to have broken into his preserve, and coked her heavy foot into his face.

By-and-by he thought it advisable to drop all correspondence with his guardians, and swing round the circle at his own sweet will. At one time he lodged for weeks at a solitary farm-house; at another he lived on blackberries, hips, and haws. Occasionally he wrote letters for cottagers, who had relatives in Liverpool or London; and oftener he wrote love-letters to their sweethearts for young women who had lived as servants in towns on the English border. Once in particular, near the village of Llan-y-styndw (or some such name), he was entertained for upward of three days by a family of young people, consisting of four sisters and three brothers, all grown up, and all remarkable for personal beauty and elegance and refinement of manners. They spoke English. He wrote, on his first introduction to them, a letter about prize-money for one of the brothers, who had served on a man-of-war, and privately wrote two love-letters for two of the sisters. He discovered what they wanted through their blushes, and wrote as kindly to their lovers as was consistent with proper maidenly pride. He slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women. He was put to flight by the return of their parents, and, being actually without money to get on with beyond a very limited time, and no hope of supplies, this babe in the wood contrived to transfer himself to London, where he thought he might raise an advance on the security of his "expectations."

The first lodging of De Quincey in the nation of London was in a house in Greek Street, which might be practically considered unoccupied, though it was really tenanted by a man named Brown, or Brunell. He was a kind of agent for the Jews, with whom the impecunious lad had opened negotiations for an advance. One good trait he had—a love of knowledge—of that knowledge which we call literature, and it was probably to this that De Quincey was indebted for an asylum that saved his life. Hunger-bitten as

the house and household genius seemed, there was a clerk who bore the name of Pymont, or Pyemont. This "Newman Noggs" received many opprobrious names from his master, having no reference whatever to any real habits of the man, good or 'bad. What made the necessity for Pymont was the continual call for "an appearance" at some of the subordinate courts, and an occasional call for his physics, aggressive or defensive, that needed instant attention. "Pymont, I say, this way! Pymont—you're wanted, Pymont!" The only other inhabitant of the large house was a little girl about ten years old, a poor, forlorn child, hunger-bitten and wretched. Great was the joy of the poor creature when she found that De Quincey was to be her companion through the hours of darkness. From the want of furniture in the house, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the staircase and along the hall, and the child suffered much from a dread of ghosts. She and De Quincey slept on the floor, with bundles of law-papers for a pillow, and with no other covering than a tattered rug or an old horseman's cloak; they crept close together for warmth. For a long time De Quincey subsisted on scraps picked up here and there. He generally contrived a reason for lounging in while Brunell was breakfasting, and taking up such fragments as remained. Sometimes there were none remaining. The marchioness, if I may call her so, was never admitted into the study, which was to her the Bluebeard-chamber, and was regularly locked up on Mr. Brunell's departure, which was generally for the night. When he made his appearance in the morning she went below-stairs, brushed his shoes and coat, and, except when she was summoned up to run an errand, she never emerged from the kitchen until De Quincey's knock at night called her little trembling footsteps to the front-door. All he knew of her daytime was what she told him at night, for he soon saw that his absence would be acceptable, and went off and sat in the parks or elsewhere till nightfall. The child was neither interesting nor pretty, nor quick in understanding, but he loved her because she was his partner in wretchedness.

Our young peripatetic soon became acquainted with other peripatetics of the opposite sex. Many of these women had occasionally taken his part against watchmen who wished to drive him off the steps of houses where he was sitting. For many weeks he walked up and down Oxford Street with a poor friendless girl named Ann, and rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She was not sixteen, and had a sad history, which she confided to De Quincey, but he never told the world what it was. One night while they were slowly pacing along Oxford Street, after a day when he had felt unusually ill and faint, he requested her to turn off with him into Soho Square. They sat down on the steps of a house, and he grew suddenly worse; he was leaning his head on her bosom, when all at once he sank upon her arms and fell backward on the steps. With a cry of terror she ran off into Oxford Street, and returned with a glass of spiced port wine, which instantly restored him, and which

she had paid for out of her scanty purse when she had scarcely the wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life. Shortly after this incident he met in Albemarle Street a gentleman of the king's household, who had received hospitalities from his family, and who challenged him on account of his family likeness. The lad answered his questions, and on his pledging his word not to betray him to his guardians, gave him his address. The next day he received from him a ten-pound note, which Mr. Brunell, who suspected its contents, gave up without demur. He had sought to borrow money from the Jews ever since he came up to London, and had at last found one who agreed to furnish it on condition that Lord Westport, who was no older than himself, would guarantee the payment on their coming to age. Three of the ten pounds went to this supposititious money-lender, a less sum to Mr. Brunell, and about fifteen shillings went for a wardrobe. A quarter of the remainder he gave to Ann, with whom he set off toward Piccadilly on a dark winter evening. He told her his plans, and, when he kissed her at their final farewell, she put her arms about his neck and wept without a word. He was to return within a week, and on the fifth night from the parting, and every night afterward, she was to wait for him at six o'clock near the bottom of Great Tichfield Street. He took the Bristol mail, and reached Eton the next morning, only to find that Lord Westport had gone to Oxford. Back to London by the Windsor coach, and to the old house in which Mr. Brunell did business, and to Great Tichfield Street, but not to sister Ann! He sought her daily, and inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her, but to the day of his death, nearly sixty years afterward, he never found a trace of her.

Shortly after his return to London, the way was opened for reconciliation with his friends, and he returned to the Priory at Chester, where he found his uncle, Colonel Penson. His wanderings in Wales, and his Arab life in London, had cured him, one would think, of every desire for further vagrancy. His guardians at last agreed to allow him one hundred pounds a year, upon which allowance he went to Worcester College, Oxford. Upon this sum it was barely possible for a man to live in college, but not possible for De Quincey, who confided too much in servants, and did not delight in the petty details of economy. He soon became embarrassed, therefore, and, after a voluminous correspondence with a Jew, he was put in possession of the sum he asked for. He studied hard, but not in the lines that lead to university honors. One who was at college with him says that he was generally known as a quiet and studious man, who did not frequent wine-parties, though he did not abstain from wine, and that he was remarkable for his rare conversational talents and extraordinary amount of information on every subject that was started. Dr. Goodenough, of Christchurch, who was one of the examiners, declared to a member of Worcester College: "You have sent us the cleverest man I ever met with; if his *viva-voce* examination to-morrow corresponds with what he has

done to-day, he will carry everything before him." To-morrow came, but there was no *viva-voce* examination of Thomas De Quincey.

It was in 1804, his second year at college, that De Quincey first tasted opium. He had been suffering severely from a neuralgic affection, due either to exposure during his wanderings, or to immersing his head when warm in cold water. He met a college friend in one of his many jaunts to London, who recommended him to take opium, and he speedily discovered a beatific chemist near the stately Pantheon, who for a few coppers became the minister of celestial pleasures. He took the quantity prescribed when he arrived at his lodgings, and in an hour was in the seventh heaven. It is not easy to reconcile the conflicting statements of De Quincey in regard to his consumption of opium, or to arrive at any very definite idea in regard to his opium history, but, as near as I can make it out, from his nineteenth to his twenty-seventh year he seldom drank laudanum more than once in three weeks, and usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night. In those days the incomparable Grassini sang at the opera, and as five shillings admitted one to the gallery, De Quincey betook himself thither, and to divine ecstasy. He had other than operatic pleasures, but only on Saturday nights, when he used to wander forth to all the markets and huckstering-places of London, to which the poor resort for laying out their wages. He listened to many a family party as they stood consulting on their ways and means, and the prices of household articles, and whenever he saw occasion, or could do so without appearing intrusive, he joined the party, and gave his opinion on the matter under discussion, and was listened to indulgently.

About the time that he first began to take opium, De Quincey made the acquaintance of Charles Lamb, to whom a literary friend had given him a letter of introduction. He went to the India House, and after some trouble was shown into a small room, in which was a very lofty writing-desk, separated by a loftier railing from that part of the floor on which the profane vulgar were allowed to approach the clerkly rulers of the room. Within this railing sat a half-dozen quill-driving gentlemen hard at work. He was obliged to announce himself and his errand, and walked, therefore, into one of the open doors of the railing, and stood beside the high stool of the quill-driver who occupied the first place in the little aisle. He touched his arm, presented his letter, and asked if the person to whom it was addressed was in that room. The gentleman smiled; it was a smile not to be forgotten. The seat upon which he sat was a very high one, and in his descent he was forced to turn his back on De Quincey as if for the sudden purpose of flight; this gave him an excuse for laughing, which he did heartily, saying that he should revolve upon him, that he was not going to fly, and so forth, which challenged a general laugh. The hand of De Quincey was extended, and taken, or rather was not absolutely rejected. The letter of introduction was run through, and the bearer was invited to spend the evening with him in the Temple.

He went, not greatly behind his hour, and found only Lamb and his sister. He began to talk about Wordsworth and Coleridge, with whose poetry he was saturated, and was shocked at the ridicule which Lamb showered upon their books, their thoughts, their places, and their persons. "The Ancient Mariner" was spoken of, and slaughtered by that quizzingly-ferocious critic. "But, Mr. Lamb, good Heavens!" said De Quincey, "how is it possible you can allow yourself such opinions? What instances could you bring from the poem that would bear you out in these insinuations?" "Instances!" and Lamb quoted—

"The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie!"

So *beautiful*, indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang of Wapping vagabonds, all covered with pitch and chewing tobacco, and the old gentleman himself—what do you call him?—the bright-eyed fellow!" At this point De Quincey clapped his hands to his ears. Lamb finally ceased, and, when his guest had released his sense of hearing, said, with a sarcastic smile, "If you please, sir, we'll say grace before we begin." He was certainly in a mocking humor that night.

It speaks well for the intellectual character of De Quincey that he perceived the excellence of the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge while he was at Oxford, and while it was very generally ridiculed. He wrote to Wordsworth in his eighteenth year, and actually went into Westmoreland to call upon him, but his heart failed him, and he turned back when within a short distance of his door. Four years later, while on a visit to a relation at the Hot Wells, he learned that Coleridge was staying with a friend near Bristol. He went to the house of this gentleman, and found that Coleridge had gone to Bridgewater, whither he followed him. Under a gateway, and gazing about him, was a man about five feet ten inches in height, with a tendency to corpulency; his complexion was fair, and his eyes were large, soft, and hazy. He was in so deep a reverie that De Quincey dismounted, and advanced close to him before he was conscious of his presence. The sound of his voice announcing his name first awoke him; he started, and seemed at a loss to understand anything, repeating rapidly a number of words which had no relation to either of them. This little scene over, he received him graciously, led him into a drawing-room, and rang the bell for refreshments. There was a large dinner-party that day, and De Quincey accepted Coleridge's invitation to attend it. He met Coleridge a few days later at the Hot Wells, and agreed to accompany his wife and children to Wordsworth, whom they were to visit, to be taken in charge by Southey. They set out by post-chaise, and reached Grasmere in due time. When they came in sight of Wordsworth's cottage, De Quincey was seized with his old panic, which did not leave him until he was helping Mrs. Coleridge and the children out of the carriage, and advancing to the door to announce their arrival. He pressed forward through

the gate, and passed rapidly to the door of the house; a step, a voice, and there emerged a tallish man, who held out his hand, and welcomed him warmly. As Wordsworth passed him to receive Mrs. Coleridge, he observed the quaint beauty of the cottage and its diamond-paned windows, and the figures of two ladies who had just entered it. The first was a tall young woman, with a winning face, who made him a slight courtesy, and presented her hand so frankly that all embarrassment fled. This was Mrs. Wordsworth. Just behind her moved a lady, much shorter and much slighter. "Her face was of Egyptian brown;" her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's were, nor were they fierce or bold; they were wild, startling, and hurried. This was the only sister of the poet, Dorothy, his companion in his most solitary years, a noble, gifted woman, as the world now knows. On the third morning after his arrival De Quincey and all the family started in a common farmer's cart for a trip across the mountains. Their style of traveling occasioned no astonishment; they were saluted with smiles everywhere, Miss Wordsworth doing all the flying talking with stragglers on the road. They reached the inn in the vale of Patterdale by moonlight, and, taking fresh horses in the morning, passed the margin of Ulleswater. At Ewsmere Wordsworth and De Quincey went on to Penrith, where on that evening a memorable incident happened to the latter. His companion read to him "The White Doe of Rylstone," which was not published till eight years later. Wordsworth had business which occupied him the next day, and De Quincey sauntered off alone to Keswick. It was about seven in the evening when he reached Greta Hall. The arrival of a stranger created a little sensation in the house, and by the time the door opened he saw Mrs. Coleridge and a gentleman standing hospitably to greet his entrance. His hair was black, yet his complexion was fair; his eyes were hazel and large; his nose was aquiline, and was perked up in the air as if he was looking at abstractions. He was taller than Wordsworth, with slenderer limbs, and, from being more symmetrically formed about the shoulders, he presented a better and lighter figure. He wore a short jacket and pantaloons, and had the air of a Tyrolese mountaineer. This was the industrious editor of "Palmerin of England," "Specimens of English Poets," "Remains of Henry Kirke White," essayist, critic, poet—Robert Southey.

A month later De Quincey was in Bristol, where he called upon Joseph Cottle, and asked him about Coleridge's pecuniary resources. Cottle was afraid that he was a legitimate son of genius. Would he accept one or two hundred pounds? Cottle would ask, and let him know. When the offer was made to this legitimate son of genius, he was oppressed and agitated. "Cottle, I will write you. We will change the subject." He wrote, and De Quincey called on Cottle again, and told him that he would give Coleridge five hundred pounds. Was he serious? He was. Was he of age? He was. Could he afford it? He could; he should not feel it. Then he au-

thorized Cottle to ask Coleridge if he would accept five hundred pounds from an admirer of his genius, but he forbade him to mention his name. Cottle considered a moment, and advised him to present him with a smaller sum, which he could at any time augment. "Three hundred pounds I *will* give him," said De Quincey; and he did, for Coleridge acknowledged the money in a receipt dated November 12, 1807. Such was the beginning of the acquaintance of Thomas de Quincey with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, and Robert Southey.

The next year De Quincey made his appearance at Grasmere, having rented a cottage which was formerly occupied by Wordsworth, and which he himself was to occupy off and on for over a quarter of a century. The Nab, as it was called, was standing in the time of Hawthorne, who describes it as a small, buff-tinted, plastered building, agreeably situated under a great, precipitous hill, with Rydal Water close at hand. For about a couple of years after his settlement here De Quincey was almost a daily visitant at Wordsworth's, when Coleridge was a guest, and where he carried on the publication of the *Friend*. Many of De Quincey's books were German, and he gave Coleridge a general license to use them as he would, which license he interpreted so liberally that sometimes as many as five hundred would be out at once.

Children were very fond of De Quincey. "Here's a letter—" said Mrs. Wordsworth. "From Mr. De Quincey," interrupted Johnny. And, when he had finished his prayers, he added: "Mr. De Quincey is one of my friends." He was stopping at Allan Bank one time when he opened the door of what might be called the library in search of a book, and found Wordsworth seated and in earnest conversation with a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three. He was in a sailor's dress, was in robust health, and looked at once ardent and good-natured. "Mr. Wilson, of Elleray," said Wordsworth, in his deep tones. It was John Wilson, who was at Oxford when De Quincey was, though he knew it not, and whom he had lately seen dancing with all his might at Low Brathay, the residence of Charles Lloyd. They were friends at once, and for life. Wilson lost his fortune not long after this, and went to Edinburgh to practise at the bar. His home was his mother's house, to which De Quincey came at his invitation. They did not know what to make of the new-comer with the boyish figure and the gentle voice, who speedily asserted the right to say the final word, and who became the referee on knotty points of philosophy or scholarship. Everybody wanted to see and hear the new literary lion, and he was persecuted with invitations to dine.

Robert Pearse Gillies, who saw De Quincey during this visit to Edinburgh, and who speaks of the wonder he excited, says that he was daily in the habit of taking opium as food. The habit began, as we have seen, in 1804, and continued till 1812. A year later the irritation in his stomach, caused by months of starvation in London, led him to increase

his dose, which rose to three hundred and forty grains of opium, or eight thousand drops of laudanum, daily, which was only a little more than half what Coleridge was taking! I must not allow myself to speak of Coleridge's madness, of which the reader will find a curious account in Cottle's "Reminiscences," but confine myself to his benefactor and fellow-sinner, De Quincey, who resolved to conquer the habit, and reduced his dose to forty grains daily. Instantly, as if by magic, the cloud which rested on his brain was lifted, and he was happy, and ought to have been, for he was about to be married. The woman whom he loved, and who loved him, was named Margaret Simpson. She was the daughter of a Westmoreland farmer, a massive, upright character, who had read a great deal of the literature of his country, and from whom she inherited intellectual tastes. He was a courageous man to let his daughter marry De Quincey at the age of eighteen. A more gracious or a more beautiful lady never was seen. She was of a steady mind, tender and deep in her excess of love, full of patient good sense and readiness of service, and was an admirable manager. Without her aid all record of bills paid, and to be paid, must have perished, and De Quincey's domestic economy gone into irretrievable confusion. He was a tolerably happy man till his thirty-second birthday, but after that time the Circean spell fell upon him more heavily than ever. Sleeping and waking became alike to him. At length he was afraid to sleep, and sat up all night and the following day. Sometimes he lay down in the day, and had his family sit round him and talk, hoping to draw an influence from his outward into his inner world—but in vain. He seemed to live and to converse, when awake, with his visionary companions much more than with the realities of life. "Oh! what do you see, dear? What is it that you see?" was the constant exclamation of his wife, by which he was awakened as soon as he had fallen asleep, though to him it seemed as if he had slept for years. The tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself in his dreams. It often appeared upon the rocking waters of the ocean, which was paved with innumerable faces upturned to the heavens; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged up by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. Then there came an indescribable sense of physical horrors, ugly birds, snakes, and crocodiles. He was compelled to live with the crocodiles for hundreds of years. He escaped sometimes, and was in Chinese houses with cane tables and sofas, the feet of which were instinct with life—the abominable head of the crocodile, with his leering eyes, looking out at him multiplied into a thousand repetitions. The dream was broken by gentle voices speaking to him, and he instantly awoke. It was broad noon, and his children were standing hand-in-hand by his bedside. They had come to show him their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let him see them dressed for going out. The transition from the crocodile to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy was so awful that he wept as he kissed their faces.

The liberality of De Quincey from his twenty-third to his thirty-fifth year was greater than his means warranted. He did not have a friend that was not welcome to his purse, and many of his friends (Coleridge, for example) were of the kind to whom anybody's purse was welcome. By the time he was thirty-six the greater part of his patrimony had melted away, and it was with a heavy sense of work before him that he made another mighty struggle to give up opium. He went up to London to live by his pen, and went as a matter of course to see the Lambs, who placed him by their own fire-side, where he could say as much or as little as he pleased. Lamb introduced him to Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, the publishers of the *London Magazine*, who introduced him to their contributors as they were assembled round their hospitable table in Fleet Street. There he met Talfourd, with whom he had become acquainted in the Middle Temple thirteen years before; Hood, who was a sort of sub-editor of the *Magazine*; Reynolds, his brother-in-law, who assisted him in writing his "Odes and Addresses," and was himself a poet of high promise; Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, who was then a lion; Cunningham, also a poet, and the head-man of the sculptor Chantrey; Darley, the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, and a charming poet; Hazlitt, metaphysician and critic, who was about to make a donkey of himself by falling in love with the daughter of a tailor; Wainwright, dandy and poisoner; and Proctor, sweetest of England's lyrical poets. *Barry Cornwall* did not take kindly to De Quincey, whom he found by no means genial or unbending, and whom he did not like in the least. The most famous writer on the *London Magazine* when De Quincey began to write for it was Lamb's shadowy *alter ego* "Elia;" but it was not long before he was eclipsed by an "English Opium-Eater," whose "Confessions" were given to the public through its pages. They were immensely successful, both with the public and with men of letters. Sir James Mackintosh read them with more delight than he could express; Horace Smith had seen nothing so original and interesting in periodical literature; and James Montgomery wrote a series of articles about them in the *Sheffield Iris*. These famous papers were written in a little room at the back of 4 York Street, Covent Garden, which speedily became a busy literary workshop, turning out translations from the German, and a characteristic series of "Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected," which Lamb, with De Quincey's assent, parodied, in one of his liveliest papers, "A Letter to an Old Man whose Education has been neglected." From this wonderful place proceeded the wonderful novel of "Waldamor," which some impudent German hack had perpetrated to meet the demand for a new story from the pen of Scott, which that year was not forthcoming for the Easter Fair at Leipsic, and which De Quincey transfused into English, making the German perpetration only a groundwork for his own. His fame grew rapidly, and publishers were anxious to have him write for them, among others Mr. Charles

Knight, who found him as helpless in every position of responsibility as when he paced Oxford Street looking for his lost Ann. Mr. Knight invited him to his house in Pall Mall one summer when his family were out of town, and he tells a story to the effect that he tapped at his chamber-door to bid him good-night, and found him at the window habited like a prize-fighter when he enters the ring. "You will take cold," exclaimed Mr. Knight. "Where is your shirt?" "I have not a shirt—my shirts are unwashed." "But why not tell the servant to send them to the laundress?" "Ah! how could I presume to do that in Mrs. Knight's absence?" On one occasion while he was staying at Mr. Knight's he expected a remittance from his mother, which would enable him to return to his family at Grasmere. During Mr. Knight's absence he took his box away; a clew to his lodgings was obtained, and he was found in a miserable place on the Surrey side of the Waterloo Bridge. He had received a large draft on a London banker at twenty-one days' sight, and, going to Lombard Street, was astonished to learn that he could not get the money till the draft was due. He produced it to Mr. Knight, who told him to come to him in the morning, and he would give him the cash for it. "What? How? Can the amount be got before the draft is due?" "Never fear; come then, and you shall go home as fast as you came."

The loss, within a period of four years, of his youngest and eldest sons, and of his wife, left De Quincey a widower of fifty-two, with three boys and three girls, and a mind unhinged with sorrow. After his wife's death he fancied that the children were too much for him; they were noisy, and intruded on him in his study, so he took lodgings for himself in another part of Edinburgh, and two or three years afterward went with his daughters to Lasswade. He changed his lodgings frequently, having at one time as many as four different ones, for all of which he paid rent. He had relapsed into opium again, reaching about five thousand drops a day, and had set to work resolutely to subdue the habit. His garden at Lasswade became a sort of tread-mill, in which he took his daily exercise to the extent of fifteen or twenty miles. In ninety days he walked a thousand miles—walked, walked, until he could say, "And the man was sitting clothed, and in his right mind." In June, 1844, he brought his dose down to six grains a day, and never much exceeded it, since it caused him such nervous suffering. His three daughters—Margaret, Florence, and Emily—were the light of his eyes, the eldest, Margaret, being the head of his cozy little cottage. Three sisters loving each other more he never knew or heard of, he told Miss Mitford, and it gladdened him beyond measure to hear all day intermitting gayety and laughter from their little drawing-room. He could not be broken of some of his peculiar habits, such as writing at night, refreshing himself with rivers of tea and coffee, going to bed in the early hours, waking at mid-day, and wandering round the country, or in the pleasant lonely lanes near his house. If by some chance the

day was not so spent, he indulged in starlight rambles—a thin, light figure in odd habiliments, in list shoes, advancing silently through the darkness.

His presence at Lasswade was the signal for a crowd of beggars who *would* tell him their doubtful stories, and who *did* get his money—the largest share going to borrowed babies and drunken old women. He set a morbid value upon his papers, and their not being disturbed. They accumulated till he was “snowed up,” which meant that there was not an inch on the table to set a cup upon; that his bed could not be made up for the weight of papers there; that there was not a chair that could be used for sitting on; and that the track from the door to the fireplace had been cut off even for his own careful treading. When his lodging had reached this state of things, he locked the door and went elsewhere. He was a reassuring man for nervous people to live with—the commonest incident in his household at night being the casual remark, “Papa, your hair is on fire;” of which a calm “Is it, my love?” and a hand rubbing out the blaze, was all the notice taken. So passed the days and nights, and months and years, of Thomas De Quincey, opium-eater, scholar, author, and man of genius.

The early friends and literary contemporaries of De Quincey dropped off one by one—Coleridge and Lamb in the same year, Hood, Hartley Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and last his life-long friend Wilson. He was growing old, and his health, which was never strong, was becoming feebler. The slightest extra effort wearied him; laudanum lost its effect, and his sleep was broken and fitful. Just after his seventy-fourth birthday a physician who had been summoned to see him found him in his parlor sitting on a sofa, but resting his head on a cushion placed before him. He came again and again, and found him weaker and weaker. At last he refused all food.

One night when his landlady's sister had left him and his daughter had taken her place, he woke up, and she saw that he was anxious about something. She went and sat down by him, and he said he was grieved at the coarse manners of some rough fellows. What had they done? Well, she knew that he and the children were invited to the great supper. Did she know what supper he meant? No. Well, he was invited to come and bring the children to the great supper of Jesus Christ. Wishing them to have suitable dresses, he had them all dressed from head to foot in white; but some rough men in the streets of Edinburgh jeered at and made the children ashamed. His daughter Margaret was sent for, and great was his pleasure on seeing her. “How is mamma?” he said; nor would he address her by any other name. Toward evening his weakness became extreme. “Mamma, I cannot bear the weight of clothes upon my feet.” His daughter pulled off the heavy blanket, and wrapped a light shawl around his feet.

“Is that better?”

“Yes, my love, I am better in every way. I feel much better. You know these are the feet that Jesus washed.”

As the night wore on, his physician came and sat with his daughters. Twice only was his breathing interrupted by words. He had for hours failed to recognize his children, but they heard him murmur distinctly: “My dear, dear mother. Then I was greatly mistaken.” As the waves of death rolled faster and faster over him, he threw up his arms, which to the last retained their strength, and said, as if in great surprise: “Sister! sister! sister!” The loud breathing became slower and slower; and, as the world of Edinburgh awoke to work and life that December morning, all that was mortal of Thomas De Quincey fell asleep forever.

AWAKENING.

I THINK I could do without you,
Perhaps, while the sky is fair,
And the infinite smile of Summer
Glows in the golden air;
When Earth with its myriad whispers
Breathes in the ear of Day
The secret of that great glory
That waits her—far away.

For, indeed, there are fairer faces
That shine more bright in the sun,
And voices whose tones, it may be,
More smoothly and sweetly run;
And when over vale and meadow
Peace, like a mantle, flows,
Who dreams of the distant battle,
Who doubts the heart of the rose?

But when to a night of sorrow
Rises a day of scorn;
When out of the smile comes treason,
And out of the rose a thorn;

When the soul is sick with thinking
Of the plots and the lies of men,
Of life and life's long travail—
Could I do without you then?

O heart, more true and tender
Than ever was heart before!
O hand, whose faithful clasping
Holds fast for evermore!
O sweet, pure soul, unchanging
Through doubt and loss and pain,
Shall I, so slow to know you,
Know now at last in vain?

Behold, I come and whisper:
“Weary and bruised and hurt,
I plead for grace, not honor—
For mercy, not desert!”
Will you stretch your hand and lift me
Out of my own unworth?
For I know I can do without you
Never again on earth!

A WEEK IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

IT was a glorious September morning when I first awoke in a remote Highland inn, after sleeping off the effects of a tiresome journey, during which I had incessantly to look after the few *impedimenta* with which, as an unhampered and unfastidious American, I had contented myself during my brief sojourn in the "mother-country." It was, in truth, a faultless day—the deep azure of the heavens seeming to be almost tangible, the air soft and caressing, and redolent of that balmy fragrance which is the most exquisite charm of a day in autumn. Looking through the window, I could see the narrow vale of Glen Nevis, with its shallow, silvery stream meandering between banks just fringed with a vivid green, that died away imperceptibly into the dark-brown heather which clothed the valley and the mountain-side. On each side extended a range of low hills, whose slopes were striped with the torn channels of wintry torrents, now dry and overgrown with stunted birch and purple heather-blossoms. There was a stillness and languor in the hazy atmosphere that was suggestive of our own sweet Indian-summer; for it was the same sweet, silent, solemn sky—that faint memory of summer in which consists the frailty of surpassing loveliness, to which we give the sadly-suggestive name of the "Indian-summer."

There was a smart knock at my door. "Come in!" The door was gently half-opened, and a head—such a head!—protruded toward me. It was that of a young lad, with a look of age on his smoky face—a face that was nearly annihilated by the masses of unkempt, tow-like thatching that fell over it. Seizing a handful of that colorless, perplexed garniture of his, and nodding with dislocating emphasis, he said, "Her breakvost is wetting," and vanished. On descending into the sanded parlor of the little inn, I found an ample meal prepared of eggs, fresh trout, and wheaten "scones," of which I heartily partook, under the superintendence of the hostess, a fresh-looking matron in muslin cap, or "mutch," and homespun gown. During my rather vigorous performance, two little wonder-struck urchins, in tartan frocks, kept gazing at me, finger in mouth, that was surrounded with the stain of molasses, as if I were quite a new specimen of humanity. On mentioning my curiosity regarding the shock-headed waiter to the good lady, she laughingly said: "And, indeet, it was no other but chust Jan McTougal, the parish idiot, and he is a very good, wise laad—that laad, though he not know the English ferry lew."

I bore a letter of introduction from a London friend to a gentleman in Fort William, named McIntyre, who was a superintendent of excise; and after breakfast I walked along the pretty, white, winding road into the village. Fort William is an Invernessshire village of some two thousand inhabitants, situated on Loch Linnhe, and, from its situation at the southwestern extremity of the Caledonian Canal, along which swarms of pleasure-seekers travel on

their way to the moors, lochs, mountains, and wild but picturesque scenery of the western Highlands, it presents an appearance of great bustle and liveliness during the summer months. The Caledonian Canal was constructed by the Government at enormous expense, to connect Lochs Ness, Oich, and Lochie, so that even frigates-of-war might pass from the North Sea to the Atlantic without making the dangerous passage of the Pentland Firth; but, from want of depth and other causes, it has not yet been of much use—except to the flourishing Glasgow Steamboat Company, that sways its large passenger-trade.

On my arrival, I received a truly Highland welcome, at which the inevitable decanter, containing the colorless fluid so much beloved by the inhabitants, was present. My entertainer was a hale old man, with a family of one son and six daughters. On further acquaintance, the girls proved to be charming company, full of fresh, boisterous spirits and ready wit, and not at all behind their compeers of the city in mental accomplishments, even *if* their accent might not have been up to the Belgravian standard. The son, Ronald, was as fine a specimen of manhood as it has been my lot to see. It was a positive delight to gaze upon him, for he impressed me with the grand possibilities of even our physical conformation. He was six feet four inches in height, and proportionably built; with piercing gray eyes, a wealth of color, and glossy black hair. And he was—what to my inquisitive propensities was not quite so attractive—as meek and reticent as a nun; but this reticence by no means proceeded from lack of either learning, humor, or sociability.

On the third morning of my visit, the McIntyres took me to a shooting-party, called together by the local proprietor, Lord Abinger. The party numbered thirty, besides a score or so of "gillies" to load and prime, for most of the sportsmen had two fowling-pieces each. There was a fine stretch of moorland before us, dotted with those heathery knolls so dear to the red grouse; on our left, at some distance, was a fresh-water loch, with a border of fen, that was strongly suggestive of teal and snipe; and looming grandly on our right was the king of the British mountains—Ben Nevis. When all was ready, the party broke up into knots of twos and threes, extending over a considerable distance, and then began the "gentle sport" in earnest, for it was an unusually favorable season. Before that incomparable day expired, and the sturdy ponies were laden with the rich and beautiful spoil, I saw enough to lead me to the belief that perhaps the most interesting sport to be found anywhere is the shooting along the foot of the Scottish mountains. One never knows what an acre of ground may produce. It may be a hare, rabbit, partridge, duck, snipe, plover, woodcock, or any of the grouse family except the ptarmigan—so that at the close of the day there may be half a dozen different varieties in the game-bag. And the best of it is,

that one need not over-exert himself, for often within gunshot of a farm-house, on the outskirts of a hamlet, in a turnip-field just within hail of the mansion, round some abrupt turn of the highway, down the rugged slope where the tangled brushwood is uninhabited from season to season, across the rude, moss-covered dike—anywhere and everywhere, the sportsman may be on the alert. This, at least, is surely a bright result of the once-detested game-laws; and, although the right of shooting is reserved exclusively to those who can pay heavily for it to the local proprietor, to the English “milor,” who hires half a county for the gratification of his destructive propensities, or to the pursy and ubiquitous London wine-merchant who, by dint of his golden staff, pushes his way into the ranks of the blessed, yet every straw-thatched cottage in the district reaps substantial and savory benefits from the incessant musketry which enlivens the Highland moors during the season.

There is sometimes, of course, a sad waste of powder. The vexatious snipe, for instance, is admirably calculated to try the patience and unruffle the starchiness of the cockney millionaire, as he may shoot a whole month at one and never kill it. The baffled look of rage and despair on the vinous face of the city novice, as “Jeems,” with a dry, palatal chuckle and a well-assumed stare of stolid indifference, hands him his piece over and over again without results, would throw Mephistopheles himself into ecstasies of cynical delight.

At two o'clock the party assembled in a birch-copse for luncheon. Troops of ladies were there to meet their fathers, husbands, or brothers; and among them the brilliant Countess of S—, formerly—as I was informed by a clansman, with a look of unmitigated disgust—a London *prima donna*, and now the best equestrienne and the most unconventional character in the county. “But,” continued this kilted autocrat, with grim satisfaction in his icy tones, “she is never received into society whatever; and she gallops about more like a man than as a lady, and moreover a countess, should.”

“But surely,” I said, “she must have *some* home society?”

“Yes—no; she lives the most of her time, except when she is in London, away yonder in Badenoch, in a beautiful castle on the Spey, near the foot of Cairngorm,” and he pointed toward the dim, blue outline of the noble central Grampians. “There must be something wrong with her,” he continued, in an awed undertone, “for she never goes to church! But she is ferry good to the poor—oh, ferry good!” This he said with a look of suddenly becoming conscious that he might have been too sweeping in his censure of a lady to one who was a perfect stranger to him.

My curiosity, generally lively, was stimulated; and—pardon me, ye who are ever and justly jealous lest a citizen of the Great Republic should demean himself by sycophancy or grandee-worship—I stationed myself where I might fairly examine this *mala avis*. Superb! She was standing in a careless attitude, listlessly caressing a gigantic mastiff,

which seemed not unaccustomed to such homage; and, as she left him to speak to her attendant, I could scan her perfect *physique*, the bewitching figure, the ineffable grace of bearing and movement, the sweet but pensive expression on the pale, noble face, and heartily could I say, “*Incedit regina!*”

“Whatever is the matter with the man?” exclaimed Ronald McIntyre, close at my side. I started, and must have looked confused, for he laughed aloud, and, shaking his head, said: “Ah, Gordon, my boy, beware! Come along with me, and let me introduce you to a countrywoman of your own, who is a gem of a woman; only I am sorry to say this climate of ours has made sad havoc with her looks, and health as well—she is a confirmed invalid, poor lady!”

“Who is she?” I asked, with some impatience, and feeling that strange, yearning outgoing of the heart that the meeting with one’s country-folk in a foreign land awakens.

“Come and see,” he replied.

We approached a group of chatty people who were standing around an open carriage, and a portly gentleman, with the unmistakable stamp of Britain on his face, turned round and cordially took my hand as Ronald said, “Lord Abinger, my American friend, Mr. Gordon.”

“I am glad to see you, sir—glad to see you. This is Lady Abinger, who, as your countrywoman, is naturally pleased to meet you,” he said, while the rest of the group edged away.

The worn and delicate little woman, half reclining in the carriage, held out her hand, and in a faint but kindly voice, and with a glimmer of enthusiasm in the poor, faded eyes, expressed her pleasure at meeting her countryman.

“The Highlands don’t suit *me*, at least, Mr. Gordon. I have only been ten years in the country, going all the while from Inverlochy here to London, and from London to Inverlochy, in search of health, but only getting weaker at every turn.” I expressed my profound regret. “But why,” she said, brightening up, “don’t you ask me what is my native place?”

“Oh, I wait for your ladyship to tell me. The inquisitive spirit must be kept within bounds on this island, I believe.”

“Well, I suppose I must shock your Northern instincts—Mr. McIntyre told us you are a New-Englander—by telling you I am a daughter of an officer in the Confederate Navy. There! What do you say to that?”

“Only that I am extremely sorry to see in your ladyship so melancholy a type of the fortunes of that cause,” I replied, with some feeling.

“I am not quite sure whether I ought to take such an expression of sympathy as that in good part or not,” she said, playfully.

I was warmly invited by Lord Abinger to call at Inverlochy Castle, and offered the freedom of moor and mountain; but the time I had at my disposal only admitted of my calling to say farewell before my departure, and, meanwhile, I was anxious to make the ascent of Ben Nevis, to see Glencoe, and

to get a flying glimpse at the strange medley of people who make the floating population of Fort William during the "season."

Evening came, with its long, delightful twilight, and I returned with my friends to the village. After dinner I retired to write letters, but I must have been more fatigued than I felt, for I had no sooner sat down in the ponderous arm-chair than I fell off into a dreamless nap, which must have been of some duration; for, when I awoke, it was with a sensation of cold and discomfort, and my room was getting dark and gloomy. I looked in amazement through the window across Loch Linnhe to the Argyshire coast, and lo! a scene of such drizzly desolation as draweth the cheer from the heart of the son of man!

Loch and adjacent mountains were steeped in rain and mist; darkness brooded over the moor; the green slope of Ben Oig was changed to a yellowish brown, and streaked with brawling torrents; and the one rambling street of the little town sloppy and deserted, and overcast with that appalling dreariness which is to be found in its very acme only in a seaward town during a rain-and-mist storm. Not an honest, blustering, angry storm. I am patriotic! Not only so, but I can gaze hopefully at a whirlwind of temper, while I loathe sullenness, or, as the Scotch *used* to call it, "strunts," in their own very incisive but now almost discarded language. Therefore give me a merciless Vermont tempest, that descends at once in all its might and fury and exultant ferocity, only to be forthwith rent and hurled back into Erebus at the peremptory, resistless beck of his solar majesty; give me that, trebly enraged, before the mean, oozing, pervading, silent, disheartening clamminess of embrace of a Highland rain-mist. Was there ever a Scottish poet who left his own country to look on other skies, and, having returned to it, sang its soaking glories in the tender but knew-nothing-better strains of his youth? It is not the heavens that seem to rain in Western Scotland; it is the earth itself that appears to be throwing up this sombre, pale exhalation of miasmatic vapor. When, oh, when, did the Princess of Thule live, that she should have been so highly favored beyond other mortals of the damp-and-erie-hating order? I thought of poor Lady Abinger, and thought, too, she might well be faded!

"And the waters prevailed over the land" two days and two nights, and when at last the plague had expended its force, and I was timidly contemplating the feasibility of a walk, young McIntyre burst in upon me with an open letter in his hand, exclaiming:

"Come, old fellow, I promised you a glimpse of the older Highland life, and I am going to give it you. Chieftain McNab, who reigns fifteen miles away, has sent me an invitation to be present at a gathering of his almost extinct clan, and for your sake I don't mind if I go."

"But when shall we visit Glencoe?" I asked; for I was less enthusiastic about bagpipes and usquebaugh than about mountain-cap and yawning gully.

"As soon as we return. We shall be gone only a day or so."

After riding for four hours over the long reach of elevated moorland called "The Braes of Lochaber," a district which seems to be, in its entirety, under mediæval Romish control, we passed a gray, cold-looking Catholic chapel, surrounded by a few fields of "clover" and "stooked" oats, and we were within the territories of the McNab. A sharp bend of the road brought us close to the residence, and at my wish we halted for a space to take its bearings. It was merely a large, square, and rather uncouth-looking tower, overgrown with masses of ivy. The grated and irregular windows told that the walls were of enormous thickness; a corbeled battlement surmounted the top, from the stone bartizan of which the standard of the owner was floating. The situation of this primitive fortalice was well chosen—it was perched upon a projecting crag, which overhung a small but beautiful sheet of water, having in its centre an islet, with the ruins of a chapel. The light-green birch, and sepulchral pine, flourishing wild and thickly, grew close to the edge of the loch, and cast their dark shadows upon its now unruffled surface. Around, the hills rose abruptly from its margin; some of them were covered with foliage to the summit, and others bare and bleak, with the exception of the whin-bush or purple heather; while, dimly seen in the distance, rose the misty crest of Ben Nevis. A little *clachan*, or hamlet, consisting of about twenty green-thatched cottages, clustered together with kail-yards behind, occupied the foot of the ascent leading to the tower; these were inhabited by the tenants, farm-servants, and herdsmen of McNab. A few men were about the fields in shirt and kilt; and three or four old women, clad in the varied tartan of their name, and their heads ensconced in stiff, white "mutches," sat busily spinning on turf-seats before their doors. The whole scene was intensely interesting and patriarchal, and I could have gazed longer, only we were drawing attention to us, and therefore we made our way straight for the tower-gate, where our entertainer was waiting to receive us, surrounded by his unbonneted retainers. Erect in person, stately in step, graceful in deportment, and strong and athletic in form, he appeared in every respect the genuine Highland gentleman as he advanced to bid us welcome in a few but pithy words. He was verging on seventy, but his eye was clear, keen, and bright, and his weather-beaten cheek and expansive forehead were tinged with a ruddy tint that made him look the impersonation of health. Unlike his servants, who wore the dark tartan of their clan, he was attired in the usual dress of a country gentleman, and wore his silver locks thickly and unnecessarily powdered, and gathered in a thick cue behind.

After exchanging the usual courtesies, we ascended a winding staircase, preceded by a servant in tartan, and were ushered into the hall, or principal apartment it contained, the roof of which was a stone arch. At one side was a large fireplace, on the mouldered lintel of which appeared the crest and

badge of the clan. At each end of the chamber was a window of moderate size, with a stone mullion in the form of a cross; one commanded a view of the loch and neighboring forests, and the other the distant outline of the Ben Nevis group. The walls were adorned with hunting, fishing, and shooting apparatus, sylvan trophies, intermixed with targets, claymores, Lochaber axes, old muskets, matchlocks, and a hundred other curiosities. The furniture was of oak, and old, black mahogany, massive and much dilapidated. A few old, faded portraits hung on the blackened walls; one was that of a stern old Highlander, whose white beard flowed over his belted plaid, and who seemed to scowl disapprovingly at us.

We passed the remnant of the evening in conversation, and I discovered how much a generous course of reading may do for a man who is practically shut out from the world. For the rest, of course, the McNab was one of the few chieftains who still adhere tenaciously to the old *régime* of clansmanship, who have canonized Prince Charlie, accepted under protest the Hanoverian dynasty, deplore the degeneracy of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and maintain that the bagpipe was instituted by Gabriel in solemn conclave of the first-grade seraphim.

We passed the next day in the hills—after the red roe and fat black-cock. I did not see much game; and, feeling somewhat indisposed for exertion, I wandered alone among the mountains overlooking the village. Toward the afternoon I retraced my steps to the tower, and just as I was issuing from a stunted pine-grove I came upon two gigantic fellows bearing on their shoulders a stout pole, from which was suspended by the heels a large deer. Its branching antlers trailed on the ground, which was sprinkled with drops of warm, red blood falling from its dilated nostrils and a death-wound in its neck, which had been gashed across by the murderous *skian-dhu*. A number of red-eyed dogs accompanied them, displaying in their forms the long and muscular limbs, voluminous chest, and rough, wiry coat of the old Scottish hound—a noble animal, once common over all Scotland, but now very rare.

At six o'clock we dined solemnly on salmon, grouse, and venison-steak, with crisp oat-cake, pungent blue cheese, and smoky-tasted but excellent cold toddy by way of dessert. Meanwhile the old piper of the family was pacing with stately, consequential air to and fro under the windows, with the expanded bag of the *piob mhor* under his arm, blowing from its long chanter and three huge drones that "tempest of dissonance" which, by-the-way, Virgil must have had in his mind's-eye when he wrote the three words, "*Stridens Aquilone procella!*" And truly he himself was a sight to see. Though low of stature, and about sixty, he was of a powerful and sinewy make; his face was rough and purple from drinking and exposure to the weather—now, owing to his delightful preoccupation, doubly purple; his long, sandy whiskers curled round beneath his chin, and grew up to his eyes, which twinkled and glittered fierily beneath their shaggy brows; a smart blue bonnet, set jauntily very much over the right

eye, gave him a knowing look; his knees, where exposed by the *filladhbeag* (kilt), were hairy and rough as the hide of the roebuck; his plaid nearly swept the ground behind him, and a richly-mounted dirk, eighteen inches long, hanging on his right side, completed his attire. But it was the expression of serene self-satisfaction, of exuberance of content, on the fellow's face when for a moment he would withdraw his mouth from the chanter, and the gingerly, dainty spring of his gait, that struck me as being the most inimitable and soul-satisfying combination of the pompous and ridiculous that mortal man need wish to witness. I fervently blessed the fellow in my heart of hearts; it was too good to laugh at—it was a thing to treasure up, and set against all the absurdities that Leech ever conceived.

At night we had a symposium extraordinary around the massive old table. Those present numbered fully seventy stalwart men—some of them of other clans. They were reticent and courteous to a man, though some, through whose girlish shyness I succeeded in making a breach, displayed a quiet, unobtrusive humor that was absolutely winning and graceful. There were no ladies in the company—the only female in the house being the cook, an old Frenchwoman, who, as I was told, "knows more of history and of the ways of courts than all the compilers in Great Britain." I have not the slightest doubt of it, and I regret to this day that I had no time to "interview" her. Pipers were there in plenty, though, and a few of their hated rivals—the "fiddlers" of Neil Gow's untutored but bold and expressive school; toasts were solemnly yet vociferously drunk; the difficult and graceful but Saxon-abused and Saxon-misconceived "sword-dance" was executed by six men in succession to the bounding though half-mournful tune of "*Gillie-Callum!*" and rambling monotonous of ancient legend were crooned, that would have led captive the Celtic-loving heart of Professor Blackie. To me, as being an American Sassenach, and therefore wearing the sacred character of a "strange guest," a special honor was accorded. On the benches along each side of the table stood two ranks of kilted worthies, with the left foot on the table, and the right hand grasping a silver-lined horn "quoich" full of the pale nectar; and while six pipers, drawn up at the head of the table, sounded the clan-pibroch, the toasters—after shouting in hoarse concert in Gaelic, "Up with it! up with it! down with it! down with it! now! NOW!"—drained off their horns, and I—was matriculated.

When we rode slowly homeward early the next morning, there was such a vile, leaden feeling over my temples, and my scattered recollections were so interspersed with compunctious twinges, that I felt strongly inclined to quarrel with Ronald. It is the orthodox thing, and it "comes so natural"—to seek out a scapegoat on which to vent the spleen that is generated by one's own disturbed conscience. I felt under a confused impression of having been admitted, in my dreams, among the Olympian divinities, and of having been stupefied by discovering, on

gaining the summit of the sacred mountain, that I was unmistakably removed beyond the influence of the law of gravitation, and that the Muses were horrible ogresses with shaggy beards and raven voices. After riding for a whole hour in silence, I ventured to look in my companion's face. Yes, the scoundrel was actually laughing!

"What a heathenish mess that was you took me to, McIntyre!" I burst out on him—just to save myself from laughing with him, for I felt that I was rapidly evolving the ridiculous. It was of no use—we both roared out with a vehemence which startled a terrified hare into a mad scamper, and sent a covey of moor-fowl whirring away with pell-mell rapidity. When we regained some measure of quiet and reason, Ronald said, with a lengthened visage:

"Upon my word, Gordon, I had no idea you Americans were so intensely appreciative of our national dance."

"As how?" I said, suspiciously.

"How! why, you did that sword-dance to perfection, only you kicked away the edge off McNab's best blade; and as for the hilt—"

But I heard no more—I was off in flight with the speed of the wind, and I shudder to think what my utterances may have been.

That afternoon we took passage by the steamer Mountaineer—one of the handsome, fast-sailing Hutcheson steamboats—to Ballachalish, a distance of ten miles; and hiring ponies at the pretty hotel of that port, we cantered up Glencoe, the wildest glen in Scotland, and the scene of the notorious massacre of the Macdonald clan. It was a fine, still evening, and though there was a thin veil of mist overhanging the upper part of the glen, still we had a fair opportunity of examining the dire confusion, and the innumerable elements of sombre grandeur which combine to make this wild spot one of the most striking of Nature's handiworks. We were altogether about five hours threading some of the most notable of its fastnesses, and scrambling over its huge, porphyritic rocks. From my notes I condense a few of its characteristics.

The glen consists of two parts, differing in direction, each about three miles in length, and separated by a low, rocky barrier. The lower or northwest end opens up Loch Leven—not Queen Mary's Loch Leven—and this portion of it is covered with rich verdure, and the course of the river marked by alder and birch trees spreading up the face of the lower slopes of the mountains, which terminate in naked and furrowed acclivities of a singular but not attractive intermixture of colors. The character of the other division of the glen is that of unmingled wildness and grandeur. On the north side, porphyritic ranges rise into a continuous series of high, naked, sharp-edged, and serrated precipices. The mountains which form the southern boundary are rounder, yet loftier and more bold, and they project unequally into the glen. From the fastnesses—many of which are inaccessible—numerous torrents descend into the plain. The impending gloomy

precipices are really awful; their ragged outlines and bold front, seamed with torrents, and shattered by storms, form a scene not only wonderful but terrific. The mountains on the north side of the glen terminate so sharply as, at one particular spot, for a space of some yards, to resemble the roof of a house. To surmount this critical obstacle requires no little nerve and resolution, for the only way to advance is to sit astride and crawl cautiously along the narrow ridge; yet, as my companion told me, many fox-hunters do not hesitate to perform this trying adventure, burdened with both dog and gun. Nor is this the whole of the exploit, for a little farther on they have to leap a height of ten feet from the summit of the precipice to where the slope becomes so gentle as to make this practicable by care and dexterity. A pass of a different nature, and more avoided, because safety depends less on skill than accident, is on the face of the pass of Glencoe proper. It is a very steep gully, the sides of which are covered with loose stones, which any slight disturbance brings tumbling down in great quantities. McIntyre told me that five lives had been lost here in four years; and yet he recollected an old woman who, to a very advanced age, almost daily followed her small flock of goats up this dreaded hollow, unconcernedly engaged in spinning with her old-fashioned rake and distaff. The glen possesses three sheep-farms, and a few huts in the lower portion, but the latter are deserted in winter, and the owners of the former have their houses elsewhere.

My sleep was sound enough that night when, after returning to the now peaceful village, I sought my little room, into which the moon was shedding her pale, faint beams.

"Ronald, I have only two more days with you, my friend, and you know I vowed to make the ascent of the Ben before I left—you are not forgetting, are you?" I said to that worthy the next morning.

"No, Gordon," he replied, with a start; and, advancing impulsively to me, he seized both my hands, and continued, in kindly, earnest tones: "*Couldn't* you stay another week with us, old fellow? Why, I am only just getting to know you!"

I thanked him cordially, but showed him the necessity for my departure at the specified time.

"Well," he said, "there is a party to start to-night from the Caledonian Hotel, in order to be at the summit by sunrise, and we can join them by paying the guide his crown. I half promised a few friends of mine to bring you along with me to a spree they are having at the hotel this evening, and—"

"Ronald!" I interrupted, aghast, "I am not going to submit to being killed with kindness for any Mac that ever breathed. Thursday night's 'spree,' as you call it, will serve me my lifetime."

"Oh, this will be nothing of that kind, I assure you," he said, laughing; "it is a tribute of respect to one of our prominent steamboat owners who has won the affections of the people by annually giving the children of the western Highlands a trip to Staffa

and Iona. However, if you wish it, we shall merely look in on the company."

And a medley, in truth, I found the assemblage to be that were lounging about the spacious and handsomely-furnished rooms of this very fine hotel, in noisy and cheerful groups: clergymen, commercial travelers, cockney tourists, "younger sons," "dour" sheep-farmers, puffy lairds, strutting, consequential officers—military and civic—a sprinkling of ladies of the dowager type, and laughing knots of rosy maidens shyly "making game" of everything around them. One could hit off those faces and costumes to a nicety, and read in them nationality—English or Scotch—occupation, social status—almost everything; for the British face, Saxon or Celtic, takes very decidedly, despite its outworks of reserve, the cast of its prevailing god.

It was a clear, cool night when Ronald and I joined the little party of sun-worshippers who aspired to ascend four thousand three hundred and seventy-three feet of as bleak and perilous mountain-slope as the Scotch mountains afford. We were driven in three coaches to the base of the mountain, where we arrived at twelve o'clock, with four hours left to make the ascent before dawn. On our way I had had a glance at the dark, crumbling walls of Inverlochy Castle, all that remains of a stronghold whose antiquity no Schliemann cares to ascertain; and also at the handsome modern structure of the same name occupied by Lord Abinger. At the Ben Nevis Distillery, which was to be our starting-point, and which nestles cozily in the shadow of the mountain, guarded by a *posse* of government "gaugers," we were each handed a flask of the "mountain dew," as inspiration for our journey; then, each man grasping his staff, and responding to the hoarse "Are—you—ready?" of the guide, we marched away in pairs.

When we had accomplished the easier half of the ascent, most of us were suffering from intense thirst, and we halted beside a tiny stream to have a draught, qualified with a portion of the now warm contents of our flasks. There was little conversation: all seemed to have set themselves down to a piece of hard, silent work. The peak of the mountain was not yet visible, being far withdrawn behind the range, and we could only see above us a dark semicircle drawn across the sky. As we slowly climbed the slope, picking our way among masses of rock and patches of strong, prickly heather, the precipices on our right and left were appalling in the dismal shadows which filled them; but the sense of power and calm self-possession was exceedingly sweet, as from time to time we paused to take breath and look around us. At last we emerged on a damp, barren plateau, and sighted the peak. Up the arch of the opposite heavens the moon, within one day of being full, was sailing. While for some minutes we leaned against the shattered boulders, which pointed their long, weird, parallel shadows toward the lurid northeast, she appeared exactly touching the cone of the mountain—the projection of the peak on the disk darkening for a time our faces to each other, and lifting off the plateau, as if by magic, the attenuated

reflections of the rocks. Only for a short though gloomy interval, however; for the queenly orb sailed aloft, cleared the mountain, and bore splendidly away through the tinted sky. The motion was quite visible, and resembled that of a vast balloon. All the lower portions of the mountain were deeply shaded, while the peak, craggy and irregular, was fully exposed to the raining moonlight, and it seemed to be swimming in a splendor that was intoxicating to behold. We traversed the plateau, and in less than another hour we had scrambled up the steep into the cold, ghostly moonlight, and simultaneously it seemed as if the rest of earth were extinguished to us; for beyond the circle of light all was darkness. And here was the pure perennial snow, very fine-grained and a little moist, and sending a chill through the body as we slowly walked across it to the rude stone shelter that was our goal. It consisted merely of blocks of stone that had been thrown confusedly together from east to west when it had been first discovered that Ben Nevis surpassed by a few feet both Ben Macdhiu and Cairngorm. We squatted down in compact order as best we could, and proceeded to draw on our flasks and sandwiches. A few lighted their pipes, and there was a faint attempt at jocularity, but it died away into space like an echo, while not a few were soon snoring in their rugs, in imminent danger of suffocation.

"You are lucky, shentlemen," said our guide, emphatically, after draining off Ronald's flask to the last drop. "We are going to hef a ferry fine tay; and, intee, I hef known the nobility not to fare so well with the weather.—Thank you, Master Ronald, it iss goot whiskey!" he concluded, returning the flask, after looking to see if there was any more left to make him further communicative.

As for me, exhausted as I was, and cold as were my extremities, I felt somewhat elated to observe that I was not a whit more worn than was my Herculean mate, who presently, with his plaid-enshrouded head poking into a niche in the rude wall, was locked in sonorous repose. I have heard soldiers snoring in their crowded tents after a sweltering, hard field-day; but nothing to compare with the melodious voluntaries on the top of that mountain.

"Ah, look yonder!" I heard some one, as in a dream, exclaim near me, in an earnest voice.

I rose up quickly. The moon was declining, and the eastern heavens, low down, were rapidly assuming a deep-purple hue, above which, and blending with it by infinitesimal gradations, there was coming out a belt of red, and over this again zones of orange and violet. At length a faint illumination overspread the west; no cloud was to be seen; as far as the weather was concerned, we were going to have fair play. The dawn advanced; the eastern sky became illuminated and warm. The sun had not yet smitten the snows of the lower mountain; but the whole eastern sky was becoming deep orange, passing upward through amber, yellow, and vague ethereal green, to the ordinary firmamental blue. Away to the north purple clouds were becom-

ing dimly defined, hanging perfectly motionless, and giving depths to the spaces between them. There was something saintly in the scene—a something that bewhispered the repression of all action, and the substitution for it of immortal calm. At last arose the great artist of all this, the sun, flooding the revealed panorama of hill and silver-lined vale and burning loch with unspeakable glory. Here and there along the lower slopes there appeared faint, white streaks of mist that lost transparency as the moments advanced. The gauzy haze of the distant air on our plane, though sufficient to soften the outlines and enhance the coloring of the seemingly endless mountains, was far too thin to obscure them. Over their crests and through the valleys the sunbeams poured unimpeded save by the mountains themselves, which in some cases drew their shadows in straight bars of darkness through the illuminated air. Far off to the southwest could be seen the island of Bute, resting like a couchant lion on the deep, and surrounded by a score of the islets that dot this portion of the Atlantic; and, perched on the woody face of every

sheltered bay, shone the white walls of some outlandish village port.

This strange, sweet light was fleeting, however. Soon the whole horizon assumed its normal morning colors, and heavy masses of cloud, hitherto invisible, or floating in the air like barges of gold and purple, put on the gray, dull livery of full day.

"Are—you—reddy—shentlemen?" croaked the authoritative voice of our guide.

The dangerous mists that almost daily infest the mountain were creeping up with mysterious celerity, and, if we wished to have an untroubled descent, we must go at once.

Our descent was rapid, apparently reckless, amid loose spikes, boulders, and vertical prisms of rock, when a false step would assuredly have been attended with broken bones; but the senses were all awake, the eye clear, the heart strong, the limbs steady yet flexible; and in three hours we sat down to breakfast in the village—I, for my part, feeling as I might if I had been just awakened from the pleasantest dream of my life.

THE SISTER ATHANASIA.

SITTING in Father Geron's little parlor, and looking dreamily through the window, past the neat white chapel buried in the pines and birches, to the broad expanse of the White-Horse Plains beyond, shimmering in the fervid heat of a June day, I am roused by the voice of the father resuming the thread of a discourse which, I fancied, had died out and been forgotten in the languor and silence of the past half-hour.

"Yes," he says, meditatively, in his broken English, "conscien', that is the bez guide, ain't id? I am a *Catholique*, you is a *schismaticque*; I thing the confezion is right, an' you thing it is hall wrong. Well, then, I go ad confezion an' ged some res'; you go an' ged honly disturb'; *mais* 'tis a matt' of conscien' wid us both the same. For you'id h'would be a sin, *mais* for me id is hall right. A man he muz nod go again' his conscien'."

When, without altering my position, I languidly assent to the father's proposition, he continues:

"Rilligion is a very strange. I know one time a man, he thing it was wrong to hear the music of the vesper. When I ask him what is the matt', he say, 'Tis me conscien'—me rilligion; every man muz have the rilligion he like the bez.' Well, then, thad man—he was the moz funny man thad I never see—he learn to play hon the horgan, and he comes ad the vesper every Sunday evening. After some time he say, 'Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make me 'appy like dat?' an' he makes one *Catholique* of hisself, jus' for the music. Yass, an' he go ad the confezion, too!"

As if in unison with the father's monologue, there come floating in at the window, with the droning of the bees, the rustle of leaves, the scent of flowers, and the songs of birds in the birch-trees, the first plain-

tive notes of the vesper-hymn. The exquisite strains, softened by distance and chastened by the accompaniment of Nature's divine harmonies abroad in the air, fill the little room with a volume of sweetest sound; now a plaintive, entreating chord, like the feeble utterance of a despairing yet hopeful soul; again, an impassioned fullness, mounting upward like a whirlwind, and seeking to storm the very gates of heaven in its defiant yet triumphant melodies. For a moment we sit drinking in the strains, unwilling to mar the sombre yet delightful effects by speech or motion; then Father Geron slowly rises, and, donning his *soutane*, says, softly, as if still loath to break the subtle spell:

"*Allons*, me fren', led us come yonder."

Passing through the shady and grass-grown churchyard, amid the fragrant flowers and shrubs which the sisters have planted wherever the rays of the sun, reaching down like amber fingers through the interstices of the branches, may impart a genial influence to their early blooms, we enter the chapel. The closed shutters of its stained windows lend a twilight gloom to the number of oak-carvings and time-stained decorations; and the cool atmosphere of comparative desuetude is in pleasing contrast to that shimmering ether which radiates over the plain in rippling undulations of fervid heat.

When the reverend father has passed on up to the altar, and I have almost unconsciously assumed a devotional attitude, a single voice from the choir begins the joyful notes of the "Gloria." Glancing up involuntarily, I discern through the half-light of the chapel the slender and symmetrical figure of the novice, Sister Athanasia, standing in the little organ-loft projecting from the side-wall. The perfect poise of her lithe figure, and the soft yet firm grasp of the

white hand laid carelessly upon the railing before her, tell of the perfect health and vigorous life which tingle to the ends of her shapely fingers. No form in all the land matches that of the gentle Sister in its shapely curves, its delicate firmness, its plastic and willowy equipoise, its clearly-cut definition, wanting only the full complement of years to ripen into generous fruition. She seems, in her graceful perpendicularity, to have carried the full water-pitcher upon her head from earliest youth, and to have acquired the art of never spilling a drop, whatever unstudied attitude she assumes. Standing in the small organ-loft, the sombre drapery of her order clinging in soft folds to every curve of a figure whose exquisite outline the white and unsightly bands and facings strive in vain to destroy, the magnetism of her strong individuality seems to impart a share of her own rugged strength and buoyant vitality, her firm assurance and perfect repose, to every feeble worshiper within sight of her superior presence. No trace of weak supplication, of doubtful assurance, is there, but a half-defiant, assertive, triumphant, yet softened and chastened expression of joyous tranquillity. One instinctively thinks of the Magdalene, and how fondly the old painters clung to her story.

But Sister Athanasia's is a beautiful face, nevertheless, with a Greek contour and a rich brown complexion toned by the semitransparent pallor of the cloister. Even the shapeless covering which crowns her lovely head seems converted by her marvelous beauty of feature into a fitting adornment. And, as she sings, every trace of earthly feeling passes from her features, leaving only that rapt beatitude which the old masters loved to bestow upon the pleading countenance of the Madonna. It expresses in its delicate sensibility every varying emotion of the vesper-hymn: now tender and pathetic, now grave, now almost gay, now breathing its own resolute, self-contained spirit. What exquisite modulation of tone, what purity and clearness of diction! And yet through and above all run a perfect poise, a calm assurance, an undisturbed tranquillity. No nerve quivers, no muscle trembles, no subtle emotion breaks the equilibrium of frame, or mars the perfect rest of feature.

To me who know Sister Athanasia's past history—how the blood of savage chiefs runs in her veins; how, transferred from the tents to the cloister, she has carried the independence of her old, wild, roving existence through all the rigid training of an ascetic life; how, at times, the dominion of a fierce and ungovernable will temporarily usurps the better instincts of long years of culture, defying control, and laughing the conventual rules to scorn—to me her physical vigor and mental poise afford no sense of wonder. Those who wander through Nature's groves catch the Sabæan odors in their dress, and afterward exhale the sweet perfume with every breath. For Sister Athanasia may be said to live two lives: the weaker, an outward compliance with the obligations and forms of the conventual order which, first adopting her, she for lack of better guardian afterward adopts; the stronger, the old

life, chafing under rigid discipline and constant restraint, and yearning for all that is free and roving in Nature—for the things of earth and air, for human passions and emotions, for something physical, tangible, real, for a sympathetic companionship, perchance for love. From this latter life spring her long walks across the plain at eventide, sandwiched between two working Sisters; her superabundant vitality, independent action, and frequent rebellions; the firm equilibrium of figure and assured bearing.

The firm, even chords of Sister Athanasia's voice sound clear and strong through the vespers in response to the monotonous sing-song of Father Geron. She stands, scarcely altering her position through the hour's service, like some antique statue of Nemesis, as clearly pronounced, as self-contained, as seemingly inevitable. The heat of the day brings, apparently, no sense of its warmth to her; she seems to rise above natural discomforts, as she does above the cramped surroundings in which she moves. When, later on, we have quitted the chapel and again pass through the shady churchyard, Father Geron shakes his head in comical dismay, as we watch her striding away with the mien of a tragedy-queen in the direction of the Sisters' residence; but, as the long twilight descends upon the plain, and we see the elastic figure of Sister Athanasia disappearing into the horizon, on one of her evening rambles, far in advance of the attending dragons, Sisters Propriety and Discretion, the good father's face lights up with a glow of pride in her vigorous life and supple freedom of limb, and he turns complacently to me with—

"Ah, me fren', you h'would nod confez to me, *mais* the moz rilligious man he h'would make de confez to de *Sœur Athanasie*, ain't id?"

The long summer months glide fervently by, and garrulous little Father Geron has departed on his accustomed itinerary to the Missions of the White Dog. Young Father Paul comes up from the seminary to recruit his slim figure in the bracing air of the Plains, and minister to the spiritual wants of the parish. He brings with him, besides his somewhat effeminate presence, the reputation of an ascetic, and a taste for natural history. Those who judge of the young priest's vitality by the slenderness of his figure are somewhat startled by the extent of his rambles, and the power of endurance he betrays. Beneath the loose folds of his ill-fitting *soutane* he conceals nerves of steel and muscles hardened by the severest exercise. A glance, too, at his pale face reveals to the spectator no trace of mental weakness. Father Paul's will is as strong, centric, and positive, as are the well-knit muscles of his slender frame. The negligent and improvident of the parish soon come to know this, and never seek to take advantage of his seeming infirmity but once. Every parochial duty is performed in due course and efficiently: the services at the little chapel recur regularly; the sick are visited, the penitents absolved; but no further intimacy with his flock is encouraged. The father wanders off upon the plain, or by the river-side, in search of his loved beetles

and rocks, or buries himself among his books. Father Geron's little study comes gradually to assume the aspect of a cabinet of curiosities: the walls are stabbed with innumerable pins bearing burdens of bright-hued butterflies, hideous coleoptera, and many-colored insects; the tables and shelves groan under their lading of stones and fossils. As a consequence, Father Paul's light gun and shooting-jacket come to be more frequently seen than his *soutane* and cane, and his slender but elegant figure and pale face take on a fuller habit and richer coloring.

When young Father Paul chants the mass of a Sunday in the little chapel, the whole parish pauses to listen. The full, ringing rhythm of his voice, and its clear diction, are in pleasing contrast to the unintelligible mumbling of the regular incumbent. There is, too, a grace of action, a smoothness of routine, and a reverence in his manner, that enhances the subtle spell of the service. I think even Sister Athanasia has fallen under its influence. The indifference she betrays at the first service merges into curiosity, then interest, as the weeks roll on. The old calm, equable poise of manner, and self-contained bearing, give place slowly to the play of the emotions; until the supple form, which stood in the organ-loft through the long service without fatigue, now seems to require frequent changes of posture. The beautiful head, which in its airy poise was vaguely suggestive of assertion, even defiance, now droops hesitatingly. A certain tremulousness of frame and suppliant posture have changed the self-contained Magdalene into a pleading Madonna. Even the expression of the beautiful face alters somewhat. The firm, assured glance of the eye gives place to a timid, evasive look, as if in dread of encountering a returning glance; the mobile lips quiver with a curious embarrassment, and take on an expression of unwonted indecision; even the color surges over the face without apparent control, and, after a burning blush, leaves its pallor supplemented by a whiter hue. I observe, too, that when Father Paul glances into the organ-loft, to note the beginning of her chant, her eyes fall beneath his, and her voice rises with a perceptible tremor of tone. The rugged strength, the firm assurance, the perfect poise of her manner, are gone, and in their stead comes a tender womanhood—the wistful attitude, the pleading glance, the pathos of tears. The emotional nature supplants the dominion of abundant vitality, and the typical woman emerges from the chrysalis.

The long walks in which Sister Athanasia was formerly wont to indulge are gradually discontinued. From passing Father Paul upon his rambles with a charming indifference to his existence, a sudden coyness seems to possess her, and she avoids such encounters. When inadvertently meeting him, the constraint of her manner and her eagerness to escape would suggest aversion, were it not for a certain lighting up of feature and the roseate hues upon her cheeks. In lieu of the evening rambles, she devotes herself to the care of flowers, flitting in and out among the beds of waving blossoms, herself the

fairest flower of them all; or sits musing at her window, gazing absently across the plain where Father Paul is making his collections. Indeed, the youthful *père* seems to have time and attention for nothing else; and it is a matter of doubt whether the changing manner and infrequent greeting of his fair chorister have even suggested themselves to him. He goes upon the even tenor of his way, after the strict discharge of his parish duties, without apparently noticing the changing lives about him. So it happens that his clear voice chants the vesper-hymn of a Sabbath with its usual firm, reliant, melodious notes, while Sister Athanasia's once assertive contralto becomes subject to fitful changes. The neglect of all those cheerful exercises which once ministered to her abundant vitality, and sent the tide of life in healthful currents through her veins, tells upon one whose rich physical nature has hitherto been the prime condition of her being.

As the summer months wear slowly on, the changed appearance of Sister Athanasia takes on a deeper hue. Standing in the organ-loft, the droop of her rounded figure seems more clearly defined, and the old firm grasp of her hand upon the rail has given place to an uncertain tenure. The rich color which so lately came and went beneath the damask of her cheek is supplanted by a permanent pallor; the full ripe lips have drawn more sharply over the mouth, as if to conceal some secret which she scarcely dare breathe to herself, but which, buried in the recesses of her bosom, cowers among the ruins of her peace. The eyes which, but a few weeks since, fell beneath the glance of the father, now seek his with a wistful, yearning tenderness in their luminous depths. How eagerly she watches every graceful motion of his well-knit frame, and drinks in every tone of his melodious voice! How she pours out her soul in the vesper-hymns, so simple, so touching, so plaintive, breathing forth such a soul of wretchedness, of hope, of fear, that every listener is mute and silent! And how wan and woe-begone she looks when the vespers close, and she turns away from the place where the poor heart has been cheated into a momentary forgetfulness of its bitterness!

In the early autumnal days the Mission of White-Horse Plains is alarmed by a threatened inroad of *Surcies*. Father Paul's nomadic parishioners warn him that, on his long rambles, his light gun and shooting-jacket may attract the fire of some lurking savage. But the youthful priest never for a moment pauses in his eager search for strange coleoptera and forgotten fossils. True, the extent of his wanderings is circumscribed somewhat; but the *soutane* never supplants the many-pocketed shooting-coat to tell the peaceful calling of its wearer.

One evening it comes to be known that Father Paul has started upon his usual quest, and the dim torchlight fails to note his return. The scared parishioners gather in a little knot by the chapel, and discuss in anxious tones his probable wanderings. Across the churchyard I observe the white bands of the Sisters, standing expectantly upon the veranda of their residence. The dusky night-shadows are rap-

idly falling, blending all objects in a vague, indefinite outline. Out upon the plain a faint, almost imperceptible thread of umber marks the horizon-line. The evening wind sighs over the level expanse, bending the tall grasses with a mournful rustle; and the wild-birds pass and repass with plaintive cry over the sedges which form their summer home. Suddenly the outline of a man is projected into the gloom—a man running with rapid and eager strides toward the chapel. Straight in he comes with slowly-decreasing rapidity of footstep, his slender form thrown forward, and the marks of exhaustion visible in his flagging gait. As he nears the inclosure, a second figure, more clearly cut, more sharply defined in its semi-nudity, rises from the wild-grasses. A resonant twang sweeps by on the night-wind, as the shadowy form sinks back invisibly to the earth again; the swift runner pauses a moment in his rapid flight, throws his arms wildly above his head, staggers feebly, then falls upon his face to the ground. The long grasses close over his form, shimmering and bending beneath the breeze, and inexplicable loneliness again broods over the plain.

The little knot of parishioners, dazed by the sudden spectacle, regard each other in a stunned way devoid of vocal expression. They are scarcely con-

scious of the flitting of a woman's form across the churchyard and out through the long herbage of the plain—a form which throws itself wildly upon that other shadowy outline lying upon the dank grass, calling upon it in tender tones, caressing it with fond touches. How it pleads for its love! With what a yearning tenderness it pillows the pale face upon its bosom, and calls upon the fainting spirit to return to life, to love! What a pathos is there in the soft hands parting the hair from the damp brow, and what infinite affection in the luminous eyes! How she wraps the slender form in her strong arms, and showers kisses upon the pale lips! What a depth of misery in the plaintive wail that her love is dead! What a joyous, triumphant hope upon her glorious face when returning life flickers up through the ashen death-hues!

My lord the bishop comes up the next day from the episcopal palace, and Father Paul is carried away to be nursed back to life and vigor. A light wagon, with an appropriate cover of inky blackness, and convoyed by stern old Father Antoine and the two dragons, journeys with Sister Athanasia toward the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE recent discovery of some new portion of John Keats's correspondence with friends and relations cannot but possess deep interest for those to whom English poetry, either in its present or past development, is a subject at all invested with attraction. It is true that the letters recently offered to the American public through the *New York World* by the poet's niece, Mrs. Speed, a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, are not all now published for the first time. Any one familiar with Lord Houghton's charming book will easily recall the one which begins "My dear Sis." This letter was written by John Keats to his sister-in-law in America, at a time when this lady's husband, George Keats, was in England effecting the settlement of his father's estate. It is a most charming and brilliant epistle, full of wit and grace. The fact of its having previously appeared in Lord Houghton's book should only serve to find new readers for that delightful volume.

The history of Keats's brief and melancholy career is widely enough known for the eminence of his present fame, when compared with the utter neglect shown him during his lifetime, to strike thousands with the sharpness of intense contrast. About fifty years ago this poet, who was then a mere boy of four-and-twenty, died in Italy, of a disease supposed by his friends to have been the result of literary disappointment and chagrin, attended by one devoted admirer and friend, Severn, esteemed but among very few a poet of anything like remarkable powers, and he himself feeling so convinced

that his efforts had been of little consequence and his short life a complete literary failure as to give with his dying breath the charge that "Here lies one whose name was writ in water" should be the motto inscribed upon his tombstone. To-day, after the lapse of half a century, we find that even the most ordinary details concerning this dead poet, provided they possess the least flavor of novelty, are deemed of sufficient importance by the public at large to fill a conspicuous place in one of our popular morning papers. There is a tremendous sort of antithesis in these two opposing strokes of circumstance. It is, indeed, almost vehement enough to stay at least momentarily the pen of some merciless reviewer, even though he may be most fixedly convinced of how worthless an affair is the book which he purposes to annihilate.

For many years to come time can have no tarnishing effect on the reputation of Keats, and it is, indeed, doubtful whether the literary world ever so keenly realized as in the present day how broad and salutary has been the influence of his unique and lovely genius. Keats's poetry was full of the most striking imperfections; his warmest admirers will admit that between "Endymion" and his later poems there exists a wide artistic difference; and it is probable that if he had ever reached the age of thirty even such exquisite work as "The Eve of St. Agnes" would have worn a certain comparative crudity beside mellowed and maturer achievements. But no merely technical faults could from the

first conceal to such anointed eyes as those of Shelley and Leigh Hunt the splendid riches of that mind whose worth is now so broadly recognized. Keats's influence over modern poetry is, perhaps, greater than that of any dead English poet except Shakespeare. It was he who first showed us the marvelous possibilities of which mere expression alone is capable. He might, indeed, be called the very father of word-painting, that shamelessly-abused art, about which recent times have flung a sort of newspaper vulgarity, but which, if cultivated with a certain discriminating respect and wholesome avoidance of exaggeration, is beyond doubt a force full of admirable possibilities. He used words as the painter uses pigments, contrasting them in hundreds of beautiful ways, winning from them new effects of darkness or of light, of brilliancy or dullness, of dazzling radiance or full, gorgeous color. Picturesque writing was brought, through the special agency of his extraordinary poems, prominently and permanently into vogue. The line which describes autumn's "universal tinge of sober gold;" or that which fascinatingly tells us of how the young, love-thrilled Porphyro stood "ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star;" or the glimpse we get in the palace whence Madeline flies at midnight, of "the arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound;" or that exquisite simile, "as though a rose should shut and be a bud again"—all these are cases in point, taken at random from hundreds of similar ones.

There is no doubt that the poetry of Tennyson, trimly as it compares with the lavish, untrained luxuriance of Keats, is largely indebted for inspiration to the author of "Lamia" and "Hyperion." Passages constantly occur throughout Tennyson's writings in which this influence shows itself in a very marked way, and that it should exist is a fact none the less easily accountable than pleasantly true. Keats left to English literature a kind of vast poetic domain, ill-managed in various portions, here and there choked with rank overgrowths, sometimes requiring patient drainage, often demanding vigorous efforts of proper cultivation, but always, from its inherent resources of opulence, susceptible of the most valuable and superb improvements. Tennyson may be said to have thrown into terraces and parterres what Keats found in blooming wildness. There are some to whom this negligence of beauty will always offer stronger charms than anything like orderly sweetness, and perhaps for such reason alone the poetry of Keats will continue, through many years to come, wholly unaffected by the work of his more artistic and painstaking successors.

When we reflect upon the enduring attributes of this man's fame—how, like the ivy of his native land, it has steadily entwined its thrifty life about the stonework of English intellectuality; how the peculiar and delicious fragrance of his thought has become inseparable from all highest literary culture; and how his relation toward both preceding and subsequent poetry resembles one of those portions of some noble river which seems a lake, but is, in reality, only a broader interval amid the river itself—when these notable points are considered with due justice

to their importance, we cannot but feel that Keats, in dying at so early an age, lost far less than is generally believed. He lived, it is well known, in a period when literary jealousies would seem to have been more venomously alive than now: perhaps the remainder of his life might have been troubled with even keener disappointments than those which he had already experienced; and furthermore it is possible that those very qualities of glowing eloquence which made so exquisite a feature of his poetry written in early manhood, might not have redeemed, with advancing years, what then appeared such golden and exuberant promise. On questions of this sort, however, the most speculative opinions can alone be expressed; but surely, in a world where so many lives are wasted amid utter aimlessness, the man is to be congratulated who has purchased so much rare delight for his fellow-creatures, even at the price of his own wounded sensibility and premature death.

WE doubt if, notwithstanding all the talk current about liberty and constitutional guarantees, people are not at heart very generally lovers of Cæsarism. Power, when it enforces our own ideas of things, is very apt to have a fascinating visage; obviously no man likes authority when it thwarts his own purposes, but usually it affords him great delight when it thwarts the purposes of other people. So inborn is the love of power, the passion for an authority which shall make all things conform to certain preconceived notions, that everybody's ideal community is a place where his conceptions of propriety and life are specially carried out. Every political dreamer's Utopia, for instance, is a land where a will of some kind operates to the suppression of all those things the dreamer believes to be wrong. The moralist loves to imagine a society in which all forms of evil, as he understands evil, are sternly restrained, and all forms of good beneficently encouraged, by an authority competent to attain these wise ends; and he is usually wholly indifferent to the encroachments upon individual liberty that may incidentally mark this (to him) righteous administration. The ecclesiastic is confident that, if the moral and mystic tenets of his creed were universally accepted, peace and harmony would bless all mankind, and hence naturally dreams of a catholic unity under one acknowledged head. The statesman permits his imagination to depict a community under the control of one trained and competent hand, where each interest is protected against all other interests, and order is enforced and prosperity secured by the wise and unquestioned administration of that ruler. In brief, people are always in love with arbitrary power when it is employed in furtherance of their own notions; they long for a Cæsar to put down everything they dislike, and uphold everything they like. This may seem too broad and sweeping, but as a generalization it is true, however much we may disguise the truth to ourselves. It is certain that every man, who thinks and feels at all, has in his heart the ideal of a perfectly-governed world, an ideal that is colored by his tastes and beliefs, and to which he cannot in his secret soul en-

dure opposition. That would be no ideal world to an ecclesiastic which tolerated heresy ; but what sort of ideal world would that be to a philosopher that did not permit the widest freedom of thought ? That would be no ideal world to a purist that did not overthrow the dominion of the senses ; but the poet's and artist's paradise is one where color and grace, and every form of beauty, hold the senses in rapture. The rich man's Elysium includes as one of its delights perfect service ; but the poor man's dream is of a place where the hours of labor are eased, and all men are made equal.

We see in these instances how diametrically opposed may be the ideals which men are prone to create, and yet every conception involves the restriction or repression of something which other idealists consider indispensable to felicity. How obviously dangerous, then, would be the domination of any one set of these idealists ! How promptly in such a case would the inborn love of power assert itself, and one half the world fall under the subjection of the other ! We are all in love with ideals, and, despite the warnings of history and philosophy, are for the most part quite ready to compel the rest of the world to conform to them. The water-drinker is so intolerant of wine that he would like to marshal the armies of the world in a crusade that would extinguish it ; the churchman is as eager to-day as he was four centuries ago to impose his creed upon an irreligious world ; the moralist is as clamorous for laws that shall regulate men's doings as he was in the days of vexatious sumptuary laws. As a theory, we are all in love with liberty, but commonly the liberty we delight in, the thing we mean by liberty, is the privilege of compelling all the world to think as we do. It is questionable if we ever quite forgive a man who doesn't pay us the compliment of agreeing with us, or quite approve of him who sets up a theory of his own as to his mode of life ; and, with this lofty notion of our own superiority, we only need the opportunity to show that we are quite capable of invoking power for the establishment of our ideals. We are all Cæsars at heart, however much we masquerade as republicans and democrats.

THE name of "the Honorable Mrs. Norton" was very often, and not always flatteringly, in the mouths of the English high society of forty years ago ; but the later generation of that society must have been surprised to find that she was still living when, less than a year ago, her marriage, at threescore-and-ten, with Sir William Stirling Maxwell, was announced. She did not long live to enjoy the honeymoon of her old age ; for paralysis, which was upon her when she became for the second time a bride, has extinguished a more than ordinarily romantic and stirring existence. One of the many brilliant descendants of Sheridan, who seems to have transmitted his genius, and left an ample supply of it to be distributed among his grandchildren, Mrs. Norton also inherited, with her sisters, the personal beauty for which the author of "The School for Scandal" was noted in early life, and which his dissipations in later

years so wofully disfigured. Being, like her grandsire, both social and ambitious of literary honors, she became a conspicuous person in court and aristocratic circles as long ago as the later years of the reign of "Gentleman George." Her beauty was greatly admired, and she was married when only nineteen to Mr. Norton, having then already written "The Dandies' Rout," and some poems, of which "The Sorrows of Rosalie" was the most noted. Mrs. Norton proved herself variously accomplished. She sparkled in drawing-room conversation and chit-chat, she wrote novels and poems which she illustrated with graceful pencil, she shone at the opera, and appeared everywhere where it was *ton* to show one's self. Then came a terrible scandal which could only be confirmed or dissipated by a court of justice, and which, while formally and legally her name was cleared, left her husbandless, and for a while under the displeasure of her old familiar circles. Looking back upon that trouble now, we can see that it was greatly aggravated by the use of the charges against her as a political weapon ; party success seems to have turned on the ruin of a woman's reputation. But Mrs. Norton survived the disaster, retained her beauty, and bravely went on writing, her pen still producing works which had a wide sale and were praised by fashionable critics. At forty, however, if we may believe Crabb Robinson, she was no longer a strikingly handsome person. Crabb Robinson, dining one day at Sam Rogers's, where was present a rising young poet named Tennyson, whom Rogers wished to honor, met Mrs. Norton, and thus speaks of her : "Rogers returned with a lady on his arm. She was neither splendidly dressed nor strikingly beautiful. She instantly joined our conversation with an ease and spirit which showed her quite used to society. She stepped a little too near my prejudices by a harsh sentence about Goethe, which I resented. We had exchanged a few sentences when she named herself, and I then recognized the much eulogized and calumniated Honorable Mrs. Norton."

It is suggestive to compare such a character and career as Mrs. Norton's with those of the wise and earnest woman who, at about the same age, died within a few days after Mrs. Norton. Mary Carpenter had neither time nor inclination for the delights or applause of high society. The path she chose deliberately was more rugged and sombre. Her long life was devoted to the elevation of the moral and material condition of the lowly. Mrs. Norton has left dainty poems and brightly-frivolous fictions, which probably will never be read more ; Miss Carpenter's legacy to the world has been, not only the record of a most indefatigable and useful life, full of good works and most gratifying results, but books which have an evident and perhaps permanent value. Her "Morning and Evening Meditations for Every Day in the Month" will long be a familiar companion in many English and American homes ; and her book on India is one of the most instructive that have ever appeared on that interesting subject. She probably did more in the cause of reformatory education in England, and female education in Hindostan,

than any other person; and her serious and thoughtful presence will be greatly missed from the English Social Science Congresses.

WE have every reason to be proud of our historians, and of the high rank which American works of historical literature attained very early in the youth of the nation; and of our historians the fame of no one was more promptly acquired, or has been more steadily maintained, than that of John Lothrop Motley. His genius for historical portraiture was acknowledged everywhere, at once, on the publication of his first elaborate work. "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" took its place, by common consent, in the rank of great histories; and probably no historian, not even Macaulay or Prescott, has been more widely read or more justly admired. But Mr. Motley was much more than a mere delver among musty records, or even brilliant word-painter of thrilling scenes of the past, and of the lofty figures of an heroic land and age. He was more than an interpreter of the motives of action, a revealer of hidden springs of diplomacy and statecraft. He was himself well fitted, by his culture, his tact, his delicacy, his very clear and energetic mind, to himself adorn the diplomatic office. It was greatly to the honor of Mr. Lincoln's taste and judgment that he should have chosen this accomplished scholar and gentleman to represent the United States at so punctilious a court as that of Vienna; and Mr. Motley's career there was full of justifications of the President's choice. At the court of St. James, Mr. Motley was even more useful; it was a sphere peculiarly congenial to him, where he was the social and intellectual equal of the best types of British scholarship and culture, and where he showed himself as ardently devoted to the interests of his country as he was at home in aristocratic circles. We like to know about the private qualities of a public man. It is pleasant to be told of the traits and habits of a novelist, poet, or an historian, who has deeply interested us, of a famed orator or a brilliant soldier. Mr. Motley's personal character was as attractive as his literary works were polished and vivid. His presence, bearing, appearance, were very pleasing, and his fine countenance and graceful figure were everywhere remarked. One of his intimate friends, in describing his personal qualities, has said that perhaps his most characteristic attribute was "the tender affectionateness of his nature, which within the small circle of his home and friends was irresistibly winning, and which, though less known to the outside world, pervaded his being, and was often the hidden source of that magnetism and fascination which captivated all, and won for him hosts of friends and admirers wherever he was known." He was deeply sympathetic, and not only warm, but constant and unswerving in his attachment to his friends. Among those friends, one of the most distinguished and appreciated was the intellectual Queen of Holland, who, singularly enough, died two days after

the American historian of the Dutch struggle for liberty. The Dutch propose to raise a statue to Mr. Motley's honor, and certainly no other writer of any nation more fully deserves this distinction at their hands.

THE appointment of James Russell Lowell to the Spanish mission is one more of those acknowledgments of the fitness of literary men for diplomatic duties, such as were made in Mr. Motley's case, and in the selection of Irving, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Bigelow, and others, to fill diplomatic posts at different periods of our history. Professor Lowell, while hitherto persistently declining all political advancement, has of late taken an active part as a citizen in political matters. He was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention, and to the Congressional Convention of his own district, was himself spoken of for the congressional nomination, but declined the use of his name, and was a presidential elector. But Professor Lowell's claim to be considered a political power rests on still broader grounds than these. The author of "The Bigelow Papers" was one whose keen judgments of men and character were directed to public affairs, and who evidently understood and could philosophize upon politics. Besides this, Professor Lowell is a profound literary scholar, perhaps the most accomplished purely man of letters in this country. He will carry to Spain, a mind peculiarly capable of studying and comprehending the land of the Cid and of Cervantes. He will appear at the court of Alfonso XII. as a most creditable type of American culture, and will prove a notable exception to the general rule among our diplomatic representatives hitherto, who have in many cases been unable to speak the language of the court to which they have been accredited. Personal influence and prestige have still much to do with success in diplomacy, as may be seen by the triumphs of Ignatieff, Lord Lyons, and Prince Hohenlohe. The social channels through which the diplomate has not yet ceased to do some of his hardest and most delicate work are fully opened to men of the character of Motley and Lowell, while they are inaccessible to the commonplace politician, who is awarded a mission for past services of a doubtful sort. Hence the advantage of sending men of culture to represent us abroad. If there is anything to be done in the diplomatic way, it had best be done well, by those who are able to do it best; if there is nothing to be done, we had better abolish the diplomatic service at once. Professor Lowell is an American of Americans; his works are full of the national spirit, and his whole career has been that of a man devoted to elevating our literature and maintaining our republican traditions. He will adorn a court, but will not be dazzled by its glamour; and we may hope that he will return with fresh and rich material for thought and authorship, gleaned by a residence in a notably romantic land, and among a peculiarly interesting race, and thus add to literature substantial proof that the country gained doubly by his appointment.

Books of the Day.

IN the year 1864 the Hon. E. G. Squier, previously well known to the scientific world from his researches in connection with the aboriginal monuments of the Mississippi Valley and of various portions of Central America, went to Peru as United States commissioner, charged with the settlement of the conflicting claims between the two countries. He accepted the appointment chiefly because it would afford him a long-desired opportunity to examine the ancient monuments of the country; and, as soon as his diplomatic duties were concluded, he began a series of explorations, which occupied him actively for more than a year and a half, and compelled him to travel over a large part of modern Peru, and a considerable section of Bolivia. "My expeditions," he says, in his introductory chapter, "carried me first through the coast-region of Peru, lying between the Cordillera and the sea, from Tumbes to Cobija, or from latitude 2° to 22° south. Within this region lie the vast ruins of Grand Chimú, Pachacamac, and Cajamarquilla, besides numberless others, less known but equally interesting, in the valleys of Santa, Nepeña, Casma, Chillon, Rimac, Cafete, and Arica. From the port of Arica my course was inland over the Cordillera into Bolivia, where are the remarkable ruins of Tiahuanuco; thence to Lake Titicaca and its sacred islands, whence the Incas dated their origin. I believe I am the only traveler who ever thoroughly traversed this great and interesting lake, lying twelve thousand five hundred feet above the sea—an undertaking of no little difficulty and danger, when carried out in a small open boat. From the Titicaca basin my course was still northward over the great divide or water-shed separating the head-waters of the streams flowing into the grand basin of Lake Titicaca from the sources of the Amazon; down the valley of the Vilcanota, which is probably the true parent-stream of the Amazon, to the cluster of mountain-circled *bolsones*, or high valleys, in which the Incas founded the capital of their mighty empire. From Cuzco my expeditions radiated for one hundred miles in every direction, and were carried to the savage frontier on the Atlantic declivity of the Andes. Several months were spent in and around the Inca capital, in many respects the most interesting spot on the continent. Thence my course was to the northwest, very nearly on the line of the great interior road of the Incas, which extends from Cuzco to Quito, crossing the head-waters of the streams which combine to form the Amazon, through Abancay, the ancient Guamanga, now called Ayacucho, and thence back to Lima."

The products of these laborious and long-continued explorations—comprising upward of four hundred architectural plans, sections, and elevations, about as many sketches and drawings, a large number of photographs, and a considerable collection of works of art and industry—have furnished materials for a generous but compendious volume on the "Land of the Incas,"¹ now first published, which, aside from the interest it possesses as a record of adventurous travel, will be welcomed by archaeologists as one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the study of American antiquities. Prescott compressed into his fascinating "History of the Conquest of Peru" all the information concerning the Inca civilization that was gathered by the Spanish chroni-

clers, and the investigations of several modern travelers have been ably supplemented by the efforts of a few native scholars; but there was still wanting a work which should focus, as it were, in a systematic, comprehensive, and authentic manner, all the light that the existing monuments of the country can throw upon Peruvian archaeology, and this Mr. Squier has furnished us. His explorations included all the great seats of the Inca empire and many of the most characteristic architectural relics of their benign and industrious rule; and he does not content himself with the vague general indications that have satisfied other travelers, but, to a description as precise and definitive as words can make it, adds photographic reproductions and plans, sections, and elevations, drawn with the mathematical exactness of a skilled surveyor. Specimens of the ancient work in pottery, textile fabrics, wrought metals, and the like, are also carefully reproduced; and such information as can be gathered from these concerning the arts, ideas, customs, religion, and modes of life of the ancient Peruvians, is lucidly and suggestively presented. Cautious exactness of statement, limitation of inference, and a judicial tone and temper, are the distinguishing merits of Mr. Squier's work. He wastes no time upon those vain, speculative analogies that have insisted upon finding a Phœnician or Egyptian origin for the Incas and their civilization, but exhibits the true scientific preference for solid facts, however meagre, rather than for guesses, however plausible and imposing. He believes the civilization of the Incas to have been strictly indigenous, and gives weighty if not conclusive reasons for the belief, but even here he is not dogmatic, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions from the facts as presented. Most of his readers will unquestionably agree with him; and the question seems placed almost beyond the reach of doubt by his discovery of unmistakable remains of the pre-Inca period at Tiahuanuco and Sillutani.

As its title implies, the book is a record not only of exploration but of travel, and it furnishes the reader with amusement and instruction in about equal measure. The author's journeys were full of incident and adventure, and he describes them in a bright, animated, and picturesque style, which adds a literary charm to a narrative that would be interesting without it. In this department, also, numerous pictures compensate the imperfections of verbal description; and the fact that the descriptions are ten years old in no way detracts from their interest or their accuracy, for, in one respect at least, Peru is genuinely Oriental—it is as rigid and unchanging as the "slow-moving East."

THE position of an American, fresh from the comparative crudity of the New World and confronted with the maturer social forms, the stereotyped ideas, and the artistic riches of the Old, seems to have an inexhaustible interest for Mr. Henry James, Jr. It furnishes the motive for most of his short stories, it was the dominant feature of "Roderick Hudson," and it is almost the sole theme of his latest work, "The American."¹ For this reason there is a certain sameness in his work which, but for his fertility of invention, would detract seriously from its interest; and yet, in spite of identity of situation and similarity of externals, there is an almost complete contrast

¹ Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. George Squier, M. A., F. S. A. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo, pp. 599.

¹ The American. A Novel. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 473.

between "Roderick Hudson" and "The American." In the former, the interest is almost exclusively personal and individual—the characters are more important than, and substantially independent of, their surroundings; in the latter, the individual is subordinated to the social type, and beneath and around the persons whose little drama nominally occupies the stage we are made to see and feel the warring forces of two opposing civilizations. The situation certainly is one of deep and many-sided interest. Christopher Newman is a typical American, who "began to work for his living when he was a baby," as he says, and who, after encountering many vicissitudes and having various experience of life in the army and in the Far West, finds himself at thirty-four the possessor of an enormous fortune, in which he takes undisguised satisfaction, not for its own sake, but because it stamps the unmistakable seal of success upon his efforts. Though uneducated and totally destitute of social polish, he is a fine, manly fellow, physically and mentally, with unimpaired sensibilities and plenty of aspiration of a practical and democratic kind. Having got enough, he determined to leave off money-making and go to Europe, "to get the biggest kind of entertainment a man can get—to see the tallest mountains, and the bluest lakes, and the finest pictures, and the handsomest churches, and the most celebrated men, and the most beautiful women." Among his other wants is a wife, who must be not only beautiful, but as good as she is beautiful, and as clever as she is good—in fact, as he says, "the best article in the market;" and in Paris a female friend undertakes to introduce him to such a one, a Madame de Cintré, sole daughter of the noble house of Bellegarde, whose lineage dates back to the ninth century, and whose existing representatives live in proud seclusion because they refuse to recognize the *régime* of the "*parvenu* emperor." Strange to say, Newman not only wins the love of this lady and the cordial friendship of her brother, but gains the reluctant consent of her haughty mother and of the loftily-aristocratic Marquis de Bellegarde. On the eve of his marriage, however, a combination of motives and circumstances, so complex that Newman himself fails to comprehend them, frustrates his hopes, consigns Madame de Cintré to a convent, and drives him forth a wanderer over the world. The situation is the same as that in "The Spanish Gypsy," which Fedalma describes when she says, pathetically, to Don Silva:

"Our dear young love—its breath was happiness!
But it had grown upon a larger life,
Which tore its roots asunder. We rebelled—
The larger life subdued us."

Without going more deeply into the plot, and thus impairing the pleasure of those readers who have not yet perused the book, we could not do justice to the many admirable and delightful qualities of the story. It teems in every part with the overflowings of a rich and full mind; and an indefinable atmosphere of culture, and refinement, and high thought, imparts a charm over and above the more special attractions. The descriptive portions are as delightful as in all Mr. James's work, the social perspective is admirably harmonious and sustained, and the characters pique curiosity where they do not inspire a more genuine interest. Newman himself is hardly so impressive a personage as Roderick Hudson, but Mr. James has never hitherto produced anything equal to the portrait of Madame de Cintré, whose presence pervades the book like a delicate and exquisite perfume. The minor characters, too, are exceptionally well defined and vividly delineated, and throughout there is a sense both of power and of power well applied. If one pro-

nounced opinion upon it after reading two-thirds, we could understand how it should be considered not only a good novel but a great one; but it must be confessed, as a serious qualification of our praise, that the story breaks down sadly toward its close. It is not merely that the end is painful and disappointing—the most unobservant reader must know that in real life love does not always result in wedding-bells; but in the great crisis of their lives even Madame de Cintré fails to fulfill our ideal of her, and Newman conducts himself so that we almost resent the affectionate interest that we have allowed ourselves to feel for him. Our minds are diverted from the great pity we would otherwise feel for his unhappy fortune by the doubt whether, after all, he really knew what love was, and by the suspicion that we have from the beginning overrated both his moral fibre and his intellectual capacity. This is a sad flaw, indeed, but it is the only drawback upon such work as we seldom have the opportunity of enjoying, and is by no means sufficient to deter the intelligent reader from participating in the feast. "The American" is a book to be read slowly and reflectively, and read thus it will leave a flavor upon the palate as of rich Falernian.

OUR Centennial anniversary naturally caused a great revival of public interest in all that class of literature which could throw light upon the ways, manners, customs, and modes of life of our Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary ancestors, and much valuable and curious matter of this kind rewarded the researches of patriotic students; but, though it is a little late in its appearance, no one made a more decided "find" than Mr. Scudder has secured for us in the "Recollections of Samuel Breck."¹ Mr. Breck, as Mr. Scudder informs us in his excellent preface, died in Philadelphia on the 31st of August, 1862, at the age of ninety-one years and forty-six days. "His memory, which was excellent to the last, could thus span the entire period embraced in the history of our country from the beginning of the War for Independence to that of the War for Union. The incidents in his life were varied; his early associations were with the best society in Boston, his native town; his education in France gave him not only a familiarity with foreign life, but an intimate acquaintance with the French exiles and travelers to this country; his public life took him to Harrisburg and Washington, and made him a valued member not only of the government of Philadelphia, but of various charitable, literary, and financial institutions; while his social position enabled him to associate with the most educated and refined classes in the city." In his nurse's arms he was an unconscious spectator of the battle of Bunker Hill; he saw Washington several times as general and President; knew John Quincy Adams intimately when a young man; dined with Lafayette at La Grange; saw George IV. open Parliament; heard Burke and Mirabeau speak; looked on at a mass in which Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the dauphin, and Monsieur, afterward Louis XVIII., participated; met Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, and Joseph Bonaparte, during their sojourn in this country; listened to Alexander Hamilton arguing a law-case, and conversed at an evening party with Daniel Webster.

It must be admitted that Mr. Breck's "Recollections" are neither so rich nor so copious as the enjoyment of such rare opportunities on his part would lead us to expect. He was nearly sixty years old before he began to

¹ Recollections of Samuel Breck, with Passages from his Note-Books (1771-1862). Edited by H. E. Scudder. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 12mo, pp. 316.

write out the reminiscences of his childhood and youth, and the narrative of these he, for some reason, only brought down to the year 1797. He began to keep a diary in 1800, in which he entered briefly not only his personal experiences, but comments on current events, on the books he read, and on the persons he met, together with occasional reminiscences of the period preceding 1800. This diary he continued to keep until 1856, but it does not seem to have contained much matter of permanent interest, as considerably the largest space in the volume is filled by the Recollections. Both the diary and the Recollections were written by Mr. Breck for his own amusement, with no attempt at literary effect, and apparently with no design of subsequent publication; so that there is no such marshaling and elaboration of material as a professed annalist or chronicler would have produced. At the same time, what is written of at all is treated in a clear and perspicuous manner, and with a certain chaty frankness that is very enjoyable; and the author has that instinct for the characteristic and the distinctive which is the sure mark of the born memoir-writer, and which renders his book a vivid and singularly life-like picture of the first half of the first century of the Republic. "When I read in Mr. Breck's diary," says Mr. Scudder, "how he stood with the crowd before the post-office in Philadelphia and heard the postmaster read from a chamber-window the news of the burning of Washington, I am as free from the influence of steam and the telegraph-wire as were the eager crowd gathered there, and the historic fact comes before me with a far livelier power than when I read it in a formal history." And so, while we laugh over the story of Mr. Tracy's dinner, we get a wonderfully lively idea of the time when our Revolutionary allies were popularly known as "frog-eating Frenchmen." During the stay of the French fleet at Boston, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who had a fine villa at Cambridge, gave a grand feast to the admiral and his officers. "My father," writes Mr. Breck, "was one of the guests, and told me often after that two large tureens of soup were placed at the ends of the table. The admiral sat on the right of Tracy, and Monsieur L'Etombe (the French consul) on the left. Tracy filled a plate with soup, which went to the admiral, and the next was handed to the consul. As soon as L'Etombe put his spoon into his plate, he fished up a large frog, just as green and perfect as if he had hopped from the pond into the tureen. Not knowing at first what it was, he seized it by one of its hind-legs, and, holding it up in view of the whole company, discovered that it was a full-grown frog. As soon as he had thoroughly inspected it, and made himself sure of the matter, he exclaimed, 'Ah! mon Dieu! une grenouille!' then, turning to the gentleman next him, gave him the frog. He received it, and passed it round the table. Thus the poor *crapaud* made the tour from hand to hand until it reached the admiral. The company, convulsed with laughter, examined the soup-plates as the servants brought them, and in each was found a frog. The uproar was universal. Meantime Tracy kept his ladle going, wondering what his outlandish guests meant by such extravagant merriment. 'What's the matter?' asked he, and, raising his head, surveyed the frogs dangling by a leg in all directions. 'Why don't they eat them?' he exclaimed. 'If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them, in order to treat them to a dish of their own country, they would find that with me, at least, it was no joking matter.' Thus was poor Tracy deceived by vulgar prejudice and common report. He meant to regale his distinguished guests with refined hospitality, and had caused all the swamps of Cambridge to be searched in order to furnish them with a generous sup-

ply of what he believed to be in France a standing national dish."

Besides selecting and arranging the contents of the volume, and prefacing it with an appreciative biographical and critical sketch, Mr. Scudder has enriched it with a number of valuable historical and personal notes, and provided it with an excellent index.

EVERY writer who has undertaken to analyze Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Garth"¹ has remarked upon the resemblance which it bears to certain features of his father's work; and the resemblance is so obvious and unmistakable that to omit mention of it would be to lay one's self open to the charge of critical obtuseness. At the same time, it is equally obvious that the resemblance is not the result of either conscious or unconscious imitation, but simply proves that in this case the general law of heredity has not been suspended, and that the predominant characteristics of a very rare and peculiar type of genius have persisted through two generations. Moreover, the differences are quite as striking as the resemblances. For the son, as for the father, the grim suggestiveness of the old colonial period in New England, and that fatalism of Nature whereby the sins of one generation are stored up and visited upon the generations that follow, possess a profound imaginative interest; but the view-point and the method of treatment are different, and in many respects contrasted with each other. There can be no doubt, for example, that in embodying such a conception as this Urmhurst legend, the elder Hawthorne would have selected Cuthbert Urmson rather than Garth as the medium of expiation; the physical ruggedness and violent passions of the latter would have repelled his intellectual fastidiousness, and he would have depicted the battle as fought in the veiled arena of the soul rather than on the stage of active life. And this brings us to the special characteristic of the younger man's genius, which clearly differentiates it from that of his father. There is a virility, a physical sturdiness, so to speak, about "Garth," such as is markedly absent from Nathaniel Hawthorne's writings; and the web of romance is not woven so closely as to shut us out utterly from the motives, and actions, and standards of judgment, of the work-a-day world.

But "Garth" has merits of its own sufficient to give it independent claims upon our attention. It is a decided improvement in several respects upon either "Idolatry" or "Bressant," and seems to show that the author has found a congenial field for the exercise of a very opulent imagination. As in "Bressant," the main interest of the story is concentrated upon the character of the hero, and if the portrait is less pleasing, it is from no lack of power in the limning, but because the type of man depicted is much more complex, and quite as likely to repel as to attract. In Garth the author evidently intended to portray a character in which the most exalted qualities are so equally mixed with the worst passions of human nature as to render it the battle-ground for a continual struggle between the evil and the good, and to make it for a long time doubtful how the struggle would issue. The fault of the portrait is that, in trying to maintain a sense of the reality of the conflict, and to keep the result from appearing too obvious, the author has insisted so strongly upon the rugged side of the character that the other side is rendered rather pale by contrast, and Garth never entirely wins either our allegiance or our liking. His roughness of speech and action often degenerates into brutality, and his higher aspirations too

¹ Garth. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 291.

seldom lift him above the alloy of the baser appetites into the serene atmosphere of the art which he professes to love. For the other characters we have nothing but hearty praise. All are drawn with remarkable vividness and precision—from Cuthbert, the amiable and cultivated cynic; Golightley, the polished rascal; and Madge, the beautiful and bewitching but wicked siren, to the uproarious old parson, and Nikomis, the mysterious Indian squaw. Mrs. Tenterden is, perhaps, a trifle phenomenal in vulgarity, considering her birth and opportunities for social culture, but she can hardly be termed a caricature, and is an amusing specimen of a numerous class. The descriptive and narrative portions of the work, too, are wonderfully fine and varied, a touch now and then reminding us of William Black, while the chapter entitled "Golightley's Double" is quite equal in its ghostly weirdness to anything the elder Hawthorne ever wrote.

The great fault of the work on the artistic side is a strange deficiency or perversity of taste on the part of the author, who seems always, when two courses lie open to him, to choose that which is least natural, and least adapted to accomplish the special object aimed at. The sense of congruity seems totally absent from large portions of the work, and now and then the reader's teeth are fairly set on edge by some incomprehensible crudity of method or expression. It is difficult to define in precise terms the defects of the story, but it may be said with confidence that, in spite of them all, "Garth" is unmistakably a work of genius.

IN preparing his monograph on Charlotte Brontë,¹ Mr. T. Wemyss Reid describes himself as actuated by a desire to remove certain misconceptions regarding her that have arisen partly from false influences from the "Curren Bell" novels and partly from the encouragement afforded them by Mrs. Gaskell's "Life." He thinks that, before undertaking her work, and with but slight acquaintance with the details of the life she was about to record, Mrs. Gaskell had formed her conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, and that "with the passion of the true artist and the ability of the practised writer she made everything bend to that conception." In particular, he maintains that the life of the author of "Jane Eyre," though clouded by sorrow and oppressed by anguish both mental and physical, was by no means so joyless as the world has been led to suppose; and he undertakes to enliven Mrs. Gaskell's too sombre portrait by showing the world that brighter and serener side of her character which she revealed to her intimate friends and associates. The materials of which he has availed himself in the performance of the task comprise a large number of letters, a few of which were partially used by Mrs. Gaskell, but of which most were inaccessible twenty years ago; together with reminiscences and corrections furnished by those who were intimately acquainted with the household at Haworth Parsonage. The letters are valuable and interesting; and the comments which accompany them helpful and judicious, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Reid has contributed to a better understanding of Charlotte Brontë's character; yet one cannot help suspecting that he has unconsciously done what he accuses Mrs. Gaskell of doing, namely, selecting and emphasizing such passages of the letters as support a preconceived view. The only way to have avoided this would have been to print the letters entire and in the order in which they were written; but, instead of doing so, he has grouped

them for artistic effect, and has omitted many passages which he regarded as of too personal and private a nature for publication.

To prevent disappointment on the part of readers who may procure the book with the expectation of finding a complete life of Charlotte Brontë, we should add that it is simply a supplement to Mrs. Gaskell's biography, and presupposes familiarity not only with that work but with the "Curren Bell" novels. To those thus prepared it will prove deeply interesting, but as an independent work it would be altogether too meagre and unsatisfactory.

THE only woman-hater in Mr. Charles Reade's novel of that name¹ is the author himself. The professed misogynist, as usual, turns out to be a guileless, susceptible, and most tender-hearted fellow, whose laboriously-cynical severity against the "wily sex" is a perfectly transparent mask for the most chivalrous sentiments toward the worthy members of it, and whose vocation is as distinctly for married and domestic life as that of the greyhound is for coursing. The author alone maintains a consistent attitude of criticism and distrust, but as the lash of his satire and sarcasm is impartially applied to both sexes, and as noble and lovable representatives of each are admitted upon the stage, perhaps neither has any special reason to complain. Men and women alike are subjected to keen, caustic, and somewhat sardonic observation, and Mr. Reade's opinion is evidently that the vices and stupidity of the one may fairly be balanced against the follies and weaknesses of the other. As to the real *raison d'être* of the story it is difficult to avoid finding it in the fact that the author has crammed himself full of music and physiology, and desired to convict the average person of his or her gross and barbaric ignorance of those important subjects. Subordinate to these and growing naturally out of them was his disposition to champion the cause of the female medical students who were so shabbily treated by the university authorities at Edinburgh a year or so ago, and, as involved in this, the rights of women generally to earn their living in any way that seems best to them—for it is a fine characteristic of Mr. Reade that he feels an intense loathing for oppression in any form. Sanitary reform, the right of women to become medical practitioners, the grandeur and beauty of noble music and the unutterable despicableness of that which is trivial—these are the burden and moral of the book, the two former being embodied in the person of Rhoda Gale, M. D., Anglo-American, and the latter in La Klosking, great singer and Anglo-Dane. "A Woman-Hater," therefore, is that terror of the average novel-reader—a story with a moral; but those who are acquainted with Mr. Reade's previous writings will know that this by no means implies that it is tedious or uninteresting. The stimulus of a worthy motive seems necessary to the exercise of his full powers, and his sympathies are so cordially enlisted in his present subject that "A Woman-Hater" may be unhesitatingly pronounced equal to the best of his previous novels. It has, what is rare nowadays, a complex, skillfully-constructed plot; it is full of life and movement and vigor; it offers a favorable example of the trenchant and brilliant qualities of Mr. Reade's style; and the waywardness and mannerism that have marred much of his later work are far less conspicuous—chiefly, perhaps, because the story was written for anonymous publication. Readers may feel but scant interest in woman's rights, but when once they have begun the story they will be reluctant to lay it aside till finished.

¹ Charlotte Brontë: A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner Armstrong & Co. 12mo, pp. 236.

¹ A Woman-Hater. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Household Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 251.



"I drink to thee, ma belle!"

"The Last Banquet," page 213.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

CHARLES RIVER.

COMPARED with the great rivers of our continent, it is an insignificant rivulet; yet on its banks live two great American poets. The spires of Harvard University can be seen across its marshes, and Mount Auburn, the City of the Dead, where repose the eloquent statesman, the great jurist, the graceful

high tide. The citizens of Cambridge do not enjoy their river. There are no pleasant walks along its banks, no Lindenstrasse, no pleasant seats where one can see the moonlight tremble on the ripples, as there are at many places you and I can remember on the Rhine. After leaving Watertown it flows through



THE CHARLES, WITH VIEW OF CHARLESTOWN.

poet, and the great mathematician, rises steeply from its edge. It is a winding streamlet through New England hills and meadows, until it reaches Watertown, about three miles from Cambridge; there it escapes from a broad dam, forming a shallow river of thirty or forty feet in breadth, and gradually widens as it flows on its way to the sea. At Cambridge it is nearly one hundred feet in width at

salt-marshes and beside banks covered with tenements, the inhabitants of which do not recognize that they live on reclaimed ground, and still insist upon calling the locality "The Mash." Indeed, a poet would see little that was poetical in strolling along the banks of the Charles. There are stretches of low wooden tenements huddled together higgledy-piggledy: houses with no paint, and houses with a

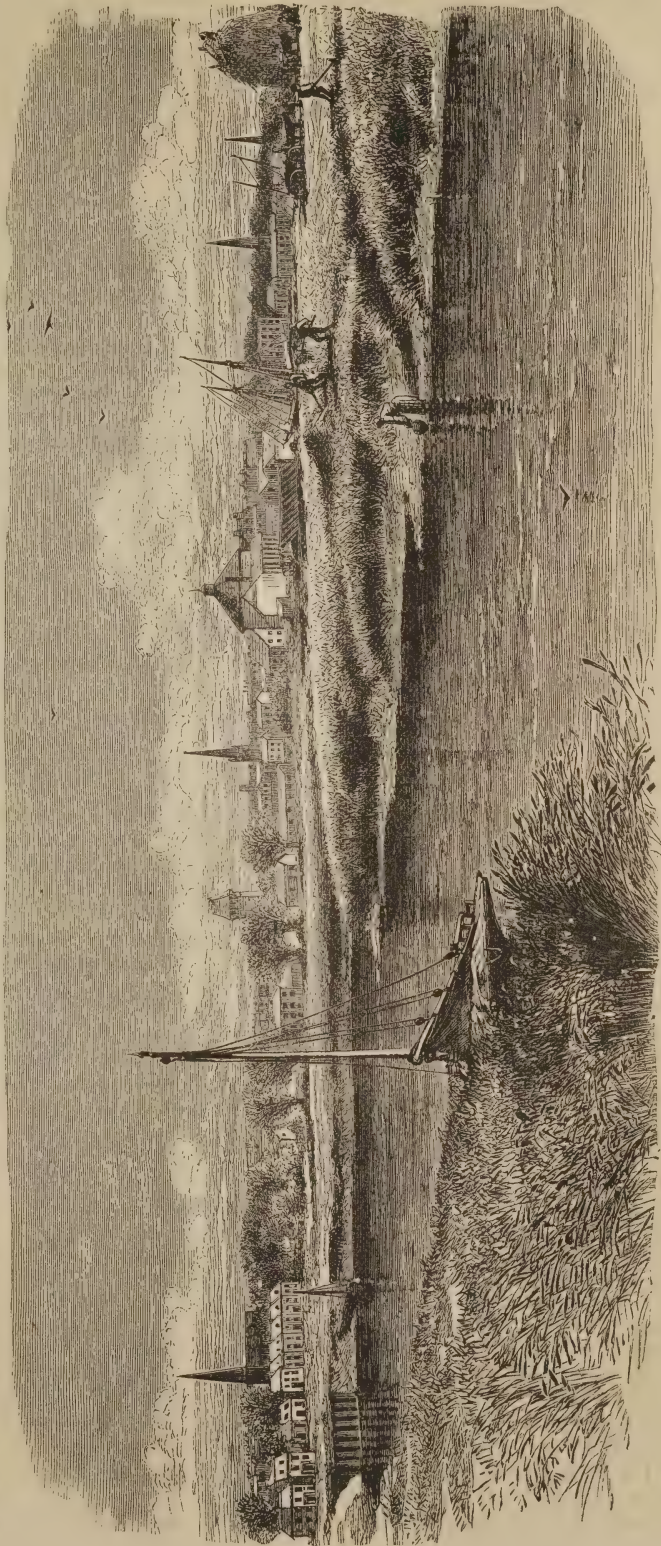
great deal of paint; flocks of ducks quarreling in pools of muddy water; goats upon door-steps; women haggling at the rear of butcher-wagons; boys, black and white, playing base-ball in open lots; and clothes-lines with bits of red and white color here and there. It is only when the stroller along the banks nears Boston that the river assumes a romantic aspect. He who lingers on West Boston Bridge at twilight then sees a sight which few cities in America can equal; the spires of the churches rise across a beautiful inland bay, and seem like the notes of a bar of music. Giotto's tower is there. In the moonlight, with the long row of twinkling lights at the base of the shadowy pinnacles and turrets, one thinks of Venice.

Charles River, however, possesses a charm of its own, and the way to enjoy it is to take a boat and float from Watertown to Cambridge through the salt-marshes. The only conditions necessary for one's enjoyment are: it must be high tide, and if there is a fog, it must be thick enough to shut out the sight of the straggling tenements of Brighton, but not too dense to enable one to see a comparatively distant schooner, or catch an occasional glimpse of the towers of Cambridge. Charles Kingsley, in answer to the interrogatory what kind of scenery he liked best, replied, "Flats, or the sea." I confess to sympathizing with him. There is a peculiar charm in the salt-marshes seen beneath a light veil of fog, with here and there a rounded hay-rick which the full tide threatens to convey seaward. One feels that the swallows can cleave the air over these level salt-marshes and execute their aerial evolutions without the fear of entangling twigs. I suppose that you and I feel also that there is a breadth here in which we can stretch our arms without the fear of knocking over the modern *bric-à-brac* of our surroundings. One must float on the tide to enjoy these marshes—locomotion, indeed, would be difficult, if not impossible. At Brighton the river quickly loses its fresh-water aspect. The salt-grass grows ranker; the occasional reach of flowering grasses, the patches of golden-rod, if in autumn, are swept back by the waves of the dark olive-green grass of the salt-marsh, to the distant uplands, the waters of which are fringed with trees waiting for some artistic eye which shall catch their grouping and suppress the pronounced American villas which peep forth in new paint here and there. In a fog, however, one cannot see these villas. At Brighton there is a wooden bridge which crosses the stream obliquely. Beneath this bridge the freshman from yonder university is apt to get his first involuntary bath in the turbid water of the Charles—for one must know how to guide a wherry through the narrow opening between the piers. The tide flows under the bridge with considerable force, and sweeps light cockle-boats first against the plank sheathing on one side, then against the bare, oozing piles on the other. At this point, about five miles from Boston and from the sea, is the head of navigation. Here, at a neighboring wharf, one frequently sees coasting-schooners drawn up to be unladen of wood and

lumber. How they get so far inland is at first a mystery, for the river is very narrow and winding. I remember one moonlight evening to have seen a schooner, with only her main-sail set, flying through the salt-marshes, her hull concealed beneath the banks of the river. Her masts and rigging swiftly penetrated the light wreaths of fog which were gathered here and there. Not a sound was to be heard. Here, indeed, was a spectral ship worthy to be classed with those apparitions which once terrified the phlegmatic Dutchmen of New Amsterdam. The shrill whistle of a little tug soon dispelled the illusion. These coasting-vessels, on a near view, are unpoetical objects. An odor of cooking comes up from a dingy hatchway; a rusty smoke-pipe sends a faint wreath of smoke amid the tarred rigging; and a dog, saddened by his confined life, sits upon the cabin-roof. In the early evening the swarthy captain leans over the taffrail and smokes his pipe, and gazes with a cynical air at the half-nude figures of the Harvard students as they pass beneath the stern of the schooner in their shells. A conviction passes through the seaman's mind that the true test of strength would be to pull a ship's boat on a stormy sea until the ship's topmasts were sunk beneath the rim of the horizon. A little delay upon the Charles, however, convinces him that some strength and skill are required to manage even a cockle-boat like a racing-shell. While the first sight of the aquatic sports of the Harvard student is a keen surprise to the down-East captains, their wives, who often accompany them, must have poetical memories of the stretch of salt-moor, of the shadowy city towers, of the lights which rest like golden beads along the distant uplands at night, and of the nebulous gleam of the great metropolis at the mouth of the river. Many an Evangeline, doubtless, with a romantic life-history, has sailed up this creek unconscious that in yonder lordly mansion, beneath spreading elms, but a short distance from the river's bank, resides a poet who could glorify the rude incidents of her life. The faces of these women, as they gaze over the schooners' rails, have great possibilities. Sailing through salt-marshes under the safe convoy of a tug, with the distant song of birds, and an occasional waft of the fragrance of fresh fields and blossoming orchards, must appeal far more powerfully to feminine hearts than the rough and stormy seas over which they have come.

After leaving Brighton, one floats beneath the tower of Mount Auburn. Across a neighboring field the great cemetery begins, and the hill-side rising to the tower is thickly covered with marble monuments. One should float here at night in the moonlight, if he has a taste for the weird. Yet one does not like to look up that hill-side; it is better to gaze freely across the reach of marsh to the bright lights of the distant city, and to the suggestions of the wide sea beyond. The stars come down to the city's lights and seem to twinkle with them in gentle friendship. Our friends are not in that graveyard; they are there—over there, among those bright, cheerful lights.

Beyond the City of the Dead one sees the towers of the university - tower Cambridge, viewed from the flooded marsh, reminds one a little of Antwerp. A slight veil of that fog which so often sweeps in from the sea is necessary to soften the view here and there. On the outskirts, beneath wide-spreading elms, is the home of the poet who saw the night-birds fly down to the marsh, and wrote "The Herons of Elmwood" in honor of a brother-poet who also has a keen poetic feeling for the pictures which the Charles River marshes present. Floating here, when the simmering heat of midsummer gives a tremulous outline to the breadths of meadow-grass, there is a certain feeling of coolness even beneath the hot rays of the sun. The salt-sea smell stimulates the imagination when one's neck is broiling. On hot summer afternoons, when the sky is full of cumuli, one can catch rare bits of effect in drifting along just beneath the level of the tall grass. The horizon is shut out; the clouds come down to the lush grass which is crested with sunlight on the bank, and lies in rank masses in deep shadow just above the tide. One can study cloud-forms without distraction of the eye; it is as if one should frame in a square bit of sky just over the edge of an upland pasture. There is nothing to disturb the contemplation of the cloud-palaces save the silently-floating bird, like a spread-out V, far up in the cloud-mysteries. The part of the marshes which we have now entered upon is overlooked by Longfellow's residence. In the summer afternoons the view from Washington's old headquarters is truly a beautiful one. The gleam of the sunlight on the winding river gives



VIEW OF CHARLES RIVER.

an immeasurable poetic distance. Longfellow, in his poem entitled "The River Charles," thus invokes it:

"River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!"

and, in dwelling upon old memories connected with that river, says:

"More than this: thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side."

One of those friends was the world's friend, too, and lies on the bank in the City of the Dead, above the reach of meadow where the winding river writes the letter S. From the top of Mount Auburn Tower the marshes, with the blue river passing through their midst, form a beautiful picture.

Lowell, in his turn, thus describes the view at this point:

" . . . The sliding Charles!
Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,
Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes
Look once and look no more, with southward curve
Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair,
Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold;
From blossom-clouded orchards far away
The bobolink tinkled: the deep meadows flowed
With multitudinous pulse of light and shade
Against the bases of the southern hills,
While here and there a drowsy island rick
Slept, and its shadow slept."

The New England salt-marshes have exercised a strong influence upon our poets and artists. When one visits the salt-meadows in the neighborhood of Salem and Marblehead, and all along the eastern shore of Massachusetts, one discovers a mystical, weird element in them which must have strongly appealed to Hawthorne. The artist who sketches on these meadows, and hears the ocean, scarcely visible as a blue line on the distant beach, must paint with a pervading sense of an immensity of space. To many artists the wealth of browns tempers that desire for bright, garish color which the American atmosphere stimulates. The writer can brood on these marshes over the thoughts which the view of many objects might distract: it is as if he wrote in an unfurnished room with a distant view of the sea.

The naturalist would doubtless find the marshes teeming with life; the general observer, however, sees at first nothing but desolation. Occasionally a brilliantly-colored butterfly flits across the narrow river, or balances on the tall spears of the sedge. In the shallow pools shoals of minute fish dart hither and thither, and trouble the water which before allowed one to see a snail here and there on the dark-brown bottom. The king-flycatcher poises himself for some moments a few feet above the river's bank, and then swoops down; you catch a glimpse of his fan-like tail flickering here and there over the billows of the marsh-grass. Where the grass is short, the cow-blackbird strides along, looking slowly here and there, and forming a strange

contrast to the nervous robin, which runs quickly for a short space, and then stops to survey the scene. The dark pools are full of shrimps—those minute ghosts of lobsters. On frosty mornings one often sees bent, picturesque figures of old men provided with shrimp-nets peering into the turbid inlets along the marshes. There is a wealth of sedge-grasses on these meadows, but no flowers which would attract any one save a botanist.

When a bit of strong color comes upon these marshes, how one enjoys it! The scarlet or blue flannel shirts of the sailors, who are striving in yonder boat to warp the sluggish schooner up the river, harmonize perfectly with the browns and the greens of their surroundings. One catches glimpses of the sky and the clouds in the placid pools on the marsh, which seem to gather added beauties from the poverty of the dark frames of the pictures. The distant ship, which has freed itself from the labyrinths of the river, and now with freshly-shaken-out sails is dropping freely into the open bay, carries one's heart outward with a throb, we hardly know why. When the thin veils of rain drop down here and there, and disappear over the hills, we thank them for the play of light and shade they cause. I suppose that the charm of the salt-marshes not too near a city is in the sense that among those distant towers there are never-ending tumult and noise; here, on the desolate salt-meadow, there are peace and freedom.

The amateur who attempts to paint these marshes in August or September with breadths of simple greens, will find to his surprise that there are subtle hues which transcend the powers of his materials. It is true, he can give the sweep of the salt-meadow with its bands of olive-green interspersed with light apple-green and purple madder; but there are a thousand shades of pink and gray and yellow and violet transfused into what seems at first sight to be a monotone of green. The deep cloud-shadows perplex with the contrasts of sunlit greens quivering against their purplish green and gray shades. For an instant on the middle of the meadow the river shines in the sunlight like silver, and the reflected rays throw an indistinct light over the deep shadows which lie between us and the silver ribbon of the river; then another cloud blots out the shimmer, and in the miry pool just in front of us there are a dozen reflections of the sun, serving to intensify by contrast the gloom of the cloud-shadows which lie on the marsh beyond. A poet's eye has seen these marshes truly. Lowell sings thus of the Charles River meadows:

"Dear marshes! vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light—
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare!
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders vast."

An artist who should float beneath the rank grass of the banks might find much to transfer to his sketch-book. He must work rapidly, however, for the delicate and the gross, the elusive and the too pronounced,

succeed each other in rapid succession. The tide swings the boat from side to side, or leaves one high upon the repulsive ooze of the banks—the organic laboratory of an estuary. Nature here takes no pains to conceal her reactions. I am inclined to think that a poet can deal with this river better than an artist. In verse one sees the salt-meadows and the river through a silver haze of unobtrusiveness. Lowell's poems abound with pictures of this salt-marsh and this little, turbid river. In a "Song" he writes :

"O river! dim with distance,
Flow thus forever by;
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie!"

And again, in his "Indian-summer Reverie:"

"Below, the Charles—a strip of nether sky—
Now hid by rounded apple-trees between
Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a woodland screen,
Then spreading out at his next turn beyond—
A silver circle like an inland pond—
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green."

Floating just below Mount Auburn, we are in the region over which poets' eyes have ranged and subtilized the materialism of the marsh and the river. Beyond those sand-banks at the left lies the poet's house. In the garish light of noonday the meadows look prosaic enough. The unpoetic soul, who sees the river only at such times, is tempted to smile at a poet's pictures. The abattoirs of Brighton are plainly in sight and make their presence felt. Problems of Irish tenement-houses and sewerage of great cities crowd upon the mind. Yet there is a charm in that river and those marshes even at mid-day, for there is a great reach of sky over all, and a broad expanse of salt-meadow holding the unutterables widely apart. This is what the poet sees:

"On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses
Soak up the sunshine; steep the brimming tide
Save where the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side."

The repulsiveness of the marsh, however, is like a passing frown upon a mobile human countenance. One must live near salt-marshes to discover their beauties as well as their ugliness. There is a close analogy between our feeling for the struggling river and its mud-embayed borders and our feelings for humanity. The fresh, dancing rivulet, issuing from green woods and flower-gemmed pastures, here runs sluggishly and turbidly on its way to the sea, which moans only five miles away. A crowd of similes rise in one's thoughts; they are too patent to write on this page. The river and its wide salt-marshes have many delightful moods. Nowhere can the soft spring sunshine lie more gently than on these hazy meadows. In that "Reverie of Indian Summer" from which we have already quoted, Lowell writes:

"In spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
O'er which the light winds run with glimmering feet;
Here, yellower stripes track out the creek unseen;
There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches meet;

And purpler stains show where the blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to fleet."

When the grass grows in July and August so that it can wave with the passing breeze, there is great mobility on the green page spread before you. At times, before thunder-storms, the low-lying, angry-looking hills seem to be gnomes, who are shaking the green carpet spread from ridge to ridge. A canoe would be the best thing in which to float down the river. The voyage should be toward evening, at high tide; then the cloud-effects are very beautiful in the west. But I would have you turn your back at what all the world is noticing, and mark the delicate gradations in the eastern sky, above the towers of the distant cities. The thunder-clouds lie oft in great white and rosy cumuli over the Cambridge steeples, as if loath to leave the brilliant sight of the western landscape, which has just been freshened by the rain. Low-lying in your canoe you bring the dark steeples high up against the pearly recesses of the cumuli. Now and then a flash of lightning competes in vain with the bright sunshine. At Cambridge great coal-sheds rise here and there, and tenement-houses have taken possession—probably forever—of the meadows at this point. As one floats onward one catches glimpses, through the bridges, of Boston. The gilded dome rises from the midst of steeples across the wide opening of the Charles.

After leaving the wharves of Cambridge the river rapidly widens, and is spanned by a succession of wooden bridges, through the piers of which one catches picturesque views of chance coasters and of river-banks. At night the Riverside Press lights up the river with hundreds of golden spears. But stay—we shall have a word to say presently in regard to the Charles by night! Now we are floating seaward in the evening glow. When the eastern sky is clear on summer evenings, it shades from blue to rose-color and blue, then to madder and indigo. The river, at sunset, is often as placid as a lake; only a silver line streams from the sluggishly-moving buoy which marks the channel, or from the stern of the shell which is rowed by yonder university-students. On the bridges the middle-aged man pauses and gazes at the university eight which drops down the river below him. His mind is doubtless full of sweet memories of the time when he, too, was an oarsman, and exulted in the possession of youthful vigor and sternly-trained muscles. An etcher could find many subjects on the river between Old Cambridge and Boston. The disjointed wooden bridges frame many tender bits between their piles; and there are greater reaches of distant water with a horizon interrupted by city towers. On a knoll upon the marsh, surrounded by a few straggling pine-trees, is the humble fortification which defends the mouth of the Charles.

I know of no finer city-view than that which bursts upon the sight as one emerges from the last bridge across the river, and floats upon what is termed the Back Bay. Two miles from the edge of the salt-marshes the dome of the State House of Bos-

ton rises abruptly from the water. Every academy of art should send a congratulatory letter to the builders of towers. Steeples are like ships—a little distance makes them all beautiful. Boston possesses a rare beauty in its new towers; its citizens, however, will never appreciate them if they do not build a boulevard or lay out a drive-way around the beautiful inland bay into which the Charles River empties. In a few years tenements and manufactories will surround the water-edge, and the æsthetic will be merged in the practical.

We have floated down the river in the daylight, and, if we have well timed our voyage, we should have issued from the last bridge just as the roseate glow of sunset is fading from the distant walls of the city. Toward the east the sky is fast losing its roseate hues, but in the west the sunset is golden, and the inland bay seems to spread out like a great lake, and reflects every hue of the sky. If you can linger until the full moon soars over the city, contrasting its silvery radiance with the lurid glow of the gas-lights which come out one by one, you will be fully repaid. Imagine a city sleeping on the borders of a placid lake which reflects every light, save where the moon's wake usurps a way for itself, or where a light breeze cuts the reflection of the towers in two by a wash of pearly gray. If a poet dwelt upon the borders of this inland basin, and could see the lights here at night, how the world of literature might be enriched! Perhaps the poet would grow

less of a poet and more of a reformer: for those city lights have much to tell of struggling and suffering humanity. Perchance we should have fewer pictures, and more poems of human endeavor. Standing on some one of the numerous bridges which overlook the lighted city, Hood might have penned the "Bridge of Sighs." It must have been near yonder tower that Longfellow wrote:

"Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Come the thoughts of other years.

"And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then."

While the lights of the city are reflected in the placid bay at the mouth of the river, the inland marshes have lost all their play of color. Often they are covered with a sheet of mist, and the coasting-schooner, which the tide has left imbedded in the mud, seems to be anchored in an inland bay. This last scene upon the marshes Lowell has thus described:

"The moon shines white and silent
On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
Silently far and wide."

TYROL AND THE TYROLESE.

THERE is now living in the Tyrol a gentleman who, though an Englishman, is on his mother's side an Austrian, to whom German is as familiar as his own tongue, and who knows perfectly, from long acquaintance, the feelings, social customs, and the sports, of the Tyrolese. He loves the Tyrolese landscape, the dizzy peaks and inaccessible mountain-walls, the verdant valleys, the innumerable castles which remain in this old theatre of feudal war, and of which one may see a dozen from almost any hill-top. He admires and loves the Tyrolese people. Having adopted their dress in his hunting-excursions, and speaking when he chooses with their southern accent, he has been received among them as one of themselves. In this way he has been brought into close intimacy with many an odd character lost to the world in some out-of-the-way nook among the little-known mountains and valleys of the land. He knows well the priest, the peasant, the wood-cutter, and the poacher. For many years he has pursued that most dangerous and exciting of sports, the chamois-hunt. Following the chase amid the silent mountain-retreats, and, looking down, rifle in hand, from the edges of sheer precipices thousands of feet in height, our Tyrolese-Englishman does not feel that he need envy the crowds in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square.

The scenery of the Tyrol, though nearly every-

where striking and grand, varies considerably in different parts. The number of castles is far greater in South Tyrol than in North Tyrol. These are everywhere, however, so numerous as to form a most picturesque feature of the landscape. The entire country, having but half the population of Yorkshire, contains five hundred and thirty-seven old castles. Mr. Baillie Grohman (for this is the name of the Tyrolese-Englishman of whom we have spoken) conducts us up a steep path to the iron-barred gate of the ancient castle in North Tyrol which is his own home, and, after compelling us to ascend many flights of stairs, seats us in a comfortable arm-chair at a window overlooking the verdant valley of the broad and flowing Inn. This valley, skirted by two parallel rows of noble peaks, terminates in the far distance with the glistening glacier-world of the Oetz and Stubai Thäler. From this window eight old castles are seen, occupying the eminences of hills or perched on the steep slopes of the mountains. Interspersed among them rise the amazingly slender, needle-shaped spires of three churches. These churches are each surrounded by a village, the broad-roofed houses of which are hidden behind groves of apple or nut trees. Such houses as are visible are of the velvety-brown timber which is so sunny and pleasing to the eye. There are only the rings of smoke rising into the sky to indicate the

presence of the human habitations secreted behind bowers of trees. The mountains, with their dark-green background of pine, terminating in the gray cliffs which form the eminences, bring into striking contrast the rich vegetation of the valleys. These are the peculiarities of the landscape of North Tyrol. South Tyrol, divided from it by the high, snow-peaked main chain of the Alps, shows a different landscape. North Tyrol is like the German cantons of Switzerland, having an Alpine climate, while the South, with its vineyards and genial air, is akin to Italy. From a castle-window in South Tyrol twenty-five castles are in view. The verdant pastures of the North are supplanted by scrubby brushwood, scorched to a sombre brown, and by large expanses of vineyards, while the pine-forests have been replaced by stunted fir and ashy-white dolomite rocks. In the valleys the apple and cherry trees have given way to the more variegated and luxurious vegetation of a warmer zone. The landscape also shows gigantic chestnut-trees, ivy-clad ruins, and ancient castles in a good state of preservation, with gardens and vineyards, surmounted in the background by gray cliffs.

The Tyrolese themselves are a bold, intelligent, and excessively hard-working people. They are distinguished even from other mountain-peoples by manly independence, and by an unquenchable love of their native soil. For ages they have been strongly attached to the house of Hapsburg, and their warlike spirit has been trained in innumerable wars. In the middle ages the country was hardly ever at peace. The Tyrol contains one of the lowest passes in the Alps; this pass formed the chief high-road between Italy and Germany, and through this the armies were constantly passing and repassing. But in all these wars, the heroism, superior muscular force, and deadly marksmanship, have generally brought the Tyrolese off victors.

The stubborn attachment of the people to their country is such that a genuine Tyrolese very rarely leaves it for good. Many go away on the errand of accumulating small fortunes—peddlers, musicians, and people in other vocations—but they never fail to return to their native valleys, and settle down to enjoy the fruits of their industry. Some of these men, particularly the singers, have been in all parts of the world. One of them, Ludwig Rainer, the owner of a charming hotel on the shores of the Achen-see, in Tyrol, has been three times to this country, and on his last visit accumulated the fortune which he is now enjoying. Another man, now a well-to-do peasant, has been blown up on a Mississippi steamboat. Though few emigrants fail to return, the

stream of emigration is so continual that in some of the remote valleys, particularly during certain portions of the year, scarcely any men are left. In the Defferegger Valley, during the spring and summer months, there is probably not a man to be found above eighteen or twenty and under sixty or seventy years of age. The women are, therefore, compelled to do the work which men should otherwise do, such as felling trees, chopping wood, and gathering fodder. If you enter one of the village inns, you will see rows of women with their short pipes in their mouths, their elbows on the table, drinking, after their hard day's work, their pint of Tyrolese wine. Our Tyrolese-Englishman tells us that one Sunday



A DIFFICULT FIGURE IN DANCING.

evening he happened to be the only male occupant of the bar-room of an inn. There were a number of women present, and one of them was reading a letter which she had received that day from her husband, who had written from Salt Lake City. Though the writer was only a simple peddler, his graphic but singularly quaint description of the city and of its inhabitants was highly amusing to the listeners. It was very laughable to hear the comments of the women, who had never heard of such a thing as a plurality of wives, and who swore that they would rather be killed than allow any female rivals to enter their houses.

A curious evidence of the primitive virtue of

these people is, that in the joint-stock companies into which they put their earnings they keep no books. The men who contribute the largest sums to these companies have a proportionate share of the net gains. But they have no security in hand for the money invested save the mutual confidence engendered by a strong *esprit de corps*. Twenty or thirty years ago a brisk and remunerative cattle-trade was carried on between Russia and two of the Tyrolean valleys. Tyrolean traders drove their flocks of thirty head of cattle to Central and Eastern Russia; they sometimes penetrated far into Asiatic Russia. The journey usually occupied a year or so, and the profits made were often very high, twelve hundred dollars being by no means an unusual price to obtain for a beast which had been bought in the Tyrol for forty. But this trade has now ceased, the Russians being able to buy English cattle for much less money. One or two villages in the Tyrol are peopled by families which grew rich in the cattle-trade with Russia; these families are now slowly descending into the peasant class from which they emerged seventy years ago.

The *Wildheuer* is a cutter of grass on the mountain-side. The slopes are often so steep that cattle cannot be driven up them, so that the hay must be gathered and brought below. The male and female *Wildheuer* in the picture are engaged in this dangerous and difficult work. The leading characteristics of the Tyrolean rustic are a good-natured courteousness toward the female sex, and a bold and half-defiant, half-saucy manner among men. A muscular, smart young Tyrolean has a good deal the cock-of-the-walk air of an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair. This saucy bearing continues till he is twenty-eight or thirty years of age. A custom dear to a real Tyrolean youngster is to adorn his Sunday and fête-day hat, with the tail-feathers of the blackcock, and with the *Gamsbart*, which means literally "beard of the chamois." The tail-feathers of the blackcock are curved at the end; but if they are turned so that the "hook" comes in a direction contrary to the common manner of wearing it, it indicates a quarrel-seeking gallant, or *Robbler*. A fight is easily brought about by any young fellow who is irritated by the *Robbler's* challenge. He has only to step up to him and ask, "Was kost' die Feder?" ("How much for the feather?"). The answer is, "Fünf Finger und ein' Griff" ("Five fingers and a grip"). In an instant they are at it, and the struggle often ends in bloodshed. Some fifteen years ago this practice prevailed through the North Tyrol, but it has now disappeared in all except two or three of the remoter vales. There are places where it is still unsafe for a native to appear with a "turned" feather. The stranger need fear nothing, for the quick eye of the Tyrolean detects at once whether the wearer is a countryman or not. Mr. Grohman says: "I have often been amused in watching the broad grin settling on the face and mirth lighting up the eyes of a native, as he sees a specimen of that most terrible of Continental tourists—some spindle-shanked 'Berliner,' his *pince-nez*

on his nose, or a pale-faced, shrunken Saxon, strutting about with black-cock feathers on their hats, and displaying the invariable *Gamsbart*—both, in nine cases out of ten, shams thrice overpaid—representing animals which these would-be sportsmen have never seen outside of a zoölogical garden, much less shot." The fact that a village could boast of a famous *Robbler* as its champion at weddings and other *fêtes* was a great matter. If two such *Robblers* happened to meet, or if one, hearing his rival singing his loud, defiant *Jodler* from mountain to mountain, should hasten to the spot, guided by the sound, a fierce struggle for the supremacy in that part of the country would ensue. Severe injuries were often given and received. A year or two ago an old wrestler, and a famous *Robbler* in his youth, died at his native village in the Zillerthal. This man had lost his left eye, the better part of his nose, the tip of his ear, and two fingers; he had also broken an arm and a leg. This is now in great part done away. Such meetings, by the laws and rules which now prevail, are confined to the limits of a mere wrestling-match. The use of the knife has generally been discountenanced by the Tyrolean. A man once caught lowering his hand to his knife-pocket is shunned afterward, and any quarrel with him broken off. Fights happen often on Sundays and fête-days at the *Wirthshäuser*, or village inns. The young men take a good deal of wine and schnapps, and the responsibilities of the *Wirth*, or innkeeper, on these occasions are greatly increased. The *Wirth* is, therefore, compelled to be a man of superior physical prowess or mental authority, for a man who cannot eject quarrelsome or drunken guests should not undertake to keep an inn. The *Wirth* is usually a man of considerable importance in the community. He is a farmer himself, and the owner of four or five horses. He is perhaps at the head of the municipality. He is the man who dares avow any anti-orthodox opinions in the face of an enraged priest; he heads the liberal party, if there be any in his village. These innkeepers played a memorable part in the wars with the French. Of the nine renowned leaders of the Tyrolean peasant-troops, seven were *Wirthe*, among them Andreas Hofer, the Wallace of the Tyrol.

The Tyrolean-Englishman, Mr. Grohman, whom the people of the remote valleys have received into their midst, has been able to see many phases of Tyrolean character and habit which would not appear to travelers. He has been taken into the confidence and intimacy of peasants and hunters because he has adopted their dress and language, and loves their sports above all other pursuits. His Tyrolean dress and appearance have been the cause of some amusing adventures with tourists as well as with natives. His charming young countrywomen take him for a fine specimen of the native chamois-hunter, and want to sketch him. One day, just returning to the pass intervening between the villages of Matrei and Kals after three days' unsuccessful chamois-stalking among the snowy peaks opposite, he stopped for an hour to enjoy the exquisite view from this pass. The

voices of approaching tourists made him seek a retreat among a patch of rhododendrons. Lying there, he heard the exclamations, "Charming!" "Lovely!" "Delightful!" It was a party of his own country-people—a papa, a son, evidently a university man, and two bright and handsome girls. The young ladies, catching sight of him as he was about to get away, sent their brother to ask him to stop and permit himself to be sketched. He answered that it was a three hours' journey to Kals, and that he could not afford the time. The young man, the only one of his party who spoke German, asked, then, if he would be their guide to the town, and the ladies requested that he would carry their shawls. He started on, leading the party, carrying the shawls and knapsack. The latter article had been surreptitiously in-

good fellow, are two florins for you," said *paterfamilias*, holding out his hand. But the porter was off, and fancied himself safe, when the unwelcome *dénouement* was brought on by an acquaintance, who slapped him on the back, and, speaking to him in English, called him by name. "A London barrister," continues Mr. Grohman, "whom I had accidentally met some weeks before while on a mountaineering tour in the Dolomites, was thus destined to tear off my porter-disguise, and, what was far more disagreeable, made me the object of profound excuses on the part of my late 'masters.' Of the blushes of the two charming conspirators on seeing the Tyrolese chamois-hunter transformed into a fellow-countryman, whom they had unwittingly made their confidant on more than one point, it is unnecessary to



LIFTING THE DANCER.

serted into his *Rucksack* from behind. "These fellows don't feel fifteen or twenty pounds more or less on their backs," was the off-hand speech with which he quieted the remonstrance of one of his sisters. For two hours it was his privilege to listen to the talk of the young ladies, who were close behind him. The chief subject of their constant chatter was the concoction of a strategical device for getting him into their sketch-books; and their conversation was interspersed with remarks, not always flattering, upon his personal appearance. When near the inn at Kals, the chamois-hunter, knowing that he would be recognized by some one about the entrance, put down his burdens and was on the point of making off. There was considerable whispering and jingling of loose money among the party. "Here, my

speak; nor of the upshot of the whole mystification—a charming supper in the little parlor of the inn, and a far more charming tour in their company back to Lienz and into the heart of the Dolomites, followed five or six months later by several very merry dinners in a certain house not a hundred miles from Hyde Park corner."

Mr. Baillie Grohman gives us an account of a wedding which he attended in Brandenburg, a little Alpine hamlet in the valley of the same name. He had to traverse a narrow bridle-path, which was covered with snow to the depth of three and in some places four or five feet; it was a seven hours' battle with the snow before he reached the inn of the village, in which the weddings are always held. He was moved to overcome these difficulties, be-

cause he had promised to honor the wedding of a charming young peasant-girl with a special *protégé* of his own. "Countless outstretched hands," he says, "brawny and muscular, small and plump, clean

ments is to throw one's self on one's knees, fold both arms over the chest, and bend backward till the back of the head touches the floor, and gives a few sounding raps on the hard boards; then, with one jerk,

the man regains his erect position without touching the floor with his hands. In another movement the man kneels down and with his bare knees beats a sounding rat-ta-tat on the floor. To jump high up in the air and come down upon the knees with full force, is very common. All these capers are accompanied with loud, shrill whistling and peculiar smacking sounds of the lips and tongue, in imitation of the sounds made by the black-cock and capercaillie. The sounding slaps on the muscular thighs and on the iron-shod soles of the heavy shoes by their great, horny hands, the crowing, loud shouts, snatches of song, intermingled with shrill whistling and furious stamping of the feet with the greatest possible force upon the floor, produce a prodigious din.

In Brandenburg and one or two other Tyrolese valleys which have a particularly muscular fair sex, the girl, at the conclusion of her partner's feats, catches him by his braces, and, aided by a corresponding jerky action of the man, hoists him up bodily. The youth, balancing himself with both hands on her shoulders, treads the ceiling of the low room to the music, while she continues her dance

round the floor. The men are strapping fellows, and it must be muscular young women who can perform this feat. There are sometimes four or five men hoisted at a time, and the singular spectacle adds much to the striking appearance of the ballroom. The girls are fond of smoking, and are seen treading the paces of the dance with a cigar or pipe between their lips.

The dances are short, and follow each other closely. The intervals between them are filled by the *Schnaderhüpfel*, a short song or series of rhymes, sung by a man, expressive of derision or defiance toward some rival. It is sung by one of the dancers standing in front of the slightly-raised platform upon which the musicians sit; his sweetheart stands by his side with downcast eyes and profuse blushes on her cheeks. The object of this affront will compose his rhymed reply with great rapidity. In this way rival bards will continue to throw contempt on one another for a considerable length of time. The girl, if there should be no refrain to her lover's song, has to stand in silence by his side. Love is the subject of most of these songs. A girl changing lovers, or refusing the hand of an ardent wooer,



GATHERING WILD-GRASS.

and dirty, were immediately stretched out to greet me." It was Sunday, and the eve of the wedding-day; the bar-room, or *Gaststube*, was filled with young and old, fair and ugly Brandenburgers. It is not usually the custom to dance on the eve of the wedding-day, but, at his special request, his old patron, the "Herr Vicar," very soon put the musicians at work. In the dancing-room he was immediately surrounded by a group of young fellows offering him, as a mark of courtesy, their bright-eyed lasses. Finding a choice easy, he was soon dancing the *pas seul*—that is, one dance round the room, while the other couples line the walls and fall in at its termination. In Brandenburg and in some other valleys, the male dancer encircles the waist of his partner with both arms, while she embraces him with both arms round the neck. For the first few minutes of every dance the motion of the whole group is slow, and the floor trembles beneath the iron-shod shoes of these immense fellows. Suddenly the music changes, and with it the entire aspect of the room. The man, letting go his partner, begins a series of gymnastic capers and jumps; their heavy frames display an unlooked-for agility. One of the commonest move-

forms a frequent and welcome subject for *Schnaderhüpfel*. The songs are generally of very dubious morality. It is not every young fellow, however, who has skill enough to improvise one of these compositions. A good many have to be satisfied with singing one of the usual national lays, and in this the sweetheart joins.

At twelve o'clock the priest enters, carrying a stable-lantern in his hand, and orders the music to cease. But the dance, on the occasion of the Brandenburg wedding, was afterward kept up till four o'clock, when each dancer accompanied his girl to her home. The guest was compelled to be in the church before nine the next morning in order to see the wedding. On leaving the church each of the guests, or persons invited to partake of the meals at the table with the bride and bridegroom, was presented with a bunch of artificial flowers adorned with gold and silver tinsel. A huge specimen, placed by fair hands on the hat of Mr. Grohman, made it evident to him that he would have to partake of the ten-o'clock wedding-dinner instead of joining in the rifle-match then just beginning. It would have been considered a mark of great pride and rudeness to have refused, so that there was nothing for it but to accept the seat of honor between the bride and Herr Vicar, the priest. The dinner lasted three hours, and consisted of meats cooked in various manners, in all of which fat predominated. The last dish consisted of huge cuts of bacon swimming in a sea of molten butter. The frugal Tyrolese peasants taste of meat but two or three times in a year, and they attacked these viands with an energy and a persistence truly astonishing.

The guests then went to the rifle-match, which had already begun, and which is always the important feature of a Tyrolese fête-day. The innkeeper had arranged the match in this instance; he had placed two "running stags" and two fixed targets in the rifle-range, and had himself paid the marker at each target. In honor of the occasion he had also given three prizes, consisting of silver florins sewed on large, bright-colored handkerchiefs. The priest had given a prize. A citizen from the next village had sent a huge pipe; another had added a new rifle. Mr. Grohman added a few florin-pieces, and took his stand in the little shed, open on all sides, from which the competitors fired. The fixed targets were placed at two hundred yards. The bull's-eye was six inches in diameter, and all shots outside the bull's-eye were counted as blank. The "running stag" consists of a wooden figure of a stag swinging by a huge pendulum. When loosened, it darts across a space eight feet wide between thick bushes. The imitation stag traveled at a rate about equal to that of a live stag at full run. A bull's-eye painted on the heart had to be hit in the same way as a fixed target. This was, of course, very difficult; yet our Englishman testifies that there were three or four men present who had, out of six shots, five times hit the bull's-eye.

The dancing has in the mean time been going on ever since ten o'clock in the morning. It is kept up

till six in the evening, when supper is announced. At the morning dinner the relatives and next friends only, or, as in the case of the young Englishman, some one who is to be particularly distinguished, are invited. At the supper everybody was present, and all drank at the expense of the new-married couple. Wherever there was room, huge tables with benches on both sides were fixed. The dishes consisted of *Knödel*, huge balls of cooked dough, with small pieces of fat bacon, and *Geselchtes*, smoked pork boiled in fat; these viands were placed in huge bowls upon the table. At about half-past nine began the *Ehrentang*, an ancient institution in use as early as the fourteenth century. It consists of the presentation of a sum of money by each person present at the wedding, be it man, woman, or child. The chief table, at which the couple had sat at supper, is cleared, and a large brass or pewter dish, covered by a clean napkin, is placed at the head before the godmother of the bride, the mother being rigorously excluded from being present at any portion of her daughter's wedding. At the side of the godmother sits the bride's uncle or brother, pencil and paper in hand, to mark down the gift of each person. The gift of each guest is to consist of at least two florins (a florin is about a half-dollar). One florin is a present to the bride, and the other pays for the supper. Those who are present at both meals give three florins, while those who come in after the dancing is over give one. The money is placed in the hands of the godmother, and is hid by her under the napkin. Each donor expects from the bridegroom at his own wedding the exact sum which he gives him. The bride and bridegroom stand a little apart from the table, she with an ever-full wineglass in her hand, and he at the side of an immense basket of buns. The bride presents a wineglass to each guest as he steps from the table, and the bridegroom a bun; the wine is drunk to the happiness and prosperity of the couple, and the bun disappears, in the coat-pocket, to be hoarded up for the next Sunday's cup of coffee.

In other parts of the Tyrol, pieces of furniture, such as a bed, a chest, or a table, are sometimes given. Another and much more singular custom is to be met with in some of the remotest Tyrolese valleys. This is the presentation of a cradle to the bride by each of her discarded lovers. The fact is significant of the state of morality among the Tyrolese, since the presentation of a cradle to the bride has reference to the former improper relations of the bride and the donor. A rustic belle, who has for years held her court in an Alp-hut, where during the summer she guards the cattle alone, may have at her wedding a present of five, six, or seven cradles, from as many admirers!

The *Ehrentanz*, or dance of honor, takes place just after the last guest has made his present. In this solemn dance the bride and bridegroom join with the nearest of the bride's relatives, and any guest whom the bridegroom desires to honor. The rest of the dancers line the wall, while the innkeeper and his wife stand near the musicians. The

couples waltz slowly round the room, and, as each passes the innkeeper, a full glass of wine is presented to the man, who must present it to his partner, and who, after she has drunk of it, may drain the glass. Upon the brother of the bride, or, if she has none, of the bridegroom, falls the duty of singing, after each of his rounds, a short song in praise of the event. Then comes the most singular part of the ceremony. If the bridegroom has been somewhat of a Lothario, or the bride too fond of her admirers, or if there are any tangible proofs of misconduct on her part, any one of the dancers lining the wall may stand forward and in a few gay rhymes accuse them to their faces. These accusations must be answered by the brother, who is the champion of the couple. This very questionable custom does not exist to so great an extent in Brandenburg as in some of the other valleys, but Mr. Grohman testifies that he has seen as many as fifteen or twenty of

The reputation of these huts was such that the Archbishop of Salzburg and the Bishops of Trent and Brixen issued a mandate that Alp-huts were to be kept by men only. In this way the *Senner*, unknown a hundred years ago, has in some places supplanted the *Sennerin*, or female *chalet* keeper. But the *Sennerin* has more recently got back into her old position. The Alp-huts are placed in elevated pasturages, whither the peasants drive the cattle in the summer months. In May, when the mountains of lesser height are bare of snow, the peasants, having exhausted their winter stock of fodder, lead their cattle to the grassy mountain-slopes that encircle the valleys. These "Alps" are resorted to at different periods of the summer. When the lower ones are exhausted, the cattle are led to the next higher. The highest pastures are reached in July, and these are often at an elevation of six or seven thousand feet above the sea. Each pasturage is

provided with an Alp-hut. A rich peasant will tell you that he has three or four of these "Alps." The poorer peasants have generally two; a few of the poorest only one. The *chalets* are simply log-huts divided into two unequal divisions. The larger part in the rear gives shelter to the cattle during the rough weather. The smaller part is the kitchen, bedroom, and parlor, of the *Senner* or *Sennerin*.

The Arcadian leisure which poetry ascribes to the occupants of these *chalets* has little existence in fact. They milk the cows twice a day, they make cheese, they churn butter, they clean and air the dairy utensils, and have other work which leaves them little idle time. Saturday night is the grand reception-night of the merry and buxom *Sennerin*. Work is over in the distant valley, and each young fellow who may sing—"A rifle on my back, a buck-chamois in my bag, and a black-eyed, merry Alp-girl in my heart"—is off, rifle in hand, to the *chalet* of his sweetheart. She hears his echoing *Jodler* as he climbs the mountain-side, and her own silvery answer in the evening calm floats downward from the door of her hut. It is no poetical ex-



ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

these public accusers step forward at a wedding and offer their rhymed disclosures.

The Alp-hut, or *chalet*, has been usually occupied by a young woman, who cares for the cattle.

aggeration to speak of the voice of this peasant-girl as silvery. Music is the gift of the Tyrolese. The commonest lout has often a fine ear and an excellent voice. To be able to join with a second or a

third voice in a song which they have not heard before, is a very usual accomplishment among the peasants of the Tyrol. The *Sennerin* sitting on the low steps before her *chalet*, in the evening, joins her voice to the tinkling of the many bells; her song wakes the echoes of the heights, and is answered from the neighboring huts.

When the snow falls in October or September the Alp-girl, with the aid of a peasant or a boy, drives her twenty or thirty cattle downward to her home in the valley. This is a festival time. Happy is the lass who has made her allotted quantity of cheese, and churned her hundred-weight of butter, and who brings back her herd in safety from their summer sojourn "on high." Bells and wreaths of flowers are hung from the necks of the cattle.

The sports of the Tyrolese consist mainly in hunting the blackcock, capercaillie, and chamois. The blackcock and the capercaillie both belong to the grouse species. The capercaillie is much the larger—weighing, indeed, as much as a turkey—but the blackcock is considered, owing to the greater difficulty of shooting him, far the nobler game. He is, we believe, still kept on the preserves of some English noblemen. White, in his "Selborne," mentions with great particularity the last blackcock shot in Wolmer Forest. But the chamois is the great game of the Tyrol. The chase of the chamois, as followed by the Tyrolese, is a dangerous and exciting one. It is very much easier to hunt than to kill this animal. We met last winter, in Washington, an Austrian lady, who told us that she had passed the previous summer chamois-hunting with her husband in the Tyrol. She said, however, that they killed no chamois. The best way of forming acquaintance with the animal is, perhaps, that offered by an enterprising Swiss innkeeper, who had placed a stuffed chamois on a high rock overhanging his inn, and called upon the delighted cockneys to examine it from the window. The Tyrolese-Englishman whose adventures we have been narrating has shot his blackcock and the chamois many times. But he has done a still greater thing. He has robbed the eyrie of a golden eagle of its young. This is the rarest and greatest achievement of the Tyrolese mountaineer. It is like stealing the fire from heaven, or the golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides. It must be remembered that it is a great feat to shoot a golden eagle; there are none of them left in Switzerland, and not more than eight or ten

pairs in the whole of the Tyrol. It is a greater feat to rob the nest of its young. Some wood-cutters had discovered the eyrie opposite to them in a crevice of a perpendicular wall a thousand feet high, which forms one side of the peak of Falknerwand. Mr. Grohman took with him six men. On arriving at the edge of the precipice, they discovered, to their dismay, that the crevice was shut out from view by a shelf-like projection some ninety feet below them and just over the crevice. The ledge to which they lowered themselves by a half-inch cord was from two to seven feet wide. By this cord Mr. Grohman was lowered till, dangling nine hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, he came opposite the eyrie, and there, to his great joy, saw, not one, but two young eagles. "A peal of shrill shrieks and sundry rather ominous-sounding hisses," says Mr. Grohman, "greeted my unlooked-for appearance. Vainly flapping their enormous wings, while with their small but inexpressibly wild eyes they kept staring at me, they opened their beaks—hooked at the end and already of an alarming size and strength—to their widest extent, plainly indicating that their breakfast-hour was nigh." It is very rare that a nest contains more than one eaglet. Accordingly, Mr. Grohman had provided himself with only one bag. This, one of the eagles, when bound and secured, filled completely. Pinioning the other by flinging his coat over him, he resolved to carry him in his hand. Before leaving the nest, Mr. Grohman had the curiosity to count the remains of the prey which it contained. There was a half-devoured carcass of a chamois, three pairs of chamois-horns with corresponding bones of the animal, the skeleton of a goat picked clean, the remains of an Alpine hare, and the head and neck of a fawn. On being drawn up, the pulley on which the rope was running gave way and fell downward. The wood-cutters were afraid to continue hauling without first contriving and adjusting another pulley, dreading lest the slender cord, scraping against the rocks, would be broken. Some hours passed before anything could be done. The men above were neither to be seen nor heard. During this time, the adventurer, not in the least knowing what had happened, dangled in the air, holding his young eagles, and expecting every moment the arrival of the old birds. Fortunately, they did not come. The old eagles were away that day, circling in majestic swoops over some distant mountain-gorge. The hunter with his quarry was hauled safely upward to the edge of the wall.

TO BE DEAD.

IF I should have void darkness in my eyes
While there were violets in the sun to see;
If I should fail to hear my child's sweet cries,
Or any bird's voice in our threshold-tree;

If I should cease to answer love or wit:
Blind, deaf, or dumb, how bitter each must be!
Blind, deaf, or dumb—I will not think of it.
Yet the night comes when I shall be all three.

ETON COLLEGE.

TOWARD the middle of the fifteenth century, at a time, as we have been told, when the Latin of the English clergy had grown hopelessly corrupt, and the very tradition of Greek scholarship had passed away from their land, the King of England took into consideration a plan of reviving classical learning among them. Having revolved in his mind how, or in what manner, or by what royal gift, he could best attain this purpose, and at the same time do fitting honor to the Church militant of which he was no unworthy supporter, Henry VI.—for this was the king who thus laudably desired to increase the love of learning among his subjects—resolved to create a nursery for boy-students, whose foster-mother was to be the University of Cambridge. This idea was not a new one. Henry was

fore had founded those famous seminaries of learning, New College at Oxford, and that college at Winchester which, to this day, is proud to call its sons Wykehamists, and which remains one of the noblest monuments of the charitable spirit of the fourteenth century. The king had examined personally into the working of this latter institution, and so pleased does he seem to have been with the advantages it secured to poor students, that he forthwith took in hand the founding of two colleges of his own, based upon the admirable constitution of Wykeham's foundations. Henry was the man of all others well qualified to engage in such a work. "Fitter for a cowl than a crown," as Fuller quaintly says, he was heartily in sympathy with the work of the Church for whose service he intended his brood

ETON.¹

indebted for it to the wise and charitable example of William of Wykeham, who about fifty years be-

fore had founded those famous seminaries of learning, New College at Oxford, and that college at Winchester which, to this day, is proud to call its sons Wykehamists, and which remains one of the noblest monuments of the charitable spirit of the fourteenth century. The king had examined personally into the working of this latter institution, and so pleased does he seem to have been with the advantages it secured to poor students, that he forthwith took in hand the founding of two colleges of his own, based upon the admirable constitution of Wykeham's foundations. Henry was the man of all others well qualified to engage in such a work. "Fitter for a cowl than a crown," as Fuller quaintly says, he was heartily in sympathy with the work of the Church for whose service he intended his brood

¹ The illustrations to this article are derived from "Picturesque Europe," D. Appleton & Co., New York, and Cassell, London.

found what money was required for building and endowing and toward constituting a school which he hoped, and believed, would be one of the mainstays of the Catholic faith in England. In words of authority he decreed that this school was "to endure

two of the grandest ornaments of the English educational system.

It is not necessary to weary the reader with repetition here of the oft-related story of the progress of the college of Eton, nor of its great success. The



LOWER SCHOOL.

to all time," and with religious fervor dedicated it "to the praise, glory, and honor of our crucified Lord, the exaltation of the most glorious Virgin Mary his mother, and the support of the Holy Church his bride." And by way of perpetuating this religious resolution, he gave immediate effect to his intentions by commanding the school to be built, and by naming it "The King's College of our Lady of Eton, beside Windsor." A year later, namely, in 1441, Henry founded King's College at Cambridge, which was affiliated to the younger institution, and so originated two noble foundations which were destined, after the lapse of three centuries, to become

venerable buildings by the banks of the Thames testify of both. Erected under the watchful supervision of the king himself, who from his castle of Windsor noted the daily progress made in the school's erection, the buildings remain noteworthy examples of the architecture most in vogue in England during the reign of the Tudors. Standing in the fine old quadrangle of the college, with the Fellows' lodgings facing him, the beautiful college chapel at right, the venerable range of school buildings at left, and the yet more venerable and famous "Long Chamber" over the cloister at back of him, the visitor may at a glance see the most that exists of Eton

College as it was in the days of its founder. Does he desire to become better acquainted with the college buildings? let him pass up the well-worn oaken staircase which leads from the cloister to the "Long Chamber," and let him pause for an instant beside one of the quaintly-fashioned windows in the walls, and think upon the years that have sped since they

history. I would, moreover, that he might here recall to his memory certain other periods in the greater history of England herself, and consider them by the light of his own thoughts after reading some of the names graven upon these rude but deeply interesting monumental tablets. As I myself happened to be following the advice here tendered, one of



THE PLAYING-FIELDS.

were first planned by the cunning hand of the builder. Is he curious in such matters? does he love to ruminate upon the vanity of things, and think over the almost laughable brevity of man's existence? let him stand beneath the arched passage on the quadrangle's left, leading to "Lower School," and read the lists of rudely-chiseled names on the oak panelings marking the periods of Eton's

Eton's young scholars was good enough to explain to me the reading of these rough inscriptions. "They are," said he, "the names of men who got 'Kings.'" In other words, they represented generations of King Henry's scholars who, having been carefully nurtured in the classics at Eton, finally reached that goal once most coveted by the "collegers" of Eton, King's College at Cambridge, so

fulfilling the original purpose and aim of Eton's founder. If I had wished, I might grow sentimental over the historical reminiscences of this great school. Had I the leisure, I could unearth sermons from the stones of the college quadrangle, and write a paper touching its ancient glories. Were I in the mood, I would grow rapturous over Eton traditions, Eton scholars, Eton head-masters, and Eton benefactors. In this relation I could have dwelt upon the fleeting nature of greatness, the hollowness of even the most brilliant of earthly careers, and the lamentable brevity and unsatisfying character of worldly happiness; and for the purposes of my discourse I might have quoted the following translation of the Latin epitaph written for his Eton tomb by that noblest and worthiest of Eton's sons, the Marquis of Wellesley:

"Long tossed on Fortune's wave I come to rest,
Eton, once more on thy maternal breast,
On loftiest deeds to fix the aspiring gaze,
To seek the purer lights of ancient days,
To love the simple paths of manly Truth—
These were thy lessons to my opening youth.
If on my later life some glory shine,
Some honors grace my name, the meed is thine.
My boyhood's nurse, my aged dust receive,
And one last tear of kind remembrance give!"¹

I might have dwelt upon these and kindred matters bearing upon Eton's history and her associations, but that I am reminded we are living in the present, and that in dwelling on the past I should be losing sight of the main object I had in view in writing this article.

Were the question to be asked me, did I consider that Eton College, as it now is, fulfills any of the original intentions of King Henry in founding it, I should answer, "No." I should answer "No" as distinctly as I should were I to be asked if, in my opinion, Christ's Hospital at present fulfills the intentions of Edward VI. in founding it, or any of the other great foundation schools of England the original intentions of their founders in creating them. I should say of Eton that at present it is the most aristocratic school in England, probably in the whole world, and that, in its elements, it is utterly opposed to the school conceived by Henry, and by him decreed "to endure to all time." True, it retains one essential feature of the king's scheme, in that it continues to afford gratuitous board, lodging, and education, to scholars, but not to poor scholars; on the contrary, to scholars whose parents must expend considerable sums in having their sons "crammed" to the proper "passing" point, far more considerable indeed than most parents of "poor scholars" could possibly afford. And when it is borne in view that in the now annual competitions for election to Eton some eighty or ninety youths usually present themselves to compete for about twelve vacancies, the value that is attached to success at the examination by parents may be very fairly estimated.

In order that the reader may understand clearly the nature of the benefits based upon Henry's

scheme, now remaining open to the English youth, it will be convenient that it should be here pointed out what these are. The last Monday in each July is what is known at Eton as "Election Monday," when any boy of British parentage, who has reached his twelfth year, and not passed his fifteenth birthday, and who can produce certificates of good moral character, and necessary evidence as to birth, may present himself for election to the "college." It is to be understood that it is open to all boys within certain limits, and whose parents can afford the expense to enter at Eton as "oppidans," or boys not educated on the foundation; but for the benefits of the college of King Henry every youth is now elected in competitive examination, and, on election, will become one of the "King's scholars," so called, of whom there are some seventy in number. As vacancies in this number occur, these are again filled up at "election." The king's scholars live by themselves in a range of buildings within the college—a magnificent exchange for the dreariness and discomfort of "Long Chamber"—and are exempted from all payments for board, lodging, and education, during their stay at Eton, which continues generally until the "election" next after the scholar's nineteenth birthday. At King's College, Cambridge, appropriated, under Henry's scheme, to the scholars of Eton, are twenty-four scholarships of the annual value of eighty pounds, with "commons," rooms, and tuition free, tenable until the degree of A. M. is reached. As vacancies upon the list of elected scholars occur, they are filled up by king's scholars from Eton, who have themselves qualified in examination for the honor. So it will be seen that there is a relic of the charitable scheme propounded by Henry still belonging to his college of Eton. And it seems worthy of record, as evidence of the maintenance of the king's foundation, notwithstanding the silent efforts of the aristocratic spirit of English wealth to destroy it, that the king's scholars alone keep up the reputation of Eton for learning. I say alone, because it seems to be a very rare event happening in her history to find one of the "oppidans" (of whom we shall have something to say presently) occupying the place of "captain of the school," or, to be more explanatory, head-boy. Moreover, in examining the school-lists for the past year, it was with peculiar gratification I found that the king's scholars in nearly every instance appeared as leading the several school-classes. The peculiar gratification I found in noting this had arisen from a deeply-im-bued desire to recognize everywhere—and to cry a cheer wherever I find its claims are recognized and acknowledged—the majesty, if I may use the expression, of learning. And for this reason I feel almost tempted to ask pardon for the covert sneer implied in the remark that the parents of Eton's "poor scholars" are generally of the moneyed classes, because, finding those scholars so ably recognizing and so properly defining the true position of learning, it can be no reflection upon them, but must rather stand to their honor that their parents are moneyed people.

¹ Translated by the late Lord Derby.

From time immemorial it has been the "oppidans" who have supported the aristocratic prestige of Eton. It has been from this class, the bulk of the school, for they number some seven hundred odd to the collegers seventy, that has sprung that grand array of celebrated men who have made the name of Eton famous. This at first sight seems to mean a contradiction of the honor I have claimed for the collegers; and, in fact, it would be a contradiction if statecraft had been the goal for which all Etonians had strived. But, in considering this apparent anomaly, it is necessary to bear in mind that the social rank of an oppidan and the social rank of a colleger is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred unequal. And it will be admitted, I think, that in England social rank confers great advantages—advantages, however, which I am happy to say are growing less and less distinct, and less frequently claimed by Englishmen who possess them. The Etonian who afterward made a place for himself on the rolls of eminent Englishmen generally entered the school with enormous advantages, both of birth and position. I do not mean to affirm that these saved him from the responsibilities of school discipline, or defended him from the rigorous rule of such masters as Foster and Keate; but, on leaving Eton, he at once entered upon a career which to most men is closed, and to all men outside of the ranks of an aristocracy it is the work of a lifetime to enter. It is not necessary to produce evidence to affirm that most celebrated Etonians have been the sons of Englishmen, themselves high either in the ranks of the court, the state, the church, the army, or the navy; and it seems equally unnecessary to adduce evidence in support of my assertion that these in later life have been the men who have reflected most fame on the name of Eton. As a rule, these gentlemen learned little at school and less at college, and it was solely their high social position at the outset in life which ultimately gained for them the distinction of being enrolled as celebrated Etonians. I am quite prepared to have this statement contradicted by opposing instances of celebrated Etonians who have risen from the ranks of the English middle classes; but these are so extremely rare, and so isolated, that I do not need to notice and discuss them in a paper of this kind. The son of an English peer was sent to Eton, and is sent to Eton now, as he afterward goes into Parliament, and gets appointed to office, by a certain natural fitness of things; but Eton under these circumstances has no more claim to all his virtues because he was educated at Eton than Harrow to be charged with all the vices of Lord Byron because his lordship happened to be educated at Harrow.

I was reading, recently, an old number of the *Edinburgh Review*, belonging to the period of Jeffrey's editorship. A writer in it was reviewing some of the school-books then in use at Eton, and, as I can testify, which were read there quite within recent years. It does not much signify, probably, to say that those books are condemned wholesale, considering that *Edinburgh* reviewers in those days lived by condemnation. I was most immediately inter-

ested in the article because it expressed an opinion of the education which an "oppidan" received at Eton half a century ago. It declared that when one of these young gentlemen came up to Oxford and Cambridge, and was questioned as to the extent of his classical studies, he could only answer that, besides Horace and part of Virgil, he had read nothing. He had not read a single book of the higher classics. He was utterly ignorant of mathematical or physical science, and even of arithmetic. The very names of logical, moral, and political science, were unknown to him. And as for modern history, and modern languages, of these he knew absolutely nothing. This was the state of an Eton "oppidan's" learning at the beginning of the century. It is fair to say that all this has been changed now, and that the Eton education is as good as the education given at most of the English public schools. But the oppidans do not avail themselves of it in any superior degree, and I believe that I am quite within the truth when I say that Eton oppidans' names in the honor-lists of Oxford and Cambridge are as few and far between now as they were at the beginning of the present century. Of course, the standard of learning throughout England has been much raised since then, and the learning of all Etonians in proportion; but I shrewdly suspect that the "oppidan's" motive in entering at Eton in 1876 is the same as his motive was for entering in 1800. He desires to have the prestige in after-life of having been educated at Eton. For the gratification of his wishes in this respect his parents pay the respectable average annual sum of one hundred and seventy-five pounds, or about eight hundred and seventy-five dollars gold, of which about one hundred and twenty pounds, or six hundred dollars, goes for board and tuition. He boards with one of the college-masters, and lives, be it said, well; he has a small study and separate sleeping-apartment to his use; a tutor assists him in his work, and he has about as much schooling of the good, old-fashioned sort as an undergraduate at Harvard or Oxford. Indeed, the Etonian, as far as no schooling goes, fares luxuriously. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, with him is a half-holiday, and every saints'-day a whole holiday. He goes into "first school," so called, on the days which are not holidays, from 7 A. M. to about a quarter to 8 A. M.; a little more schooling comes off between 11 A. M. and 12 noon; a break here occurs until 3 P. M. to 3.45 P. M., when he is in school again; and, finally, he sees his master once more from 5.15 P. M. to 6. All the odd hours and minutes between these times he spends in learning: to become an English gentleman, of course he must snatch odd moments for school preparation and reading with his tutor; but in the main the education at Eton resolves itself into one of learning to become a gentleman. And to teach Etonians to possess this great quality, the forty-eight learned graduates of Oxford and Cambridge employed as college-masters do very little, and the boys themselves very much.

It would be almost impossible to clearly define

what I mean by the expression "learning to become an English gentleman." I apprehend that most readers of this will admit that such an individual exists; but what his precise qualities are, and what is the exact standard of excellence required to graduate boys as gentlemen, few of us will be able to agree upon.

At Eton the summit of an oppidan's ambition is to become "captain of the boats;" in default of this, the captaincy of "the eleven" at cricket is most acceptable; the captaincy of the school usually falls, as I have before mentioned, to the lot of a king's scholar, who looks upon getting it as the highest point of his Eton ambition. It is fair to assume, I think, that boating and cricketing in some mysterious way have something to do with making boys gentlemen at Eton. At any rate, eminence in either of these sports gives great advantage at the college, and I may add that the only youth pointed out to me at Eton as worthy of special notice was "the captain of the boats." Nearly all the time passed out of school is spent in growing skilled in these accomplishments; and, assuming one of the qualities of an English gentleman to be courage, then I mean to affirm that Etonians in the aggregate possess that most excellent virtue in considerable degree. They must not boat on the river until they can swim, and learning to swim means the expenditure of a large amount of boyish courage. To attain perfection, too, in cricket—to attain at least to the honor of being a member of the Eton "eleven"—it is necessary to be well endowed with the like good quality. I shall class honor with courage as being strong in the breasts of young Etonians, and with a certain manliness allied to it, and a strong sense of independence with this. And herein, I think, lies most of the virtue of the English public-school system, that it teaches boys to be courageous, honorable, manly, and independent; and the majority of Etonians that I have ever met with have been certainly endowed with these attractive qualities.

It is almost impossible to say anything strictly new concerning Eton College, and very difficult to relate much that is interesting to the general reader, without intrenching upon the older history of the college, which I have been careful in this paper to avoid. But, in visiting Eton, I defy any one not to be moved by the associations of the place—indeed, these are uppermost in the mind, even while examining into the school-system. In passing down the High Street, for instance, I could not help standing for a moment before the old "Christopher Inn," and thinking upon the boyish revelries and pleasant associations of its cozy parlors. I thought of that letter, for instance, full of Eton slang, which Horace Walpole, dating from its hospitable shelter, addressed to his friend George Montagu, dwelling upon a prospective meeting with Ashton, one of Eton's head-masters, and a contemporary of Walpole's at the school. "The Lord!" writes Walpole, "if I don't compose myself before Sunday morning, I shall certainly be in 'the bill'¹ for laughing at church." The last time

the genial Horace had met Ashton, who was to preach as head-master on the Sunday alluded to, was when the latter was "standing up funking over against a conduct to be catechised" as an Eton boy. The inn has been somewhat altered, no doubt, from what it was in the days of Walpole; but not greatly, I'm thinking. The High Street is venerable as ever, wealthy in Eton reminiscences, and reeking of good stories connected with the school's traditions. I could not help looking for the little pastry-cook's where that *ne plus ultra* of "shirking" in Keate's time took place. From time immemorial, until within the last three years, an Eton boy meeting a master in Eton High Street was bound to "shirk" him, or in default be sent up to the head-master for punishment. The boy was compelled to get out of the master's way by running into a shop, or hiding in any spot most convenient and handy. A bundle of hay in the street, if it could cover the master's eye, was sufficient sanctuary, or even a coal-scuttle, if it afforded protection. In Keate's time—Keate was one of the most rigorous of Eton's head-masters, and one who flogged on the smallest pretense, and flogged right lustily—in his time an Eton boy was eating an ice in the little confectioner's shop when a master entered. The boy shut one eye, and held up his ice- spoon before the other, and so saved himself the pains of the flogging-block.

It is related of this same Dr. Keate, albeit he was a man in private life of the kindest nature, that he could never keep his hand from the rod when he ruled at Eton. "Blessed are the pure in heart," said the doctor to one of his young pupils on an occasion—"blessed are the pure in heart. Mind that; it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you!" Keate flogged on every possible occasion, and it is one of the traditions of Eton College that this head-master took the lead of all his predecessors, and of every head-master who has since succeeded him, in the power of flogging, since he birched eighty boys in one evening. I had the pleasure of reading this worthy master's name among the names of the boys who had got "King's" on the rough-cut tablets above Lower School.

I would advise every visitor to Eton College to take a walk to the college playing-fields, and, if a guide in the person of some youthful Etonian can be procured, so much the better. It would be well to notice the picturesque beauty of the dwellings of the Eton Fellows, and the charming range of landscape before the gardens behind them. The houses of the masters form admirable modern additions to the excellently-designed architecture of the college, which are not to be left unnoticed. I have explained that it has been my chief desire in this account of Eton College in 1876 to relate what principally concerns us of to-day. If the reader desires to learn more of the inner school-history of yesterday, I cannot do better than refer him to a little book, published a few years ago, entitled "Etoniana," which is abounding in pleasant anecdote. Since the scheme of the Public School Commissioners, of whom the late Lord Lyttelton was chairman, came into opera-

¹ "The bill" was the punishment-list sent up to the head-master every morning. Boys appearing in it were flogged.

tion at Eton College, a new chapter in the school's history has begun. As that chapter has only been commenced within the last three or four years, I shall be pardoned if my paper has been lacking in anecdotal interest. "Shirking" is abolished at Eton; "Long Chamber" in its old form has ceased to exist; of the quaint customs and habits of Etonians of thirty years back scarcely one remains. Eton "Fourth of June," with its grand procession of college-boats to Surrey, is the one remaining festivity

of by-gone days; and even that is shorn of many of its ancient observances.

The match between Eton and Harvard at Lord's Cricket-Ground in each July is one of the great events of the London season, and points to the conclusion that among Englishmen the interest in Eton in no way diminishes. With Americans that interest can only exist where it relates to the change that has taken place in a great school's history in the course of four centuries.

THE LAST BANQUET.¹

1793.

GITAUT, the Norman marquis,
Sat in his banquet-hall,
When the shafts of the autumn sunshine
Gilded the castle-wall;
While in through the open windows
Floated the sweet perfume,
Borne in from the stately garden
And filling the lofty room;

And still, like a strain of music
Breathed in an undertone,
The ripple of running water
Rose, with its sob and moan,
From the river, swift and narrow,
Far down in the vale below,
That shone like a silver arrow
Shot from a bended bow.

Yonder, over the poplars,
Lapped in the mellow haze,
Lay the roofs of the teeming city,
Red in the noonday blaze;
While ever, in muffled music,
The tall cathedral-towers
Told to the panting people
The story of the hours.

His was a cruel temper:
Under his baneful sway
Peasant and maid and matron
Fled from his headlong way,
When down from his rocky eyrie,
Spurring his foaming steed,
Galloped the haughty noble,
Ripe for some evil deed.

But when the surging thousands,
Bleeding at every pore,
Roused by the wrongs of ages,
Rose with a mighty roar—
Ever the streets of cities
Rang with a voice long mute;
Gibbet and tree and *lanterne*
Bearing their bleeding fruit.

Only one touch of feeling—
Hid from the world apart,
Locked with the key of silence—
Lived in that cruel heart;
For one he had loved and worshipped,
Dead in the days of yore,
Who slept in the lonely chapel,
Hard by the river-shore.

High on a painted panel,
Set in a gilded shrine,
Shone her benignant features
Lit with a smile divine;
Under the high, straight forehead,
Eyes of the brightest blue,
Framed in her hair's bright masses,
Rivaled the sapphire's hue.

"Why do you come, Breconi?"
"Marquis, you did not call;
But Mignonne is waiting yonder,
Down by the castle-wall."
"Bid her begone!"—"But, master—
Poor child! *she loves you so!*
And, broken with bitter weeping,
She told me a tale of woe.

"She says there is wild work yonder,
There in the hated town,
Where the crowds of frenzied people
Are shooting the nobles down.
And to-night, ere the moon has risen,
They come, with burning brand,
With the flame of the blazing castle
To light the lurid land.

"But first you must spread the banquet—
Host for the crew abhorred—
Ere out from the topmost turret
They fling my murdered lord.
Flee for thy life, Lord Marquis,
Flee from a frightful doom,
When the night has hid the postern
Safe in its friendly gloom!"

"Tush! are you mad, Breconi?
Spread them the banquet here,
With flowers and fruit and viands,
Silver and crystal clear;

¹ The incident narrated in the poem is based on fact, a tragedy of the kind being reported to have occurred, during the French Revolution, in the north of France.

Let not a touch be wanting—
 Hasten those hands of thine !
 Haste to the task, Breconi ;
 And I will draw the wine ! ”

Slowly the sun went westward,
 Till all the city's spires
 Flamed in the flood of splendor—
 A hundred flickering fires.
 Over the peaceful landscape,
 Clasped by the girdling stream,
 Quivered, in mournful glory,
 The last expiring beam.

Then up from the rippling river
 Sounded the tramp of feet
 That rose o'er the solemn stillness
 Laden with perfume sweet ;
 While high o'er the sleeping city,
 And over the garden gloom,
 Towered the grim, black castle,
 Still as the silent tomb.

Leaning over the casement,
 Hark'ning the busy hum,
 Smiling, the haughty marquis
 Knew that his time was come :
 And he turned to the paneled picture—
 That answered his look again,
 And beamed with a smile of welcome—
 Humming a low refrain.

Under the echoing archway,
 And up o'er the stairs of stone,
 Ever the human torrent
 Shouted, in strident tone—
 Curses and gibes and threat'nings,
 With snatches of ribald jest,
 Stirring the blood to fury
 In many a brutal breast.

There, under the lighted tapers
 Set in the banquet-hall,
 Smiling and calm and steadfast,
 Towered the marquis tall.
 Dressed in his richest costume,
 Facing the gibing host,
 He wore on its broad blue ribbon
 The star of “ The Holy Ghost.”

“ Welcome, fair guests—be seated ! ”
 He cried to the motley crowd
 That drew to the loaded table
 With curses long and loud ;
 Waving a graceful welcome,
 The gleaming lights reveal
 The rings on his soft, white fingers,
 Strung with their nerves of steel.

Turned to the paneled picture,
 Calm in his icy hate,

He stood, in his pride of lineage,
 Cold as a marble Fate ;
 Smiling in hidden meaning—
 In his rich garments dressed—
 As cold and hard and polished
 As the brilliants on his breast.

Pouring a brimming beaker,
 He cried : “ Drink, friends, I pray !
 Drink to the toast I give you !
 Pledge me my proudest day !
 Here, under the hall of banquet—
 Drink, drink to the festal news !—
 Stand twenty casks of powder
 Set with a lighted fuse ! ”

Frozen with sudden horror,
 They saw, like a fleecy mist,
 As he quaffed the purple vintage,
 The ruffles at his wrist.
 Turned to the smiling picture,
 Clear as a silver bell
 Echoed his last fond greeting—
 “ I drink to thee, *ma belle* ! ”

Down crashed the crystal goblet,
 Flung on the marble floor ;
 Back rushed the stricken revelers,
 Back to the close-barred door !
 Up through its yawning crater
 The mighty earthquake broke,
 Dashing its spume of fire
 Up through its waves of smoke !

Out through the deep'ning darkness,
 A wild, despairing cry
 Rang as the riven castle
 Lighted the midnight sky ;
 Then down o'er the lurid landscape,
 Lit by those fires of hell—
 Buttress and roof and rafter—
 The smoking ruin fell !

Over the Norman landscape
 The summer sun looks down,
 Gilding the gray cathedral,
 Gilding the teeming town.
 Still shines the rippling river
 Lapped in its banks of green ;
 Still hangs the scent of roses
 Over the peaceful scene ;

But high o'er the trembling poplars,
 Blackened and burned and riven,
 Those blasted battlements and towers
 Frown in the face of heaven ;
 And still in the sultry August
 I seem at times to feel
 The smile of that cruel marquis,
 Keen as his rapier's steel !

A STRUGGLE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

BATTLE.

"FIND me a lawn like this anywhere in France or out of England—I do not except even an imperial or royal domain—and I will travel a hundred leagues to see it!"

M. Delange had often said this, with almost excusable ostentation, when pointing out to his guests the beauties of St.-Eloi.

During the period of the first alarm of a Prussian advance, French cavalry outposts had been stationed right on that lawn, and, if the muzzles of the troopers' horses had been plunged into the tender grass, their iron heels had torn up and trodden down the turf. Deep ruts had been cut in the lawn, which crossed and intersected each other, where heavy artillery-trains or lumbering provision-vans had been moved to and from a post on a low hill which overlooked the rear of the château. Away off on one side of the vast stretch of ground was a flower-bed, which bore some faint traces of culture; for here and there a rose was still blooming. The soldiers had tried their best to preserve the plants; but then when the soup had to be made, and rations were to be cooked, smoke and sparks would occasionally blow right athwart the parterre, so that all the pretty flowers had been blasted, smoked, and withered. Tired-out *estafettes* had tied the bridles of their horses to the arms of statues, or the handles of vases, which studded the lawn. Officers had in vain prohibited their men from using a god or a goddess as a hitching-post, or a classic urn as a feeding-trough; but somehow or other all the decorative portions of the lawn had fallen to the ground, and no one had the time or inclination to set them up again. The pretty kiosk, with its fanciful weathercock, still preserved somewhat of its unity, only its lower portion had been swathed in canvas. It had been used as headquarters for dispensing medicines, and even as a temporary hospital for officers. The shrubbery, once so dense, which skirted the lawn, had suffered terribly. Stray horses had nibbled the leaves of the bushes, and withered and blackened twigs hung from the trees. There was a pretty brook that stole through the clumps of St.-Eloi, feeding a fish-pond, famous for its carp, and here was the lilac-grove which was celebrated throughout the whole department. But as the stream had slaked the thirst of both man and beast, the banks of the rivulet had all been trodden down, and there were ugly gaps in the undergrowth where the cavalry had found a short cut to water. Of course, there was nothing which could have been designated on the part of the soldiers as the result of wanton carelessness or willful destruction; only, as during three weeks' time numberless regiments of foot and horse and batteries of artillery had been stationed there, which after a short time had been replaced by other bodies of men, it

was always the last division which had done the damage, and on whom the blame was naturally placed. All the horses and cattle had been driven off long before, and, of the many sleek and well-fed creatures which once enjoyed life at St.-Eloi, all that was left were a few solitary pigeons, which wheeled and circled in the air, and then lit disconsolate on some of the out-houses, seeking for their dove-cot, which had been accidentally burnt (so it was said by the Turcos) weeks ago. There had been, though, a kind of positive reservation as to military trespass, which all the soldiers respected. For about twenty yards from the terrace which surrounded the back of the house, no common military foot had trodden. Sometimes wounded officers had tottered along the path leading from the kiosk to the château, and had sought rest on the broad stone steps which swept up to the entrance. Here the grass of the lawn had grown long and rank, and the path was choked with weeds.

The château itself had been undisturbed. During a month moss and grass had grown in the interstices of the flagging of the *estrade*, and the ivy and the creepers had stretched out their arms across some of the windows. The château had but a single military personage billeted on it, and that was an old sergeant attached to the signal-corps, who occupied a room away up on the high, peaked, and slated roof, and where, in a window, a small flag occasionally fluttered. Inside of the spacious château solitude reigned. As servants had left or had been reluctantly dismissed, portions of the house had been closed. Want of care was probably visible within-doors, for layers of dust had settled on the furniture. Pieces of baggage obstructed the grand hall, and packing-boxes littered the stairs. There had been apparently more than one effort made by the inmates to leave the place, which attempts had been frustrated. Two servants now performed their duties at St.-Eloi—one was André, the other was Babette. The master's illness and the necessary attention he required took up most of their time, though the occupants of the kiosk had never been neglected.

"Ah, mademoiselle," said Babette, as her mistress emerged from M. Delange's room, "to-day is likely to be one of rest—the calm before the storm, perhaps; for who can tell what the *bon Dieu* has in store for us? The last of our poor ill officers left this morning; and see"—here she opened a window on the landing—"save those soldiers who are packing up the surgeon's baggage and clearing out the kiosk, in a few moments not a soul will be left on the place but ourselves. Dear mademoiselle, I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that the soldiers have gone. Our good old friend the sergeant, he who plays with the little flags up-stairs, and who makes no more noise than a mouse, looked grave last night, and says—and says that we may expect *le grand brutal* before long. *Mon Dieu!* mademoi-

selle, pluck up heart. You must take a mouthful of God's sweet, pure air this morning. You will kill yourself moping so within-doors. Is not André with our master? The dear, good soul can wait for nothing, for cannot André call on me? I will have breakfast for you in ten minutes; but you must walk just a little bit on the terrace in order to get real hungry. Can things get on more smoothly than they do, at least in the house here? *Ma foi!* should ever the good times come back again, I shall tell how we three carried on our shoulders the whole of this big establishment. I am cook, gardener, nurse, watchman, lady's-maid, and everything! If the horses were still in the stable, I could groom them. It is an excellent breakfast you shall have. *Quoi?* I allow those brutes of Prussians to eat up our provisions? Never! And, since these Germans are coming, they shall find an empty larder—all gone, as clean as my thumb-nail.—Ah, there goes the clock; it is the big one on the stairs—the only one André winds up now; and I forgot to tell you, mademoiselle, that at daybreak this morning, when I was up (by your instructions I was sharing our provisions with the poor ill officers), M. Percival came riding by, and asked permission to see you, mademoiselle, on important business, so he said."

"What! M. Percival?"

"He would call, so he said, at about nine o'clock. Of course, he asked very particularly about the master. He might have said half-past nine, for there was so much noise just then, when those ugly cannons went off at full gallop, and the whips were cracking so, that I could not exactly hear M. Percival. What a *tohu-bohu* it was! It was barely sunrise, and it gave me the shivers to see the horses and cannon tear out like mad into the gloom. Infantry is bad enough, but cavalry and artillery! Heaven protect me from horse-soldiers! But, ah me! I forget that my poor Baptiste is a cannoneer, and may be now in the very midst of it. I know I am chattering a great deal; *mais, dam*, it does me good to hear my own voice sometimes. If there is a hubbub outside, here it is as still as the grave. There, now, I will go and arrange your breakfast. But only to think of mademoiselle having to breakfast solitary and alone! Eh, mademoiselle, what superb breakfasts we used to have! For who in all the department kept such a sumptuous table as our good master? Oh, this war, this war!"

"Thank you, Babette, for all your kindness. But pray be careful of what little luxuries you may have left; my poor father might want them. You say M. Percival will be here? Bid André call me should my father awake. Babette, I do so thoroughly appreciate your devotion to my father—to myself—and I must never forget it; and André, too. Yes, Babette, I will walk a little. I ought to do all I can to keep up my strength and health."

"If M. Percival is coming, shall I not set two *couverts*, mademoiselle?"

"How, Babette?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, *à la guerre, comme à la guerre*," and Babette had tripped down the stairs.

"M. Percival to see me?" said Pauline Delange, as she went slowly down the staircase, and, entering a small sitting-room, sat down there for a moment, then opened a window, and looked out on the grounds. "Perhaps," she continued, "during the last fearful fortnight I have not seen M. Percival more than thrice.—O Clémence! Clémence! did you only know in what straits I have been placed! There is not a single human being I can apply to for counsel or advice. I care nothing for the enemy personally. They cannot hurt a woman like me—but my poor father! Any sudden shock may kill him. Not a word—not a letter from anybody—save one, the very last from Madame de Valbois, which assures me of her safe arrival—and that her son is in Turin—where he may stay forever for what I care. I cannot even count on medical counsel for my father. One regimental surgeon is here for a day—and the next day it is a new one. They all, though, order the same things—peace, and quiet, and repose—and that all the incidents, the calamities, which surround us, shall be withheld from him. I sometimes think, though, as he lies so quietly in bed, that my father is better off than any of us. Should he ever reach the window and look over the hill-tops for that dark rift of smoke which the chimneys of St.-Eloi were always rolling forth—should he notice its absence—should he ask me the cause—what could I tell him? When yesterday I, who am well and strong, saw that smoke no longer, I felt my heart sink, for I thought the doom of St.-Eloi—so long threatened—had at last fallen on us. There is not a single soul on the lawn. The soldiers and their wagon have left. How dreary and desolate it looks! Ah! some one on horseback is coming through the woods, and is riding rapidly. There have been so many openings made in the thickets, that whoever it may be is now quite visible. It is M. Percival—and how well he rides! I think I see a valise strapped behind him. Can he be about leaving us? And why should he not? His task is done. But he seems in no great hurry now. I wonder if he is going to ride over the flower-bed? No—he stops now, and dismounts. There is some water there, I suppose, for he stoops and drinks it. Can the brook have broken bounds, and be now running over the lawn? What matters it? He has tied his horse to a tent-peg, apparently. What can he be doing? He stops by a fallen vase—it is the one with the serpent-handles—in which I once grew such pretty trailing-plants. He is trying to raise up the vase—but he cannot. How could the poor man do it with but one arm? But he has found a bit of wood somewhere, and is using it as a lever, and has actually placed the vase on its base, and is trying to put it on its pedestal. It totters—it will fall—no! it is in position now. M. Percival deserves a breakfast for his ingenuity—for it is ingenuity. I wonder if I might offer him some breakfast? He must be hungry, and hunger in a man creates sympathy. Anyhow, I am glad to see him. I hardly thought he would be capable of going away without bidding us good-by—though he might have done so.

in a formal note. He is in the saddle again, and has probably ridden to the stables, where there are no horses now. My poor little Alezan! I wonder what became of him? There came a government requisition for horses, and they took him. I had a selfish cry over him and Bobe; he left me, too. But was it not Bobe I saw lapping the water by his master a few minutes ago? I shall be glad to see Bobe again. And here is M. Percival coming."

"The good news Babette told me in regard to M. Delange is confirmed, I trust, mademoiselle?" said the *contre-maitre*, as he stood by the window, and bowed low to the young lady.

"He is better. But, pray, enter and be seated. That terrible disconnected way of talking, which my father had, was a new symptom, after his relapse. That is passing away, now. Still my father suffers intensely at times, especially with the least movement."

"Possibly a better sign. If M. Delange had had paralysis all power of sensation would have passed away. Mademoiselle"—here the *contre-maitre* hesitated for a moment, then said—"I have taken the liberty of calling on you on a matter of business. I regret to say that two days ago the fires at the *usine* went out for want of coal."

"I had noticed it, sir."

"Up to last night at sundown, by burning all the wood we could find, even at the expense of some parts of the building, we were enabled to finish up a great deal of the lighter work. This as war material we carried off last night and until daybreak this morning, by means of the railroad. We were fortunate, for, if I am not mistaken, we barely kept it out of the clutches of the Germans, who now hold a portion of the branch railroad over which the last work of St.-Eloi has passed."

"The business of St. Eloi is then forcibly closed, M. Percival?" asked Mademoiselle Pauline.

"It is. I have the honor of transmitting to you a detailed statement of the work done and forwarded to the government, with regularly-authenticated vouchers and official receipts. It would be very wise on your part to have these papers secured somewhere. I must also state that, as in all government contracts there are heavy fines and penalties inflicted for non-performance, I took the liberty of consulting the officer in charge of the forces at St.-Eloi in regard to our government business, as far as it was completed, and he was good enough to compliment your father—"

"My father, M. Percival?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, your father—on the steadfastness with which our work had been carried on, under, perhaps, quite exceptional circumstances. I have said the compliment was paid most deservedly to M. Delange, for the plans were entirely his; as to the method employed to carry them out—that was simply an affair of hands."

"But allow me, M. Percival, hands are everything now. Had M. Delange any idea that such a series of catastrophes would occur to France?"

"He was hopeful, mademoiselle."

"M. Percival, every detail of business has been in your charge for the last six weeks. I am very deeply grateful to you for having upheld my father's good name. Had he not been prostrated, he probably would have done no more than you have performed. Are these the papers? Is that valise full of them? Pray, what do they represent? What can I do with these *paparrasse*?"

"They represent, mademoiselle, many hundred thousands of francs, which, come what may to France, save utter annihilation, the government is liable for and must pay in full some day. As your father's steward in the case, mademoiselle will be kind enough, after having examined the papers, to give me a receipt for them."

"Who, I—I, sir? I shall do no such thing!"

"But, mademoiselle, this is business. I cannot see your father. Anything relating to business would distress him in his present condition. Even a receipt from him might not be valid. Your notary left for Strasburg ten days ago, which place he cannot reach, as Strasburg is invested. This receipt may be a formality for you, but a positive necessity for me. I therefore again most respectfully submit these papers to your notice. They contain, in brief, the amounts due on the various finished and unfinished contracts, with the sums expended by me during the last month. My honor, mademoiselle, requires that you should study the figures, and give me a receipt for the papers."

"One moment, sir. I will sign the receipt conditionally; the figures I have no head for just now."

"Conditionally? Mademoiselle, conditionally?" and here M. Percival rose and strode up and down the room, as if out of patience, and looked so grim and cross that Pauline Delange was ill at ease. Then he suddenly turned on her, and, noticing how pale and wan she looked, he said, quite gently: "I may have misunderstood you. But, pray, sign the receipt. I accept any conditions you may suggest."

Then the young woman plucked up spirit, for she knew her motive had been mistaken, and she said, somewhat in hot temper:

"Did you take me, sir, at my age, to have the exacting spirit of a petty trader? You wrong me, sir! Did you ever discover any such traits in M. Delange?"

"Mademoiselle!"

"Conditions, M. Percival! But there are—" then her voice softened, and she added: "Now, what could I do with a valise full of papers, which, no doubt, are very valuable? St.-Eloi may be burned or sacked. Could I carry these papers about on me? My condition was even that of imposing a greater trust on you. M. Percival, will you not for my father's sake become the custodian of these papers?"

"Who—I? Excuse my hastiness."

"You consent? Then I will give you a receipt."

"But, mademoiselle, that changes the business entirely. For, if I keep the papers, it is I who must give you a receipt for them."

"You agree to it, then? It is very good of you."

Suppose now we interchange no receipts at all, M. Percival?"

"Excuse me, Mademoiselle Delange, but it is business. Allow me to use this table a moment." And M. Percival wrote rapidly a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to the lady, who received it without looking at it.

"Now, M. Percival, that formality over—"

"But it is not a formality."

"As you will, sir. Will you be frank with me? We have had so many alarms before this—is the danger imminent? May the enemy be expected soon?"

"Mademoiselle, you have so far shown so much courage—"

"A truce, sir, to all compliments."

"As a woman you can have nothing to fear; the Germans are not barbarians. St.-Eloi may be defended. This morning, when the artillery was moved from here, there was the rumor that the enemy had shown himself some five leagues from here. Should there be a serious attack, the château would be out of the way of a general battle, unless reinforcements from the town came this way; then, I suppose, the Germans, getting wind of it, would repel an advance of our soldiers."

"Our soldiers, M. Percival?"

"The French soldiers, I mean, mademoiselle. But I beg that you will not put too great importance on what are the most uncertain of all things—military prophecies."

"But I must place reliance on what you tell me. I might not have done so once, for how could I know that my father's *contre-maitre* had been a—"

"A what, mademoiselle?"

"An American officer. Among the letters which came from Paris—I could not help it, sir, because, anxious for news from my friends, I went personally to the *maitre de poste*—three weeks ago, that functionary handed me a letter addressed to M. le Colonel Percival. It came through your American embassy, because it had the arms of your country on the envelope. Believe me, I am not curious. But the postmaster asked me if it was for you."

"But, mademoiselle, such a title is of little avail in the United States, and is so common as to be ridiculous."

"No, sir, it cannot be, not when you carry with it—" Here the lady paused. "But, sir, you are so sensitive about the loss of your arm—and I have never quite recovered from the mistake I once made in the billiard-room."

"I am afraid I was passably rude, then," replied the gentleman.

"I do not know," replied Pauline, simply.

"Mademoiselle Delange will be kind enough to call me M. Percival, and will know me only as her father's *contre-maitre*."

"Very well, sir. But continue, though, I assure you, whatever you may tell me about the enemy will have weight with me, whether coming from the *contre-maitre*, or from an American officer and gentleman."

"Any evasion on my part now would be culpable. There is not the least doubt that a corps of Bavarians are within striking distance of St.-Eloi, and that perhaps at daybreak to-morrow some of their inquisitive Uhlans may pay us a flying visit. But war abounds with unseen elements. The enemy—"

"They are your enemies, then?"

"The Germans, I mean, mademoiselle, may break to the right and left of us, isolate us, and capture St.-Eloi in a week from now, without striking a blow. In the present condition of affairs I undoubtedly pray they may. But if we have reinforcements coming up, then there will be some fighting. In any case, the château and forges, being unsupported, would fall first, as our line of retreat lies in the opposite direction."

"Then the château and *usine* might not be destroyed?"

"The château I think is safe, but the *usine* will be destroyed. It was your father's wish that, whenever the enemy threatened St.-Eloi, and its capture became a foregone conclusion, it should be burned. This morning a company of soldiers were undermining our chimney-stacks, and putting powder there. There, mademoiselle, you have now heard the worst."

"Somehow, M. Percival, if my father was not ill here in the house, I should feel more for the *usine* now than for the château. God's will be done. Now, sir, what next? You have promised to keep the papers."

"What is next? Yes, I might advise something more. It is a delicate task, mademoiselle, but enters into my functions. Here is a *rouleau* of gold—only a thousand francs. I am sorry it is not more. Every workman has been paid. Pray take this money, and you had better secure it, hide it somewhere. It may be of great service in times of emergency." Here M. Percival placed a small roll of gold on the table. "That is not all. Women treasure certain trinkets. Perhaps you had better conceal them, too. These are disagreeable details."

"What! must I do it? Oh, this is horrible, sir! Is this one of the things which follow glory?"

"Since you have confided your papers to me, a much more onerous thing, if not a liberty—" Here M. Percival hesitated.

"And will you, indeed, keep my trinkets for me? That is so very—very good of you! All my rings and brooches—those jewels my poor mother wore—are in an antique coffer up-stairs. Wait, I will get them." With a rapid movement the lady flew out of the room, ran into the hall, opened a trunk, and, returning in an instant, brought in a small steel coffer, which she placed on the table. "Here they all are. The plate was moved away some weeks ago. You never could guess how this box is opened. You never could find the key-hole. See! here is the key. Now shall I explain to you how it is done? You do not care? Well, I will show it to you some day." Here the young lady came to a full pause, and blushed crimson. Then she added:

"It is a a cruel parting. In it is my mother's wedding-ring, and the little cross she wore. I did not think that any severance from such material things could make one suffer so. There, take them. No receipt for these, if you please; we do not give receipts for sentiments. Now, M. Percival, *je suis à vos ordres*. What next?"

"I know of nothing more. These final precautions, painful as they must be, conclude our business. We must wait for coming events."

"But there is something more. Having the papers and my poor little box, you must, you ought to leave St.-Eloi."

"Who? I, mademoiselle? You dismiss me?"

"Dismiss you? Oh, no. Still there is no possible reason why you should stay here. What I mean is this. Having accomplished your duty—fully—honorably—my—my father has no longer any claims on you. As an alien—I should suppose you would have no trouble in passing through the German lines."

"Who? I leave St.-Eloi? Do you insist on it? If I am useless at the forge now, at the château it may be different."

"But, M. Colonel Percival, *les convenances*! You do not understand them. You Americans never will. It is not proper that even under the present circumstances a woman, even one almost alone, like myself, should be—" Here she hesitated, and covered her face with her hands. "Believe me," she continued, "I am not ungrateful, nor proud; only—"

"*Les convenances*," blurted out the *contre-maître*, "must be considered as intensely stupid. Such peculiar, fantastical ideas are singularly out of place and keeping at the present juncture. People shipwrecked, men and women floating on a stormy ocean, must despise *les convenances*. An American or an Englishman confined in a tower with a young lady under unfortunate circumstances beyond their control—"

"You are repeating to me Octave Feuillet's 'Romance of a Poor Young Man.' Yes, I have read it," cried Pauline, in confusion.

"If the hero had been an American or an Englishman, he would very certainly have examined the lock of the door first before he ventured in, to be sure of an exit, or would have invented or improvised a ladder to escape with, had he thought such a course absolutely necessary. Your poor young man was an idiot to risk his neck, and the heroine of the book a silly girl, inclined to be hysterical. French people look upon Virginie's death as the height of romance. Paul was a sentimental fool." Evidently M. Percival was losing his temper.

"Monsieur!"

"I must and will have my way. It is not so certain, after all, that I could leave St.-Eloi. The forges of St.-Eloi have been running for the last two months turning out shot and shell, and I fancy that, insignificant as I am, still, as the *contre-maître* of St.-Eloi, my movements might be hampered. Believe me, considerations of duty I owe your father, who is so helpless now, the simplest dictates of humanity

toward him, would retain me, if not here in the château, at least in its neighborhood. Alone as a woman, you might be powerless when the crisis came. What I can do, or how I may be of assistance to Mademoiselle Delange, I do not know. I have, perhaps, no immediate business here; but—but—"

"But what, M. Percival?"

"It is only when I am positively certain that all danger is past—for the whole trouble will be over in twenty-four hours at most—that I shall be glad to receive my dismissal from the hands of Mademoiselle Delange."

"M. Percival," replied the lady, with a certain degree of warmth, "I never used the word dismissal. It is an expression of your own coining. Your French has wonderfully improved of late. Only, at the risk of being rude, I must declare that you do not thoroughly understand the spirit of our language. You have, indeed, proved yourself to be a true friend, but what can I do without an adviser? May your devotion to my father find its reward!"

"Devotion, mademoiselle! There is nothing of the kind. Is it not natural, though, that I should feel some gratitude toward your father for all the confidence he has placed in me? The eventuality might arise when I might even relieve you in nursing him. As his condition improved, he might be moved from St.-Eloi. One of the reasons of my present intrusion, then, mademoiselle, was to ask permission to occupy the keeper's lodge at the gate of the château-grounds. The keeper left yesterday. It does look like a *sauf qui peut*."

"Will Mademoiselle Pauline breakfast?" cried out Babette, entering with a tray poised on her hand. "I have prepared breakfast for two, for of course monsieur will breakfast with mademoiselle."

"Would M. Percival breakfast?" asked Pauline, diffidently. "He is welcome."

"Fearing almost to trespass on your hospitality, mademoiselle, I am forced to declare that I was dinnerless and supperless last night, and have certainly not breakfasted." And he added, with a smile: "Should *les convenances* permit it"—and he rose—"I would like to see that my horse has not wasted his feed, for there is none too much of it. If, then, mademoiselle would kindly send me a bit of bread to the keeper's lodge, I should be very much obliged to her."

"Stay, sir—stay. You were my father's guest. You are his guest again. A bit of bread, indeed! This is ridiculous, Colonel Percival.—Ah, Babette, this is a magnificent repast! Where did the eggs come from? I thought the last hen in Alsace had abandoned the place.—My poor maid does try so hard, M. Percival, to serve me in the same way as in former times—that is, when I breakfasted alone." Here Mademoiselle Pauline blushed. "I think she has prepared enough for both of us."

"*Comment donc, mademoiselle?* St.-Eloi niggardly under any circumstances! And I who baked every morsel of flour that was left in the house, so that there is enough to last a week—so that we may stand a siege. There is a bottle of wine. M. Per-

cival shall try it. I am *garçon de cave* now. There isn't much left of a cellar. All the wine went to the hospitals, and those hungry rascals of soldiers gobbled the pears. Still I managed to secure a few.—Eat, monsieur; show a good example to mademoiselle, who only picks a little like the sparrows. The last breakfast at St.-Eloi must be a success. Think of it! One of the officers who left this morning gave me a package of coffee.—O mademoiselle! I am a splendid forager. But there is no milk. I pray monsieur will excuse it. The poor cows went to the meadows one fine morning and never came back again. It does me so much good to see you smile, mademoiselle. Still I could cry when I think of the grand service of only three months ago. Course after course on the table, and the *chef* busy with fifty *casseroles*, all of them stewing away, and the kitchen full of the most ravishing odors. I dream about it sometimes. *Alors donc*, mademoiselle, do not mind my melancholy *souvenirs*. I have—it is a secret—private stores, which André and I have hidden away for the master, and the Prussians might shoot and stab me to death before I would tell them where they are secreted. I, too, can be a martyr to my country! I must go now, and will be up again in a moment with the coffee.—You need be in no hurry, mademoiselle. André tells me that the master is sleeping quietly.”

The breakfast commenced in silence, for there was evidently some embarrassment visible on the part of the lady. Now, if all food was square or cubical, as represented by a parallelogram of bread, for a one-armed man, the task of eating such alimentary substances would be comparatively an easy task; but with anything cylindrical—an egg, for instance—quite another kind of problem presents itself, which is more difficult of solution. The guest made an effort or two to chip his egg, and then with a laugh gave it up.

“Would you allow me, sir,” asked the hostess, demurely, “to assist you?” And mademoiselle, with her pretty fingers, knife in hand, chipped the unstable egg for him, and placed it comfortably in his cup.

“It is the story of the fox and the stork,” said M. Percival, pleasantly.

“I do not see the allusion,” replied Mademoiselle Pauline. “But pray have no hesitation in asking me to help you when I can. I fancy, sir, if you will excuse my recurring to it, that a certain amount of unnecessary sensitiveness was the reason why, when you were an invalid at the house, you never honored us with your presence.”

“It might have been so to a certain degree, though, on my word, I was not conscious of it. The principal cause for my keeping my own room was that I really was very stupid from the blow I had received; and because your father's *contre-maitre*, though the first man at the forge, would, you must allow it, have been the last at your father's table.”

“Not as Colonel Percival, certainly. My father is much more democratic than you think. At your age he had not your position. What impossible ideas

you have, and how ignorant you are that in France there is a fund of *bonhomie* which equalizes all ranks!”

“And M. de Valbois and the gentleman's mother?”

Then Babette came in with the coffee, and Mademoiselle Pauline said: “Babette, M. Percival has decided to occupy the keeper's lodge. Will you instruct André to make it habitable? The house and grounds are under M. Percival's care. It is time now—you will excuse me, sir—that I should be with my father. Your visit has been a great relief to me. Now that I am prepared for the worst, those vague terrors which uncertainty ever has are removed. Again let me assure you how deeply I am indebted to you. So we are to expect the enemy to-morrow? God help us! Of course, you will come to the house for your repasts, such as we can give you; and you will excuse my presence if I am unable to see you. —Babette, tell André I will relieve him now.”

“Mademoiselle Delange, I beg that you will consider how fully I appreciate the distressing circumstances in which you are placed. I sincerely trust that my presence will not be an annoyance to you. It will be but the infliction of a day or so.”

“You mistake me, sir, and pain me with your remarks. I trust in you implicitly, and have something more to ask of you. Here is a little ring—it was a parting gift from poor Général de Frail.”—Here she drew off a ring from her taper finger and placed it in M. Percival's hand.—“It would quite break my heart should I lose it.”

M. Percival seemed to hesitate a moment what to do with the ring. Here, for the first time, the poor girl broke down, and, sobbing, left the room.

M. Percival strode into the empty hall, uncertain for a moment what to do. Just then André appeared on the landing above. M. Percival beckoned to him.

“André,” he said, “all these trunks strewed about here are a temptation to pillage. They must be removed. I have some idea, not a very certain one, of the disposition of the rooms M. Delange occupies at present.”

“There are four rooms. One is mademoiselle's apartment—at least she moved there when monsieur was taken ill.”

“How many doors communicate with the landing?”

“Two.”

“That is unfortunate. We will blockade one. Have you ever made a barricade?”

“Who—I, sir? Yes, sir, when I was young and foolish, in 1830 and 1848.”

“We will construct a barricade now. These trunks here will close one of the doors. We will move them. Come, we have work before us, and it must be noiselessly done.”

It took an hour's time for two men with three hands to accomplish their task.

“The second door you will leave as it is until you have instructions from me.”

“Has monsieur ever made a barricade?” asked André.

"Yes."

"Monsieur seems to know all about it."

"Now, André, I want implicit obedience on your part. You must, after to-morrow morning, never lose sight of mademoiselle. You and Babette, in case there is any trouble, will stay up-stairs in the rooms with your master and mistress. Now there are two or three things I shall want in the keeper's lodge."

"Oh, I can furnish monsieur royally. Is it a rosewood bed, a mirror, or a comfortable *fauteuil* he may want?"

"Nothing of the kind. I shall go to St.-Eloi at once, and will return as soon as possible. During my absence, bring me a tin skillet from your kitchen and a bundle of fagots. Place them in the keeper's room. You had, in fact, better do it at once. That is all I shall want."

Then M. Percival mounted his horse, strapped on the valise with the casket, and rode rapidly to the *usine*. Here he found several regiments of infantry as if apparently on the move. He entered the deserted factory, and presently returned with two or three packages. He was off again in a moment, and in a quarter of an hour had ridden back the few miles which separated the *usine* from the château. His horse was placed in the stable. Now he sought the keeper's lodge, and made a fire, and, producing several pounds of wax, proceeded to melt it. He took long strips of canvas, and, making a number of parcels of the papers, bound each up in cloth, and then dipped every one of them in the wax. Then he made a big bundle of them all, put the casket in the wrappings, and wound around that more folds of canvas, which he coated with a water-proof varnish. For a one-armed person he worked very quickly—a certain very white set of teeth which the man had being used to great advantage in holding one end of the long shreds of cloth. As he finished his work he said, laughingly :

"Strange that I should be obliged to a great-grandmother of mine for this method ! She hid her treasures that way when the British captured her house. I have taken coffee out of an old urn which was swathed and buried just in this way. Family history says that it was underground for a year and more."

Then he lit a cigar, threw himself on the floor, and presently was sound asleep. It was the heavy rest of a man who had had no repose for the last thirty-six hours. It was dusk when he awoke, thoroughly refreshed by his slumbers. He waited until it was dark. Then he took the package under his arm, ventured out, and walked quickly through the thickets which skirted the lawn.

"There is no light in the back of the house, for M. Delange's room is in the front. I shall not want a lantern. Now, there was a broken spade thrown away by the soldiers somewhere here—I saw it this morning. Ah, there it is ! It will answer my purpose. The water has softened the soil right by the vase I put in place this morning. Hist ! what is that ? That rascal Bob, I declare ! Quiet, you

brute, or I will have to throttle you. I will take off my coat ; he will sit on that ; that will quiet him. I think here will be a safe place to hide the packages. The water of the brook will be sure to overflow the place. I guarantee the papers, but the casket I am not so sure about. Fortunately the coast is clear. I only see just beyond there a red glare against the sky over the town, where the soldiers have lighted their fires. Here goes !" And, saying this, Percival overturned the vase, removed the pedestal, and commenced digging with a will. "It is the hardest bit of engineering I ever tried. Ah ! I have struck the hard soil below. It is deep enough, I think. Good-by, papers and casket ; and may you see the light again on a more auspicious occasion !" Then he trampled down the dirt on the concealed treasure, replaced the pedestal, rearranged the sod, and left the vase on the ground. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and then carried the spade into the thicket, Bob following him. He returned to the lawn. Just then came from afar off in the distance the sound of a gun. Then followed a few more shots, and now several volleys were heard. He started. Now all was silent. It was not in the direction of St.-Eloi, but away off on the left. "It is a distasteful sound, and sickens me. They must be skirmishing off there." Now Bob growled, and M. Percival picked him up, and buttoned him up in his coat. Then he heard the clatter of horses' feet, and he crouched behind an abutment which supported the terrace. The rapid stride of a horse was now distinctly heard, and presently a lancer dashed at full speed across the lawn. M. Percival held his breath. "It is a French soldier, I am sure of it ; but here comes another, and not so fast. It is a courier sent with some news, or a Uhlan after the Frenchman." The second horseman came along rather more slowly, as if in doubt as to his road. Now the moon rose, and M. Percival could see distinctly that it was not an enemy. Bob barked just then, and the man halted.

"Comrade," cried M. Percival, very much relieved, "your companion passed through here five minutes ago. This is the château of St.-Eloi. The town lies almost three miles beyond. Take that biggest gap there through the thicket, and you will strike the road."

"*Merci !*" cried the soldier ; "my comrade's horse was fresher than mine. You know the news ? General advance of the Prussians, and our cavalry-pickets are being driven in. I recognize the château. I was quartered here three weeks ago. It is not much of a fight. Ah, there they are at it again ! A small affair ; but to-morrow we may have it hot and heavy."

"Thank you for the information. Will you have a cigar ?"

"Much obliged. I heard a prisoner say that every Prussian soldier had three cigars a day, and that, when he was on the sick-list or wounded, he had all the cigars he could smoke. Listen again. *Pif-paf !* How the powder speaks ! You are going to see some of the fun here. It is a real mess we are making of it.—Thank you, I will take a match.

There they go again. I don't think we have any infantry there; and those guns sound like needle-guns—our Chassepots have a sharper crack. Oh, I know them all. It is a music I have danced to quite often lately. So I fancy they are driving us in. There, I must be going now—and luck to you!—Steady, Cocotte; don't fret so, you old jade; for it is quite likely that you will have a belly full of it to-morrow. —Good-night, sir;” and, saying this, the soldier rode briskly off.

Now M. Percival ascended the steps of the terrace, and paused a moment before the little room where he had breakfasted in the morning. Suddenly a light shone there. He stopped an instant as the sash was opened, and the figure of a woman was seen peering into the darkness.

“It is I, mademoiselle; do not be alarmed,” said M. Percival.

“I am not frightened. I fancied I recognized your footsteps. I thought I heard the sound of a horse galloping on the lawn some few minutes ago. Has the time come? I heard, too, firing in the distance. We are all naturally anxious and wakeful, save my father, who is sleeping. Great Heavens! they are firing again. God save France and her brave soldiers! Might I ask you what brings you out? Is there anything wrong?”

“I assure you, mademoiselle, that the situation has hardly changed. The advance of the enemy is, perhaps, slower than I thought it would be. My reasons for being up certainly concern you. I have hidden the papers and your casket. They are under the vase you once cared for.”

“The one you lifted into place this morning?”

“Did I? Well, I have upset it again to-night. Should any accident happen to me, or should we not meet again, you will know where to look for your property.”

“Not meet you again?”

“Let me trust that my dismissal will come in proper time, and in the ordinary course of events.”

“Your dismissal! But you are cruel, sir—”

“Who? I, mademoiselle, cruel! Why should I be, when I am really distressed thinking of your many anxieties? But I pray you do not remain up any more.”

Mademoiselle Pauline had ventured a single step or so on the terrace. M. Percival—for the light had been blown out in the room, and it was dark—proffered the lady his hand to lead her back.

“I am dreadfully muddy,” he said. “Had I remembered that I had been digging, I should not have presumed to offer you my hand.”

The gentle pressure of the woman's fingers was relaxed suddenly when he said this, as if the touch of the man's hand had stung her.

She entered the library without a word, and sank down on a chair, pale, trembling, and speechless. Suddenly she gave a smothered cry.

“Ah, Bobe, is that you? He must have been following his master, and come in unperceived.—It is a comfort to have you, poor little dog! There—

there—listen! They are firing now again!” And she shuddered.

She was no longer brave in talk, but dark terror came, and she clasped her hands in agony. Then she started and felt for her ring. It was gone! She remembered that she had given the ring to M. Percival for safe-keeping. Then Bob jumped up into her lap, and she cuddled him, and now all was silent and still; and wearied out, utterly wretched, she fell asleep in her chair. She had not slept more than an hour, she thought, when Babette awakened her.

“It is almost morning, mademoiselle, and such a precious fright as I have had about you until I found you here, a couple of hours ago! *Ma foi!* you were sleeping, and I had not the heart to wake you. M. Delange has not been at all restless, and has passed a good night. We are all alive yet, so it seems. Ah, there is Bobe! Where did he come from? See how he has muddied your dress! No Prussians yet. Not a soul on the grounds. The firing was dreadful. Perhaps our brave soldiers have driven the enemy back, and we are safe now. Ah, *mon Dieu!* what is that? I know the sound—that rumble, rumble—and the galloping of horses, and the sharp rattle of swords and scabbards. The artillery must be coming back.” Babette ran to the window. “It is the cannoneers—and how fast they are coming! It is our men. Oh, *les fuyards!* the cravens! No—no; I am mistaken. They slacken their pace; they are coming into the lawn. I count one—two—four—eight—ten pieces. The men and horses are covered with dust. The officers are dismounting. What! more men? They are swarming on the other side, away across the field, at the foot of the hills. Now that the sun is fairly up, I see their red breeches; it is our men. Listen! it is the roll of the drum—do you hear?—and there sound the clarions. Ah, here comes a general and his staff. They all of them are dashing to the front. They have glasses, and are looking at something beyond the hills. Here comes an officer back at full speed, and now the cannons are being moved, and at full gallop. Some of the cannons seem to stick in the muddy places, and the men jump off the guns and push them along. Now I see the gleam of gun-barrels, and the base of the hill is black with men, and they are ascending it now on the run. Stop! not all of them. What are they doing? I see trees falling; I fancy I can hear them crash as the trunks and branches tumble down; I do see, however, the flashing of their axes. They must be making a breastwork. Now three—four—of the cannons are on top of the hill. But it is so quiet beyond. I hear nothing—nothing. Still there must be something. There—there! do you hear that crackling now, like the embers of a fire when it sputters? There is a mist on the hill-tops now, but it has cleared off, and the sound comes plainer. The general has left a staff-officer on the grounds. He is coming this way, and is riding full speed. Mademoiselle, has our time come?”

Then a knock was heard at the door, and Babette flew to it.

“Babette,” cried M. Percival, in a quick, impera-

tive way, "bid your mistress seek her room at once. I saw a bunch of keys on the mantel-piece of the room yesterday—are they the keys of the house?"

"They are, Monsieur Percival," said Pauline, coming to the door.

"Pray give them to me; and for Mercy's sake go to your room." And now he led the way into the hall, and waited until the lady and her maid had disappeared up the stairs. Then M. Percival went out on the terrace.

"Ah, is it you?" said an officer, dismounting from his horse. "You may remember to have seen me at your works two months ago. It seems likely that the general may want to use M. Delange's château for an hour or so, though I am afraid it will be a *mauvais quart d'heure*. It is a really handsome edifice, but essentially deficient as a place one could defend—a perfect trap for shells. All these old places go down like pasteboard castles when only a shell is thrown into them; a simple pectoral gets them."

"Will the affair be a serious one?" asked M. Percival.

"The enemy are advancing in force; we feel sure of that from the deliberation of his movements. We had quite a pretty affair a little before midnight, when our advance posts were driven in. It looks like business."

"You never can hold St.-Eloi, and what is the use of trying to do so? All the war material is removed."

"So it is, and it was well done. But we must check this advance, if but for an hour or so. What I want to know is, the condition of the lower part of this château. Where the terrace faces the green here, there is a good bit of masonry with a fair frontage. Ah! I see you have the keys, and that you are a man of business. Would you be good enough to show me the way below?"

"I will accompany you with your permission. You have no intention of holding the château, have you?" inquired M. Percival.

"Since the general sent me here, I should suppose he had some such idea."

"But there is a lady in the house, with her father, M. Delange, who is very ill."

"Can you not remove them?"

"It is impossible."

"By all manner of means, put them in the front of the house."

"They are there, fortunately."

"That is lucky, for the attack looks as if it would come from the rear. Ah, here are the cellars—and, delightful! these walls are just thick enough to loop-hole without any great trouble. We will have to put a company of men here, whose services might be useful. *Mon Dieu!* monsieur, the château of St.-Eloi might become famous as a second Hougemont, if only we could spare some thousand men to hold it. But we can only do our best; it will hold some fifty men, not more."

"You are likely to lose all your men. There is but one small egress from below. Had you not bet-

ter open some exit on the front, in case you have to vacate the premises? As undoubtedly the enemy are in superior numbers, the lives of all your brave fellows would be sacrificed—they would be killed like rats in a trap."

"*Certainement*, and why not? killed that or any other way—what is the difference? However, we will look at the measures for an escape. We will drill a big opening through here. I seize the plan of the cellar! Has monsieur ever been in a situation like this? He talks as if he had been."

"No, lieutenant; never, thank God!"

"Well, I have now the whole matter plain; we will ascend."

"Might I beg you to carry me to the officer in command?"

"Certainly, since I suppose you represent the owner of the château." And a few minutes later M. Percival was at the kiosk, where was the general.

"General," said the lieutenant, "the terrace is quite practicable for the purposes indicated by you."

"Take twenty *sappeurs* and do the work. Mind, the loop-holes are not to be too close. Place two or three files of men there. Do it at once.—Monsieur, you wish to speak to me?"

"I do, sir. I am in charge of the château of St.-Eloi—"

"And have come to complain. I have no time to waste."

"You mistake my errand, sir. The occupants of the house are M. Delange and his daughter, once the nearest and dearest friends of Général de Frail. M. Delange is desperately ill; his daughter is nursing him. All I pray is this, that the upper part of the house will, if possible, be kept free of soldiers."

"Certainly; I had no intention of putting a man there. Monsieur's and mademoiselle's wishes will be respected. Is that all you want?—Here, some of you see to it: give positive instructions that no man goes up-stairs.—Is there anything more?"

"Yes, sir; if not a liberty, I should advise your cutting the dam which holds the water of a little lake just off there. It will flood the grounds just beyond the abatis you are constructing, and perhaps retard a rapid approach."

"*Hein!* You don't say so! You are perfectly familiar with the grounds? You must be. I should be very much obliged to you if you would accompany this officer and show him the lake." An orderly gave M. Percival a horse, and, accompanied by an officer of engineers, they both rode rapidly to the pond.

"You have seen service, sir?" inquired the officer.

"I have, sir."

"Where, might I ask?"

"In America."

"On the winning side?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is lucky; it is hard to fight on the losing one."

"I hope such will not be your fate."

"But it will be. We are frittering away our strength; we are outmarched, outnumbered, outgeneraled—all save outfought. Ah! here is the dam. If the water was higher, it would be better. Luck is against us. We have had no rain of any consequence since the opening of the campaign; no streams of water which, when rising, could check the German advance. Of course, when the Prussians are after us, there will be a deluge to hamper our movements. Ah! this is where the proprietor of the château fed his carp. Oh! the fine, big fish I see there! Decidedly, I should prefer fishing at the present moment. Well, ten men can do the work; the supports are but slight. We will go back, now."

"Would you kindly tell me whether there will be a serious defense of the château?"

"Certainly not. That would be exceedingly stupid. St.-Eloi, now that the iron-works are abandoned, and everything useful taken away, is of no consequence."

"I may go, now?" inquired M. Percival.

"Certainly. What a pity! there will be no more water-parties on the pretty lake. But I know you will not blame me."

M. Percival rode on rapidly, passing through fresh ranks of soldiers, who by this time had come from St.-Eloi. Then he dismounted, and hurried to the house. "My God!" he said to himself, as he heard the dull sounds of the soldiers working below, "this is dreadful. If the lower portion of the château is held, there may be a hand-to-hand fight in the house. If the Prussians carry the hills, as they undoubtedly will, they will batter the house over our ears. What can I do? One last effort: M. Delange must be moved. Mademoiselle Delange can be of no possible use here. I can stay with her father. She would be safer anywhere than here." Then he sprang up the steps of the house, mounted to the landing, where André met him.

"Your mistress," said M. Percival, "go bid her come to me."

"I am here, monsieur," said a trembling voice. "My poor father is worse; all this terrible noise and turmoil has excited him. He is so weak he cannot move in his bed, yet he implores me in a piteous voice to let him rise and take arms in defense of his country. I cannot—must not—leave him. Pray, bid me do anything but that!"

"I had come, mademoiselle, to implore you to seek shelter in the keeper's lodge, and to leave me with your father. André and Babette might go with you. But I do not insist on it."

"Oh, no, no! Anything but that!"

"Only promise me this, then: do not leave your room. Quick, in with you; and may God protect you!" and he closed the door on her.—"André, one word with you. This, then, is the other door of issue? As soon as you are in, drag all the furniture you have right up against that door, and barricade it, too. Do absolutely what I tell you! You understand?"

"I do, sir. Babette has strong arms, and we

will manage it. I have some weapons here—they are old, it is true, but very good;" and André showed a pair of antiquated horse-pistols.

"Give them to me. Arms would be useless. Resistance would only make matters worse. The soldiers are to do the fighting. Remember, private individuals who use arms are harshly treated by the Prussians."

"But, monsieur—"

"Do as I bid you: give me the pistols. I admire your spirit, and feel sure you would use these pistols with true courage. Away with you now, André, and do as I tell you."

Then André somewhat reluctantly handed the pistols to M. Percival, who threw them into a neighboring dark closet. Then he listened until he heard the noise of furniture moving in the room. It was now evident that a sharp attack was being made. As M. Percival stood on the terrace, the puffs of smoke beyond the hills were apparent. It is one of the curious phenomena of war that, after the immense bustle and confusion which follow the investment of a position, there comes a period of repose. Occasionally a restive horse would neigh and paw the ground, but generally even the animals were quiet. The volume of sound to the rear increased. An experienced ear could distinguish between the sharp and frequently-interrupted fire of the French and the incessant volleys of the Germans. As the firing came nearer, the quiet mien of the French soldiers in and about the château-grounds changed somewhat. Guns were looked at, and cartridge-boxes were examined. Some men gave their belts a tighter hitch and tucked up their trousers. Some half-dozen soldiers took off their shoes and fastened them on their knapsacks, preferring to fight barefooted. More than one man threw aside his cap, and bound his head with a handkerchief. A drummer who had loosened the snares of his drum tightened them again, and was playing the charge on the wood of his *caisse*. Officers looked at their revolvers, and walked or rode among the men, giving sharp, brief orders. Now distant cheers were heard, and a slight movement was visible, as a small detachment of cavalry emerged from a wood on a distant hill.

"They are the Prussians!" cried some conscripts.

"Silence, there!" cried an old soldier. "They won't be there long."

Then there were three or four discharges of cannon from the advanced French battery, and away scampered the horsemen, some of the horses being plainly visible to be riderless. Now came a swarm of French chasseurs, who had been skirmishing, but who seemed not at all inclined to follow the cavalry.

"Our chasseurs are running in!" cried a conscript.

"Idiot!" replied the veteran, "and well they may, for certainly behind that Prussian cavalry there are two or three regiments of *Kaiserliche*. You will know all about it before long."

Some of the chasseurs now entered the grounds of

St.-Eloi. It was piteous to see more than one of them fall before they reached the lawn, to rise no more. Many little groups of three or four were seen bearing the wounded, the arms and hands of the dying men trailing helplessly on the ground. An officer, his head bandaged with a handkerchief, came slowly riding in, supported by two men, one on each side of him. The general rode to him, seemed to exchange a few words with him; then the officer was lifted off his horse, and placed gently on the ground. Then a surgeon came to him, and he was carried to the kiosk. The French guns on the nearest hill now seemed hotly engaged—you could not see the pieces for the smoke. But soon their fire slackened. It was evident they were not to be supported, and presently they tore down the hill, and took position inside of the abatis. Still there was a thin line of French infantry visible on the elevation; but they, too, gradually withdrew, and now solid square masses of men, slowly advancing, held the crest. Now a dull thud was heard, and M. Percival saw trees waver, then sink as it were into the ground.

"It is the dam that has been broken. It may stop the advance for a moment—providing, only, the Germans do not have any guns."

But they had guns, for presently a shell swept through the air and burst near the abatis. Now the French had come under cover. The fusillade was incessant, and all the French cannon pealed out at once.

"We are stronger in artillery for the moment, and it is well served. The end, however, is inevitable. That battery cannot hold on ten minutes more without being captured."

Suddenly the fire at the abatis slackened. First one gun was withdrawn, then another, and now all of them were dashing across the foot of the lawn toward the road to St.-Eloi. Then the black masses on the hills moved rapidly—one surged directly downward, and another swept to the right.

"If we have no cavalry, those guns are gone. No, no! Well done! here come our horsemen from the wood. Poor fellows, how they are catching it! My God, this is beastly, brutal work! I suppose I am nervous. If I was in it, I shouldn't have time to think of it, and I have been in it sometimes; anyhow, the guns are safe so far, for they are now on their way full tilt toward St.-Eloi."

It was a fairly stubborn fight in front of the lawn. There was a check of a moment where the water had flooded some flat lands, but the Prussians were soon through it. Twice a charge was made by the Germans, and twice repelled. Now the French soldiers fell slowly back. But heavy artillery-firing on the right was heard, and balls tore through the trees, and plunged diagonally across the lawn. Still the brave Frenchmen did not actually break, though their movements were accelerated. Now the first of the Bavarian skirmishers were seen just beyond the abatis. A dozen men were over it—now they formed almost a company. The rear-guard of the French turned suddenly, and closed with them. Here a murderous conflict took place, and many a

brave German paid dearly for his temerity. Still it was a useless contest, for now the main column of the Germans was in close proximity to its own skirmishers, and the French retreat was sounded.

"If—if only the cellar is vacated! My God, if I dared tell those poor fellows that resistance is useless!"

Just then the smothered roar of muskets was heard below him.

"The worst has come; we shall have it now. It is getting too hot here!" cried M. Percival, as a ball flattened against the wall of the house just over his head and fell at his feet.

Then he ran into the house, sprang up the steps, and stood by M. Delange's door. There was a faint reek of gunpowder through the house. He waited a minute—ten minutes—then a dreadful howl of rage was heard below him. The Germans had burst open the doors of the château and had rushed into the basement. There were a dozen discharges, and terrific cries and imprecations were heard. More explosions followed, which were continued on the lawn. Now the first armed man was seen below by the anxious watcher. It was a Bavarian captain, followed by half a dozen men, who rushed furiously up the stairs. Sword in hand, the officer sprang forward; his soldiers had their bayonets leveled.

"Out of the way with you!" cried the officer, disdainfully, appreciating, apparently, the helplessness of a one-armed man. "There may be some of the enemy concealed here. Quick! reply—are there any soldiers here? Have you no tongue? Answer if you value your life. If I hear the discharge of a single gun, I shall hold you responsible. Our blood is up; open me that door there, the one you are standing against, or I will throw you over the banisters."

"There is no one there, sir," said M. Percival, "save a very ill man—the owner of this château—and his daughter and two servants."

"Open me, then, that door, so that I can see."

"I cannot; the door is barricaded."

"Barricaded!—Burst it open, sergeant. We will see.—I tell you, if there is the slightest treachery here, or any mishap happens to my men above-stairs, I shall not hesitate to split open your skull, though you are maimed and crippled.—Here, you men there, force open that door—fire into the lock of the door if it is not opened!"

"The only French soldier I know of in the house now—at least up-stairs—is a man in the signal-service, who may be on the roof."

"There is no trusting any Frenchmen. But you are not French, and your German has an English twang."

"That is not very strange. When you once spoke English, though you were fluent enough, it had a German accent, Lieutenant Müller—"

"Lieutenant Müller? How do you know my name? And who the devil are you, you one-armed, cool man? Yes, I do speak English. God bless my soul! *Donnerwetter!* what, is it possible? I find a man on a staircase in a château in Alsace that I

left for dead in an ambulance in Virginia! You are Colonel Percival, as I have the honor to serve his majesty the King of Bavaria.—Lower your guns, my men. Here is a rencontre. But I may be mistaken. Give me my *signalement*."

"You were private first in a regiment I had the honor to command. For meritorious conduct I made you sergeant. In a month, for signal bravery, you were a lieutenant; and when I last saw you at Cold Harbor—"

"I was a captain. It is so. By all that is holy, you are Colonel Percival! I could embrace you. Wait until the men go up-stairs after that poor devil of a signal-man, and I will.—Go up-stairs with you, and bring me down the prisoner—sharp, now! Do not be too rough. I know this gentleman—an American—an old friend—not a Frenchman.—There, now, they are gone. I am so glad to see you! I could kiss you! Not dead—not dead?"

"No, lieutenant; since I surrender at discretion. And you? I see you have made your way."

"At the first sounds of war, I was off for home, and got an early promotion, and, if I am not killed, will rise higher. Ah! here come my men with their prisoner."

"I have a great favor to ask, sir. If these men are to be stationed in the house, I beg of you let no one come up here. You consent?"

"Bring them some wine, and I think the matter can be arranged, at least for the present. It was hot work below for a moment, but almost all of them got off. You see, I dashed ahead with only fifty men—if I had had a hundred I should have bagged every one of them. What fun! One thing more: who is this Yankee who is in business here, turning out shot and shell for these Frenchmen?"

"Who? who but I?"

"Ah! that is *shrecklich*."

"I was in M. Delange's employ—have been so for a year."

"Oh! that alters the circumstances. But I must report it. For an old and cherished comrade of that memorable American war, I can't but try to help you. Leave matters to me. You are all gone up here. St.-Eloi will be carried to-morrow, maybe to-night. We have got you all sewed up. It was a neat little skirmish this morning. We must have killed two hundred of your fellows between breakfast and luncheon. At that rate, there won't be a Frenchman left by the end of the war season. I am going now to report, for I hear the main body coming. Listen to the music!"

"Thank God for this meeting, Lieutenant Müller! I was not mistaken when I knew you to be a brave, whole-souled man. I am so thankful the worst is over. I have no stomach now for fighting."

"You were, though, the greediest man once for it I ever saw. If you hadn't pushed me out of the way at Cold Harbor and taken the lead yourself, it would have been Müller that had been shot and not his colonel, for, *Donnerwetter*, you were my superior once. There, good-by, now. I will take the men down-stairs, and mind you send them the wine. Of

course, as I captured the place I shall have charge of it, at least for a day or so.—Ah! what is that? There is an explosion somewhere—off that side."

"I fancy it must be the old *usine* of St.-Eloi that has been blown up," said M. Percival, with a sigh.

"Oh, is that all? Report to me in an hour from now. Here is a bit of paper. I will write you a pass on it—it will allow you to move about the house, otherwise my men might annoy you. You see you must come to me, and tell me about all the good friends I have left behind me. I want to compare notes with you. In America we fought a kind of inspired fight; here it is a mathematical one. Both results conclude with no end of broken heads. Adieu—for an hour.—Take charge of the prisoner, men. Forward!" and Müller tramped down-stairs, followed by his somewhat astonished men.

Then Percival felt nervous and shaky for a moment before he could realize the danger the inmates of the house had passed through.

"*C'est fini?*" he heard a voice inquire, in a hollow whisper. He looked up, and Babette's face, as pale as a ghost's, appeared in a *lucarne* window opposite from M. Delange's room. "You are not killed—or hurt?"

"It is all over, Babette, and the worst of it is not so bad, after all. Bid André move the furniture. Assure mademoiselle that all danger is past."

The face disappeared, and presently the movement of furniture was heard, and before long the door was opened. M. Percival stood in the entrance. Babette gazed at him a moment; then crying, "Excuse me, sir," rushed at him and kissed him. "I saw it all; how brave and cool you were! I wanted to scream when I saw those brutes tear up the stairs. Mademoiselle is well—even the master is not so much worse. André has told him we are captives. Will they put us in the cellars, and feed us on bread-and-water? I have told mademoiselle all about it."

"It is well, Babette; now go quickly down-stairs, ask for Captain Müller, and have some wine ready—all you can spare—do not stint it. You are not afraid? I will be with you in a moment."

"Who—I afraid? Not a bit of it! If any one dares to lay a hand on me I will box his ears, and my arm and hand are solid. What wine we have left I placed in the room below; I will go and fetch it." And Babette, apparently not the least discomposed, went down the stairs. M. Percival still lingered. Now Bob found his master, and rushed to him, barking for joy.

"O Monsieur Percival!" said Mademoiselle Pauline, coming to the door, "how can I express my gratitude? I think an interval of repose has followed my poor father's late excited condition. André and I have tried to acquaint him with our situation. Must we leave the house? These Prussians will not have the heart to drive us forth!"

"I see no necessity for it, mademoiselle. Just now, perhaps, we may be considered in *durance*; but it is captivity in its mildest form. Later in the day, if you think M. Delange could see me, I would like

to pay my respects to him. Will you kindly inform him of my intended visit?"

The door leading to the invalid's room was half open, and a querulous voice said: "I hear the *contre-maître*. I want to see him. Bid him come to me. You must not keep secrets from me. Are the works captured? André, look out of the window. Do you see any smoke? You don't reply? Stupid fellow! Are you an idiot? Yes, or no? I will see M. Percival. I order you, André, to bring him to me at once."

"Will you go? Pray do, M. Percival. It were as well to see him now, and to tell him all," said Mademoiselle Pauline.

M. Percival went noiselessly into the ill man's room.

"It is I, sir; and I am so glad to hear your voice and see you once more! Now, let me make the briefest kind of a report to you. For two months, just as if you had been there, the work at the *usine* has gone on. Two days ago we finished the most important parts of the government contracts, and sent them off—"

"The Prussians did not get the war-material? That was well done. Bravo!"

"Now, my brave old master"—and M. Percival took M. Delange's hand in his—"the Prussians hold the château."

"Have my positive orders about the *usine* been carried out?"

"I think so."

"There has been a fight quite near. I know it. The house shook with explosions. Take what care you can of the grounds. If the Germans want to see me, perhaps in a day or so they can do so. Of course we will have to decamp. Where is Pauline? My poor child! one wouldn't think from looking at her that she was frightened. So the last of all the shot and shell were sent off. How did you manage it? I do not care a snap of my finger if France ever pays me or not."

"Are you not talking too much, dear father?" said the daughter.

"This is business, Pauline.—M. Percival, in the middle of France I own a property. We will go there. I will start a big establishment. It will be a good way from these Germans, where they cannot reach us. Ha! ha! we will outwit them yet. I may be crippled a little in mind and body, but not killed outright. There, that will do. I am not a bit the worse for this little talk. I have made up my mind not to worry about things. In a day or so I will be stronger; then you and I will lay our heads together."

Then M. Delange shut his eyes, and Mademoiselle Pauline and M. Percival stole out of the room.

"He will get better; I am sure of it," said M. Percival, joyfully. "He must have medical advice now."

"What, sir! one of those German surgeons?"

"Certainly; there are no better."

"You insist on it, M. Percival?"

"Not insist—I have no right to insist. Why,

mademoiselle, do you resist what seems to me to be now inevitable? By the greatest piece of good luck I happen to know the officer who will be, perhaps, in charge here. I must present you to him."

"What! must I affiliate with our enemies? Can you ask me such a thing?"

"I do ask it. Mademoiselle has, I am fully aware, dignity enough to command respect. The enemy has so far acted with a certain amount of gallantry. I have seen soldiers, and even officers, when in a house, when red-handed, act with much less consideration. I am afraid you will consider me as an alarmist."

"Suppose they had thrown you over the balustrade, and you had had your brains dashed out on the marble pavement below? They threatened it—this gallant enemy! Babette has told me all about it."

"It was really nothing but bluster. You see, my having but one arm was exactly the condition necessary to arrest their anger."

"You knew the officer in charge? What a coarse, brutal voice he had! I shall never approach him without a feeling of horror."

"Mademoiselle, that very man served under me once, and was a brave soldier and a true friend. Lieutenant Müller, when I was hurt, carried me off the field, right through a murderous fire. I know there is a natural aversion all women feel at meeting an enemy of their country; but Müller was only doing his duty."

"He saved your life, and wanted to take it again! Still his voice is not a pleasant one, especially when coupled with a sabre pointed at a man's breast. But you do not mean to say that you have ever rushed sword in hand into a private house threatening blood and extermination?"

"The action you describe goes with glory. I do not remember to have been ever forced to do it; still, if I had been acting under orders, or thought it necessary, I might have been even less gentle than Captain Müller. There was a fight, I am afraid, in the lower part of the château. Men waive considerations of politeness when they storm a house. But spare me the details."

"Listen to them now! They are bursting open the doors below—the wretches! They are laughing and shouting. The impertinence of the thing! Do you hear? They are absolutely playing on my Erard piano! How the brute is thumping on it! And now a man is singing; and there goes a chorus. Do not smile, M. Percival; it is irritating to a degree! Such sounds of hilarity are dreadfully out of place. I have not ventured to look out. There may be dead and wounded on the lawn. My God! how fearful is war! The hubbub is worse and worse. Now they are laughing and roaring. For Heaven's sake, beg this Captain Müller to bid his bandits cease!"

"I should be powerless. The piano is really the only sufferer. Listen, mademoiselle: there is a touch for you which certainly displays more *physique* than sentiment. Let them sing; music never was more timely. All I can do is to try and prevent in-

trusion from below. Pluck up spirits, mademoiselle. I swear to you that the worst is over, at least for the present. St.-Eloi will fall. The absence of firing—it ceased some time ago—means that it has been abandoned by our soldiers, and this part of the country is virtually separated from France. Now I have no longer any business here. If permitted to do so by the Prussians—and doubtless Captain Müller will help me—I shall get a pass. Thence to Hamburg or Bremen is an affair of but a few days. M. Delange is so much improved that perhaps in a week or so you might move him, and find safer quarters than in this château."

"Monsieur, you shock, you distress me! What! you are going to leave us? Can you entertain such an idea? If the crisis is past, I am still as much in want of help as ever; and you ought to see it."

"Do you bid me stay, mademoiselle?"

"Who—I? I cannot assume now the position of one who gives orders or commands. But"—here she paused, and seemed to measure her words—"if you think my poor father would feel no pang at your departure, you are mistaken. What! M. Percival, just as my father seems to be returning, thank God, to convalescence, at least, you want to bid us coolly good-bye? As to his daughter, sir—"

"Say not another word, mademoiselle. If I can be of any use to M. Delange, I will remain. My intended departure from St.-Eloi might be in a week or ten days hence. I am very happy that my services are thought of some avail. There, mademoiselle, the piano has ceased now. Allow me, then, to enter into my functions. There must be means found for sending tidings of your condition to your friends."

"Friends! There is but one friend; she is in Paris. It is Madame de Montfried; and can you communicate with her?"

"Very possibly."

"I will give you her address. You must write her that I am well; that my father is better; and that M. Percival has—"

"Well, mademoiselle?"

"Has been very good to us."

"Nonsense! My name must not appear. Is there no one else?—no one in France, besides, to write to?"

"No one," replied Mademoiselle Pauline, reflectively.

"You are very positive?" asked M. Percival, "Not that lady, Madame de Valbois?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor M. de Valbois, a pleasant gentleman, who was more than once very affable and considerate with me?"

Here Pauline Delange stamped her foot and said: "What! M. de Valbois patronize M. Percival? I write to Raoul de Valbois? Why should I? What a preposterous idea you Americans must have of what it is fitting for a Frenchwoman to do!"

"*Les convenances* again, I suppose," said M. Percival; "but," continued the *contre-maitre*, demurely, "from what I heard—if not presuming too much, mademoiselle—M. de Valbois would have the right to hear from you—to hear from you among the very first."

"You are talking about matters you do not at all understand in quite an unwarrantable way," replied the lady, in a petulant mood, "and it is unkind and heartless."

"Excuse my presumption. I thought, mademoiselle—"

"You had no right to think at all."

"Certainly not as a *contre-maitre*."

"You could not write to him if you tried, though you may if you wish to. There—anything you like. As your gallant soldiers will probably pillage my trunks, write M. de Valbois to—to—send me a dozen pairs of Italian kid-gloves, three buttons on the wrist; they make them well and cheaply where he is—in Turin, I believe." And, without vouchsafing M. Percival another word, the young lady sought her room. Having first satisfied herself that her father was doing well, she threw herself on her bed, and indulged in a hearty fit of weeping.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SUMMER SONG.

BONNY bird! blackbird in the poplar-tree,
Silver-sweet the song is that you sing to me;
All the glow and sparkle of the day begun,
All the dew and fragrance of the day that's done,
All the sighing winds and laughing waters meet
In your liquid, rippling notes to make them ring so sweet.

In the early morning wakefully I lie,
And watch the dawn redden along the eastern sky;
While I wait, listening, till your song shall begin—
Scent of rose and honeysuckle lightly floating in—
Oh, my heart leaps and trembles in my breast
With a secret rapture that cannot be expressed!

For there's a latticed window where honeysuckle grows,
Where a little maid looks forth like a summer rose;
And so rosy-sweet she is, bonny, bonny bird,
At the lightest thought of her my very heart is stirred!

Last night, when I passed her latticed window by,
She smiled at me, she blushed—O blackbird! tell me
why!

Some day I shall know what smiles and blushes mean;
Some day I shall tell her, with many a kiss between,
That the whole world, if it were mine to take,
I would lose lightly only for her sake.
Lightly I would lose the world, but not my little maid,
Whose love through her blushes so sweetly is betrayed!

Fly down, bonny blackbird, from your poplar-tree,
And tell my little sweetheart to watch to-night for me.
When the moon shines, when falls the silver dew
Upon her red roses, I shall come, too;
And oh, the happy smile that will welcome me,
Bonny bird, blackbird, is worth a world to see!

TOM CHESTER'S ROMANCE.

I.

ONE Saturday morning early in September, after Dr. Greenleaf had dismissed his "young gentlemen" to their holiday recreations, Tom Chester set out on one of his long walks. No one offered to accompany him, because first or last he had in turn tired out every lad in school. With two-thirds of a day before him, he thought nothing of any distance, for his own long legs performed their automatic functions without hint of fatigue, and he was certain to regard symptoms of failure in the powers of his companion at any but the final stage of the jaunt with intolerant contempt. Then, again, although he stood well and was respected by his mates, there seemed always some check upon his ability to fuse himself strongly into sympathy with others. He was little of a talker on any occasion, but while walking he never talked at all, preferring, he distinctly affirmed, to keep his mind quiescent, ready for any impression of flower in the grass, dragon-fly on the river, or cloud upon the sky. Not only his schoolmates, but his family as well, were in doubt about Tom. He had an attitude of antagonism, an armor of apathy. Most of his teachers believed his mind to be sluggish and unimaginative, but one of the younger tutors said that the boy had the making of a poet or of a man of science in him. For one point there could be no indecision: nothing was lost upon Tom, something of force, deep, steady, and concentrated, kept his brain at work upon every shred of material offered him.

He was glad to set forth alone on this Saturday, which was to become an imperishable day in his memory. Such freedom was sweet to him. He could loiter or go on, follow up the lane or climb the hill, as the freak seized him. His fancy could run riot—might be a pipe for every vagrant curiosity to play its tune upon. Along the hilly horizon on the one hand, and the mountain-chain beyond the river on the other, the hazes changed color like an opal in the sunlight. As he walked through the lanes, the sumach flamed against the background of cedars, and under his feet he crushed the flaunting golden-rod and purple asters. He had walked many a mile by noon. The heat of the day was of summer intensity, and he was glad to turn into a nook well hidden in the woods. He sank down on the moss, and munched his sandwiches with hearty boyish relish. Here and there a ray of sunlight filtered through the leaves, resting on the gray tree-trunks of the long colonnade, and burnished a laurel-leaf with its swift, silent magic. The birds looked down upon him, giving shrill gurgles of disdain at the intruder on their solitudes, and crickets and cicadas made many a murmuring sound in the bloomless thickets of bramble and sapling.

Tom gazed for a while into the shadowy vistas, and up at the chestnuts and maples that swayed to

and fro over his head. Then, after pondering his joy in the beauty of the day, and watching a brown-and-yellow bee that droned drowsily past him looking for the sunshine, he felt a need of something else. He flung himself full length upon the moss, took his Virgil from his pocket, and began reading softly to himself, for he was fond, in a vague, unreasoning way, of the flow and rhythm of the stately Latin cadence—liking it just as he liked the symphony of rustling leaves and the piping of the quails among the stubble in the distant fields. After a while he heard the drum of a partridge, then the whirl of wings, and, dropping his book, he put his face close to the moss, and peered into the thicket glooms on each hand. His imagination was kindled by the story of Æneas in Libya—the forest-glade was a scene of enchantment; the whispers of the wind presaged every falling leaf as the messenger of a sibyl; each shadow was the mantle of a god. Like Æneas, Tom felt stirred as by a goddess presence and a goddess promise, and he suddenly began declaiming some Latin lines at the top of his lungs.

"What a funny boy!" exclaimed a shrill child's voice. "What do you mean by that?"

Tom started up, and saw within five yards of him a little girl of six or seven, sitting on a stump, watching him intently. He was in a mood to believe in apparitions, but, after one startled glance, resumed his faith in the natural order of things; for the child, although dressed in the richest materials, was in tatters, and her lips were stained with the wild-grapes she had been eating. He went up to her; she continued to stare at him deliberately with a pair of marvelously-brilliant gray eyes, while she sat posed like some diminutive queen upon her throne.

"Where did you come from?" he asked, wonderingly.

"What is your name?" she demanded, as composedly as if she had not heard him.

"Tom Chester."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"Where do you live?"

"In the moon," said Tom, gravely.

"I don't believe it!" she retorted, with a gleam in her eyes. Then, with a sense of injury, she started up, and in another moment was flying like a new Atalanta down the wooded path. Tom gazed after her coolly, then, stooping down, picked up his Virgil and was putting it in his pocket, when he heard a faint cry:

"Tom! Tom!"

"Coming," he answered, and strode after the vanished apparition, whom he found presently caught fast in a brier-thicket.

"You could not get along without me, could you, Nancy?" said he.

"My name is not Nancy."

"What is it, then?"

She half lowered the lids of her great eyes, and smiled wickedly.

"Your name is Tom Chester," she murmured, with a provoking smile. "I think you are such a funny boy."

Tom colored.

"I am not a funny boy; and you are very ungrateful to laugh at me when I am helping you out of the briars."

"You lay on your back, and your eyes were big," she pursued, screaming with glee, "and you said—" Here she uttered a volley of outlandish gibberish.

"Suppose I leave you here until you recall your good manners," said he, pretending to go away; but she looked after him with quivering lips, and great tears gathered in her eyes.

"Come back!" she cried, humbly. "I do not really think you are a funny boy. I think you are a very nice boy, indeed. Do come back!"

This was transparent flattery, but Tom was not displeased.

"Here I am!" said he, and went to work tearing away her shackles and shreds of her dress with them. "Now thank me for it," he exclaimed, looking into her face.

For answer, she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him over and over.

Tom was a quiet fellow, yet had already dreamed many a dream. He had forgotten his existence, to be Robert Bruce, Kenneth, or Sidney; but, so far as his own world was concerned, this was his first full sweet experience. For many a day he had longed to have something of his own, and to love it with his whole heart; and, when he returned her kiss shyly, his ardent heart had but one impulse, and that was to appropriate her to himself.

"What is your name?" he asked, softly.

"Miss Hester."

"Miss Hester what?"

"Why does everybody ask me that?" she cried, petulantly. "Miss Hester is enough."

"Where do you live?"

"I live with Mrs. Brown since Pietro died. I used to live with mamma, but she was sick, and they put her into a box and took her away to make her well; then Pietro brought me over the sea in a big ship; afterward we were in the cars. I was asleep in Pietro's arms, and there came a loud crash, and everything was thrown about, and Pietro's head—ah! Pietro's head was hurt!" The tears stood in her eyes. "He could speak no more," she added, sadly. "He looked at me a long time, then he lay quite still. Mrs. Brown says he died."

"And you live at Mrs. Brown's?"

"Yes, until grandpa comes to find me."

"Where is your grandfather?"

"Oh, I do not know. If I did know, I would walk and walk until I found him. I sit on the step, and look to see him come over the hill. Sometimes I play that I see him, and I call to Mrs. Brown that my grandpa is riding down the hill with a gold coach and six white horses. Then Mrs. Brown she strikes me—she strikes me almost hard, and says I am a

wicked child to tell such stories. But I do like to think my grandpa is coming! Nobody loves me any more; I belong to nobody. It grows so lonesome—and my clothes, my clothes!" Here she lifted her tattered skirt with a wavering smile, half arch, half sad. "And my shoes!" she went on, extending a slender foot. "The thorns cut through and hurt me. They hurt me now; I must get them out."

"Poor little mite!" said Tom; "let me see." He sat down and laid bare the slim, blue-veined foot, drawing out thorns and splinters with awkward zeal. Then he replaced the wretched shoes and stockings. "I will go to Mrs. Brown's with you," said he, rising. "I want to talk to her about you." He looked at her with grave kindness, and held out a firm, warm hand. She clasped it confidently and trudged along by his side, until she limped again and burst out crying that her feet hurt her. He stooped then, lifted her in his arms, and walked on rapidly, asking her now and then if she were comfortable, receiving her cooing replies and her unstinted caresses with some pleasure as he looked into the lit, happy face. At the end of the wood was a stile which led to a meadow on the highway, and the house by the roadside was Mrs. Brown's, and at the doorway stood a plain, respectable woman, watching their approach with anxiety.

"Is Hester hurt?" cried Mrs. Brown, as soon as he was within speaking-distance, and, at the sound of her voice, Hester sprang away from Tom and darted toward her.

"I am not hurt, but my feet ached," she explained.

"Laws!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown. "I told you not to run about with those shoes ready to drop off.—I have will enough and to spare to buy her new shoes," she added, with an apologetic look at Tom, "but money does not grow on my bushes."

"I wish," said Tom, in his stolid way, entering and sitting down in the freshly-cleaned kitchen—"I wish you would tell me about this little girl; I could make neither head nor tail of her story."

"No more can I. The first I ever see of her was after the railroad accident last December down in the bend. Six people were killed and more than fifty badly hurt, and they fetched the man she calls Pietro here because this was the nearest house and he was dying. She held so tight to him and he to her, you couldn't separate 'em till he was dead. He never spoke a word, only looked at her till his sight left him."

"What sort of a man was this Pietro?"

"Oh, a furriner; a dark man with black eyes and ear-rings in his ears! Did you ever hear the like of that? Whatever he was, and whatever she is, he was her servant. So far as I can make out, her mother died in London, and left Pietro to bring the child to America to the grandfather. But who the grandfather is, nobody can tell, now that Pietro is dead."

"But was there nothing on the man or in their luggage to give a clew?"

"You see the baggage-car took fire and burned

up. All that could be found was a little hand-bag, with 'C. Percival' on it, which Hester claimed. There was plenty of talk about the child at first, and the papers took it up, for, as you see, she has a grand way with her, and all her things were fit for a royal princess. In the bag was a silver cup and plate and knife and fork and spoon, all marked 'Hester, born October 9, 184-', and Squire Curtis, over at Kingsbury, wrote advertisements and had 'em printed in New York and Boston papers. But nothing ever came of it. That was last winter. He gave me ten dollars to pay for her board, and somebody else gave me five, and a deal was said about what must be done for her, but it ended in talk. I really don't know what's to become of the child. I want to go out West and spend the winter with my darter, but I can't take her. I am afraid she will have to come upon the town."

"I will adopt her," said Tom, coolly.

"Laws! you mean your mother!"

"I will provide for her as if she were my sister," said Tom again, and turning looked at the little girl who was watching him with wistful eyes.—"You would like that, wouldn't you, Hester?" he asked her, smiling, but reddening. She stole toward him, half glad, half ashamed, and nestled up against him, peering into his face while hers changed from doubt to mischievous glee.

"I am not your grandfather," observed Tom, holding her out at arms'-length and looking at her kindly, "and I have neither a gold coach nor six white horses; but I promise to take good care of you. And you, you fairy one, you must be a good child and obey me and love me—yes, love me with your whole heart."

"I will—I will!" she cried, and clung to him, kissing him with a strange, passionate fervor, which she must have learned from some strong, proud, lonely heart, which had found not only its supreme joy, but its supreme despair, in love for her. Then she looked up at him with her intense, luminous gaze. "I like you," she said, and both smiled.

"She takes to you wonderfully," observed Mrs. Brown. "She's got a good heart, though she's too wild and fanciful for me to understand."

When Mr. Chester, Tom's father, went to his office in Wall Street, New York, on the following Monday morning, he was somewhat startled at finding the following letter from his son, who had for two years been plodding away at Dr. Greenleaf's school:

"Strictly private and confidential."

"MY DEAR FATHER: You told me when you discovered that I was rather miserable at home and you sent me to school, that you had my highest welfare close at heart—that you would deny me nothing which was for my good. I am about to ask you to have considerable faith in my judgment of what is for my highest good. I want to adopt a little girl. It may seem singular to you, and perhaps it is an unusual thing for a boy to do. Her story is a sad one" (here followed Hester's history so far as understood). "It seems to me probable that she comes

from well-born people, if not really great ones. I should like to put her at school and educate her suitably, and by the time she is grown up I will be in a position to marry her. Now, father, you know that Uncle Thomas left me ten thousand dollars for my own education; that you have never used it. I remember you told me the money was in stocks that paid dividends to the amount of seven or eight hundred dollars a year. What I wish is, to have you permit this interest to be used in Hester's maintenance and education instead of its being put by to accumulate for me. Do not say that this is a foolish request. Think what the dearest wish of your heart was to you when you were young. It is impossible that—let me live as long as I may—I shall ever want anything as I want this. I have needed something, and this is it—I seem to have missed it always, and only now do I see my way to being happy, eager, and ambitious. I want the matter kept secret for a time at least. If you told it to mother, she would give it to the girls, and they would cackle about it.

"Your respectful and affectionate son,

"THOMAS CHESTER."

Mr. Chester laughed within himself a hundred times that day, and before noon had sent this note to Tom:

"MY DEAR BOY: I have your letter, and will be with you Tuesday evening to see about this matter. I make one stipulation: in any plans for the little girl's future, you must put the suggestion of marriage wholly out of the question. Such matters are better left alone until boys and girls are grown up. Your mother and sisters are well. Yours truly,

"JOHN CHESTER."

II.

Tom's encounter with Hester seemed to have been the providential pivot upon which the highest welfare of two lives turned. The boy had grown up in an artificial atmosphere at home, and had suffered many a keen and bitter pang from the want of tenderness and kindness. The gay city-mansion of Mr. Chester was fairy-land for his fashionable wife and daughters, but a desert to the little lad who hungrily asked from life a heart to answer his heart, and who blindly longed for the affection he had never received, because he was so capable of feeling and returning it.

Mr. Chester recognized in a measure the disappointment that had always lain beneath Tom's impassive air of antagonism and dejection, and was anxious to remove it. No sooner had he seen little Hester than his interest in her equaled his son's, and he interested himself in choosing a school for her, and established her there before he returned to New York.

And at this school Hester Percival spent the following eight years of her life, and, after a few weeks of shyness and doubt, accepted the circumstances of her lot with unquestioning delight. The only clew to her name had been the mark upon the bag containing her plate and a few changes of raiment; but Mr. Chester had not hesitated to appropriate it,

and, long before she was ten years old, it was almost forgotten that a doubt could be raised of her being Hester Percival. She was a brilliant little creature, with features cut like the finest cameo, superb gray eyes, a voice like a flute, and a movement like some wild, untamed creature of the woods. Of those she loved she was impetuously fond; to others she was a paradoxical child, full of wit and mischief, changeable as the wind, seemingly frank, yet strangely reserved, shy, bold, haughty, tender, full of mysterious thoughts, with perplexing smiles and sadness, laughter and glooms. To Tom Chester she was *naïve*, guileless, charming; she had not a thought which she kept back from him, nor an action of which he was not cognizant. While he was at school, and afterward at college, he saw the child every week. If it were fine, he took her out-of-doors with him into the woods and fields; if cold or wet, they sat together inside. If they walked, she held his hand; if they sat, she perched upon his knee.

"Do you love me?" he often asked her.

"I love you dreadfully, Tom," she would reply.

It was somewhat of a mystery to others what the tie was between the little girl and this tall, grave young man, who held himself in such a dry, steady, concentrated reserve toward all the world. But Hester was still in that conscienceless condition of youthful egoism when it seems natural to demand peremptorily and claim unhesitatingly all that life can give; and it was natural for her to ask and receive from this brown-eyed, pensive young fellow, with the pleasant voice and the kind ways, because she knew and loved him best.

When she was twelve years old there came a wrench, and she endured what she called the saddest day of her life; for Tom went to Europe for an absence of three years or more, to study architecture.

"You will never come back just the same," she cried, passionately, the tears streaming down her face. "Everything will be different in three years."

"I shall be just the same, Hester," said Tom.

"But that there will come changes, I have no doubt. For instance, I suspect that when I return to find Miss Percival a grand young lady of fifteen, her disdain will suffer me to have precious few of these kisses so plentiful now, and, as to her sitting on my lap, I doubt if she admits she ever did such a thing!"

Thus Tom went away, and Hester was left to drop off her husks of childishness and hoidenness, and emerge into the rose-bud epoch of young girlhood. Of late years the Chesters had made much of her, and she spent all her vacations with them in town or country; and by the time she was fourteen Mr. Chester thought it better to take her to his home, and finish her education under masters in New York. Tom's interest in the exquisite young girl was known and partly understood; and Tom, from being the least considered in the family, had gradually become the foremost in every one's thought. He belonged to that type of character which at the outset may not command belief, but which ultimately bears down all opposition from a certain slow,

harmonious proportion in its development, its aims, and its ends. There were no crude hurry and waste about his efforts, nor did he bring his green-fruit to market; on the other hand, time and patience were nothing to him until his schemes matured.

Not without design had Tom given Hester a sort of caution at parting, for he had no intention of allowing her childish intimacy to develop into matter-of-fact friendship. But no sooner did he meet her after his return than he perceived no such intimation was necessary. He saw a great change in Hester. She was almost sixteen, a tall, slender girl, with wonderful gray eyes, and a promise of unique beauty; but she was thin and pale, and had the manners of a melancholy statue. Small danger that this slim maiden would run into his arms like the child he had found in the wood!

"What do you think of her?" his mother asked, demurely. "We predict she will turn out a famous beauty."

"Is she well?" Tom asked, flushing slightly under his mother's keen eyes.

"She eats little, and I suspect something frets her. Indeed, Milly has twice told me she heard Hester crying in the night."

It was summer-time, and Tom had followed his family to their sea-side cottage. It was on an island, a little world by itself, where not a real care intruded, and life was made of sea-bathing, sailing, fishing, picnics, and dances. Sights and sounds were all of the sea, the monotonous surges of the shore, and—

"The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon the island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven;
The hollow bellowing ocean; and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise."

The gay Chester girls threw themselves into the sea-side life, but Hester was indifferent to the pleasant vortex, and grew more and more pensive every day. Tom said nothing, and did nothing for a time, yet watched the child unceasingly, trying to unravel the secret of her far-off, dreamy eyes. But he was shy of her; she was so tall, so beautiful, so exquisitely self-possessed—she pleased his imagination too well to make him over-eager in changing her.

One evening, when all the young people had wandered off together, Tom missed Hester, and went back to find her. It was as light as day, and all the lamps at the cottage were turned down that they might not put out the glow of the moon upon the wide, illimitable seas.

"Hester," called Tom, standing at the doorway, and looking into the parlor. Then "Hester!" at the foot of the stairs.

"I am here, Mr. Tom," she replied, softly, appearing above, standing on the landing, showing very fair in the dim light with her flowing white draperies."

"Suppose," said he, in his cool, dry manner—"suppose you come down and go out with me?"

She descended without a word, in a meek way;

and Tom could but ask himself where was the arch child who had never tired of her gay rebellions in the old days. Yet when he took her hand, meeting her eyes as he did so, and put it under his arm, and silently led her down to the beach, he felt within himself that he missed nothing—that he longed for nothing different. He was sorry to break the pause, for some subtle joy made his blood run more swiftly in his veins; yet, after a time, he said:

"I am going to scold you, Hester."

"What have I done?" she asked, timidly.

"Only this: that you are not happy. Now, dear, since I first saw you, I have had but one wish concerning you—to have you perfectly happy. You used to be fond of me, Hester; you used to tell me everything that was in your heart and mind. Must I believe that the old feeling has utterly passed away?" He detached her hand from his arm, but held it still, looking down into her face. "You used to run to me when you were glad, but most of all you were ready to tell me of your least sorrow. Why treat me so coldly nowadays, Hester?"

She looked up at him humbly; then, growing tremulous, suddenly flung her fair young arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"I love you just the same," she answered, simply; and either the warm, childish caress, or the soft intonation of the words, made Tom slow in regaining his self-command.

"What is it, then?" he asked, after he had put her hand under his arm again, and they were walking along the smooth, wet sands. "You trust me as well as love me, do you not? My duty is to spare you perplexity and pain. Are not my mother and sisters kind to you?"

"Perfectly kind," she answered, sadly.

"I must hear everything, Hester," said he, gently but imperatively.

She broke out into wild weeping, and in this abandonment of feeling told him all the bitterness that was in her heart—how, when she was but a child she had not realized her miserable position in the world, but how, since her mind had expanded and matured, a sense of isolation and strangeness had come upon her; how her want of knowledge of who and what she was tortured her unceasingly; how it had come to her in a thousand ways—from her own inductions, from the books she read, from the words of the people she met, from the tender reserve of those who loved her—that she had no real place, no actual footing she could claim as her own; that the merest charity had found her a vagrant, an outcast, and had taken her in, fed her, and sheltered her.

"I know," she cried, seeing a change in Tom's face as he listened—"I know that, if I had every right to your kindness, you could have done no more; that no one is so generous as you; yet, all the same, I see the truth! I am no longer a careless child; I understand the meaning of all these years that I have accepted everything from you, that I—"

"My poor little girl," began Tom.

"Don't pity me!" she cried, almost fiercely. "I

don't want anybody to pity me. What I want is to go away—far, far away—where nobody knows me, and where, if I cannot live without charity, I may at least starve, and thus be over my troubles."

"Don't say any more, Hester," said Tom, hastily. "Not a word more. Why, you are a more foolish child than I had thought. Here I believed you grown to be a wise little woman, while all the time you had merely lost your childish faith for childish doubt!"

"I am not a child," she moaned, stretching out her arms toward the sea with a look of feverish pain; "I am woman enough to understand about myself."

"Then," observed Tom, calmly, in a different voice, "you may be able to understand me as well. Your words have cut me to the heart. I thought my care made you happy, yet you have been miserable! You talk of my charity. Why, Hester, I had been living on the hope of what you would some day give me. Don't you know what I want—can't you guess? I want you for my wife!"

"Do you really?" she asked, blankly. "But I am not old enough yet," she added, hastily. "Carrie Mason was married from school, but then she was almost eighteen."

He laughed irrepressibly.

"Nothing so sure in the world as that, if she lives, and we wait patiently, the little girl will be a woman," said he. "I promise to wait a year or so, Hester."

"Ah, that would do!"

"You consent, then?" he cried, gazing passionately into her face. "You promise to marry me in a year's time?"

All the young blood was throbbing madly in his veins. Every dream of his heart, every aspiration of his soul seemed answered as he sat down beside her on the rocks in the wide stillness of the summer night beside the moonlit sea, looking into her face. The avowal of his hidden treasure of hope was so swift, so unpremeditated, that it was as if he had suddenly discovered by the magic of the wild thrill that stirred his heart that he loved her. She returned his gaze wonderingly.

"Is it right that I should marry you?" she asked, quietly. "Your father and mother would not dislike it?"

"No; I think they expect it."

"But you look so strangely," said she, "as if it were some terrible thing you were asking of me; you are pale, and your eyes are sad and wild."

"You need not be afraid of me," muttered Tom; "you are safe with me—quite safe." He rose impetuously, and paced the sands, then sat coolly down again. "There is nothing very unusual in the occurrence when a young man asks a young woman to marry him," said he, smiling; "but I never asked anybody before, hence it excited me a little. But that is over. You promise to be my wife?"

"Oh, yes; I promise gladly," she returned, laughing. "It is very good of you to ask me. I should have expected that you would have preferred some-

body quite different—Miss Dixon or Miss Weir, they have such a grand air, and are so handsome.”

“I have not the faintest inclination to marry either of them,” answered Tom, dryly. “Out of a world full of women, I choose you. I want you alone. But you must like me a little.”

“I like you a great deal,” she said, archly. “Why should I not? Who else has been so good? While you were in gay European cities, did you ever forget to write to little Hester—to send her presents Christmas and Easter? Ah, ’tis not hard for me to like you! Indeed, what memory have I that is not of your kindness to me? I have practised tedious hours just to please you; I have read the books in your lists; I have studied the lessons you set for me; I have done these little things—they were all I could do. I have longed to do you some real service, yet, instead of asking more of me, you overpower me with fresh kindness! You choose me out of all the world, and make me your wife!”

He caught her hand, crushed it against his lips, then let it go.

“Shall we tell people?” he asked, presently.

“Tell them what?”

“Nothing—except that *we are engaged!*”

“I do not care,” she returned, with a gay laugh. “When Carrie Mason was engaged, there were great times at school; she was always being teased, and always blushing and running away. I shall never be so foolish—shall you?” She looked up at him confidently.

“I sha’n’t run away.—Look here, Hester; you are very young, and I am afraid I have been rather precipitate; but, as you had some doubts about your claims upon me, it seemed better to tell you that I had only been waiting for you to grow up in order—”

“In order that we might be married,” said Hester, finishing his sentence as he paused. “I don’t think I’m too young, really, Tom.”

“I will not bother you very much,” said Tom, meeting her steadfast eyes. “There is a lot of talk and poetry about love, but I dare say the men who have felt most have said least about it. Marriage is an important part of life—still, only a part. I’ve got my profession and plenty of hard work to do in a year, to be ready to marry you. I must not be sentimental; even if I do feel like a fool when I think of your gray eyes, I must keep it to myself. But, to give you some small idea of the truth, I will say just this: there is nothing I have now—nothing I expect to win in the world—that I would not give away as a cheap exchange for the privilege of just touching your hand.”

“Would you, Tom?” she asked, and, pondering amazed, she lifted her slim, white, unringed hand, and looked at it as if to study what magic he could find there.

“What kind of an engagement-ring do you want?” he demanded, questioning her abruptly lest a certain madness might run away with his good resolutions.

“Shall you buy me a ring?” she cried, enchanted at such good-luck, and fell to wondering what she would like best, pearls or emeralds, or an opal set

with diamonds. “But get me any poor, plain little ring you please,” she said, suddenly sliding her hand into his. “’Tis very good of you to buy me any sort of a ring.”

“My little love, my little love,” he whispered, “I wish I had something harder to do than buying a ring. I wish I might dive down to the bottom of this beautiful, pitiless sea, to bring you a pearl. Would that please you?”

“Indeed it would not, you foolish boy, for you would only be drowned for your pains. But we must go back—I feel chilly.”

“My little love, my little love, I wish I might dare something for you!—that I might go into a tiger’s jungle and bring his skin to wrap about you.”

“I should not like that the least in the world,” said Miss Hester, with pretty imperiousness, rising as she spoke. “All you need do for me is to take me home directly.”

“I will, and do you go home feeling more happy, more at peace, than when you came out?”

She put her arms about his neck with her innermost, girlish fondness.

“I do—I do!” she whispered, softly. “There is something for me to do now—to study how to make you a good wife! *I will learn to cook!*”

“And you realize that all I have in the world is as completely yours as mine?”

“Those mosaics and intaglios and all?”

“Not a doubt of it, Hester.”

She ran away from him, dancing up and down in glee. “What a lucky girl I am!” she cried over and over. She flitted on ahead all the way back to the cottage, he following her slowly. The calm moonlight, the wide, moaning sea, the sound of distant music swelling into wild, sweet, familiar strains, then lost in silence, would have made him sad but for this intense solemn joy at his heart.

III.

It was September, and Tom’s marriage was fixed for October 9th, Hester’s seventeenth birthday just three weeks off, and the family were settled in town, and at the height of expectation and excitement over the wedding-preparations, when one morning, sitting opposite Hester at breakfast, Tom came upon this advertisement in the paper he was reading:

“Information wanted of a child named Hester, daughter of Charles Percival and Eleanor Hare, his wife, who sailed from Liverpool, England, October 22, 185-, under the care of an Italian, named Pietro Salvi. Said Hester Percival was born October 9, 184-; at the present date is almost seventeen years old. Any one holding information of parties concerned may learn something to his advantage by calling at Marcus & Clymer’s—Pine Street, New York.”

Tom pushed aside his last cup of coffee, folded the journal and put it in his pocket and rose, nodding to the others as he did so.

“I must be off,” he said. “I have business.” Hester ran after him into the hall. She was dressed in some fluffy white thing that came up to the throat, ending in a full ruff and a knot of bright ribbon in

some indescribable way. Her beauty tore his heart with jealous pain lest some other man on earth should rise and claim it.

"Which shall it be, then, Tom?" she asked, laughing and blushing.

"What, dear? I can't think what you mean."

"You know very well," said she, with delightful scorn of his dullness. "Don't you remember I left it to you to decide whether it should be silk or satin?"

The blood rushed to his face, and he carried the little hand toying with his button-hole to his lips.

"Oh, the wedding-dress!" he returned, softly. "How can I tell? Both are white, soft, shining—both begin with an 's,' and whichever you wear I shall think it the most beautiful dress in the world. Decide yourself, my darling."

"I cannot decide," she cried, petulantly. "It fills me with shame to have your mother go about buying me this splendid trousseau. Were I like other girls, I might have some choice."

"Hester!" murmured Tom, silencing that unreasonable pride as he best knew how—"Hester! Suppose, then, I decide it shall be satin?"

"But I like silk best," exclaimed the little bride-elect, with a woe-begone face. "'Tis your mother who likes satin."

"I meant silk all the time," said Tom. "By all means, silk! The softest, richest white silk to be found in town."

"I told Mrs. Chester I would have just what you said," cooed the little lady.

Tom took his way down-town with a heavy heart. What ghost was this rising after the silence of eleven years, and bringing tidings of little Hester's lost kingdom? Why could not this tardy recognition have waited one short month more, and not have disturbed his warm bliss with this chilly premonition of he knew not what?

He went to Marcus & Clymer's at once, a well-known firm of counselors-at-law, and within an hour was in full possession of Hester's family history, which we subjoin briefly: Eleanor Hare was the only daughter of an English army officer of good connections. At eighteen she met Charles Percival, a widower, the younger son of a great Devonshire family, and became engaged to him and married him. As she was leaving her father's home, she and her supposed husband were confronted by Percival's first wife, whom he had for two years supposed dead. He had married this woman, who was his first-cousin, at twenty-two; she left him before the end of the year with a certain Captain Wyld. Percival had a yielding nature, and was persuaded not to add the scandal of a divorce to his family troubles. When his runaway wife repented after six months and returned, imploring to be forgiven, he even took her back, thus cutting himself off from right of legal divorce. After living with her husband for some eighteen months, Mrs. Percival again met Captain Wyld and again eloped with him. Some time later the news came that she had died in Spain.

But she was still alive, and now, maddened by

jealousy, had shamelessly determined to cut off her wretched husband's hopes of a happy married life; and when she saw Eleanor Hare by his side, she taunted them both bitterly. Charles Percival led his bride back to her father's house, left her there, and resolved to end his life by plunging into the excesses of a reckless career—longing for oblivion at any cost. To save him from utter wreck and ruin, Eleanor Hare, young, proud, and pure, left her home, joined him, and went with him to Southern France, where they lived quietly together for several years.

Here Hester was born eighteen months after they left England. Four years later, upon the death of Charles Percival's wife, he was legally united to Eleanor. Honor and security came too late. High-poised and sensitive natures cannot long endure the inner tempest of deep and poignant unspoken feeling. Each might reason that they had done the best that Fate had permitted them; but such a destiny as theirs could bear them scanty harvest, spite of the sweetness of their frail, fleeting blossoms of pleasure. Charles Percival was the weaker of the two, with a soul tortured into keenest sensitiveness by his accumulated misfortunes. He felt that he had wrecked Eleanor's life: he remembered her in her enchanting girlhood, the petted idol of an exclusive circle, and saw her now shunned like a pestilence by those who had once known her—a sad, haughty woman without a joy save her love for her husband and her child, and that joy at its climax changing suddenly into a bitter anguish. What life could remain for a man besieged by such visions as Charles Percival's? Soon after Eleanor Hare became his wife in the eye of the law he died. For a year she bore her misery alone with her child; then, finding herself ill, dying, she set off for England to leave her child in her father's care. Not until she arrived in London did she learn that Colonel Hare had left England just after she had fled to the Continent with Percival, and that he had since been stationed in Canada. Her strength was spent: she had but time to write one letter, to give final directions to her faithful servant Pietro—then all her troubles and mistakes were over so far as her own proud, tortured heart was concerned. She, too, died; and Pietro sailed at once for America to claim Colonel Hare's recognition for his only grandchild. With her numbing hand, Eleanor had written to her father's sister in Scotland, imploring her to use her influence for the innocent Hester.

It was to that letter that this tardy advertisement for the long-lost child was due. The grim, proud woman who had received it had never allowed Eleanor's name to be spoken before her since she had left her family and covered their name with dishonor. She held pitiless silence concerning the letter, lest the further disgrace of this nameless child might touch her. It was found among her papers by her solicitor, and forwarded to Colonel Hare after her death. Colonel Hare at once made it the clew to a wide and thorough investigation of the almost forgotten circumstances. He had known nothing of his daughter since the night she left him: he was

ignorant of her life and of her death, and had no knowledge of a grandchild in existence. Thrilled by the long-silenced appeal, he had been fired into zeal to find the little Hester, and was at this very time in New York in almost hourly consultation with the lawyers from whom Tom Chester was hearing the story.

Tom lost no time in indecision. He wished to act independently of thought. The moment he left Pine Street, he turned back up-town, went home, rang the bell, and sent for Hester.

"Hester," said he, going to her the moment she entered the room, abruptly stretching out his arms and drawing her toward him, "of all the news in the world, what would you rather hear?"

His look was so solemn, his tone so deep, she faltered, turned pale, and burst out crying.

"Answer me," said he, impatiently.

"I would rather hear that my grandfather is coming to me," she returned. "I have everything in the world save relations of my own!"

"You have everything now, dear," said Tom, sadly, "for your grandfather will soon be here."

She trembled so violently that he was compelled to hold her in his arms.

"Be strong," he murmured, tenderly, "be calm! Your old dream has at last come true. Your grandfather is coming for you in a gold coach with six white horses."

She laughed a little hysterically.

"His name is Reginald Hare," pursued Tom, soothing her all the while. "He is a colonel in the English army, and commands a regiment stationed in Canada. A great man, no doubt, Hester; and you were always fondest of great people."

It was well for Hester that there was no indefinite prospect of suspense, for these trembling doubts and raptures were too much for her. One thing, and one thing alone, was evident—that all her thoughts, emotions, excitements of yesterday were instantly swept away by a more powerful inspiration of love and duty and ambition. To Tom—who, for the next two hours, until Colonel Hare arrived, held her hands frightened by her constantly-increasing agitation, which gave her face a pale illumination with its white, tense lips and blazing eyes—it was a time of peculiar pain. He suffered for her, and from this unexpressed rapture divined what her craving for her grandfather had been. She must have starved with longing, to suffer visibly as she was suffering now. He saw the whole truth of past, present, and future, in one complete picture. What, after all, had been his own care for her, his love for her, his self-command for her? They had never touched her heart, or she could not in this moment so entirely have forgotten him. He was fired by a scorn and intolerance he had never felt before. With all his tenderness, he could hardly keep silence in his pain and anger. He had a double consciousness—one in which he had ample knowledge of what the poor child had missed, and in which his ardent sympathy for her fused itself into her sudden exaltation of thanksgiving; the other, in which his own passion,

his own longing, made itself heard, which consumed itself in jealous pain at thought of losing her.

Hester knew little enough of his deadly struggle within himself. So far as she thought of Tom at all, she thought of his goodness at this crisis. Had she cast about for causes to be grateful, her gratitude would just then have rested wholly on the basis of his tact in discovering her grandfather for her. It was but little past noon when Hester, still pressing her almost bursting head against Tom's shoulder, while he stroked her soft, brown hair, heard the door-bell ring.

"He has come!" she cried, and started to her feet. Tom, too, rose and felt the approach of Fate. The door swung open, then closed, and an old man came in. He was a stately veteran with a haughty face, now as pallid and strange in its excitement as Hester's own. As he entered the room he took three steps toward the young girl, then stood still. She continued motionless, gazing at him with the air of a frightened doe, her glance growing every moment larger. Each seemed powerless to advance and meet the other. It was Tom who ended the terrible moment. He took Hester's chilly hand, put his arm about her, and led her forward.

"Colonel Hare," he said, "this is your granddaughter, Hester Percival."

The old man made one stride, and took her in his arms, laying his white head down over hers. "Your mother died far away from me," he muttered, in a broken voice. "What it is to me to know that her child lives!"

He lifted his head and she looked up, and their full glances met. His eyes were piercing, and her only consciousness was that an imperious and irresistible fastidiousness was measuring her. The silence was unendurable suspense; then his face lit—pride and pleasure fired it into a glow almost of youth.

"You are more beautiful than your mother, even," he said, and kissed her forehead gently.

"Am I like mamma, grandfather?" Hester asked, in a trembling voice.

Colonel Hare's face clouded.

"You resemble her closely, but her eyes were brown, yours are gray."

"I remember her beautiful, sad eyes," cried Hester, affection and memory breaking over her with irrepressible yearning.

Tom went out softly; he was not needed there. He could at least go to his work, and he spent the remainder of the day in his office, but with such poor results that he forfeited his own self-respect. When he came in to dinner, Colonel Hare was sitting with the family group, Hester beside him, her hand in his, radiant in her new-found joy and pride. It was easy to see that they were much to each other. Colonel Hare had lost his daughter when she was little older than this young girl, and Hester seemed no stranger to him, simply the restoration of a cherished ideal. She resembled her mother and her mother's mother, who had died at twenty. She was half a portrait, half a memory, alive, speaking, her eyes dewy with

love, her lips warm with kisses. Colonel Hare was a proud man, and had suffered so keenly after his daughter's desertion that he had renounced his friends and demanded to be banished from his country. That he had nerved himself to bear his desolation made his present measure of reward fuller, for not once in all those lonely years had he, by querulous craving and nerveless questing for sympathy, forfeited those virtues he held highest—self-control and determination.

He met Tom urbanely, without recognizing his claims as superior to those of the other Chesters.

"I feel the most profound sense of obligation toward you all," Colonel Hare observed, as he sat over dessert with the two gentlemen after the ladies had gone up-stairs. "Words are nothing to express my gratitude, and still less could any pecuniary settlement begin to balance my indebtedness. Still, if you would kindly estimate the expense of my granddaughter's education, I shall be happy to place the amount to your credit at your bankers'."

"There could possibly be no question of money on such a subject," returned Mr. Chester, with coolness. "But I must, in my way, refer you to my son. Hester's guardianship has been exclusively his own affair."

"In that case," said Colonel Hare, with a wave of his white hand, "I must insist upon doing something in favor of Mr. Thomas Chester's bank-account.—With so young a man as yourself, sir" (here he addressed Tom with a frigid air), "the matter of settlement is a more rigid obligation than if your father were my creditor."

Tom had been gazing with some moodiness into his glass of wine, but now raised his eyes and regarded Colonel Hare squarely.

"You seem to overlook one slight matter," said he, in his dry, cool way, "and that is, that Hester has promised to marry me; that our appointed wedding-day is less than three weeks off."

"My granddaughter informed me that there was some nonsense of the sort going on," rejoined the old soldier, stiffly. "But I appeal to you, Mr. Thomas Chester, as a man of honor, would you be justified in holding her to an engagement entered upon under such different auspices? Her regard for you is the mere magnanimous impulse of an untried child. I do not consent—really, I could not consent" (here Colonel Hare's dignity became aggressive) "to allow her to enter upon married life until she has seen more of the world."

"Knowledge of the world is the last accomplishment of which I wish my wife to be possessed," remarked Tom. "But, Colonel Hare, I feel your argument sufficiently to be silent concerning my own wishes in this matter. Hester is very young. Allow me to inquire what your views are concerning her, supposing her to be free of her engagement to me?"

"I should take her to Canada at once, of course," said Colonel Hare. "I should then obtain leave of absence, dispose of my commission, and reside in Europe."

Tom mused.

"Our marriage might be postponed for a year or eighteen months," he observed after a time, speaking with a thick, difficult utterance.

"You were, I believe, considering my plans for my granddaughter irrespective of any matrimonial engagement," said Colonel Hare, haughtily. "With all deference to your agreeable family, with my almost painful sense of obligation toward you, I must still suggest that, but for untoward circumstances, Hester would have grown up to expect an alliance among the best families of the Old World."

Tom gave him a peculiar glance.

"If you allude to any want of legitimacy about her birth—" shrieked Colonel Hare, in an ungovernable fury.

"I have alluded to nothing, sir. So far as Hester's birth concerns me, the trials to which an unequalled misfortune exposed her father and her mother would but make my love more tender for their child. If I suggested a doubt, even by a glance, it was this—that such expectations as yours for Hester must expose her to humiliations her nature ill fits her to endure without poignant suffering. Knowing her pride and delicacy as I do, I beg of you, sir, never to let her suspect that she has not everything she ought to have as the daughter of Charles Percival and Eleanor Hare."

"If she is proud," returned Colonel Hare, moved somewhat by the young man's earnestness, "she inherits the pride of two proud families. She is Hester Percival—no one shall deny her absolute right and title to that name while I live."

"If you give her to me," cried Tom, flushing, his sad brown eyes taking a sudden fire—"if you give her to me, I will guard her against any knowledge that shall cost her the briefest pang. I say nothing about my love for her, although it has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength—all that I claim is, that I know better how to make her happy than any other man can know. I dread to let her go out without me into the harsh competitions of the world, which can pitilessly thrust her claims aside and break her heart."

"You are young," said Colonel Hare, with an indulgent smile; "you are romantic. All that I request from you is, that you release her from her engagement, and do not ask her to marry you for years to come."

"Does she wish it?"

"Go to her," said Colonel Hare, "and talk the matter over quietly.—This is excellent Madeira, Mr. Chester."

Tom rose, nodded to the two old men, and went out, up the stairs, and in his deliberate way called Hester from the sofa where she sat—pale, tremulous, and happy, petted by his mother and sisters—into the library.

"Oh, I wanted to see you, Tom," she cried, ardently. "Is it not a happy time now that my dreams have come true? And is not grandpapa all that my dreams told me? Was there ever any one so splendid, so majestic? Are you glad, Tom?"

"Was I ever sorry, Hester, when you were

glad?" said Tom, taking her to a seat, and closing the door. "Colonel Hare is certainly a man of rare distinction."

She burst out into happy, purposeless babbling of what her grandfather had told her in their long hours of intimate talk. Tom had always called himself a resolute fellow, who could bear without flinching the appointed pain, but the horror of the disappointment the next half-hour might bring him was too cruel a downfall of his sweetest hopes to be risked at once. He loitered over his purpose, abandoning himself to the half-pleasure of the moment, now and then forgetting his inner struggle of passion and pain in his admiration of the girl, who had never in all her life been so beautiful: she was distracting; with all the pangs, all the burning pain at his heart, wonder and worship excited each other in his breast, and wrought a subtle charm over his senses.

"Don't stand there, Tom," she said, after a time; "sit down and be comfortable."

"Don't doubt my comfort; don't think about me; I find some comfort in looking at you and considering life from your standpoint."

"But you must feel with me, Tom."

He gazed at her silently.

"I have always tried to think what was best for you," he began, after a long, miserable pause.

"Even when I asked you to marry me, I was not wholly selfish. Independent of my feeling for you, I wanted to make you feel happy and secure."

"You were never selfish," she cried, in her pretty, impulsive way. "Nobody was ever so disinterested."

He laughed a little.

"I don't feel very disinterested to-night." He put his hand beneath her chin and raised her face toward his. "How about our wedding-day two weeks from next Wednesday?" he asked her, softly. She flushed scarlet, pushed aside his hand, and covered her face. "How about it?" he asked again. "Tell me just what is back of that blush, Hester?"

"When I promised to marry you so soon," she faltered, "it was before I knew about grandpapa."

"That makes a hitch," suggested Tom, and his smile, patient and weary as it was, lent her courage.

"But, really, one ought not to marry so young as I was going to do," she said, regaining her soft, arch way. "And when one has never known one's family, one ought at least to have a chance to talk things over."

"In fact, you want our marriage postponed?"

"If you don't mind, dear Tom."

"And postponed for how long?"

"Grandpapa thinks two or three years," answered Hester, hanging her head.

Tom turned suddenly, walked away to the window, then came back.

"Perhaps," he said, in the gentlest tone she had ever heard—"perhaps, if you are to go away from me, you would prefer to be altogether free from any engagement?"

She laughed lightly.

"It does seem foolish to be engaged so long—it really means nothing." He said not a word, and the silence startled her. She gave a frightened glance at him. "You must prefer to have the engagement given up," she went on. "You only asked me to marry you because I was restless and discontented." He still said nothing, and something in his look made her wish she had not spoken. "Grandpapa says few English girls marry at my age," she pursued, feeling half defiant of this calm, cool young man, who regarded her with a smile she did not understand.

"True, Hester, true."

"He has been so lonely since mamma married and left him. It seems my duty to go about with him for a few years. Yet, Tom, I owe you so much, I would rather marry you to-morrow than to grieve or offend you."

"You do not offend me, Hester. Go on."

"You see it was different before I knew grandpapa. I had no other way of recompensing you."

"You would have married me, Hester, because I had clothed you, paid your bills, and given you pocket-money?" He was still smiling.

"Of course," said she, smiling in turn, since he thought it so pretty a joke. "I would have married you because it was out of my power to do anything else for you."

"Well," he observed, in a kind voice, but turning his strange gaze away, "I confess that you and your grandfather are singularly grateful people; I had never counted so much upon the money—I certainly never believed it had been sufficient to buy me a wife like yourself. We will close the question of my recompense, Hester. Consider your obligation canceled. You owe me nothing—nothing—while I owe you much! This much, indeed, that, if you would be happier in renouncing your engagement, I will agree to let it be nothing but a memory between us. You shall go out into the world free, quite free."

She met his look and smiled warmly in return.

"We were afraid you would not be willing to give me up," she cried, naively.

"If I caught a wild bird," said he, "which I could not detain without its fretting its heart away against its prison-bars—in spite of all its pretty plumage, Hester, be sure I should let it go."

She looked at him wistfully, yet understood nothing of what was in his face nor in his heart.

IV.

For a few days after Colonel Hare took his granddaughter away, there was a curious dullness and constraint about the house; then an old lover of Margaret Chester's came back and asked her to marry him, and a new topic and a new interest arose as her wedding-preparations began. Tom came and went much the same as usual. Now and then a note from Hester was brought to him, which, after reading, he would toss over to his mother with a smile, and never reclaim. Colonel Hare had taken her to

winter in Rome, and when Margaret was married she sent the bride some superb Roman mosaics.

"They cost a mint of money," said Mr. Chester, staring at them. "No doubt Colonel Hare was glad to get rid of some of his troublesome indebtedness to you in this way."

"I dare say," rejoined Tom. "You will put down five hundred pounds sterling off his debt."

"I wish I might believe, Tom," said his father, earnestly, "that this affair had not done you lasting harm."

"'Tis hard to measure the working of hidden forces," drawled Tom, "but I eat and sleep, father—I do, indeed. If you are going to watch me too curiously, I must go away. Of course, I am not the same man, but I am bearing things pretty well."

But he had expended most of the arduous life had given him upon the child who had been so many years shaping his course with her little hands. Now that she was gone, he was bankrupt in feeling and purpose. He knew himself to be morbid, and despised himself for it that his force should be spent upon aimless melancholy rather than beneficent activity. When the result of his experience became clearly apparent to himself in a slackening of his ambition to attain a high place in his profession, and his ability to labor for it, he decided to resign architecture for a few years and take up civil engineering, and he joined a corps who had hard mountaineering work to do in the heart of the continent.

Mr. Chester assented drearily to this change. He knew life, and he knew men, and many a wreck of manhood had he seen when a promising youth ended in a restless and disappointed life with one supreme desire carried through it to its close, too powerful to allow other interests and ambitions to assert themselves. His heart was bitter against the pretty child who had taken the best gift an earnest man could give her, played with it for a time, then carelessly flung it away. Mr. Chester cared little about romance, and believed that one sensible wife served a man much the same as another. What he did mind was this rash expenditure of hope, and energy, and life, upon a feeling which was to end only in disappointment. He had promised himself that Hester would find out the worth of the tenderness she had renounced, and come back to claim it; but the letters the family received from both the girl and her grandfather told a different story. At first she wrote frequently, giving freely the details of her new career, then Colonel Hare became the more constant correspondent. His granddaughter was well, he wrote; she grew daily more beautiful; she was courted by nobles. Then came a letter announcing her engagement to the Hon. Algernon Swancourt, the second son of Lord Brisbane. That was the last word. Mr. Chester sent this letter to Tom at the West without comment, and silence fell over Hester's name in the family. The daughters were all married now, and when they saw their mother they gossiped softly about Hester as a great English lady; for the Hon. Algernon Swancourt succeeded his father and his elder brother, and became Lord Brisbane the

year after his marriage. But no word came from Hester among her grandness, and time went by until twelve years had passed since she had gone away.

Tom had never flinched before his troubles, but had pursued his career, holding himself to strenuous occupation by the chains of an iron will and a dogged resolve not to be conquered by this deadly disinclination for life. But after he had left his old pursuits behind, and carried his burden of unchangeable anguish before the grand and mysterious Nature in the fresh world of energies he entered, he experienced a change. In the voice of the wind, in the opal sunsets, and the purpling skies of dawn; before the mountain-lakes, pale sheets of shimmering crystal, like a pure heart, reflecting heaven; under the shades of the eternal forests—he began to grow above his feverish thoughts of personal love, his passionate cravings for personal joy, and his aspirations expanded until they were touched by Heaven's own light and fire. Instead of sending up that perpetual and endlessly-reiterated cry, "Why may I not be happy?" he asked himself, humbly, "What need exists of my being happy so long as by worthy effort I may save my life from being a failure and a disappointment?"

Thus, when his father and mother wrote to him that they were getting old, and that they were lonely in their great house together, he gave up his freedom of exile, and went back to his duty. He was thirty-eight years old now, and looked more than his age, yet his mother thought for the first time that he was a handsome man. His strong, patient face was more open and sweet than in his youth, his eyes less perplexing, less hungry in their dumb wistfulness.

Each night Mr. Chester would put his hand on his son's arm and say:

"Thank God! I have a son, and he is by my side." For Mr. Chester was an old man now. Then Tom would answer:

"Ay, thank God! I am here, father."

Both his parents believed him to be over any youthful passion or sorrow, but he knew better the measure of his own strength. He had borne much, but he must bear more before he was over with his youth—before he could sit by his fire at night, and find himself happy in thinking of his past—before he could remember the face of the girl he had loved without desire, the life he had missed without a stirring of the old anguish of thwarted passion and baffled hopes. He strove for such security, telling himself that the least which could content him was to forget to long for private individual joys, that he might be everywhere with everything in sympathy.

He had been in New York three years, and one day was walking in a wretched quarter of the town when he was making himself acquainted with its aspects of poverty, that he might best know how to relieve it, when he saw a little girl knocked down by a cart. To pick her up, and ascertain that she was not hurt, only badly frightened, was the work of a moment, and his next instinct was to establish some acquaintance with the neighborhood by taking her home. She was a thin-faced, dark-eyed child of nine or ten, with an aspect of premature sadness. She

was carrying a large, loose parcel of cut work, and her chief dread was lest by her fall she should have soiled the fresh materials.

"Let me go home with you," said Tom, kindly, "and we will see about it. If harm is done, I will make it right."

"Can you?" she cried, eagerly. "Do you know Mr. Green? It is so easy for him to find a fault, and he is so terrible when he is angry with mamma or me." She gained some alertness as she recognized in Tom a possible mediator before their patron whose work furnished their daily bread, and she led him swiftly to a crowded tenement-house, through a hall, up a stairway of foul sights, foul smells, and fouler words, to the very top of the building, where she threw open a door in a dark passage, saying, "Do come in, sir, and wait until mamma has looked at the things. I am so afraid some of them are muddy."

"What is the matter, Milly?" said a voice, from within the room; and the sound of that voice which stirred imperishable memories, and the sight of the woman who appeared before him, made Tom Chester's heart stand still. He went up to her, took her hands, and looked into her face.

"Oh, my God, Hester!" he said, over and over, not once releasing her, but holding her fast in a convulsive grasp, although she tried to escape him. "My poor little girl! my little friend! my little love! what are you doing here? Why do I thus find you out by chance in such a place as this?"

She burst out into terrible sobbing as he held her—every moment drawing her closer and closer, until her head touched his breast. Then he clasped her tight, smoothing the still soft, bright hair, and murmuring over and over a thousand exclamations of love, and pity, and strange wondering.

"Don't, mamma," said Milly, softly tugging at her dress. "Don't cry so! Who is this gentleman?"

Hester raised her head.

"I am not used to the sight of old friends," she faltered, with a terrible effort to control herself.—"Tell Milly, Tom;" and she reached out her hand, and drew her child as well into that strong, imperious embrace.

"How can I forgive this concealment, Hester?" he asked her, his face working, his composure gone.

"How could I tell you?"

"Where is your husband?"

"He is dead."

"I thought you rich. I believed my little Hester among the mighty ones of earth. Did you marry Swancourt?"

"No, no!" She shuddered. "I did not know," she murmured, after a pause—"perhaps you knew, and were too good to tell me in my proud elation, that I had no right to the name of Percival. His family found it out when the settlements were being made. The day was fixed for our marriage; he withdrew from the engagement. He might have forgiven the disgrace of my birth, but he believed I was concerned in the deception. The shock killed my grandfather; he never spoke again."

"Go on, Hester. It is cruel; but, once told, I shall know, and you need never tell the story over. You married some man?"

"Grandfather had been altering his will to suit some requirements of the lawyers who were making the settlements. He died before it was signed. I could not inherit. Of all his money which he believed to be unalterably mine—which he had poured out like water to give me pleasure—I had but the few pounds in my purse. Everything went to his brother's children."

She had grown pale and composed; there were both strength and fire as she met his look, still held within his arms, as if, being found, he could never let his treasure go. He was under that stress of pity which is crueler than the sharpest personal pain, and his every impulse was to conquer her suffering and bear it for her.

"You were alone, and did not send for me?" he said, in a deep, entreating tone. She veiled her face from him after one sad meeting of their eyes.

"When," she answered, in an almost inaudible voice—"when that man accused me of having claimed a position not my own, his words stung me into a cruel pride. I could not have sent for you; I was not worthy. All I longed for was to begin the world anew, to finish my old mistakes, and cast them off once and altogether. I had had a thousand times more than I deserved, and lost it all. I wanted to forget everything." She put her hand on the little girl's head with a caressing gesture. "I married Edward Hunt, an artist," she went on, sadly. "He was Milly's father; he was very good to me. We were poor—utterly obscure, but not unhappy. He was never strong, and the struggle was too hard. It is three years since he died. That was in Venice. It was impossible for me to make a living there; so, two years and more ago, we came to New York."

She ceased speaking, and her head sank. Her voice had all the solemnity of pain wrung from her by bodily torture. Tom put his hand upon her head.

"And I have been living a mile from you these two years," said he, in a quaking voice, "thinking of you as I opened my eyes at waking, carrying the recollection of you through the day, dreaming of you at night."

Hester looked up with a half-smile.

"Sunday evenings," she whispered, "it is our treat—Milly's and mine—to walk past your house."

So this was the way that his child-love came back to Thomas Chester. She had been seventeen when she had left him with all the fairness of her exquisite youthful beauty; now she was thirty-two, not only older, but saddened, defeated, almost spent. Every aspect of the world had changed for her.

Of course, Tom took her home at once. However her soul might sicken, her heart rebel, there was nothing else for Hester to do; and after the first struggle she met the generous impulses of the love she had once forsaken as frankly and freely as the Chesters offered it. She was at once the chief

and freshest interest of the old people's lives, and it was a pleasant thing to them to change the timid, wistful, melancholy heart of Milly into something resembling the spirit of bright childhood.

As for Tom he experienced both a mysterious joy and dread in this restoration. His joy was his opportunity to crown a fervid past with a contented present; his dread was lest Hester should be too strongly reminded of his old tenderness for her, and by a tardy knowledge of the meaning of such a mighty love in a life like his again give herself to him in gratitude without an answering passion. He saw in many ways that she clung morbidly to her recollections; that she exaggerated her mistakes, and believed too much in the irrevocableness of her actions. Whenever she allowed herself the luxury of reverie, she told herself, sadly: "This, then, is life! A few years of longing, expectation, belief; then a little experience, after which every flower of hope crumbles into dust!"

Tom heard her one day make answer to Milly. "Mamma," the child cried, "Uncle Tom has brought me two books, a doll, and some *bonbons*. I am so happy—so happy! Are you happy, too, mamma?"

"No, my darling; I dare not be happy."

Tom put his hands on her shoulders as he stood behind her.

"Why not dare be happy, Hester?" he asked her.

"Because," she answered, trembling beneath his touch, but not turning, "I am old and wise. Because I know that the moment I dare be happy I shall make another fatal mistake."

"What is this fatal mistake in your life that perpetually saddens you?"

She rose and faced him. Her eyes kindled; her features took for the moment the fire of youth.

"You know—you must know—what it was," she said, with agitation.

"I know no fatal mistake in your life, Hester," he answered. "I only knew you in your early youth, and youth is a giant fever-dream of longing and discontent. What was this irretrievable step of yours?"

She flushed crimson under his eyes.

"I made it," she answered, softly, trying not to flinch beneath his sad, imperative gaze, "when for an instant I was blinded by the realization of all my dreams—when I gave you up, and what you had offered me." He went up to her, and seized her hands. "I would not have told you," she added, brokenly, "but you don't know the misery that tortures me every day in meeting you afresh—the misery of knowing that you must, in spite of all your patient goodness both to Milly and myself, utterly despise me."

"Why, my little love," said Tom, smiling, as he drew her to him, "that is the most absurd mistake, and, as to your irretrievable blunder, I see a chance of the most absolute retrieval. They talk of love in youth, but I believe less in its worth than in the love we may give each other now. Had we equally needed each other then, we could never have been parted. But now will it not be much to you, as it surely is to me, that we need never part again? I see no irremediable loss in the past if we can but go on together until the end."

They kissed each other as they had never kissed before, and Milly stared at them, open-eyed and wondering.

SOME OLD PLAY-BILLS.

WE found a long-lost key the other day, which opened the archives of a buried experience—a key which unlocked a treasure-house of recollections, an "open sesame" of the past.

For Chrysostom, as we call him, or the "Golden-mouthed," so fascinating are his old stories, had often referred to a lost collection of old play-bills. In what "trunk, box, bandbox, bundle," were they stranded? The accumulation of a house is a fearful thing. In every well-ordered family there should be a Hercules, who should, once in ten years, dig out the garret, the cellar, the old bookcases, bringing a fresh enthusiasm, an unfatigued belief, in that "buried will" which ought to turn up behind Scott's "Commentaries." One such young Hercules in our family found the old play-bills, yellow as gold and almost as priceless, and laid them at our feet.

Chrysostom began, when he saw them, with his own first tragedy in which he was a star actor. He and his brother and cousin started off with their Christmas money to see "Finn" at the old Richmond-Hill Theatre, in Charlton Street—a great evening, a holiday performance. They had twenty-

five cents each when they arrived at the door of the theatre. Behold a sickening crowd! a pit full of heartless creatures, one of whom sat down on the youthful head of Chrysostom as a convenient resting-place. Of course, this was not to be endured. The unhappy boys struggled out, catching a heart-breaking vision of the green curtain as they went—three Peris at the gate, and no admittance! A council of war was held on the sidewalk, and as they had observed that there were plenty of good seats in the circle—price, seventy-five cents each—what did two of these generous boys do, but conclude to club their money together and send in the eldest brother, a delightful boy, their own great hero, a male Scheherezade for telling stories, while they walked home with a lump in each throat and the tears coursing down each innocent nose! My heart swells and my tears start as I think of these dear little Jacks slaying the giant Disappointment with the great sword Magnanimity! May I never have to weep over a less beautiful story! All this happened nearly half a century ago. The malefic influence of Aaron Burr must have haunted his former country-seat, Rich-

mond Hill, for Chrysostom went again to see a play there, and did not see it through. It was "Tekeli." His brother made him come out at the end of the second act. *Tekeli* was up a tree—and remains there to this day!

This early act of self-sacrifice on the part of Chrysostom was to be rewarded by a long and excellent and complete theatrical experience. He was destined to see the best acting and to hear the best singing in all Europe and in his own country. He collected play-bills in all cities, and recollections which are a perpetual feast. The oldest of these yellow treasures is dated Saturday evening, January 7, 1832, and is of the American Theatre, Bowery, Mr. Hamblin's benefit, and the last night of the season. They played "Venice Preserved," with Miss Clifton as *Belvidera*; the comedy of "Everybody's Husband," with Mrs. Maugeon as *Mrs. Pimpernel*; "The Review," with Mrs. Maugeon as *Lucy*, "in which she will sing by particular request 'The Dashing White Sergeant,' 'I've been roaming,' and 'As he marched through the Town.'" "The entertainment to conclude with part of the third, fourth, and fifth acts of 'Virginia,' and (first time) *Virginia* by Miss Clifton."

Hamblin played in every one of these pieces. What monstrous versatility; what immense industry! If that isn't a good bill, what is? How gay, how dashing, how amusing, it all sounds! I wish somebody would sing for me, by particular request, "The Dashing White Sergeant," "I've been roaming," and "As he marched through the Town." Do we get as much in our play-bills now? It seems to me there then were more cakes and ale. There was variety, there was a lively change from grave to gay. It must have taken all Saturday night, and, one fears, part of the next day.

Then we find, on Monday evening, June 4, 1832, the beautiful Clifton (a fine, great creature, with black eyes, regular features, and a touching voice, so Chrysostom says) singing in the "opera of 'The Devil's Bridge,'" in which she gives us, "Behold his Soft, Expressive Face," "Is there a Heart?" "Though Love is warm awhile," and "'Tis but Fancy's Sketch."

I wish Dickens had not ruined the English ballad-mania, as he did by making it so immortally ridiculous through the lips of Dick Swiveller. They were so pretty, those ballads, so sentimental, so suggestive of long curls, white frocks and sashes, general innocence and folly—very tol-lol! full, however, of a tenderness hidden under the Anglo-Saxon sternness, and creeping out rather absurdly, to be sure, but still with a freshness and sweetness which remind one of honeysuckle and clover-field! Better Miss Clifton in "The Devil's Bridge" and her fourteen sentimental songs than Aimée in "La Jolie Parfumeuse." I prefer the perfume of the clover-fields!

Then followed *Fazio* by Mr. Hamblin, and *Bianca* by Miss Clifton; a fancy dance by Miss Johnson; Mr. Hadaway sang "Manager Strut," which I dare say was very comic; and then we conclude

with the farce of "Is he jealous?"—the indefatigable Clifton singing "Here we meet too soon to part," accompanying herself on the piano-forte.

The work these people did of an evening! Really, Chrysostom got the benefit—the worth of his fifty cents.

One old play-bill announces that Mrs. Barrymore will make her first appearance in "The Troubadour," and Chrysostom tells us how pretty she was. We seem to see a *Bracegirdle*, "whose name was a charming compliment," as some one says, a *Peg Woffington* step out before the foot-lights, as memory recalls the dead-and-gone charms of the then blooming favorite.

And "Master Maugeon, a youth only eight years old, will make his first appearance in the arduous character of *Duke of Gloster, Richard III.*"—an infant phenomenon, no doubt; where is he now?

Then come great names. "Mr. Cooper, in passing through New York, will produce Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Julius Cæsar.'" *Mark Antony*, Mr. Cooper; *Brutus*, Mr. Hamblin; *Cassius*, Mr. Booth. Miss Vincent will perform, by particular desire, her celebrated character of *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*. How prettily these old titles sound! Will nobody sing for us now "Clari, or the Maid of Milan?"

Did Booth, Cooper, and Hamblin, play better than the three sons of Booth later? or better than Lawrence Barrett, Davenport, and Bangs, later still? Chrysostom says they did; but he is very true to "*ses premières amours*." To him the acting of the past was so much better than that of the present that there is no argument admitted. The play of "Julius Cæsar," as given by Barrett and his *confrères*, was, however, so well done, that a lady who saw them, in January, 1876, penciled the following lines on her play-bill, as indicative of her pleasure:

"Rome! mother of all symbols, one great hour with thee:
Is worth a decade of our common life;
Strange that a people, calling themselves free,
Have but preserved thy luxury and thy strife!
Not ours the virtues of that earlier day,
Not ours the courage to be right, and slay,
First the usurper, then the outraged wife!
Thy purple pageants make our visions tame!
A world sufficed thee! Nothing else were worth:
Thy blood, thy sons, thy cruelty, thy grasp,
Thou monstrous mistress of our little earth!
That we forget thee is our modern shame.
Oft from my spirit this ideal fades;
Then comes great Shakespeare, painting it in flame.
I thank thee, noble Art, for these heroic shades!"

But this was a modern play-bill, and has no place here.

Chrysostom says that they lightened their hearts afterward by seeing Mr. Rice in his popular extravaganza of "Jim Crow."

This was a bit of local coloring destined to make a great shadow on our national picture. Just at that moment when the abolition riots were convulsing the country, the very year before Miss Martineau claims to have been threatened with loss of life at our hands in this excited country, innocent Jim Crow was pointing his heel and toe, and casting that

gloom which was so unlike himself over our whole political history. Mr. Rice founded the school of negro-minstrelsy, since so popular, so remunerative; and Jim Crow could say as it is said of Belshazzar in the song:

"A thousand dark nobles all drink at his board!"

On January 7, 1833, Mr. Booth appears in gloomy *Pescara* in "The Apostate." Great, and worthy, and eccentric tragedian, was he greater than his gifted son? I doubt it; but do not tell this to Chrysostom.

Then, after a long interval, in which Chrysostom enjoys the glories of the old Park Theatre, and sees processions of Keans, Trees, Cushmans, Wallacks, and other names which were not born to die, he sails off for Europe, and we find the Haymarket, the Italian Opera-House, or Her Majesty's Theatre, and other names of high renown, on the yellow papers. Here we have a play-bill which many a collector would steal from us, if he could:

This evening, Saturday, July 12, 1845, will be performed

Donizetti's opera,

ANNA BOLENA.

Henry VIII., King of England....Signor Lablache

Percy.....Signor Moriani

ANNA BOLENA.....MADAME GRISI

Between the acts a new Pas de Quatre by Mesdemoiselles Taglioni, Cerito, Grahn, Carlotta Grisi.

Yes; Chrysostom saw all that—the famous "*Par de Carter*" of "James's Diary"—the most extraordinary accumulation and concentration ever seen on any stage, the reverse of that evening when Talma played to a pit full of kings, for the audience watched a stage full of queens!

Then, after that unrivaled emulation of grace, Carlotta Grisi did "*La Esmeralda*" for them.

When I recognize all this good luck of Chrysostom's, and remember that he also heard Jenny Lind in "*Fidelio*" and "*Lucia*," I see that virtue is rewarded in this world; and I am less affected when I remember the scene at the old Richmond Hill Theatre, whence he turned, poor, disappointed child, so many years ago!

He goes back, with one of Lucile Grahn's own mighty bounds, thirty years, to tell us how splendid she was. A tall, powerful woman, clearing the stage with her great, grand, heroic movements, like a daughter of the Vikings, hers was the grace of strength, of size, of grand proportions!

Cerito was the beauty, where all were beautiful; Grisi, perhaps, the sweetest and the most graceful—when lo! a butterfly comes poising over a rose, a creature who floats above the earth, descending to it with difficulty, and the transcendent Taglioni, queen of the fairies, triumphs over the law of gravitation! He describes her moonlight loveliness, her almost pathetic grace, her captivating serenity. Then, as all things must come to an end, the four goddesses of the dance fly on together, and Lucile Grahn catches Taglioni in her great arms, and holds her above the three, a noble group, worthy of Pygmalion.

This is the cap-sheaf of the play-bills, the apex of the pyramid. It is our Taglioni. We descend into the plains again, and find at the Haymarket, August 6, 1845, the following by no means unattractive bill: "Time works Wonders" and "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain-Lectures;" Mr. Leopold de Meyer, "Pianiste de sa Majesté l'Empereur d'Autriche," filling in the thirty minutes between the plays with a *fantasia*. It was the necessity of filling in this intermission that brought out Sims Reeves. His beautiful voice obtained its first recognition in that way.

Among the actresses, we find in this bill Miss Fortescue, whose charms won her a coronet. She made Chrysostom's heart ache with that intermittent stage-love which hurt nobody, and which it pleases young and old gentlemen to remember. She was a great beauty.

Mr. Farren gives the public, in one evening, "The King and I, 1691," with Buckstone in *Perkin Pyefinch*, and Mr. Dion Boucicault's popular play of "Used up;" and Mr. John Parry, the celebrated buffo-singer, is announced.

This gentleman has only lately retired, and his name, and those of others so soon forgotten, form the text of a melancholy sermon on the fleeting nature of the actor's triumphs. The memory of one generation is all that he can claim as his own, and an honorable record in a few histories of his art.

These play-bills, illustrating no uncommon or exciting period of theatricals, merely the every-day story, are the more impressive as reminders, on that account. They show how incessantly these artists work, and that it is an ungrateful profession to him who professes it, except for the brilliant moment of success. "Alas!" said poor Burton, as he lay dying on a Christmas-evening—"alas! who of all the thousands whom I have made laugh is thinking of me this merry evening, as I lie here struggling for breath?" And such has been the complaint since Yorick and Grimaldi—a few words and a passing sigh, and all is forgotten!

Chrysostom is never tired of talking of Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, where everything was so well done, or of the superiority of the opera and the ballet of the past.

What has become of the ballet? Where are the Taglioni's? Is there no "*Par de Carter*" for the children of the future? We are always fond of Niblo's; we even (who have been less fortunate than Chrysostom) have seen the Ravels there—those unrivaled pantomimists—and therefore we greet with pleasure, amid the yellow play-bills (to whom Time has lent the now fashionable *écru* tint), certain allusions to the corner of "Broadway and Prince Street, Niblo's Garden," the entertainments under the sole direction of Mr. Mitchell. On July 12, 1844, was produced, for the fourth time, "The Revolt of the Harem," in which Mademoiselle Pauline Desjardins danced, no doubt, delightfully. The scene is laid in the Alhambra at Granada, as we are told with refreshing accuracy, and in the "warlike evolutions of the Amazons" one prophesies a future "Black Crook;" but if you were to ask Chrysostom if the "Black Crook" were equal

to the "Revolt of the Harem," or Pauline Markham to Pauline Desjardins, he would snub you with a disdainful sniff, which would ruin your self-respect for a year.

We are all afraid of Chrysostom and his memories and his experience; we feel ashamed of our easily-pleased histrionic natures; we listen to his records as country bumpkins do to the traveled cit, and veil our faces when we say a play is well done if he frowns. But we have one terrible revenge. He has a "blot i' the scutcheon," a spot on his otherwise immaculate ermine: his classic taste knows one shocking immorality—he loves *melodrama*. Some of us remember going with him to see Forrest, and in the play of "Damon and Pythias" he took out his watch to see if *Pythias* could get back in time—or is it *Damon*? And in Paris he went off *alone* to see "Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge!" He (it is feared) has stolen round to see many a blood-and-thunder play, when he might have been in more regular business; and, as Burton said when he found a button in the meat-pie, "I have eaten my friend, and, what is worse, I liked him," so we can only say of our cultured friend, who has seen Rachel, Ristori, Macready, Vandenhoofs, Keans, Booths, Cushman, Trees, Grisis, Marios, Linds, and all the legitimates, that he dearly loves a *melodrama*, he has eaten of the fruit, and, what is worse, "he likes it;" so we make sarcastic remarks upon jaded palates, and red-pepper in soup, and the like delicate stabs of wit, when we feel ourselves otherwise wholly worsted. But Chrysostom does not care.

Here and there amid the old play-bills we read of later favorites. One at Niblo's Garden, June 6, 1844, introduces Mr. Holland (underlined) as *Lobwitz*, in "The Daughter of the Regiment"—funniest of old fellows! It only cost fifty cents to see him then; he was thrice as expensive later. In this same year "La Polka" was danced between the acts by Miss Maywood and Mr. Wells, after which the popular comedietta of "The Alpine Maid"—*Swig*, Mr. Holland.

One reflection is forced upon us in looking through these play-bills: there was a greater variety offered each evening; there was a constant change from evening to evening. Going to the play was more of a business than it is now. It was done with a sort of conscientious fidelity, a respect for the great dramatic art, which is in itself one of the lost arts. I have another friend who, after Chrysostom, is the most beautiful exemplar of a conscientious play-goer. He respects the amusement, and arrays his thoughts in "purple and fine linen" before entering the sacred precincts. Nothing annoys him so much as impertinent or jocular allusions to the actors, whom he regards with gratitude and respect, as the high-priests who are to officiate at the altar of his correct taste and cultivated aspirations. He knows how the thing ought to be done, and, seeing it done conscientiously, he is patient, even if the actor does not fill his own very elevated conception. Nothing makes him so furious as to go with what is called a "theatre-party," with a set of giggling girls or nonsensical young

men, who talk while the play is going on. Being the gentlest and most polite of men, he tries to "suggest without insistence, and to realize without emphasis," that they should hold their tongues, and, if they hesitate to accept his theory, he gets up and leaves the house. Once he retreated to the gallery—but I must give his own words: "On Monday evening last I went to Mr. Daly's theatre to see Shakespeare's comedy of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' I had a good seat in the front row of the parquette, and looked forward to an evening of great enjoyment, when there came to me two soiled, ungentlemanly, unprincipled persons, from the deck of a canal-boat, or some place where I should say that they had indulged in that carelessness of personal effeminacy called 'sleeping in one's clothes.' To me, gentleman on the right, smelling strongly of onions, thus: 'Jack Brougham in the play?' I replied to him that I thought *Mr. Brougham* was not at the moment playing at this theatre, and referred him to the play-bill"—and so on.

The allusion to Mr. Brougham (one of his greatest favorites) in this careless and unclean manner was too great for our pre-Raphaelite play-goer—he left for the gallery.

If there were more such play-goers in this city as this friend of mine and Chrysostom, men who knew well the points of good acting, the difficulties overcome, the excellences to be obtained, what a different place the every-day theatre would be! That would indeed be playing to a pit full of kings! Now, how often is the going to the theatre but a "haggard, malignant, careworn running for luck"—a hope often betrayed, disappointment, rather, that you have seen the green curtain go up, than, like our little friend, you had to leave before it rose on hopes deferred!

Perhaps there is something in the *don terrible de la familiarité*; perhaps we go too much. It is always delightful to trace, in literature, the effect upon uneducated minds of the first vision of a play. "Soft air-tints and delightful dreams" accompany my earliest recollections. The Vandenhoofs, father and daughter, in "Virginus"—there was something to cry for; Fanny Ellsler, dancing on with her little wheelbarrow and milk-pail—"Calypso was not a woman, she was a goddess;" Mr. Manvers as *Fra Diavolo*, "whose bloom was then most lovely;" then a long season of Macready—and all when life was very young. The good fortune, too, was mine of living in the country, and the visit to the city and to the play only an occasional thing. I pitied those jaded city children who listened with apathy to the announcement that they could go and see "The Lady of Lyons." Great Orpheus! How the music of the Marseillaise, as *Claude* dashes off, struck on the chords of my heart, and shook me to the core! They had heard it so often that they sat like little stocks and stones, effete *civilisés*, infantile *Sir Charles Coldstreams*.

From the great scene where Partridge speculates on the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," all through the masterpieces of fiction, we see how one art loves to borrow

of another. Scott describes, in "St. Ronan's Well," Mrs. Blower's opinion of the play of "Macbeth."

"Truth is," she replied, "I dinna greatly like stage-plays. John Blower, honest man, did ance take me to see ane Mrs. Siddons. I thought we should have been crushed to death before we gat in, a' my things riven off my back, forbye the four lily-white shillings that it cost us. And then in came three frightsome carlines wi' besoms, and they would bewitch a sailor's wife. I was lang eneuch there, and out I wad be; and out John Blower gat me, but wi' nae sma' fight and feud."

George Macdonald follows in the footsteps of his illustrious countryman by describing in his latest novel, "Blue Peter," a very Calvinistic Scot at the play of "The Tempest." But Blue Peter was very much pleased and carried away until he knew that he was in a play-house, and then he bolted, undoubtedly thinking that it was the veriest snare of his lower majesty that he had ever been exposed to.

The most noble description of Rachel's acting is given in Miss Brontë's novel of "Villette," where Lucy Snowe, the forlorn school-teacher, goes to the play:

"She rose at nine that December night; above the horizon I saw her come. She could shine yet with pale grandeur and steady might, but that star verged already on its judgment-day. Seen near, it was a chaos, hollow, half consumed, an orb perished or perishing, half lava, half glow.

"I had heard this woman termed 'plain,' and I expected bony harshness and grimness, something large, angular, fallow. What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti, a queen, fair as the day once, turned pale now like twilight, and wasted like wax in a flame. For a while—a long while—I thought it was only a woman, though a unique woman, who moved in might and grace before the multitude. By-and-by I recognized my mistake. I found upon her something neither of man nor of woman—in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature—and, as the action rose, and the stir deepened, how wildly they shook her with their passions of the pit! They wrote *Hell* on her straight brow; they tuned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask. Hate, and murder, and madness, incarnate she stood!"

So stands Rachel painted by Charlotte Brontë. As I remember the great picture, the guilty, the remorseful Phædra, against her mantle of crimson, I do not know which to most admire, the reality or the description, the great Frenchwoman or the great Yorkshire lass, who, from her sombre *entourage* of the Haworth graveyard, thus measured her contemporary genius. It is Michael Angelo painting Dante.

"Fallen, insurgent, banished," she goes on to say, "she remembers the heaven where she rebelled; heaven's light, following her exile, pierces its confines, and discloses their forlorn remoteness."

Charlotte Brontë's description is like an intaglio;

the gem is hard, clear, and flawless, the cutting is by the hand of a master. Here is a modeling in clay after the round, by a more tender hand:

"At last they got to the theatre, which was Astley's, with all the paint, gilding, and looking-glass; the vague smell of horses, suggestive of coming wonders; the curtain that hid such gorgeous mysteries; the clean, white saw-dust down in the circus; the company coming in and taking their places; the fiddlers looking carelessly up at them as they tuned their instruments, as if *they* didn't want the play to begin, and knew it all beforehand. What a glow was that which burst upon them all when that long, clear, brilliant row of lights came slowly up; and what the feverish excitement when the little bell rang, and the music began in good earnest, with strong parts for the drums, and sweet effects for the triangles!

"Well might Barbara's mother say to Kit's mother that the gallery was the place to see from, and wonder it wasn't much dearer than the boxes. Well might Barbara feel doubtful whether to laugh or cry in her flutter of delight."

This is a Teniers, the whole of this wonderful description. Of all Dickens's devoted and loving pictures of that dramatic intoxication which seizes the fresh sense, this is the most Dutch in its fidelity. That sweet sisterhood of the arts on which the old Greek poetry dilated is never so clearly proved as in these attempts to characterize the descriptions of a play. One thinks of Wilkie in reading Dickens, and of Dickens when looking at Teniers, and of all these masters in seeing a play.

Chrysostom greeted with delight, among the old play-bills, a bill of fare of the Dickens dinner. It is printed in blue ink, very inelegant, and has the British lion, *couchant*: "Dinner in honor of Charles Dickens, Esq., at the City Hotel, New York, on Friday, February 18, 1842."

He saw poor Washington Irving sit down, unable to speak from innate modesty—one of the few Americans who had not the "gift of the gab." General Grant makes an illustrious third, being at this moment contending with his lack of language at English dinner-tables. George Washington, Washington Irving, and General Grant, have proved that silence is golden. One respects Nature's odd occasional miserly instincts when she locks up her gold in such caskets as these.

Dickens was splendidly fluent, as everybody knows, and great and many were the compliments he poured out on the author of the "Sketch-Book," who sat with the cold perspiration running down his back, no doubt.

But I must roll up the bunch of old play-bills. They are too eloquent; they open too many rooms. They lead one on like the second Calender wanting an eye. I can only think of how much of life we forget—how much we lose and how little we retain of these golden sands which sparkle as they pass. That river which was made by the tears of the disappointed little boy, so many years ago, has become to him a perfect Pactolus.

BY CELIA'S ARBOR :

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE QUEEN'S BASTION.

TWO boys and a girl, standing together in the northwest corner of the Queen's Bastion on the old town wall.

Leonard, the elder boy, leans on an old-fashioned thirty-two-pounder which points through an embrasure, narrow at the mouth and wide at the end, straight up the harbor.

Should any enemy attempt to cross the lagoon of mud which forms the upper harbor at low tide, that enemy would, as Leonard often explained, be "raked" by the gun. Leonard is a lad between seventeen and eighteen, tall and well grown. As yet his figure is too slight, but that will fill out; his shoulders are broad enough for the strength a year or two more will give him; he has short brown hair of quite a common color, but lustrous, and with a natural curl in it; his eyes are hazel, and they are steadfast; when he fought battles at school those eyes looked like winning; his chin is strong and square; his lips are firm. Only to look upon him as he passed you would say that you had seen a strong man in his youth. People turned their heads after he had gone by to have another look at such a handsome boy.

He leans his back, now, against the gun, his hands resting lightly upon the carriage, on either side as if to be ready for immediate action; his straw hat lies on the grass beside him. And he is looking in the face of the girl.

She is a mere child of thirteen or fourteen, standing before him and gazing into his face with sad and solemn eyes. She, too, is bareheaded, carrying her summer hat by the ribbons. I suppose no girl of fourteen, when girls are bony, angular, and big-footed, can properly be described as beautiful, but Celia was always beautiful to me. Her face remains the same to me through the changes of many years; always lovely, always sweet and winsome. Her eyes were light blue and yet not shallow; she had a pair of mutinous little lips which were generally, but not to-night, laughing; her hair hung over her shoulders in the long and unfettered tresses which so well become young maidens; and in her cheek was the prettiest little dimple ever seen. But now she looked sad, and tears were gathered in her eyes.

As for me, I was lying on the parapet of the wall, looking at the other two. Perhaps it will save trouble if I state at once who I was, and what to look upon. In the year 1853 I was sixteen years of age, about two years older than Celia, nearly two

years younger than Leonard. I believe I had already arrived at my present tall stature, which is exactly five feet one inch. I am a hunchback. An accident in infancy rounded my shoulders and arched my back, giving me a projection which causes my coats to hang loosely where other men's fit tight, forcing my neck forward so that my head bends back where other people's heads are held straight upon their necks. It was an unfortunate accident, because I should, but for it, have grown into a strong man; my limbs are stout and my arms are muscular. It cost me nothing as a boy to climb up ropes and posts, to clamber hand-over-hand along a rail, to get up into trees, to do anything where I could get hold for a single hand, or for a single foot. I was not, through my unlucky back, the distortion of my neck, and the length of my arm, comely to look upon. All the years of my childhood and some a good deal later were spent in the miserable effort to bring home to myself the plain fact that I was *disgracié*. The comeliness of youth and manhood could be no more mine than my father's broad lands. For, besides being a hunchback, I was an exile, a Pole, the son of a Polish rebel, and therefore penniless. My name is Ladislas Pulaski.

We were standing, as I said, in the northwest corner of the Queen's Bastion, the spot where the grass was longest and greenest, the wild convolvulus most abundant, and where the noblest of the great elms which stood upon the ramparts—"to catch the enemy's shells," said Leonard—threw out a gracious arm laden with leafy foliage to give a shade. We called the place Celia's Arbor.

If you looked out over the parapet, you saw before you the whole of the most magnificent harbor in the world, and if you looked through the embrasure of the wall you had a splendid framed picture—water for foreground, old ruined castle in middle distance, blue hill beyond, and above blue sky.

We were all three silent, because it was Leonard's last evening with us. He was going away, our companion and brother, and we were there to bid him God-speed.

It was after eight; suddenly the sun, which a moment before was a great disk of burnished gold, sank below the thin line of land between sky and sea. Then the evening gun from the Duke of York's Bastion proclaimed the death of another day with a loud report which made the branches in the trees above us to shake and tremble. And from the barracks in the town; from the harbor-admiral's flag-ship; from the port-admiral's flag-ship; from the flag-ship of the admiral in command of the Mediterranean fleet, then in harbor; from the tower of the old church, there came such a firing

of muskets, such a beating of drums, playing of fifes, ringing of bells, and sounding of trumpets, that you would have thought the sun was setting once for all, and receiving his farewell salute from a world he was leaving forever to roll about in darkness.

The evening gun and the *tintamarre* that followed roused us all three, and we involuntarily turned to look across the parapet. Beyond that was the moat, and beyond the moat was a ravelin, and beyond the ravelin the sea-wall; beyond the wall a smooth and placid lake, for it was high tide, four miles long and a couple of miles wide, in which the splendor of the west was reflected so that it looked like a furnace of molten metal. At low tide it would have been a great flat level of black mud, unlovely even with an evening sky upon it, intersected with creeks and streams which, I suppose, were kept full of water by the drainage of the mud-banks. At the end of the harbor stood the old ruined castle, on the very margin and verge of the water. The walls were reflected in the calm bosom of the lagoon; the water-gate opened out upon the wavelets of the lapping tide; behind rose the great donjon, square, gray, and massive; in the tourney-yard stood the old church, and we needed no telling to make us think of the walls behind, four feet broad, rugged and worn by the tooth of Time, thickly blossoming with gillyflowers, clutched and held on all sides by the tight embrace of the ivy. There had been rain in the afternoon, so that the air was clear and transparent, and you could see every stone in the grand old keep, every dentation of the wall. Behind the castle lay the low, curved line of a long hill, green and grassy, which made a background to the harbor and the old fortress. It stretched for six miles, this hill, and might have been monotonous but for the chalk-quarries which studded its sides with frequent intervals of white. Farther on, to the west, there lay a village, buried in a great clump of trees, so that you could see nothing but the tower of a church and the occasional smoke of a chimney. The village was so far off that it seemed like some outlying fort, an advance-work of civilization, an outpost such as those which the Roman conquerors have left in the Desert. When your eye left the village among the trees and traveled southward, you could see very little of land on the other side by reason of the ships which intervened—ships of every age, of every class, of every color, of every build. Frigates, three-deckers, brigs, schooners, cutters, launches, gunboats, paddle-wheel steamers, screw-steamers, hulks so old as to be almost shapeless—they were lying ranged in line, or they were moored separately; some in the full flood of the wasting sunset, some in shadow, one behind the other, making deep blacknesses in the golden water. There was not much life, at this late hour, in the harbor. Here and there a boat pulled by two or three lads from the town; here and there a great ship's gig, moving heavily through the water, pulled by a crew of sailors, rowing with their slow and measured stroke, and the little middy sitting in the stern; or

perhaps a wherry coming down from Fareham Creek. But mostly the harbor was silent, the bustle even at the lower end having ceased with the sunset.

"What do you see up the harbor, Leonard?" asked the girl, for all of us were gazing silently at the glorious sight.

"I am looking for my future, Cis, and I cannot make it out."

"Tell us what you think, Leonard."

"Five minutes ago it looked splendid. But the glory is going off the water. See, Cis, the castle has disappeared—there is nothing to be made out there but a low, black mass of shade; and the ships are so many black logs lying on gray water, that in ten minutes will be black too. Nothing but blackness. Is that my future?"

"I can read you a better fortune out of the sunset than that," I interposed.

"Do, Laddy," said Celia. "Don't let poor Leonard go away with a bad omen."

"If you look above you, Leonard," I went on, "you will see that all the splendors of the earth have gone up into the heavens. Look at the brightness there. Was there ever a more glorious sunset? There is a streak of color for you—the one above the belt of salmon—blue, with just a suspicion on the far edge of green. Leonard, if you believed in visions, and wished for the best possible, you could have nothing better than that before you. If your dreams were to get money and rubbish like that—it will be remembered that I who enunciated this sentiment, and Celia who clapped her hands, and Leonard who nodded gravely, were all three very young—"such rubbish, it would lead you to disappointment, just as the golden water is turning black. But up above the colors are brighter, and they are lasting. They never fade."

"They are fading now, Laddy."

"Nonsense! Sunsets never fade. They are forever moving westward round the world. Don't you know that there is always sunset going on somewhere? Gold in evening clouds for some to see, and a golden sunrise for some others. So, Leonard, when your dreams of the future were finished you looked up, and you saw the sky brighter than the harbor. That means that the future will be brighter than anything you ever dreamed."

Leonard laughed.

"You agree with Laddy, Cis? Of course you do. As if you two ever disagreed yet!"

"I must go home, Leonard; it is nearly nine. And, oh, you are going away to-night, and when—when shall we see you again?"

"I am going away to-night, Cis. I have said good-by to the captain, God bless him! and I am going to London by the ten-o'clock train to seek my fortune."

"But you will write to us, Leonard, won't you? You will tell us what you are doing, and where you are, and all about yourself?"

He shook his head.

"No, Cis, not even that. Listen: I have talked it all over with the captain. I am going to make my

fortune—somehow. I don't know how, nor does he, the dear old man! But I am going to try. Perhaps I shall fail, perhaps I shall succeed. I *must* succeed"—his face grew stern and a little hard—"because everything depends upon it, whether I shall be a gentleman, or what a gutter-child ought to expect."

"Don't, Leonard."

"Forgive me, Laddy, but everybody knows that you are a gentleman by birth and descent, and very few know that I am, too. Give me five years. In five years' time, if I live, and unless it is absolutely impossible for me to get home, I promise to meet you both again. It will be June the 21st in the year 1858. We will meet at this time—sunset—and on this same spot, by Celia's Arbor."

"In five years. It is half a lifetime. What will have happened to us all in five years? But not a single letter? O Leonard! promise to write one letter, only one, during all the years, to say that you are well. Not leave us all the time without a single word."

He shook his head.

"Not one, Cis, my child. I am not going to write you a single letter. One thing only I have promised the captain. If I am in danger, sickness, or any trouble, I am to write to him. But if you get no news of me, set it down to good news."

"Then, if you will not write, there is nothing to look forward to but the end of the five years.—Laddy, don't you feel as if you were a convict beginning a five years' sentence? I do, and perhaps you will forget all about us, Leonard, when you are away over there, in the great world."

"Forget you, Cissy?" He took her hands, and drew the girl to himself. "Forget you? Why, there is nothing else in all the world for me to remember except you, and Laddy, and the captain. If I could forget the seventeen years of my life, the town, and the port, the ships, and the sailors, the old walls, and the bastions—if I could rid my memory of all that is in it now, why—then, perhaps, I could forget little Cissy. Other men belong to families. I have none. Other men have brothers and sisters. I have none. Laddy is my brother, and you are my sister. Never think, Cis, that I can forget you for one moment."

"No, Leonard. We will try to feel always that you are thinking about us. The captain says nothing is better for people than always to remember what others would like them to say, and think, and do. Stay, Leonard." She had made a little bouquet of daisies and the sweet wild-convolvulus which spread itself over all the slopes of the walls. Out of this she picked two or three blossoms, tied them up with a tendril, and laid them in a paper. "That is my French exercise for to-morrow. Never mind. There, Leonard, carry that away with you to remember me by."

"I will take it, Cis, but I want nothing to remember you by."

"And now, Leonard, make your promise over again. Say, after me, 'In five years' time—'"

"In five years' time—"

"'In rags or in velvet'—be very particular about that, Leonard, you are to be neither too proud to come, or too ashamed—'in rags or in velvet—'"

"In rags or in velvet—"

"'In poverty or in riches—'"

"In poverty or in riches—"

"'In honor or—no, there can be no dishonor—in honor or before the honor has been reached, I will return.'"

"I will return," echoed Leonard.

"And we will meet you here, Laddy and I."

He held her hands while she dictated the words of this solemn promise, looking up at him with earnest and pleading face.

Then the church-clock struck nine, and from the port-admiral's flag-ship boomed a solitary gun, which rolled in short, sharp echoes along the walls, and then slowly thundered up the shores of the harbor. Then there was a pause. And then the bells began their customary evening hymn. They struck the notes slowly, and as if with effort. But the hymn-tune was soft and sad, and a carillon is always sweet. That finished, there came the curfew-bell, which has been rung every night in the old town since the time of the great Norman king. The day was quite done now, and the twilight of the summer night was upon us. Gleams of gray lay in the west reflected in the untroubled sheet of the harbor, the cloudless sky looked almost as blue as in the day, and the stars were faint and pale. Venus alone shone brightly; the trees, in the warm, calm night, looked as if they were sleeping, all but one—a great elm which stood at the end of the wall, where it joined the dock-yard. It was shaped, in the black profile of the evening, something like the face of a man, so that it stood like a giant sentry looking every night across the harbor.

"I must go," said Celia. "Good-by, Leonard. Good-by, dear Leonard. Forgive me if I have teased you. We shall look forward—oh! how eagerly we shall look forward to the end of the five years! Good-by."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. She cried and sobbed. Then he let her go, and without a word she fled from us both, flying down the grassy slope across the green. In the twilight we could catch the glimmer of her white dress as she ran home, until she reached her father's garden-gate, and was lost.

"Walk with me to the station, Laddy," said Leonard.

We walked away from the quiet walls, where there was no one but ourselves, out from the shadow of the big elms, and the breath of dewy grass, and the peacefulness of the broad waters, down into the busy streets. Our way lay through the narrowest and the noisiest. Shops were open, especially places which sold things to eat and to drink. Hundreds of men—chiefly young men—were loafing about, pipes in their mouths, among the women, who were buying in a street-market, consisting almost entirely of costers' carts and barrows, and where the principal articles exposed for sale appeared to be hot cooked

things of pungent and appetizing odor, served and dressed with fried onions. Every night, all the year round, that market went on; every night that incense of fried onions arose to the much-enduring skies; every night the crowd jostled, pushed, and enjoyed their jokes around these barrows, lit by candles stuck in bottles, protected by oiled paper.

"Look at them," said Leonard, indicating a little knot of young fellows laughing together at each other's *gros mots*—"look at them. If it had not been for the captain, I might have been like them."

"So might I, for that matter."

"What a life! No ambition! No hope to get beyond the pipe and beer! If I fail, it will be better than never to have tried. Laddy, I mean to 'make a spoon or spoil a horn,' as the Scotch say."

"How, Leonard?"

"I do not know quite. Somehow, Laddy. Here we are at the station. You will be good to the old man, won't you? Of course you will, Laddy, a great deal better than I could ever be, because you are so much more considerate. Keep up his spirits, make him spin yarns. And you will look sharp after the little girl, Laddy. She is your great charge. I give her into your keeping. Why, when I come back she will be nineteen, and I shall be four-and-twenty. Think of that! Laddy, before I go, I am going to tell you a great secret. Keep it entirely to yourself. Let no one know a word of it, not even the captain."

"Not even Cis?"

"Why, that would spoil all. Listen. If I come back in five years' time, a gentleman, a real gentleman by position, as I am by birth, I mean to—to ask little Celia to marry me."

I laughed.

"How do you know you will care for her then?"

"I know that very well," he replied. "I shall never care in the same way for any other girl. That is quite certain. But, oh, what a slender chance it is! I am to make myself a gentleman in five years. Celia has got to get through these five years without falling in love with anybody else. Of course all the fellows in the place will be after her. And I have got to please her when I do come back. Wish me luck, Laddy, and good-by, and God bless you all three!"

He squeezed my hand, and rushed into a carriage as the engine whistled; the bell rang, and the train moved away. Then I realized that Leonard was really gone, and that we should not see him again for five long years.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTAIN.

I WALKED home sadly enough, thinking how dull life for the next five years was going to be. It was half-past ten when I arrived, but the captain was sitting up beyond his usual hour, waiting to hear the last news of Leonard. He was at the open window

overlooking his garden; before him stood his glass of grog empty, and his evening pipe was finished.

"You saw him off, Laddy?" he asked, with a little eagerness, as if Leonard might possibly be lurking in the hall. "You are quite sure he got safely into the train?" Five-and-twenty years ago people were not so familiar with railway-trains, and they were generally regarded, even by old sailors, as things uncertain about going off, as well as untrustworthy when you were in them. "Poor lad! At Winchester by this time, very nearly. Thirty miles from salt-water."

The captain at this time was about sixty years of age. He was a man of short and sturdy build, with a broad and rosy face, like an apple, and perfectly white hair. His whiskers, equally white, were cut to the old-fashioned regulation "mutton-chop," very much like what has now come into fashion again. They advanced into the middle of the cheek, and were then squared off in a line which met the large, stiff collar below at an angle of forty-five. Round the collar the captain wore a white cravat, which put on many folds as the weather grew cold. He never appeared except in some sort of uniform, and paraded his profession habitually, as was the custom among sailors of his standing, by a blue frock with anchor buttons. In winter he wore loose, blue trousers, which, when the warmer days returned, he exchanged for white ducks. Up-stairs he kept a uniform of surpassing splendor, with epaulets, sword-belt, sword, gold-lace, and an innumerable number of buttons. But this was reserved for ceremonies, as when a ship was launched, or when the port-admiral invited the captain to dinner, or when the queen visited the yard. On all other occasions the blue frock with brass buttons formed the captain's only wear.

He had great, white, beetling eyebrows, which would have lent him a ferocious aspect but for the twinkling blue eyes beneath them. There were crows' feet lying thick about those eyes, which gave them a curiously-humorous look, not belied by the mobile lips below.

You might see, by the light of the single pair of candles, that it was a plainly-furnished room, having in it little besides a small, square table, a horse-hair sofa, a wooden arm-chair, a book-shelf, with a hundred volumes or so, most of them boys' school-books, and a piano, which was mine, given me by Mr. Tyrrell. The walls were decorated with pictures of naval engagements and ships, cut out of illustrated papers, or picked up at second-hand shops, mounted and framed by the captain himself. Above the mantel-shelf was a print of the battle of Navarino, showing the Asia engaged with two Egyptian and Turkish men-of-war, one on each side of her, the rest of the action being invisible by reason of the smoke. The captain would contemplate that picture with a satisfaction quite beyond the power of words.

"'Twas in '27," he would say; "I was lieutenant then: Sir Edward Codrington was admiral. We sailed into Navarino Harbor at 2 P. M., after dinner. Gad! It was a warm afternoon we had, and lucky it was the lads dined before it. Something to re-

member afterward. Don't tell me that Turks can't fight. A better fight was never made even by the French in the old days. But their ships, of course, were not handled like ours, and, out of eighty-odd craft, which made up their fleet, we didn't leave a dozen fit for sea again."

And on the mantel-shelf was a model, made by the captain, of the Asia herself.

The piano I explained above was my own. Everything else I had in the world came from the captain: the clothes I wore were bought by him; it was he who brought me up, educated me, and lifted me out of the mire. I am bankrupt in gratitude to the captain. I have no words to say what I owe to him. I can never repay by any words, acts, or prayers, the load of obligation under which I rejoice to be toward that good man.

It began, his incomparable benevolence to Leonard and to me, like a good many other important things, with a crime. Not a very great crime; nor was the criminal a very important person; but, as the Rev. Mr. Pontifex once said of it, it was emphatically a wrong thing, and like all wrong things ought to be remembered with repentance. Mr. Pontifex, although he had never had the opportunity of reading a certain great bishop's "Treatise on the Sinfulness of Little Sins," was as uncompromising as that prelate could wish, and I hope that Leonard, who was the criminal, has long since repented. Certainly it was the infraction of a commandment. Now Mr. Pontifex has repeatedly asserted, and his wife approved, that he who breaks one commandment breaks all. This is what was done:

The captain's house, one of a row, stood separated from the street by the respectability of three feet clear and an iron railing. It was close to St. Faith's Square, a fashionable and almost aristocratic quarter, inhabited by retired naval officers, a few men who had made fortunes in business, and a sprinkling of lawyers. It was a plain, square, red-brick house, with nothing remarkable about it but the garden at the back. This was not a large garden, and, like others in the old town, was originally intended as a drying-ground—all builders in those days were accustomed to consider a house as, in the first instance, a family laundry. The garden was planted with raspberry-canecan, gooseberry-bushes, and currant-trees. Peaches and plums were trained along the walls. There were one or two small pear-trees, and there was a very fine mulberry. In the spaces the captain cultivated onions, radishes, and lettuce, with great success. But the garden was remarkable in having no back-wall. It looked out upon the mill-dam, an artificial lake designed, I believe, to flood the moats of the fortifications if necessary. Projecting iron spikes prevented the neighbors on either hand from invading our territory, and you could sit on the stone-work at the end of the wall with your feet dangling over the water. It was a broad sheet periodically lowered and raised by the tide, which rushed in and ran out by a passage under the roadway, close to which was the King's Mill, worked by the tide. Sitting in the garden you could

hear the steady, grinding noise of the mill-wheels. The mill-dam was not without its charm. In the centre stood an island redoubt, set with trees like the walls, and connected with the road which crossed the water by a light iron bridge. There was a single-storied house upon that island, and I remember thinking that it must be the grandest thing in the world to live upon it all alone, or perhaps with Celia, to have a cask of provisions and absolute liberty to wander round and round the grassy fort, particularly if the iron bridge could be knocked away and a boat substituted.

They have filled up the mill-dam now, pulled down the King's Mill, destroyed the redoubt, and replaced the bright, sparkling sheet of water with an open field, on which they have made a military hospital. The garden at the back of the house has got a wall, too, now. But I wish they had let the old things remain as they were.

It was in this garden that the captain was accustomed to sit after dinner, except when the weather was too cold. One day, nine or ten years before my story begins, he repaired thither on a certain sultry day in August, at half-past two in the afternoon. He had with him a long pipe and a newspaper. He placed his arm-chair under the shade of the mulberry-tree, then rich with ripe, purple fruit, and sat down to read at ease. Whether it was the languor of the day, or the mild influence of the mill hard by, or the effects of the pipe, is not to be rashly decided, but the captain presently exchanged the wooden chair for the grass under the mulberry-tree, upon which, mindful of his white ducks and the fallen fruit, he spread a rug, and then, leaning back against the trunk, which was sloped by Nature for this very purpose, he gazed for a few moments upon the dazzling surface of the mill-dam, and then fell fast asleep.

Now, at very low tides the water in the mill-dam would run out so far as to leave a narrow belt of dry shingle under the stone-wall, and that happened on this very afternoon. Presently there came creeping along this little beach all alone, with curious and wondering eyes which found something to admire in every pebble, a little boy of eight. He was barefooted and bareheaded, a veritable little gutter-boy, clad almost in rags. It was a long way round the lake from the only place where he could have got down—a good quarter of a mile at least—and he stopped at the bottom of the captain's garden for two excellent reasons, one that he felt tired and thirsty, and the other that the tide was racing in through the mill like the rapids at Niagara, that it already covered the beach in front and behind, and was advancing with mighty strides over the little strip on which he stood. And it occurred to that lonely little traveler that, unless he could get out of the mess, something dreadful in the shape of wet feet and subsequent drowning would happen to him.

He was a little frightened at the prospect, and began to cry gently. But he was not a foolish child, and he reflected immediately that crying was no good. So he looked at the wall behind him. It

was a sea-wall with a little slope, only about five feet high, and built with rough stones irregularly dressed, so as to afford foot and hand hold for any boy who wished to climb up or down. In two minutes the young mountaineer had climbed the dizzy height and stood upon the stone coping, looking back to the place he had come from. Below him the water was flowing where he had stood just now; and, turning round, he found himself in a garden with some one, a gentleman in white trousers, white waistcoat, and white hair, with a blue coat, sitting in the shade. His jolly red face was lying sidewise, lovingly against the tree, his cap on the grass beside him. His mouth was half open, his eyes were closed, while a soft, melodious snore, like the contented hymn of some æsthetic pigling, proclaimed aloud to the young observer that the captain was asleep.

The boy advanced toward the sleeping stranger in a manner common to one of tender age—that is, on all-fours, giving action to his hands and arms in imitation of an imaginary wild beast. He crept thus first to the right side, then to the left, and then between the wide-spread legs of the captain, peering into his unconscious face. Then he suddenly became conscious that he was under a mulberry-tree, that the fruit was ripe, that a chair was standing convenient for one who might wish to help himself, and that one branch lower than the rest hung immediately over the chair, so that even a child might reach out his hand and gather the fruit.

This was the wrong thing lamented by the Rev. Mr. Pontifex. The unprincipled young robber, after quite realizing the position of things—strange garden, gentleman of marine calling sound asleep, ripe fruit, present thirst, overwhelming curiosity to ascertain if this kind of fruit resembled apples—yielded without resistance to temptation, and mounted the chair.

Five minutes later the captain lazily opened his eyes.

Boom, boom, boom! the mill was going with redoubled vigor, for the tide had turned since he fell asleep, and was now rushing through the dark, subterranean avenues with a mighty roar. But, except for the tide and the mill, everything was very quiet. Accustomed noises do not keep people awake. Thus, in the next garden but one two brothers were fighting; but, as this happened every day and all day, it did not disturb the captain. One was worsted in the encounter. He ran away and got into some upper chamber, from the window of which he yelled in a hoarse stammer to his victorious brother, who was red-haired, "J—J—Jack, you're a c—c—c—carrotty thief!" But invective of this kind not addressed to himself only gently tickled the captain's tympanum. The sun was still very bright, the air was balmy, and I think he would have fallen asleep again but for one thing. A strange sound smote his ears. It was a sound like unto the smacking of tongues and the sucking of lips, or like the pleased champing of gratified teeth—a soft and gurgling sound, with, unless the captain's ears greatly deceived him, a low breathing of great contentment.

He listened lazily, wondering what this sound might mean. While he listened, a mulberry fell upon his nose and bounded off, making four distinct leaps from nose to shirt-front, from shirt-front to white waistcoat, from waistcoat to ducks, and from ducks to the rug. That was nothing remarkable. Mulberries will fall when over-ripe, and the captain had swept away a basketful that day before dinner. So he did not move, but listened still. The noises were accompanied by a little *frou-frou*, which seemed to betoken something human. But the captain was still far from being broad awake, and so he continued to wonder lazily. Then another mulberry fell, then half a dozen, full on his waistcoat, cannoning in all directions to the utter ruin of his white garments, and a low, childish laugh burst forth close to him, and the captain sprang to his feet.

To his amazement there stood on the chair before him a ragged little boy, barefoot and bareheaded, his face purple with mulberry-juice, his mouth crammed with fruit, his fingers stained, his ragged clothes smirched; even his little feet, so dusty and dirty, standing in a pool of mulberry-juice.

The captain was a bachelor and a sailor, and on both grounds fond of children. Now, the face of the child before him, so bonny, so saucy, so full of glee and confidence, went straight to his heart, and he laughed a welcome, and patted the boy's cheek.

But the fact itself was remarkable. Where had the child come from? Not through the front-door, which was closed; nor over the wall, which was impossible.

"How the dickens—" the captain began. "I beg your pardon, my lad, for swearing, which is a bad habit—but how did you get here?"

The boy pointed to the wall and the water.

"Oh!" said the captain, doubtfully. "Swam, did you? Now, that's odd. I've seen them half your size in the Pacific swim like fishes, but I never heard of an English boy doing it before.—Where do you live, boy?"

The child looked interrogative.

"Where's daddy? Gone to sea, belike, as a good sailor should?"

But the boy shook his head.

"Daddy's dead, I suppose. Drowned, likely, as many a good sailor is. Where's your mammy?"

The boy looked a little frightened at these questions, to which he could evidently give no satisfactory reply.

"The line's pretty nigh paid out," said the captain, "but we'll try once more.—Who takes care of you, boy, finds you in rations, and serves out the rope's-end?"

This time the boy began to understand a little.

Then the captain put on his hat, and led him by the hand to the *quartier* where the sailors' wives did mostly congregate. In this he was guided by the fine instinct of experience, because he *felt*, in spite of the rags, that the boy had been dressed by a sailor's wife. None but such a woman could give a sea-going air to two garments so simple as those which kept the weather from the boy.

He led the child by the hand till presently the child led him, and piloted the captain safely to a house where a woman—it was Mrs. Jeram—came running out, crying, shrilly :

“Lenny! Why, wherever have you bin and got to?”

There was another ragged little boy with a round back, five or six years old, sitting on the door-step. When the captain had finished his talk with Mrs. Jeram he came out and noticed that other boy, and then he returned and had more talk.

CHAPTER III.

VICTORY ROW.

MRS. JERAM was a weekly tenant in one of a row of small four-roomed houses known as Victory Row, which led out of Nelson Street, and was a broad, blind court, bounded on one side and at the end by the dock-yard wall. It was not a dirty and confined court, but quite the reverse, being large, clean, and a very cathedral-close for quietness. The wall, built of a warm red brick, had a broad and sloping top, on which grew wallflowers, long grasses, and stone-crop; overhanging the wall was a row of great elms, in the branches of which there was a rookery, so that all day long you could listen if you wished to the talk of the rooks. Now, this is never querulous, angry, or argumentative. The rook does not combat an adversary's opinion, he merely states his own; if the other one does not agree with him, he states it again, but without temper. If you watch them and listen, you will come to the conclusion that they are not theorists, like poor humans, but simple investigators of fact. It has a restful sound, the talk of rooks; you listen in the early morning, and they assist your sleeping half-dream without waking you; or in the evening they carry your imagination away to woods and sweet country-glades. They have cut down the elms now, and driven the rooks to find another shelter. Very likely, in their desire to sweep away everything that is pretty, they have torn the wallflowers and grasses off the wall as well. And, if these are gone, no doubt Victory Row has lost its only charm. If I were to visit it now, I should probably find it squalid and mean. The eating of the tree of knowledge so often makes things that once we loved look squalid.

But to childhood nothing is unlovely in which the imagination can light upon something to feed it. It is the blessed province of all children, high and low, to find themselves at the gates of paradise, and quite certainly Tom the Piper's son, sitting under a hedge with a raw potato for plaything, is every bit as happy as a little Prince of Wales. The possibilities of the world which opens out before us are infinite; while the glories of the world we have left behind are still clinging to the brain, and shed a supernatural coloring on everything. At six, it is enough to live; to awake in the morning to the joy of another day; to eat, sleep, play, and wonder; to revel in the

vanities of childhood; to wanton in make-believe superiority; to admire the deeds of bigger children; to emulate them, like Icarus; and too often, like that greatly daring youth, to fall.

Try to remember, if you can, something of the mental attitude of childhood; recall, if you may, some of the long thoughts of early days. To begin with, God was quite close to you, up among the stars. He was seated somewhere, ready to give you whatever you wanted; everybody was a friend, and everybody was occupied all day long about your personal concerns; you had not yet arrived at the boyishness of forming plans for the future. You were still engaged in imitating, exercising, wondering. Every man was a demi-god—you had not yet arrived at the consciousness that you might become yourself a man; the resources of a woman—to whom belong bread, butter, sugar, cake, and jam—were unbounded; everything that you saw was full of strange and mysterious interest. You had not yet learned to sneer, to criticise, to compare, and to down-cry.

Mrs. Jeram's house, therefore, in my eyes contained everything that heart of man could crave for. The green-painted door opened into a room which was at once reception-room, dining-room, and kitchen; furnished, too, though that I did not know, in anticipation of the present fashion, having plates of blue-and-white china stuck round the walls. The walls were built of that warm red brick which time covers with a coating of gray-like moss. You find it everywhere among the old houses of the south of England, but I suppose the clay is all used up, because I see none of it in the new houses.

We were quite respectable people in Victory Row. Of that I am quite sure, because Mrs. Jeram would have made the place much too lively by the power and persistence of her tongue for other than respectable people. We were seafaring folk, of course; and in every house was something strange from foreign parts. To this day I never see anything new in London shops or in museums without a backward rush of associations which lands me once more in Victory Row. For the sailors' wives had all these things long ago, before inland people ever heard of them. There were Japanese cabinets picked up in Chinese ports long before Japan was open. There was curious carved wood and ivory work from Canton. These things were got during the Chinese War; and there was a public-house in a street hard by which was decorated, instead of a red window-blind, like other such establishments, with a splendid picture representing some of the episodes in that struggle. All the Chinese were running away in a disgraceful stampede, while Jack Tar, running after them, caught hold of their pig-tails with the left hand, and deftly cut off their heads with the right, administering at the same time a frolicsome kick. John Chinaman's legs were generally both off the ground together, such was his fear. Then there were carved ostrich-eggs; wonderful things from the Brazils in feathers; frail delicacies in corals from the Philippines known as Venus's flower-baskets; grewsome-looking cases

from the West Indies containing centipedes, scorpions, beetles, and tarantulas; small turtle-shells, dried flying-fish, which came out in moist exudations during wet weather and smelt like haddock; shells of all kinds, big and little; clubs, tomahawks, and other queer weapons carved in wood from the Pacific; stuffed humming-birds and birds-of-paradise. There were live birds, too; avadavats, Java sparrows, love-birds, paroquets, and parrots, in plenty. There was one parrot, at the corner house, who affected the ways of one suffering from incurable consumption—he was considered intensely comic by children and persons of strong stomach and small imagination; there were parrots who came, staid a little while, and were then taken away and sold, who spoke foreign tongues with amazing volubility, who swore worse than Gresset's Vert-Vert, and who whistled as beautifully as a boatswain—the same airs, too. The specimens which belonged to Art or inanimate Nature were ranged upon a table at the window. They generally stood or were grouped around a large Bible, which it was a point of ceremonial to have in the house. The live birds were hung outside in sunny weather, all except the parrot with the perpetual cold, who walked up and down the court by himself and coughed. The streets surrounding us were, like our own, principally inhabited by mariners and their families, and presented similar characteristics, so that one moved about in a great museum open for general inspection during daylight, and free for all the world. Certain I am that, if all the rare and curious things displayed in these windows had been collected and preserved, the town would have had a most characteristic and remarkable museum of its own.

Victory Row is the very earliest place that I remember. How I got there, the dangers to which I was exposed in infancy, the wild tragedy which robbed me of both parents—these things I was to learn later on, because I remembered nothing of them. I was in Mrs. Jeram's house, with three other boys. There was Jem, the oldest. His surname was Hex, and as it was always pronounced without the aspirate, I thought, when I had learned the alphabet, that to be named after one of the letters was a singular distinction, and most enviable. Jem was a big boy, a good-natured, silent lad, who spent his whole time on the beach among the sailors. Moses came next. I never knew Moses's surname. He was a surly and ill-conditioned boy. Leonard Copleston, the third, was my protector and my friend. The day, so far as I can recollect, always began with a fight between Leonard and Moses. Later on, toward dinner-time, there would be another fight. And the evening never ended without one or two more fights. From my indistinct recollection of this period, I fancy that whenever Leonard and Moses came within a few yards of each other they as naturally rushed into battle as a Russian and a Turk. And the only good point about Moses was, that he was always ready to renew the battle. For he hated Leonard; I suppose because

Leonard was as handsome, bright, and clever, as he was ugly, lowering, and stupid.

Naturally, at the age of five one does not inquire into antecedents of people. So that it was much later when I learned the circumstances under which we four boys were collected beneath one roof. They were characteristic of the place. The paternal Moses, returning from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean, discovered that his wife, a lady of fickle disposition, had deserted. In other words, she had gone away, leaving a message for her husband to the effect that little Moses, the pledge of their affections, and his curious collection of china brought from foreign parts, would between them console him for her loss. So he put the boy under the charge of Mrs. Jeram, gave her a sum of money for the child's maintenance until he came back again; smashed the crockery in a rage; wept but little, if at all, for his ruined household gods; went away, and never came back any more. Jem Hex, on the other hand, was the son of a real widower, also a Royal Navy man, and he was left with Mrs. Jeram to be taken care of under much the same circumstances except that he was regularly paid for. As for Leonard, you will hear about him presently. In one respect he was worse off than any of us, because we had friends and he had none. There was, for instance, an aunt belonging to Moses who came to see him about once a month. In the course of the interview she always caned him, I do not know why; perhaps because she felt sure he deserved it, as he certainly did, perhaps because she thought it a thing due to her own dignity as the boy's only relative. She wore a dress the splendor of whose original black color was marred by patches of brown snuff lying in the creases. She was a stiff and stately dame of forbidding appearance, and manners which were conventional. Thus, she always began the conversation, before she caned Moses, by remarking, even in August, that the weather was "raw." The monthly caning was the only thing, I know now, that she ever contributed toward the maintenance and education of her nephew. Jem Hex had plenty of uncles and other relations. One was a harbor boatman, a jolly old man, who had been in the wars; one was a dock-yard foreman, and one was a ship's carpenter. They used to drop into Victory Row for a talk on Sunday afternoons when the weather was warm. I used to envy Jem his superior position in the world and his family connections.

I had friends, too, in plenty; but they were of a different kind. Not rich, to begin with—not holders of official rank, and unconnected in any way with the Royal Navy, and, which stamped them at once as objects of pity and contempt, they were unable to speak the English tongue except with difficulty. They were big and bearded men; they had scars on their faces, and went sometimes maim and halt; they were truculent of aspect, but kindly of eye. When they came into our court they took me up gently, carried me about, kissed me, and generally brought me some little simple gift, such as an orange or an apple.

Somehow or other I learned that these friends of mine were Poles, and that they had a great barrack all to themselves, close to the walls, whither I used to be sometimes carried. It was a narrow building, built of black, tarred wood, with windows at both sides, so that you saw the light quite through the house.

It stood just under the walls, almost in the shade of the great elms. Within it were upward of a hundred Poles, living chiefly on the tenpence a day which the English Government allowed them for their support, with this barn-like structure to house them. They were desperately poor, all of them living mostly on bread and frugal cabbage-soup. Out of their poverty, out of their tenpence a day, some of these poor fellows found means, by clubbing together, to pay Mrs. Jeram, week by week, for my support. They went hungry that I might eat and thrive; they came every day, some of them, to see that I was well cared for. They took me to their barrack, and made me their pet and plaything; there was nothing they were not ready to do for me, because I was the child of Roman Pulaski and Claudia his wife.

The one who came oftenest staid the longest, and seemed in an especial manner to be my guardian, was a man who was gray when I first remember him. He had long hair, and a full, gray beard. There was a great red gash in his cheek, which turned white when he grew excited or was moved. He limped with one foot, because some Russian musket-ball had struck him in the heel; and he had singularly deep-set eyes, with heavy eyebrows. I have never seen anything like the sorrowfulness of Wassiclewski's eyes. Other Poles had reason for sorrow. They were all exiles together; they were separated from their families without a hope that the terrible Nicholas, who hated a rebel Pole with all the strength of his autocratic hatred, would ever let them return; they were all in poverty, but these men looked happy. Wassiclewski alone never smiled, and carried always that low light of melancholy in his eyes, as if not only the past was sad, but the future was charged with more sorrow. On one day in the year he brought me *immortelles*, tied with a black ribbon. He told me they were in memory of my father, Roman Pulaski, now dead and in heaven, and of my mother, also dead, and now sitting among the saints and martyrs. I used to wonder at those times to see the eyes which rested on me so tenderly melt and fill with tears.

Three or four days in the week, sometimes every day, Mrs. Jeram went out charing. As she frequently came home bearing with her a scent of soap-suds, and having her hands creased and fingers supernaturally white, it is fair to suppose that she went out washing at eighteenpence a day. Something, indeed, it was necessary to do, with four hungry boys to keep, only two of whom paid anything for their daily bread, and Mrs. Jeram—she was a hard-featured woman, with a resolute face—must have been possessed of more than the usual share of Christian charity to keep Moses in her house at all,

even as a paying boarder, much less as one who ate and drank largely, and brought to the house nothing at all but discord and ill-temper. And, besides the food to provide, with some kind of clothing, there was always "Tenderart," who called every Monday morning.

He was the owner of the houses in the Row, and he came for his rent. His name was Barnfather, and the appellation of Tenderart, a compound illustrating the law of phonetic decay, derived from the two words *tender heart*, was bestowed upon him by reason of the uncompromising hardness of heart, worse than that of any Pharaoh, with which he encountered, as sometimes happened, any deficiency in the weekly rent. Behind him—the tool of his uncompromising rigor—walked a man with a blanket, a man whose face was wooden. If the rent was not paid that man opened his blanket, and wrapped it round some article of household furniture, silently pointed out by Tenderart, as an equivalent.

My early childhood, spent among these kindly people, was thus very rich in the things which stimulate the imagination: strange and rare objects in every house, in every street, something from far-off lands, talk to be heard of foreign ports and by-gone battles, the poor Poles in their bare and gaunt barracks, and then the place itself. I have spoken of the rookery beyond the flower-grown dock-yard wall. But beyond the rookery was the dock-yard itself, quiet and orderly, which I could see from the upper window of the house. There was the Long Row, where resided the heads of departments; the Short Row, in which lived functionaries of lower rank—I believe the two Rows do not know each other in society; there was the great Reservoir, supported on tall and spidery legs, beneath which stood piles of wood cut and dressed, and stacked for use; there was the Rope-Walk, a quarter of a mile long, in which I knew walked incessantly up and down the workmen who turned hanks of yarn into strong cables smelling of fresh tar; there were the buildings where other workmen made blocks, bent beams, shaped all the parts of ships; there were the great places where they made and repaired machinery; there were the sheds themselves, where the mighty ships grew slowly day by day, miracles of man's constructive skill, in the dim twilight of their wooden cradles; there was a pool of sea-water, in which lay timber to be seasoned, and sometimes I saw boys paddling up and down in it; there was always the busy crowd of officers and sailors going up and down, some of them godlike, with cocked-hats, epaulets, and swords.

And all day long, never ceasing, the busy sound of the yard! To strangers and visitors it was just a confused and deafening noise. When you got to know it you distinguished half a dozen distinct sounds which made up that inharmonious and yet not unpleasant whole. There was the clatter of the calkers' mallets, which never ceased their tap, tap, tap, until you got used to the regular beat, and felt it no more than you felt the beating of your pulse. But it was a main part of the noise which made the life of the yard. Next to the multitudinous mallets

of the calkers, which were like the never-ceasing hum and whisper of insects on a hot day, came the loud clanging of the hammer from the boiler-makers' shop. That might be likened, by a stretch of fancy, to the crowing of cocks in a farm-yard. Then, all by itself, came a heavy thud which made the earth tremble, echoed all around, and silenced for a moment everything else. It came from the Nasmyth steam-hammer; and always, running through all, and yet distinct, the r-r-r of the machinery, like the rustling of the leaves in the wind. Of course, I say nothing about salutes, because every day a salute of some kind was thundering and rolling about the air as the ships came and went, each as tenacious of her number of guns as an Indian rajah.

Beyond the dock-yard—you could not see it, but you felt it, and knew that it was there—was the broad, blue lake of the harbor, crowded with old ships sacred to the memory of a hundred fights, lying

in stately idleness, waiting for the fiat of some ignorant and meddling first lord ordering them to be broken up. As if it were anything short of wickedness to break up any single ship which has fought the country's battles and won her victories until the tooth of Time, aided by barnacles, shall have rendered it impossible for her to keep afloat any longer!

When the last bell rang at six o'clock, and the workmen went away, all became quiet in the dock-yard. A great stillness began suddenly, and reigned there till the morning, unbroken save by the rooks which cawed in the elms, and the clock which struck the hours. And then one had to fall back on the less imaginative noises of Victory Row, where the parrot coughed, and the grass-widows gathered together, talking and disputing in shrill concert, and Leonard fought Moses before going to bed, not without some din of battle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAMOUS AUTOMATA.

NONE of the devices of Maskelyne, the juggler, who has for years astonished the London public by performing, without the aid of spirits, all the tricks of spiritualistic mediums, and who has lately figured so prominently in the legal proceedings against Slade, has caused so much wonder as Psycho, the automaton whist-player. Psycho is a Turkish figure, scarcely two feet in height, and seated upon a box. This box is placed on the top of a hollow cylinder of glass, about a foot long, which rests on a temporary platform. The glass, box, and platform, are hollow. The trick with whist has been thus described by Dr. Pole, the great authority in that game: "A table is prepared on the stage" (the performance is given in Egyptian Hall, London), "three persons from the audience are invited to play, and Psycho makes the fourth. After cutting for partners, the deal takes place, and Psycho's cards are taken by Mr. Maskelyne and placed upright, one by one, in a frame forming the arc of a circle in front of the figure, the faces of the cards being turned toward him (the figure), and away from the other players. Maskelyne does not look at them. When it is Psycho's turn to play, his right hand passes with an horizontal circular motion over the frame, till it arrives at the right card. He then takes this card between his thumb and fingers, and by a new vertical movement of the hand and arm he extracts it from its place, lifts it high in air, and exposes it to the view of the audience; after which, the arm descending again, the card is taken away from the fingers by Mr. Maskelyne, and thrown on the table, to be gathered into the trick." Dr. Pole then adds: "It will be well at once to dissipate any notions about confederacy, packed cards, and so on. There is conclusive evidence that the play is perfectly *bona fide*. Any person may join in it, the process is precisely of the usual character, and it is certain that Psycho's hand is played under the same circum-

stances as that of any player at a club or domestic fireside." Psycho also performs arithmetical problems, picks out the marked card, and spells out words written on cards by any of the audience.

Many of those who have written about Psycho seem to imagine that he is the first of his kind. But this is far from the fact. Though the ancients were deficient in mechanical skill, some of the accounts handed down to us seem to show that automata existed from the remotest ages. Homer says that the tripods made by Vulcan for the banqueting-hall of the gods were self-moving, advancing of their own accord to the table, and then returning to their stations. Aristotle mentions automatic tripods, and Apollonius of Tyana saw such in India. The half-fabulous Dædalus is said to have constructed machines that imitated the motions of the human body. Callistratus, the tutor of Demosthenes, says that these automata were moved by mechanism. Aristotle speaks of a wooden Venus which moved about in consequence of being loaded with quicksilver. Automata of this description are said to be still found in China. Archytas of Tarentum (B. C. 400) is said by Aulus Gellius, on the authority of Favorinus, to have constructed a wooden pigeon which was capable of flying. After alighting, it could not resume its flight.

A curious water-clock, presented to the Emperor Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, deserves mention as one of the earliest—if not the earliest—pieces of modern mechanism. There were twelve small windows in the dial-plate to correspond with the division of the day into hours. The hours were struck by the successive opening of the windows, and the falling therefrom of metallic balls upon a brazen bell. At twelve o'clock twelve little knights mounted on horseback came out at the same instant, and, after parading around the dial, shut all the windows and returned to their places.

John Müller, or Regiomontanus, is credited with having constructed an automatic eagle, which, on the visit of the Emperor Maximilian to Nuremberg in 1470, flew out to meet his majesty, and, after having done so at some distance from the city, returned and perched upon the gate. When the emperor approached, the eagle stretched out its wings, and saluted him by bending its body. This story Beckmann is inclined to doubt, and yet it seems to be well vouched for. Müller was also reported to have made an iron fly, which, at an entertainment given by him to some friends, flew from its master's hand, and, after performing a considerable round, returned again to him.

A toy manufactured by M. Cannes for Louis XIV., when a child, was greatly and deservedly admired. It consisted of a small coach, which was drawn by two horses. A lady is seated in the vehicle, and a coachman, footman, and page, occupy their accustomed places. The machine was placed at the end of a long table, the coachman cracked his whip, and the horses instantly started off, their legs moving in a natural manner, and dragged the coach after them. When it reached the opposite edge of the table, the vehicle turned sharply, and moved along that edge. As soon as it arrived at the place opposite the king's seat, the coach stopped; the page descended and opened the door; the lady alighted, and, with a courtesy, presented to the king a petition which she held in her hand. After waiting some time, she again courtesied, and reentered the carriage. After the page had closed the door, and resumed his place behind, the coachman whipped his horses and drove on. The footman, who had previously alighted, ran after the carriage, and jumped up behind, in his former place.

In 1736 the famous Vaucanson completed his flute-player. It produced a great sensation wherever it was exhibited. The French *savants* received this automaton with great suspicion, evidently fearing that a living performer was concealed within the figure. Vaucanson soon disabused them of this notion, as he exhibited and explained the whole of the mechanism to a committee of the Paris Academy of Sciences. This learned body, under whose auspices the inventor published an account of his construction in 1738, became enthusiastic over the ingenuity displayed in this mechanism, and even went so far as to say that "the machinery employed for producing the sounds of the flute performed in the most exact manner the very operations of the most expert flute-player, and that the mechanician had imitated the effects produced and the means employed by Nature with an accuracy exceeding all expectation." The body of the flute-player was about five and one-half feet high, and was placed on a pedestal four and one-half feet high by three and one-half feet wide. Nine pairs of bellows, which were made to blow in succession by the rotation of a steel axis, by means of clock-work, supplied the necessary wind. Three tubes ascended through the body of the figure, and terminated in three small reservoirs in the trunk. Three pairs of bellows discharged their wind into

each of these tubes. The reservoirs became united so that the whole volume of wind rushed up the throat and into the mouth, which was terminated by two small lips. In the cavity of the mouth there was a small, movable tongue, for preventing and permitting the wind to pass through the lips, which had the power of opening more or less, and of advancing or receding from the hole of the flute. "The motions of the fingers, lips, and tongue of the figure were produced by means of a revolving cylinder, thirty inches long and twenty-one inches in diameter. By means of pegs and staples fixed in fifteen different divisions in its circumference, fifteen different levers, similar to those in a barrel-organ, were raised and depressed. Seven of these regulated the motions of the seven fingers for stopping the holes of the flute, which they did by means of steel chains rising through the body, and directed by pulleys to the shoulder, elbow, and fingers. Other three of the levers communicating with the valves of the three reservoirs regulated the ingress of the air, so as to produce a stronger or a weaker tone. Another lever opened the lips, so as to give a free passage to the air, and another contracted them for the opposite purpose. A third lever drew them backward from the orifice of the flute, and a fourth pushed them forward. The remaining lever enabled the tongue to stop up the orifice of the flute."

Vaucanson in his flute-player constructed a machine that could play certain airs as well as a living performer. In the "pipe-and-tabor-player," constructed a few years later, the automaton not only performed complete airs, but in rendering them greatly excelled the most esteemed living performers on those instruments. The great mechanician began its construction with but a dim perception of the difficulties which he would have to surmount in achieving success, and was often about to abandon his self-appointed task in despair. But perseverance in this case, as in so many others, had its due reward. The figure of the "pipe-and-tabor-player" stands on a pedestal, and is dressed like a dancing shepherd. "He holds in one hand a flageolet, capable of performing about twenty airs, and in the other a stick with which to beat the tambourine as an accompaniment. The flageolet has only three holes, and the variety of its tones depends principally on a proper variation of the force of the wind and on the different degrees in which the orifices are covered. These variations in the force of the wind had to be given with a rapidity which the ear can scarcely follow, and the articulation of the tongue was required for the quickest notes, otherwise the effect was far from agreeable. As the human tongue is not capable of giving the requisite articulations to a rapid succession of notes, and generally slurs over one-half of them, the automaton was thus able to excel the best performers, as it played complete airs with the articulations of the tongue at every note" (Brewster). No description of the machinery by which the movements of the "pipe-and-tabor-player" were produced was published at the time, but there is little question that it was similar to that of the flute-player.

Famous as were these automata, and ingenious as was their construction, they were compelled to yield in both respects to the automaton "duck," of the same mechanician. According to Lobat, General Degennes, in the early part of the eighteenth century, "constructed a peacock which could walk about as if alive, pick up grains of corn from the ground, digest them as if they had been submitted to the action of the stomach, and afterward discharge them in an altered form." Possibly this automaton may have suggested to Vaucanson the construction which was perhaps the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever made. Brewster thus describes the duck: "It executed accurately all its movements and gestures; it ate and drank with avidity, performed all the quick motions of the head and throat which are peculiar to the living animal, and, like it, it muddled the water which it drank with its bill. It produced, also, the sound of quacking in the most natural manner. In the anatomical structure of the duck the artist exhibited the highest skill. Every bone in the real duck had its representative in the automaton, and its wings were anatomically correct. Every cavity, apophysis, and curvature was imitated, and each bone executed its proper movements. When corn was thrown down before it, the duck stretched out its neck to pick it up, it swallowed it, digested it, and discharged it in a digested condition. The process of digestion was effected by chemical solution, and the food so digested was conveyed away in tubes to the place of its discharge." This famous "duck" was the wonder and admiration of Europe for years.

Bohn, the well-known London publisher, had in his possession about thirty years ago a mechanical bird-cage, which was said to have been made by Vaucanson. This cage contained two bullfinches which wheeled about on a perch, fluttered their wings, moved their beaks, and emitted musical sounds in imitation of the natural note of that species. A fountain, constructed of spiral glass, played in the centre of the cage. A clock beneath set the whole in motion every hour for three or four minutes. Vaucanson, while constructing these automata, formed the design of constructing an automaton to show the whole mechanism of the circulation of the blood. The mechanician was satisfied of the feasibility of the scheme, and Louis XV. took a deep interest in its execution. As the whole vascular system required to be made of elastic gum, it was supposed that it could only be done in the country in which the caoutchouc-tree was indigenous. It was agreed, therefore, that a skilled anatomist should proceed to Guiana to superintend the task; but after the king had not only approved of the plan, but given orders for the voyage, difficulties were thrown in his way, and Vaucanson, becoming disgusted, threw up the whole scheme.

The famous Swiss mechanician Le Droz constructed two automata which were greatly admired—a sheep, which imitated perfectly the bleating of that animal; and a dog watching a basket of fruit, which, when any of the fruit was taken away, never ceased barking till it was replaced.

Maillardet constructed a number of automata of the most perfect kind. One of these was a steel spider, which exhibited all the movements of that animal. It ran on a table, always toward the centre, to prevent it from running off. The movement lasted for three minutes. He also constructed a caterpillar, a lizard, a mouse, and a serpent. The latter opened its mouth, hissed, and darted out its tongue. The singing-bird of the same artist was still more wonderful. "An oval box, about three inches long, was set upon the table, and in an instant the lid flew up, and a bird, of the size of the humming-bird and of the most beautiful plumage, started from its nest. After fluttering its wings, it opened its bill and performed four different kinds of the most beautiful warbling. It then darted down into its nest and the lid closed upon it." The moving-power was springs, which only continued in action four minutes.

Le Droz, a son of the constructor of the automaton sheep, constructed a drawing automaton. The figure was life-size, and held in its hand a metallic style, with which, on the release of a detent, it drew upon a card of Dutch vellum previously laid under its hand. On this first card were drawn "elegant portraits of the king and queen facing each other." Five other cards were drawn upon in succession, different subjects appearing upon each. Collinson, who saw the automaton in operation, remarks that it was curious to observe with what precision the figure lifted up its pencil in its transition from one point of the drawing to another without making the slightest mistake. It rested when it had completed the drawings on each card. Maillardet also constructed an automaton draughtsman. It is a boy kneeling on one knee, and holding a pencil in his hand. The drawing-paper is adjusted on a brass tablet, and an attendant dips the pencil in ink. "Upon touching a spring the figure proceeds to write, and, when the line is finished, its hand returns to dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s, when necessary. In this manner it executes four beautiful pieces of writing in French and English, and three landscapes, the whole operation occupying about one hour." The same ingenious mechanician constructed a magician which has some resemblance to Maskelyne's Psycho. The magician is seated with a wand in one hand and a book in the other. "A number of questions, ready prepared, are inscribed on oval medallions, and the spectator having chosen any one of these to which he desires an answer, it is placed in a drawer that shuts with a spring, until the answer is returned. The magician then rises from his seat, bows his head, describes circles with his wand, and, consulting the book as if in deep thought, lifts it toward his face. He then raises the wand, and having struck with it the wall above his head, two folding-doors fly open, and display an appropriate answer to the question. The doors again close, the magician resumes his original position, and the door opens to return the medallion." The machinery by which this automaton was moved was said by the inventor to be very simple, and could run about an hour without winding up. In that time it could answer

about fifty questions. If the drawer was shut without a medallion, the magician rose, consulted his book, shook his head, and sat down. The folding-doors remained shut and the drawer was returned empty. If two medallions were put into the drawer, the answer was to the question on the lower one. There were twenty medallions in all, of thin plates of brass exactly similar, and on some of them questions were inscribed on both sides.

About forty or fifty years ago an exhibition known as the "Invisible Girl" was very popular in England and Scotland. A frame consisting of four upright posts, connected at top and bottom with cross-rails, was placed in a room. Four bent wires proceeding from the top of each of the uprights were united in a kind of crown over the centre of the frame. From these wires a copper ball, into which four trumpets opened, was suspended by means of slender ribbons. Questions were proposed by speaking into any one of the trumpets, while the answer was returned with sufficient intensity to be heard by the ear applied to any one of them. The voice seemed to be that of a very small girl. The invisible lady conversed in different languages, sang beautifully, and made the most lively and appropriate remarks upon persons in the room. The inquisitive examined the ribbons, the wires, in fact, everything about the frame, and found nothing capable of solving the mystery. Questions put in a whisper were answered, and the invisible figure frequently alluded to little circumstances that only a person in the audience could have known. The deception was practised in this way: A grown woman was seated behind a strong partition, in which there was a small hole, through which she could see into the room containing the apparatus. The framework was hollow, and contained a tube which connected the "invisible lady" with the copper ball. This was both a hearing and a speaking tube. The invisible lady does not deserve to rank with true automata; but that it was a very clever trick must be acknowledged.

No automaton or deception ever had such a success as the automaton chess-player, which for more than half a century astonished and delighted the whole of Europe. The chess-player was constructed in 1769 by Van Kempelen, a gentleman of Presburg in Hungary. It was exhibited to thousands in Presburg, Vienna, and Paris, immediately after its completion. In 1783-'84 it was exhibited in London and other parts of England. After this it seems to have fallen out of repair. In 1819 Maelzel, the mechanician, overhauled it, and exhibited it in Great Britain in that and the following year, where "it excited," says Sir David Brewster, "as intense an interest as when it was first produced in Germany." The chess-player was a life-sized figure, clothed in a Turkish dress, and seated behind a large chest or box—somewhat resembling a library-desk—three and a half feet long, two feet deep, and two and a half feet high. The machine ran on casters. The chess-player sat on a chair fixed to the square chest; his right arm rested on the table, and in the left he held a pipe, which was removed during the game, as

it was with that hand that he made the moves. A chess-board, eighteen inches square and bearing the usual number of pieces, was placed before the figure. The exhibitor then unlocked four doors, two in the front and two in the back of the chest, and held a lighted candle at the opening by which to exhibit the machinery, which consisted of levers, wheels, cylinders, and pinions. The figure was also examined, and out of a drawer at the bottom and front of the chest a small box of counters, a set of chess-men, and a cushion for the automaton's arm, were taken. All the doors and drawers were then closed and locked—the spectators having satisfied themselves that there was no place for a concealed person—the exhibitor busied himself in adjusting the mechanism from behind the chest, removed the pipe from the figure's hand, and wound up the machinery. The automaton was then ready for play, which began as soon as an opponent was found in the audience. The automaton took the first move in all cases. "At every move made by the automaton the wheels of the machine are heard in action; the figure moves its head, and seems to look over every part of the chess-board. When it gives check to its opponent it shakes its head thrice, and only twice when it checks the queen. It likewise shakes its head when a false move is made, replaces its adversary's piece on the square from which it was taken, and takes the next move itself. In general, though not always, the automaton wins the game. During the progress of the game the exhibitor stands near the machine, and winds it up like a clock after it has made ten or twelve moves. At other times he went to a corner of the room, as if to consult a small, square box which stood open for this purpose."

Psycho, the whist-player, has not improved much upon the automaton chess-player invented more than a hundred years ago. Van Kempelen never pretended that the automaton really played the game. On the other hand, he distinctly said that the effects of the machine "appeared so marvelous only from the boldness of the conception, and the fortunate choice of the methods adopted for illusion." There is now little doubt that a person was contained in the chest who really played the game of chess, and that the ostentatious exhibition of the machinery was simply to throw the spectator off his guard.

We have no space to describe Babbage's calculating-machine and Jeven's logical machine; but, before leaving this entertaining subject, it may not be inappropriate to add that automatic constructions are not as useless as they seem. As Sir David Brewster well says: "The elements of the tumbling puppets were revived in the chronometer, and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton now serves to guide the movements of the tambouring-engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjurer who used them contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilization of our species."

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Good name in man and woman . . .
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

THE sensation of the afternoon was over. The slight confused murmur that had passed from carriage to carriage, and from lip to lip of the circulating crowd, at the spectacle of the meeting between the lately-divorced husband and wife, had ceased, and as the lady passed on her way, the gentleman on his, a quick fire of exclamation, question and answer, ensued on all sides, to which Mignon listened with chill hands and throbbing heart, longing, with an intensity that was almost a spoken prayer, to see him returning, to behold in his eyes the recognition that they had but a moment ago accorded to the handsome, cold-faced woman, whom she had instinctively, and without either rhyme or reason, hated.

Other people, too, were on the lookout for Philip's return. Always a man of note, one upon whom men of fashion in vain strove to model themselves, and at whose glance the proudest women melted, he had by recent events become more notorious still, and his sudden reappearance in a well-known haunt, simultaneously with the first "show" in public of Miss Dorillon, afforded endless ground of discussion, and sent an electric shock of excitement through the languid veins of the personages who, in the capacities of onlookers, had assisted at the comedy from the first act to the last.

For to the majority of them it was a comedy no more, the heroine of the piece desiring special commendation for the address with which she had played her cards, and the signal skill with which she had turned the tables on one by whom her own sex had been so often and flagrantly wronged. It might have been expected that for this reason she would obtain the countenance and gratitude of her own sex, but such was by no means the case.

For women, and curiously enough often the noblest and the best, are irresistibly attracted by men whose success as heart-breakers has passed into a proverb, and far from comprehending all that the name implies, they are apt to think that some special virtues and excellences must adorn a man who is so universally yielded to and adored. Well, occasionally they are right; there was reason in the victories of Julius Cæsar and Sir Philip Sidney, two great men, to whom women were no less dangerous than they themselves were to women, and in this perhaps lay the great secret of the charm they exercised over the fair sex, that the attraction was mutual. But, on the other hand, we are filled with marvel as we read of the brilliant successes of such men as the gross and repulsive Pietro Aretino; the hideously deformed and ribald Scarron; of the reck-

less, dare-devil soldier Trenck, who, in spite of ugliness of the most positive kind, was as splendidly successful in every assault of love as of arms; of the infamous John Wilkes, at once the most frightful and dissolute man in England; or of Marshal de Richelieu, over whom that famous duel between Mesdames de Polignac and de Nesle was fought in the Bois de Boulogne, and for whom those lovely young Princesses de Charolais and de Valois pulled caps, and intrigued and sacrificed themselves, to be rewarded (as was his way of rewarding all the women who so fondly and truly loved him), when the time for serving him had gone by, with absolute indifference and neglect.

Philip La Mert was neither a Julius Cæsar nor a Scarron; his vices and virtues were originally pretty evenly balanced, but, as each ran into excess, his moral nature had become something of a quagmire, whence all distinguishing landmarks had apparently vanished.

Apparently, only, for his soul was not yet dead, and there dwelt in him a capacity for better things, of which he had never, even by those who thought they knew him best, been suspected.

Flora, in the midst of ejaculations, surmises, and many cranings of her neck in search of the returning form of Philip, was interrupted by Mignon, who, leaning forward, said in tones of intense anxiety:

"Do you think that Mr. Rideout will come back?"

"Mr. Rideout!" repeated Flora; "why, whom on earth do you mean, child? I don't know any Mr. Rideout—"

"But that was he," said Mignon, rather impatiently; "he passed just now, and you told me that lady was his—his wife, and—"

"That was Mr. La Mert," said Flora; "but how on earth do you come to know anything about him?" she added, quickly; then, in the same breath: "Oh, Adam has told you about him of course! No, my dear, I do *not* think he is coming back; I am afraid there is no such luck. If it had not been for that horrid woman passing just when she did, he could not have helped seeing me, and I should have been able to introduce you to the most charming man in town!"

Introduce her! Mignon grew first red, then pale, as Flora spoke, but, as the latter turned to Mr. Colquhoun with some gay speech, the moment for acknowledging her previous acquaintance with Philip passed by, and somehow there never seemed to come to her afterward an opportunity of saying, "He was my lover once, and asked me to marry him."

The moment was lost, never to be regained, although the tacit deceit, if such it might be called, would be better described as part of that intense shrinking from the betrayal to Flora of any portion

of her inner life that had prevented her ever uttering the name of Muriel to her sister-in-law, much less canvassing the hopes and fears that made her life one April day of alternate storm and sunshine.

It is often but a trifle that determines a man's destiny; it is often but a slight, puerile cause that separates two friends and lovers—

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by-and-by will make the music mute
And ever widening, slowly silence all;"

and in the heavy days that came after, it seemed to more than one that if Mignon, hardening herself against all fanciful, foolish scruples, had told her sister's story and her own to Flora, the end would not have been what it was. Mignon did not again seek to engage Flora's attention. She sat quite still, a deadly feeling of disappointment that was almost despair settling slowly round her heart. At sight of Philip, a sudden joy, a breathless gladness, a sensation as of one who comes face to face with a thing longed for yet totally unexpected, had possessed her with a vehemence that left her no power of speech, else had she called upon him by name, heedless of all save that once more she found herself in his presence. Then, some fascination drawing her eyes to the woman whose gaze he was returning, her attention had become fixed, and, when she turned with a start in search of him, he had disappeared.

In vain Philip La Mert's numerous acquaintances lounged, and watched, and waited; he did not return. Neither was Miss Dorillon again visible, thereby severely disappointing those many dear friends who had barely caught a glimpse of her in passing, and who were naturally anxious to see how she looked under her present peculiar circumstances. It is the instinct of a man, when a woman is suffering acute shame or pain of mind, to avert his eyes from her; it is disagreeable, even painful to him to witness it, no matter how thoroughly she may have brought her punishment upon herself: the impulse of a sister woman is in a totally opposite direction. A vivisectionist is cruel in the interests of science; the pangs which he inflicts will be the means of saving countless precious human lives in the future, and he uses his scalpel, not out of wantonness, or because his work is agreeable to him, but because it is necessary. Well, we make a great fuss over the poor dumb creatures, but who ever heard of a great agitation-meeting over the cruelties inflicted upon women by women? An amount of pluck is required by the unanæsthetized human victim under torture that is most assuredly not required by the brute.

"You are not going home?" exclaimed Mignon, as Flora, after taking an effusive farewell of her popinjays, and many parting wavings of her pink hand, had given the order "Home."

"But indeed I am," said Flora, settling herself luxuriously into her corner; "have you forgotten that there is such a thing as dinner in existence? Still," she added, meditatively, "though I am not one of those who

'Would watch all night to see unfold
Heaven's gates,'

I would willingly wait half an hour longer, dinner notwithstanding, if I thought there was the ghost of a chance of seeing Philip La Mert again!"

"You know him?" said Mignon, timidly.

"I know him, my dear? Of course I do—who doesn't? He always was a well-known man; but now—"

"But what has he done?" said Mignon, eagerly.

"If you ask me what he *has done*," said Flora, profoundly, "I am bound to tell you that one volume, ten, twenty, would not contain the record of his deeds, good, bad, and indifferent; but if you ask me what he has *not* done, why, I could answer far more easily!"

"Is it a bad thing," said Mignon, "to be divorced from a wife?"

"It is a very excellent thing, indeed," said Flora, "when the wife happens to be a Miss Dorillon; but, as a rule, my dear, Mrs. Grundy does not approve of her maidens efflorescing from misses into madams, and from madams back again into misses, and so she is apt to look unkindly on the men who are instrumental in these violent changes of designation."

"But was Miss Dorillon—wicked?" said Mignon, below her breath.

"In the eyes of the world," said Flora, "she is as white as the snow-drops she wears to-day on her bonnet, while Philip La Mert is the *âme damnée* to whom it has been her unfortunate fate to be linked; but the few who are behind the scenes, who are acquainted with the story from beginning to end, think—differently."

"And what is the story?" said Mignon, eagerly; "he loved her, I suppose, and she did not love him, was that it?"

For lately Mignon has been reading more than one love-story; moreover, she has been thinking, and has somehow arrived at a far better notion of love and love's requirements than she ever had before.

"If a man's love for a woman may be gauged by the pains he is at to win her," said Flora, "then Philip loved the fair Una very much indeed; if you measure it by his behavior to her after he has obtained her, I should say that he disliked her extremely!"

"But why did he marry her, then?" said Mignon, impetuously; "or, perhaps," she added, in a lower key, "it was out of kindness?"

"Dear me, no!" said Flora; "he was by no means a man to sacrifice himself upon the altar of duty! Have you never heard the Frenchman's witty definition of *une passion*?—*un grand caprice enflammé par des obstacles*—and that was precisely Mr. La Mert's feeling for her, my dear; half the so-called unselfish, one-sided love in the world is pure obstinacy. It makes me laugh when I hear people admiring the dogged perseverance of a man who persists in his suit to a woman who can't bear

him ; the good souls think that as there is no return, his must be pure, disinterested love, but not a bit of it ! Oftener than not he is angry and piqued (and pique will drive a man into anything), and because he is determined that neither she nor the world shall have the laugh against him, and if at length his fervor melts her coldness, ten to one but as she thaws he will freeze, revenging himself richly upon her for her previous insolence and disdain. A man may, and often does, forgive you for breaking his heart, but for the wound you have inflicted on his vanity—never !”

“Then she did not love him?” said Mignon, eagerly.

“No,” said Flora, reflectively, “she most certainly did not. It is a long tale,” she added, after a short pause devoted to the silencing of one or two scruples of conscience as to the desirability of acquainting this child with the details of so unedifying a story as was that of Mr. La Mert’s life. Adam would be furious if he knew it, but what did his fury matter to her? And, after all, was not this girl a married woman, and must she not sooner or later become acquainted with the backsliding ways of this wicked world? “A very long story,” repeated Flora, “though for the matter of that it is one that does not take very long to tell. I think that the saddest stories are often summed up in the fewest words !”

“It *is* a sad one, then?” exclaimed Mignon, involuntarily.

“Can you look him in the face and doubt it?” said Flora. “My dear, he is one of those mortals upon whom the fairies at birth bestow every good gift a man can desire, but the queen of the fairies who comes last, angry perhaps at the lavish generosity of the others, makes him—unlucky ! With advantages in his favor that make other men ready to die of envy, luck has always gone dead against him, and, I feel convinced, always will to his dying day ! They used to say,” she went on, “that he scarcely ever stirred without something untoward happening to him. If he rode a race, the horse was sure to come to grief ; if he backed one, it was bound to lose ; he lost a fortune at cards, and never appeared upon the box-seat of the four-in-hand coach of his regiment without causing the other men present to tremble for their lives. However, if he was unlucky in all else, he was brilliantly successful in one thing—love.”

“And yet you say his wife did not care for him?” said Mignon, quickly.

“No, she did not. There the inevitable evil genius of his destiny stepped in. I should have said that he was brilliantly successful with women up to a certain point—beyond it his bad luck asserted itself, and he was as unlucky in his relations with women as with everything else. Have you ever read the life of Burns?” she went on, her color coming and going, “and do you remember the Duchess of Gordon saying that nobody had ever so completely carried her off her feet as Robert Burns did? Well, no one ever so completely carried me off my feet as

Philip La Mert did ! Not that he was ever an admirer of mine,” she sighed, impatiently, “but I used to meet him winter after winter in Dublin, and—”

“*In Dublin!*” repeated Mignon, sitting bolt upright, and regarding Flora with breathless eagerness—“in Dublin, did you say?”

“To be sure—why not?” said Flora, somewhat impatiently, who hated to be interrupted in the midst of what she was saying.

“Did you know a Mrs. Faulkner?” said Mignon, leaning forward and laying her eager hand on Flora’s plump arm.

“No,” said Flora, after a few moments of unwilling reflection, “I did not ! One can’t know everybody in Dublin, you know, and perhaps she was some old frump, who did not go into society?”

“I don’t know,” said Mignon, trembling ; “but perhaps her daughters, who were nearly grown up, did. You are sure that you never met *them* out—or their governess, a Miss Brook?”

“Never !” said Flora, with calm decision ; “I feel quite sure that I have never met the Misses Faulkner or their governess ! Governesses and lady helps are not as a rule met with in general society, I think ! However, to continue, it must be—let me see—quite four years since I first met Philip La Mert in Dublin. He was then the maddest of all the mad fellows of the —th Dragoons, then quartered in that city.

“For some reason or other, perhaps his extraordinary good looks, his wit, or his fascination, he was the rage ; and wherever he went he was caressed, besieged, spoiled, and flattered, to an extent that would have turned any other man’s head, but which seemed to make no impression upon him ; for, with all his faults, and they were pretty numerous, Mr. Philip was no coxcomb.”

“And he was a favorite with women, you say?” said Mignon, sighing.

“He had the reputation,” said Flora, looking absently out at the hedge-rows all powdered and whitened with the same “strange snow” that made the carriage-wheels go noiselessly as on velvet, “of never failing to win any woman who was beautiful enough to please his fastidious taste, and, from what I myself have seen, I believe rumor in this instance to speak no more than the truth. He was the terror of every husband or father who owned a handsome wife or daughter, and I never shall forget the flutter there used to be in the dove-cots when Mr. Philip would come swaggering into a ball or reception room, very late, with half the beauties in the room sitting down because they would not fill up their cards till he had taken such dances as he pleased ! All the lawful guardians and duennas gathering their chickens under their wings, and he just throwing his bold eyes hither and thither among them, and then it was ten to one if he did not walk up to the most closely guarded of them all, and carry her off from under her husband’s very nose, for he made no secret of the fact that he infinitely preferred married women to girls ! It was said,” she went on, “that when he

got married every husband who owned a pretty wife rang a peal of joy-bells on his own account; but, if they did, they were somewhat premature in their rejoicings, for Philip married was even worse than Philip single!"

"But his marriage?" said Mignon, impatiently. "When and how did that happen, and—"

"My dear," said Flora, calmly, "are you aware that it is extremely ill-bred to interrupt a person when she is telling you a story? If you will have a little patience, I shall come to that in good time. It was in—let me see—the second winter, I think, of my acquaintance with Philip La Mert, two years and a half ago, that something—happened. He fell in love, or pretended to do so. Hitherto it had been well known that, for all his brilliant successes with women, he had never in all his life had more than a passing fancy for one, and that, in spite of the looseness of his life and morals, there was no man living who had a keener appreciation of, or reverence for, feminine virtue and innocence than he. So that when, in the winter I mention, he was found paying his hottest court to Miss Dorillon, a cold, heavy blonde, who was more than half suspected of being by no means so modest as she looked, everybody marveled—firstly, at his bad taste; secondly, at her indifference, for indifferent she undoubtedly was, in this respect differing totally from every other woman upon whom Mr. Philip had ever deigned to cast a favoring eye. Some people said, ill-naturedly enough, that it was her stupidity that attracted him; that, his own vitality being so intense, he found in her torpidity a welcome rest—and, indeed, did not Clive Newcome himself lay down the axiom that some women ought to be stupid? 'What you call dullness, I call repose,' says he. 'Give me a calm woman, a slow woman, a lazy, majestic woman! . . . A lively woman would be the death of me!' Well, my dear, there are many such men in the world as Mr. Clive, and upon my word, when all is said and done, I think those dull, majestic creatures get the best of it!"

"Women professed to wonder at what the men could see in Miss Dorillon, but undoubtedly she was handsome in her cold, passionless way. Not beautiful; had she been so, the question would never have been raised; for, my dear, there is a royalty about real beauty that the world, spiteful as it is, never fails to recognize—it is like diamonds, or talent of any kind, and always commands its market; so when you hear people disputing hotly about So-and-so's good looks, make up your mind that she is handsome, odd, fascinating, or lovable; but really beautiful? not a bit of it!"

"She certainly was the whitest creature I ever saw: you could pick her out of a crowd of bare-necked women by her snowy shoulders alone; but she had no conversation, never exerted herself to amuse anybody, and to old, young, handsome, and ugly men alike, exhibited a profound indifference that disgusted some, piqued others—and of these latter was Philip La Mert.

"Always an admirer of blond women, his ro-

ing eyes had rested upon her with more approbation than they usually expressed; but when he found that she treated him precisely the same as she did the youngest and pertest subaltern in his regiment, he was disagreeably astonished, he felt his pride to be touched. He was by no means used to be beaten in anything, least of all at a game where he had hitherto so signally distinguished himself, and the icy resistance she made him quickly transformed a mere passing admiration into an exciting chase that led him farther than he ever intended to go when he began it—headstrong, reckless, unlucky fellow!"

"Well, as I have said before, the spectacle of that confirmed flirt, Mr. La Mert, paying serious court to that solemn goddess, Miss Dorillon, filled all beholders with amazement. Some thought he was amusing himself as usual, others that he was now in earnest for the first time in his life. The women were beside themselves with envy and jealousy, and, seeing how well coldness seemed to succeed with him, were fain to try it themselves; but, my dear, that is the sort of thing that must be tried first, not last.

"As to Miss Dorillon, the most consummate coquette living could not have played her cards better than she (if her object was to win Philip La Mert). To all appearance, she had thoroughly mastered the first and most important axiom of a practised flirt, 'First attract, then keep cool;' only, as it turned out afterward, her frigidity was not acting at all, but good, honest, downright indifference. She was a mulish creature, without a ray of imagination, or surely her heart must have been touched by a man who knew how to make love as charmingly as did Mr. Philip."

"But the story," said Mignon, heaving just such a little quick, short sigh as children give when they are told the "crisis" of the fairy-tale is coming—"the story! I want to know how it all ended?"

"We shall come to that presently," said Flora, in a tone of rebuke. "Well, time went by, a month, six weeks, and the position of affairs between the two remained precisely the same as before. The lady had not abated her *froidueur* in the smallest degree; the gentleman had not advanced an inch, yet showed not the slightest intention of abandoning his attack of the fortress; and of course he got unmercifully chaffed by the men, and was more than ever spoiled by those sighing beauties who would gladly have consoled him for Miss Dorillon's insensibility by their own kindness had he so permitted them; but he did not. And one fine morning Dublin was electrified by the news that Mr. La Mert and Miss Dorillon were engaged, and would be married very shortly indeed.

"It was a 'nine days' wonder. I don't know which fact excited the most astonishment, that he should have proposed to her or that she should have accepted him. Only the day before she had been as indifferent to him as ever. Something had happened in the interim to make her change her mind; but what? No one could find out.

"They appeared everywhere in public together.

There was now nothing to choose between their demeanor, for the one was as cool as the other, and many people hopefully enough foretold that the match would never come off; but it did.

"With pomp and show, and much pageantry and ringing of bells, those two were made one; and I am bound to say that a handsomer pair than Una and Philip La Mert never walked out of a church-door together.

"They went to England (where his people and most of hers lived) for two months, and when they reappeared it was plain that if they had departed with but little love between them they returned with still less, while the hearts of certain of the women were gladdened by the discovery that Mr. Philip was quite as ready a lover, and even more delightful a one, than he was before.

"Well, people blamed him, of course, and looked upon him as a hopeless black sheep—all but a few who knew that, bad as he was, in this case he had some excuse for his conduct. I don't suppose a dozen people knew the story—at least, not at that time—but I happened to be one of them."

"And what was it?" cried Mignon, as Flora paused in reflection.

"It is not a nice story," said Flora, making a face, and looking half repentantly at Mignon's eager eyes and flushed cheeks—"by no means one to tell to such a little innocent as you; still, as I have begun, I suppose I may as well go on.

"Well, my dear, it seems Mr. Philip had not been married a month, when he opened by accident a letter addressed to his wife. Its contents were such as to make him search among her belongings for others in a like handwriting. He found sufficient to prove conclusively that he had been profoundly hoodwinked and deceived by the handsome, stupid woman he had made his wife. Duly set forth in black and white, he discovered how she had loved, by no means wisely or well, another man; how want of money on both sides had been the barrier between them; how, two months previously, he had married a woman whom he did not love; and how the hasty step on his part had caused her to accept Philip La Mert's offer. Further, how she still madly loved this man; nay, had seen him since her marriage, was shortly to see him again; for this cold, sluggish creature, where her passions were concerned, was perfectly reckless, and only by a hair's-breadth did the wording of these letters escape establishing a charge that would forever have freed her husband from her by law.

"It is said that the subject was never mentioned between them, that she missed the letters and drew her own conclusions; only one thing is certain, that luck having favored her in this instance, she took excellent care never to test it again, and thenceforward behaved in so unimpeachable a manner that her greatest enemy could not have found a single stone to throw at her.

"Perhaps Mr. Philip was not very much to be pitied. He had married her from motives little less worthy than her own, but he thought himself extremely ill-used (men always do when they find that a

woman has not brought a triple dower of innocence, beauty, and goodness, to meet the dry husks that they are graciously pleased to provide), and, if he had liked her but little before, now positively loathed her, and with his characteristic promptitude and recklessness made up his mind that, as the law gave *him* no redress, he would compel her to invoke it on her own behalf, and thereupon (for free of her he vowed to be) he ordered his life in such fashion that no woman of any pride or self-respect could be expected to remain under his roof one single day.

"Her family were furious; her friends were prodigal with their pity; she herself made no sign, uttered no complaint, appeared, faultlessly attired, in public as usual, with perfect ease and unconcern, behaved, in short, so like a modern Grissel, that by those who did not know her she was regarded as a model of wifely long-suffering and forbearance, while those who did speculate in vain as to what her tactics might be.

"The world in general called her stupid, but the world was mistaken—she was a very clever woman. She had made herself thoroughly acquainted with the law of divorce, and knew that the remedies of husbands and wives were by no means similar. Could her husband have proved her misconduct he could have at once obtained a divorce, but were she to proceed against him she could obtain no more than a judicial separation, under which she would not be free to marry again, and this would by no means have served her ends; so she watched and waited, and bided her time, with a cat-like persistence and patience that must nearly have driven him crazy.

"It was said that again and again she did her utmost to provoke him to strike her, for could she once establish a charge of cruelty her object was gained, but he never stooped so low as that, intensely though he must have been irritated by her presence; and so, foiled in this, she quietly sat down and waited until such time as it should please him openly to desert her.

"Meanwhile, the wife of the man she loved died very suddenly, leaving him rich and free. I fancy that under her Spartan cloak of indifference the fox was gnawing her vitals rather cruelly about this time, but she made no sign, received everybody, went everywhere, and answered all polite inquiries concerning her absent husband with incomparable suavity and unconcern, in short, was the wonder of one half of Dublin, while he was the scandal of the other. Poor Philip! He was a very black sheep indeed in those days, and all the good people groaned, turned up the whites of their eyes, and passed him by on the other side, though indeed there were fair Samaritans and to spare, more than willing to take out their twopence of kindness, and that with but small chance of recompense!

"We were in Dublin during the courtship; we were there when the young couple returned after the marriage, but soon afterward Colin whisked me off to those detestable Highlands, and the rest of the story I got from hearsay, though the facts of the case were so simple that they did not admit of much ex-

aggeration one way or the other. Mr. Philip, then, after conduct that would have worn out the patience of any other woman, but which this exemplary creature endured with great piety and fortitude, one fine morning resigned his commission (he was within six weeks of getting his company), and disappeared altogether, but not, it was said, alone. It was true that Dolly Folliott disappeared about that time, and, though her people hushed it up, saying she had gone abroad for a time, and so on, nobody believed them; she had gone with somebody, but who that somebody was no one could find out any more than who it was that accompanied Mr. La Mert. He has been seen or heard of from time to time in odd, out-of-the-way places, and always, strange to say, with the same woman, who is, if rumor speaks truth, very lovely, and indeed she must be a paragon to have made such a man as he—constant! It was actually said that when he should be free of his wife he meant to marry the woman, and, indeed," she added, shrugging her shoulders, "he had a noble heart, and was generous to a fault, so that it is, alas! only too possible that he might be guilty of even such a crowning folly as that!"

"You call that a folly," said Mignon, pale, with trembling lips—"a folly to keep faith with a gentle, loving creature, who trusted him? Oh, for shame, for shame! You *cannot* mean that!"

"My dear child," said Flora, placidly, "why do you attempt to talk about things of which you understand nothing? Mr. La Mert's divorce will not make the difference of a rush to him; he will still be welcomed in society, and free to choose a wife out of one of the best families in England, but to marry a creature like that would simply be social ruin, and I should say no one was better aware of that fact than he is."

Mignon did not reply. She was recalling his words on that sole occasion of his wooing, when he had bidden her remember always in the days to come how he had loved her in spite of all—all—and she understood now that he was alluding to that poor girl who had loved him, even as it might be Muriel had trusted and loved some other man.

"I think I have told you all the story," said Flora, briskly; "all, that is to say, that is of any consequence. By-the-way, though, I forgot to say that when Mrs. Philip found herself actually deserted by her husband, she went back to her mother, and there dwelt in the sight of all the world, virtuous, modest, resigned, her every action open to the closest scrutiny, until such time came as enabled her to sue for a divorce. She, last month, obtained it, and in the eyes of the world is a woman without speck or flaw in her moral character, at whom no one, however rash, would dare to point the finger of calumny. She now figures before us for a short time as Miss Dorillon; as soon as decency permits (one is expected to mourn rather longer for a husband of whom the law has just rid one than if he had merely died), the curtain will fall on that discreetest and most virtuous of young matrons as Mrs. Des Vœux.

"But Mr. Philip—his adventures are by no means

over, or I am much mistaken. He is one of those people who seem born for no other reason than to distinguish themselves in some unfortunate manner, and to whom death itself does not come in the common way.

"He looked as though things were going very wrong with him," shaking her head. "I never saw any one so fearfully changed. I wish I could have spoken to him—though, for goodness' sake, child," she added, hastily, as the carriage rolled swiftly round the plot of evergreens opposite Rosemary, and the horses drew up before the door with a flourish, "don't tell either father or Colin that I meditated any such crime, for I do verily believe that they would consider his Satanic majesty an agreeable, harmless sort of companion compared with that unlucky Philip La Mert!"

CHAPTER XXX.

"Mistress, know yourself; down on your knees
And thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love."

"PRUE," said Mignon, "don't you think that, if one got married at all, it would be better to marry somebody that one *loved*?"

"Yes, Miss Mignon, I do."

"And would you consider it a very bad thing for a person to run away with somebody else, if he or she had a wife or husband that it was not possible to like or *respect*?"

"I should think it just about as bad as bad could be," said Prue, in horror; "people as like each other well enough to marry ought to stick together as well for worse as for better."

"But supposing," said Mignon, "that they didn't get married because they liked each other—indeed, rather the contrary than otherwise—why, what then, Prue?"

Somebody who was busying himself with a blown-down creeper outside the open window, and had perforce heard every word of the foregoing conversation, involuntarily made a step forward, as though to see what expression the speaker's face wore, as she asked Prue the question with which her speech concluded.

Instantly checking himself, however, he threw down the garden-implement he held, and moved quickly away.

"What was that?" exclaimed Prue, hearing the sound of retreating footsteps; then, advancing to the window and looking out, her fine color paled somewhat as she recognized in the vanishing personage, Adam. "O Miss Mignon," she said, turning back, "that was the master, and he must have heard every word that you said!"

God forgive the girl if the ungenerous thought that flashed through her mind was that he was at his old tricks again—listening. She had been thinking very often during the past weeks of those unauthorized peeps over the wall to which he had confessed, and it was significant of some growth in her feelings, whether of like or of dislike, that such should be the

case, for, until very lately, she had thought too little of him in any way to reflect with any heat upon his misdeeds.

"And why should I mind if he did hear me?" she said, proudly; "is he an ogre, that you should always be saying, 'Miss Mignon, you must not say this, and you must not say that, for master won't like it?'"

"He's no ogre," said Prue; "he's real good, as you'll find out some day," she added, with a sigh and a shake of the head.

"And do you suppose I have not found that out already?" said Mignon; "do you suppose that a single day passes that I do not tell myself how much I owe him, and what a miserable, homeless little wretch I should be if he had not taken pity on and married me?"

She concluded her speech with one of those old, willful stamps of the foot that had lately been so conspicuous by their absence, and that Prue had grown to miss rather sadly.

"Eh?" she said, looking in astonishment at the girl; "it's not *that* way, dear heart, he'd be wishing you to think, to say nothing of it's not being the truth, Miss Mignon, for don't we all know as how he married you for pure love, and nothing else besides?"

"You don't understand, Prue," said the girl, turning aside; "he asked me because—because it was his nature to be good and kind, and he pretended to want me very badly, that I might not feel he was doing me a great favor; but he cannot hide from me, no, nor from himself, that he is sorry now for what he did so hastily; and I"—she suddenly threw down the needlework and covered her scarlet face with her hands—"I wake up sometimes in the night and blush all over when I think it is all my own doing; that if I had not called him that night, he would not have been obliged to marry me; probably he would not have even thought of such a thing!"

"He thought of it long afore that," said Prue, with decision; "he've watched you growing up this two years, and allers meant to get you sooner or later. And as to being sorry, Miss Mignon, why that's a most rediklous idea; it ain't prating of love as proves it, it's actions, and master's good enough at they."

"I do not complain," said Mignon, with gentle dignity, "and it is not to be expected that he should feel about everything as I do, especially *her*—and it is very wicked of me to grow angry with him in my heart that he does not seem eager in thinking of and looking forward to her coming; but do you know"—she pressed nearer to the woman, looking anxiously at her with lovely, troubled eyes—"that sometimes I almost think that it would not trouble him very much if my poor love never came back to me at all?"

Prue, with a strange pang at her heart, looked back at the wistful, childish face so near her own, and said never a word.

Trouble was beginning to tell upon the girl; constant thought, and restless, wakeful nights, were by

degrees robbing her of that lovely look of youth that, let folks say what they will, is not compensated for by any after-beauty of expression, intellect, or the chastened peace that is the crown of great suffering. Already the softness on brow and lip, the unworn look that is never seen upon the face of the man or woman who, in the battle of life, has borne the burden and heat of the day, was fading away, and dark shadows were beginning to be apparent beneath the blue eyes that two months ago were lustrous with health and spirits.

"*He* seemed to understand," she went on, thinking aloud. "That day, that awful, never-to-be-forgotten day, I don't think he could have been more sorry and distressed if it had been his own sister; and if he had not been there to tell me it was not my darling, I think I should have gone quite mad, Prue"—she paused, growing rigid and turning as white as snow.

"Oh!" said Prue, who had looked thoroughly mystified, "you mean Mr. Rideout, Miss Mignon? Ah, well! I don't reckon you owe much thanks to *him* about nothing! Many's the time I've been down on my bones in a reglar bust of thanksgiving that 'twas master you married, not him!"

"He would have helped me to find her," said Mignon, starting up restlessly. "I could not tell any one why I *did*, why I *do* feel that he was interested in Muriel, that he knew something of or had seen somebody like her; how else could he have told me that day that—*it* was not she?"

Prue shook her head doubtfully, but made no reply. She thought her little mistress mistaken on this point, and that her too partial feelings endowed him with sympathies and knowledge that he did not possess. With dismay, the woman had beheld the gradual change in Mignon's attitude toward this lover who had formerly pleased her no whit, either in looks or ways, while with even greater concern she saw the relations that existed between the young husband and wife, and sorrowfully enough foresaw that there was trouble in store for the girl whom she had so fondly believed to be safely placed beyond the storm and struggle of life.

It was not for Prue to guess how, gradually but surely, Philip La Mert had assumed in Mignon's mind the character of a friend to, even a deliverer of, Muriel, and how he was, consequently, exalted in the girl's mind (no matter how unworthy he might be in other respects) into a creature who called forth her warmest gratitude; while Adam, alas! was fast becoming to her the cold and indifferent guardian, who had no sympathy with either her love or anxiety for Muriel, and who, if he would not actually hold up his hand to keep her back, would assuredly not raise it to help her.

And in her heart she said that it was all of a piece with the rest of his behavior, that he should have broken his promise of helping to find Muriel—though in this she was unjust, for what opportunity had as yet offered for either of them to do aught but sit quietly down and wait? And, even as she was engrossed by her selfish thoughts and sorrow, so,

perhaps, was he by his. Moreover, there was a reason why the merest allusion to Muriel's return should be intolerable to him : more than ever complicated had matters become of late, and there were times when he felt himself absolutely appalled at the possibilities of the future.

"Sometimes I think," said the girl, clasping her little hands upon her heart and sighing wofully, "that, after all, Miss Sorel was right and I am wrong, and that she will *never* come back ; or perhaps she has grown as weary of her life as that poor *grisette* did, and somewhere she is lying cold, and drowned, and stiff, just like that other. . . . There is scarcely a night that I do not wake up with that face before me, and then I long with all my heart to see *him*, who will tell me that I am mistaken, that it is not so ; for do you know that for a long while he lived in Dublin, and most likely saw her there, and that was why he was able to tell me that what I saw was not my darling?"

"Young ladies as has any care for their good names isn't likely to see much of him," said Prue, thoughtlessly ; "leastways I mean, Miss Mignon—"

"What do you know of him, I should like to know," cried Mignon, passionately, "that you take upon yourself to say he is this or that? To hear people talk one would think he was the wickedest man that ever lived, instead of being ill-used and deceived just like anybody else ; and I am sure he looked sad and miserable enough in Paris to make any one pity him!"

"He did look very bad when he went away from here," said Prue, relenting a little ; "but there, his heart was just as wicked as ever, as was easy to tell by the way he ran on when—" She paused abruptly.

"He found me gone," said Mignon. "But what did he say, and was he unconscious long?"

"He didn't come to himself for a full hour," said Prue, reluctantly. "What did he say, miss? It would be foolish work to repeat it ; he was mad and angry, and folks never mean what they say when they're like that. I've forgot."

"And did you tell him we had gone to Paris?" persisted Mignon, who had never been able to induce Prue to give her a circumstantial account of what occurred that day after her departure.

"I? No, indeed!" said Prue, in horror ; "he found that out for himself."

"Then it *was* by chance that we met him there," said Mignon, half aloud, "pure chance ; though, indeed," she added, sighing, "it was a very lucky one ; for, if we had not, Prue, I think I should be where Silas Sorel is now."

"Ah, poor man!" said Prue, shivering ; "really them few days after that telegram came was reglar battle, murder, and sudden death, nothing but horrid things coming one a-top of another, and not time to draw breath, so to speak, between 'em!"

"Tell me about Silas," said the girl, drawing nearer to the woman ; "you've only told me about it in fits and starts, and I want to hear it right through from beginning to end."

"Well, Miss Mignon," said Prue, threading her needle with an air of importance, "it was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and I'd pretty nigh got over the fright Mr. Rideout had give me, and was having a bit of a cry in the kitchen, when who should walk straight in but Mr. Sorel!"

"He stood looking at me a moment, then said, 'So that pair of fools have got married, have they?'"

"Said I, 'If you mean my master and mistress, sir, they have.'"

"He pulled down the corners of his lips at that, and said: 'How was it you didn't go with 'em? I s'pose three simpletons could travel about as well as two?'"

"So I said, 'I didn't know as any of us was more foolish than other folks, and I'd only stopped in the house because I didn't like to leave it to itself (cook being gone and all) till he sent somebody in to take charge of it.' Not to mention, Miss Mignon, that you'd given me most perticler orders to sit down outside the gates (as soon as he'd turned me out), and not stir from them night and day till you come back, in case Miss Muriel should walk in unexpected and find nobody here."

"Did I really tell you to do that, Prue?" said Mignon, smiling in spite of herself.

"You did, Miss Mignon ; and, though I'd have done my best, still I couldn't quite promise to do that."

"Well, Mr. Sorel he looked me up and down sharp-like, and then, said he, 'I may find you useful, by-and-by, so just you stop where you are, and don't leave this house till I tell you to,' which I thought pretty good impudence ; but, as stopping in the house was a sight better than hanging about outside, with the perlice for everlasting telling you to keep moving on, why I thought I'd stop and see what 'u'd come next."

"Mr. Sorel he went up-stairs and all over the house, looking here and there, and everywhere, and last of all he went into poor mistress's room, and shut the door."

"I didn't hear a sound of him till 'twas nearly dark ; then he rang the bell, and I went up. He was sitting before her writing-table, with his head bent down over something in his hand ; but, when I come back with the light he'd told me to bring, his hand was empty, and his eyes were hard and dry as stones. He said I was to wait, opened the desk, and took out a piece of paper Miss Sorel had set just inside. It was a list of the names and addresses of all the young ladies as had been at Rosemary for the half before, and was expected for the next, and he read 'em out to me one by one, and asked me if they was all right. I told him yes, and then he told me I could go down, he'd call me when I was wanted, and I saw no more of him till half-past ten o'clock, when he came down with a great budget of letters, and said he, putting one of his fingers on 'em, 'You'll never see any more of these young ladies again, for I've written to tell 'em my sister is dead—is dead!' Just like that ; then he stared about him a bit confused-like, and went away without saying any more."

"Next morning he came again, and said he was going away for a bit, but I was to take care of the place and not let a soul come nigh it but tradespeople. He'd got to look very broken and ill, and stared about as if it was all strange to him, and once or twice he got suspicious, and asked me where you might be, and if you was likely to be coming back soon, and if I dared to let you come inside the gates he would punish me by the law; but for all his talk he seemed just spent-like and feeble, and as if he'd got no strength to go into a passion about it. And then he went away—I think 'twas somewhere to see about her tomb, for he'd took her all the way from Paris back to her old home to be buried.

"'Twas a fortnight before he came back, and then he looked worse than ever. He told me to make up a bed in the room next Miss Sorel's, and, when night come, he just crept into it.

"The next day he wrote a letter and gave it to me to post, and I looked hard at it to know the address again, for he seemed to me to be going very queer, and I was getting in a fright to know what I should do if he got real bad. He scarcely touched nothing, and snapped and snarled at me if I tried to get him to eat, but 'twas all over very soon. On the third day after he came back I heard a strange sort of noise up-stairs about the time of dusk; and, though I was terrible frightened, being all alone in the house, I crept up-stairs and listened, and, the door being open of Miss Sorel's room, I looked in.

"He was kneeling by the bedside, with his arms spread out over the coverlid, and talking to her, like as if he thought she was there, seeming to fancy they was both little children again together, and going out in the woods a-Maying; and then I knew how it was with him, Miss Mignon, and just shut the door and come softly away, for somehow I wasn't a bit afraid of the poor soul, but I wrote off to the address I'd seen, and by the next evening a gentleman, Mr. Sorel's cousin he said he was, had arrived.

"Mr. Silas didn't seem to know him a bit, only laughed and cried all in a breath when they tried to take him home, but at last they got him away by telling him he would find *her* there. He ~~was~~ but a few years older than Miss Sorel, yet you'd have said he was an old man, Miss Mignon, as they led him away, and you never would have known him to be the same as said such wicked words to you out yon, when master come over the wall to the rescue.

"The cousin, he put me in charge of all while he went to Yorkshire, but he was soon back again; and without more ado he just went to an agent, and said Mr. Sorel wasn't likely to be ever any better; and, as he was next of kin and had to act for Mr. Silas, he should be glad to get rid of Rosemary, and, as Mr. Montrose's agent was on the lookout, it all got managed very easy and quick, for all the world just like a fairy-tale, I used to think. There was a sight of letters come for Mr. Sorel, and I handed 'em over to the cousin, and there was two or three for me, one in perticler from Miss Lu-Lu, wanting to know all about it, and where you was, and what ~~you~~ meant to

do. So I just wrote and said you was married, and I guess, Miss Mignon, she didn't get over *that* bit of news for a week."

"We had some happy times together, she and I," said Mignon, with a heavy sigh; "what fun we used to have over that book we were writing, and that we shall never finish now! I miss the girls," she went on, sadly, "and the noise they made, and the hard lessons we had to learn. At any rate, our days were well filled, we had not over-much time to think! You know I always dreaded the holidays, always found it dreadfully dull to talk to Bumble and play croquet all alone, but now that it is one long, indefinite holiday, with no day to look forward to when they will all be coming back again, it is much worse; and, if *she* does not come, it may go on for ever, and ever, and *ever*! Indeed, I've got a dreadful sort of feeling, Prue, that, if anybody happened to be walking by Rosemary a hundred years hence, he would find you an old mummy in the kitchen, Mr. Montrose melted into a mound of dust in the midst of his books, and me sitting on the wooden chair in the kitchen-garden, watching still for somebody who never came!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"The education of life perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous."

"THE mystic hour draws nigh," said Flora, "that will consign us one and all to the dungeon-keep of Glen-luce.

"To-day is the 6th; on the 10th a procession of men and women, footmen and maids, children, babies, horses, dogs, birds, and rabbits, will be formed; father, being the person least competent for the post, will assume the *bâton* of command, and, having fussed one half of us into tears and the other half into active ill-temper, will land us all triumphantly at the ancestral barn somewhere toward the small hours of the morning. Why on earth cannot balloons be made practicable for traveling-purposes, I wonder? Just fancy the delight of stepping in, bag and baggage, and not having to stir until one got to one's journey's end! I have no doubt our grandchildren will enjoy the luxury; it is certainly very provoking to have been born a hundred years too soon!"

"But why is Glen-luce like a dungeon?" said Mignon, who sat on the grass with hands clasped about her knees, and a weary look in her blue eyes.

"How can a place be anything else when there is scarcely a soul in it, who is not your husband, or your father, or your brother? People rave about the scenery, and ask me how I can feel dull in the midst of so much beauty; but I should like to know who would not get sick of looking at the same thing day after day, week after week, year after year! Can trees, and rocks, and waterfalls, talk to you, I should like to know? Admiring the beauties of Nature all alone is something like looking at the moon by yourself—extremely unsatisfactory work!"

"But I thought you had some neighbors?" said Mignon—"the McCloskys."

"Just so, my dear, the McCloskys, for there is nobody else. We are five miles from the nearest town, three from a doctor, two from the kirk, and ten from anything like a pleasant or entertaining neighbor. Bluebeard himself would be hailed with rejoicing if he rose from the dead and settled down in Glen-luce."

"And your father's house, where is that?"

"Strathsaye? Oh, near enough. The Montrose and Dundas estates adjoin each other; I don't know of any other reason why father gave his consent to my marrying Colin. There never was a father yet to whom a ring-fence was not irresistible, you know. It must have been a dreadful blow to him about the McClosky estates," she added, shaking her smooth head; "he had quite set his heart on Adam's marrying the daughter, and then the whole of the Glen would have been in the family."

"And was the young lady willing?" said Mignon, turning her head aside.

"Yes; in that case Barkis was willing."

"But where was I? Oh, talking about that dreadful old barn! Of course, when I married Colin, I had no idea that those two old people, Sir Peter and his wife, would take it into their heads to live in the town-house and give us the one in the Highlands. What on earth can they want with a house in Park Lane, I should like to know, at their time of life? And, of course, as they are within reach of the best advice, they are as likely as not to live forever!"

"But is not Colin attached to them?" said Mignon, regarding Flora with warm disapproval.

"Oh, I believe so, especially to his mother; indeed, it is all her doing that he has such absurdly narrow-minded ideas about everything. However, she is a sensible old soul, and never attempts to interfere with me in any way, and as I come to town every spring, and it is less trouble and expense than taking a furnished house, I never quarrel with her."

"I used to get some fun out of Colin's cousins, but I am sorry to say," she added, regretfully, "that I have quarreled with them all, come to the very last, and it is a pity, a very great pity; for the amusement they afforded me with their gowns, and ways, and talk, was simply endless! The vigor with which they went into everything, even their quarrels, was something quite refreshing, and really those little encounters used to brighten me up wonderfully. It is odd that two women quarreling will tell each other more home-truths in five minutes than in years and years of close and amicable intercourse; and, if ever you want to get at a person's real honest opinion of you, put her into a rage!"

"I will," said Mignon, absently, who had not hitherto enjoyed the wholesome and exhilarating excitement upon which Flora so glowingly dilated. "And has your father lived here long?" she added, glancing at the pleasant-looking white house whose upper windows were visible in the distance.

"Oh! yes, a long time, six or seven years quite."

He spends one half the year here, and the other half at Strathsaye, but my charming brother, since he has become studious, lives here pretty well all the year round. It was a most ridiculous place to come to, not sufficiently near town to be convenient, and yet not far enough out to command good grounds and real country. However, you'll have country enough and to spare at Glen-luce for the next three months, I can tell you!"

"But I am not going," said Mignon, thoroughly startled; "why should I do that? How can I do that? At any moment somebody may come, and, not finding me, go away again—" She paused, blushed deeply, and said no more.

"Somebody may come?" repeated Flora, looking at the girl's averted face with suddenly-aroused, quick curiosity; "but I thought there was nobody—that you had no relations, no friends, no anything—who, then, may be this mysterious *somebody*?"

Mignon, turning her head still farther aside, felt shamed through and through at the deceit she was maintaining, but none the less did she find it impossible to put confidence in Flora Dundas.

That young matron, laying down her needlework, was meanwhile surveying the girl from an entirely new point of view. What did this confusion mean?—after all, was the explanation of Mignon's coldness to her husband to be found in the fact that she had, in school-girl fashion, fixed her childish heart upon somebody else?

If so, what a glorious punishment was in store for Adam the gardener, to be sure!

"Upon my word, child, you began pretty early," she said at last, with some envy in her voice; "how you ever got opportunities for such jinks I'm sure I don't know; I didn't when I was at school."

"There was one young man," she added, meditatively, "that I positively adored—I actually lost my appetite on his account for a whole week—and though, of course, we never exchanged a word, we used to write each other love-letters, but in case we were found out, *he* used to sign himself 'Lilywhite,' and I used to sign myself 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter.' We put our letters in a hole in the wall just outside the garden-gates, but one fine morning we were caught, so there was an end of *that*; but I'm quite sure my heart never thumped as hard and fast for Colin as it did for that moon-faced young man in drab inexpressibles!"

As though to illustrate the adage, Colin himself at this moment appeared upon the scene with his idolized little daughter Floss perched high on his shoulders.

With one hand he held her chubby legs firmly under his chin; the other, thrown behind him, afforded her a sufficient support, while his hair had all the appearance of being crowned, as the tiny hands that clutched it were full of flowers.

"Do, for goodness' sake, put that child down!" said Flora, sharply, as they came near; "what you can be made of to drag her about in such heat as this, I'm sure I can't imagine!"

"We don't find the heat particularly overpowering, do we, Floss?" said Colin, placidly, as he gen-

tly lowered himself to the grass beside Mignon, and set Floss's feet upon the ground ; "and we're very happy, aren't we?"

"We're very 'appy," said Floss, looking across her father's head at her mother, with that half-impudent, half-alarmed defiance that is so ludicrous when exhibited by mere babies to those they know to be set in authority over them.

"I cannot understand how it is," said Mrs. Dundas, crossly, "that every one of my children should drop their *h's* as they do. They never hear me do it, and I am always most particular in engaging my nurses to ascertain that they speak correctly; but it is all of no use, for neither Taffy, Colin, nor Floss, have got one *h* between them!"

"It saves a lot of trouble, doesn't it, Floss?" said Colin, around whose neck his little daughter's arms were now clasped in a throttling embrace. A very willful, blooming little rose was she, her face a tiny and absurd copy of her mother's, but with a heart like her father's beating bravely in her breast.

"How can you talk such nonsense to the child?" said Flora, languidly. "Really, it is not to be wondered at that you have no authority over the children, and that I always have to punish and keep them in order myself!"

Flora's notions of the management of children were extremely simple, and resolved themselves into two processes—spoiling and slapping. When they were good, and looked handsome enough to be a credit to herself, she would indulge them just so far as such indulgence did not interfere with her own personal comfort; when they were naughty or tired, or unsatisfactory in any way, she slapped or punished them, and between these two extremes she never halted for a single moment. The workings of the infant minds given over to her keeping were puzzles that she never dreamed of trying to solve.

Colin understood all about it, and could talk nonsense to them by the hour. But, O careless mother! it was wise, tender, gentle nonsense, that it would have been well for you could your lips have brought themselves to utter.

"Floss shall be taught the ten commandments without loss of time," said Colin, gravely, "and then, perhaps, she will better understand her duty to her father. Meanwhile, if the question is not an impertinent one, do we interrupt a cabinet council? If so, we will retire, and come back when it is over."

"We were talking about the approaching exodus," said Flora, "and I have been discoursing in vain to Mignon on the varied delights of Glen-Luce, for—what do you think?—she says she is not going!"

"Not going!" repeated Colin, in tones of amazement, and, turning quickly toward Mignon, "and why not? Are you afraid that—that you will not be comfortable with us?"

"Don't trouble yourself on that point," said Flora, tranquilly; "I have not been ill-using the child, and we never fight; she can't go because—because she is expecting somebody!"

"But can't you bring whoever it is with you?" said Colin, with real anxiety, for, independently of

his firm friendship for Adam, he liked this girl; the two had been fast friends from their first hour of meeting, and he had looked forward to having them both to brighten the not too lively Glen-luce.

"No," said Mignon, drooping her head, "I cannot bring that person with me, and I must stay here; but Adam will not mind going without me, I am sure—"

"Go without you?" said Flora, her voice rising a little higher with every word, "and leave you here quite alone?"

"Yes, why not? I have Prue to take care of me, though what harm is likely to come to me at Rosemary?"

"Oh!" said Flora, ironically, "I don't know of anybody who is prepared to eat you up at a mouthful, and, of course, it is the most natural thing in the world for a young man to go away and leave his bride of a few weeks quite alone! Still, I am not quite sure but that you will be able to carry out the arrangement, as, if there is one reasonable amusement on earth that Adam has the sense to enjoy, it is his shooting."

"Of course he will not go without Mignon," said Colin, trying to keep the disappointment out of his voice.

"I am not so sure of that," said Flora, decidedly. "However, here he comes, so you can ask him for yourself!"

"But I do not wish him to remain with me," said Mignon, earnestly; "I shall be rejoiced for him to go; it will be a change for him, and—"

"What is Mignon going to be so rejoiced about?" said Adam, throwing himself down on the grass beside Colin, and giving Floss's downy cheek a pinch.

"At the prospect of remaining at Rosemary all by herself," said Flora, with a shrug, "for she says she is not going to Glen-luce."

"She is expecting somebody," said honest Colin, at which his wife frowned, laughed, and then looked at Adam to see how he took the remark.

He was looking at his wife, marking how—

"A paleness beauteous as the lily's mixed
With the sweet violet's like a gust of wind
Flits o'er her face . . ."

and his thoughts, through much brooding, having now become unhealthy, and colored with but one idea, the conclusion was instantly formed in his own mind that this somebody was Philip.

There was an instant's pause, then he spoke.

"It would be strange," he said, calmly, "if my wife should wish to go to Glen-luce, since I remain here. I have work that must be done, and can't spare the time."

One person alone out of the three who heard, believed him to be speaking the truth. She clasped her hands with a gesture that might have been relief, disappointment, or surprise.

"Well," said Flora, drawing a deep breath, and addressing Mignon. "I should very much like to see Colin give up his shooting or anything else for me. Not that I complain—fortunately I am not selfish; and though of course I should infinitely prefer taking the children to Cowes or Scarborough, that

they might have the benefit of the sea-air, to going to Glen-luce, still I hope I know my duty as a wife, and—what is more—do it."

"Ah!" said Colin, who was tying up a nosegay for Floss with a dry wisp of grass.

Flora glanced sharply at her husband, but he appeared so perfectly innocent and absorbed in his task, that she looked away again.

"Mignon's duty in this case is identical with my own," said Adam, dryly, "so I need not call upon her to make any sacrifice on my behalf.—When do you go, old fellow?" he added, turning to Colin.

"On the roth."

"Poor Miss McClosky!" said Flora, maliciously, "she will be in despair! Half a loaf is better than no bread, and doubtless she would prefer seeing the married man to not seeing him at all."

"You have no right to talk about Phillis in such a manner," said Colin, indignantly; "a more modest girl never breathed—and I won't hear her name taken in vain, the sonsie, gentle, wee body."

"Her name is Phillis?" said Mignon, eagerly.

"Yes," he said, "and it exactly suits her."

Phillis—what a pretty old-world name! To Mignon it brought up the picture of a fresh, rosy, dimpled, country maiden, moreover with a something coy and winsome about her that is not usually associated with our notions of a *parvenu* cotton-spinner's daughter.

"Phillis would not deny the soft impeachment if she were here," said Flora, serenely. "I do believe that if she tried to tell a good big story it would choke her on the spot. She is a little fool who doesn't know her own advantages, for in spite of that terrible red-brick mansion and McClosky *père*, with her quarter of a million of money, and little, dollish, presentable person, she might marry almost anybody."

"What would a young woman do with Mr. Anybody for a husband?" said Colin, gravely; "and Phillis is rather particular—she might object."

"She has got some absurd rubbish into her head," continued Flora, pursuing her own train of thought, "that it is her money that everybody is in love with, not herself, and I should not wonder in the least at any imprudent thing she did; she would marry a shoeblack, I verily believe, if she thought he was disinterested."

"She may even descend to the lower deeps of the columns of the *Matrimonial News*," said Colin, in feigned alarm, "and get married on the sly, as

'A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree,'

while the curtain might descend on the affecting *tableau* of Phillis presenting the gentleman with her money-bags as the reward of virtue!"

"And what is Mr. McClosky like?" said Mignon, who seemed to have been steadily asking questions ever since she got up that morning.

"I can compare him to nothing on earth so much as to his house!" said Flora, fanning herself with vigor. "The latter is of red brick, that makes you glow all over to look at on the coldest December

day, and it matches the color of his face exactly, while the pale-blue satin furniture in the drawing-room (where the carpet is deeply, darkly, beautifully red) seems expressly made to extinguish his vacuous, rolling eye; the only difference is, that his crest, which is upon everything, over the mirrors, on the cornices (on the very bottoms of the chairs, I do believe, if one only had the courage to surreptitiously examine them), is not emblazoned on his back, though the jewelry he wears stands sponsor handsomely for the *bricklebrack*, as he calls it, in his drawing-room."

"Poor Phillis!" said Mignon, softly.

"When it was all completed," said Flora, "he walked about with his hands under his coat-tails, saying to everybody, 'Everything very plain, ma'am, but—neat.' It did remind me so of 'Neat, but not gaudy, as the devil said when he painted his tail pea-green.'"

"Nevertheless," said Colin, stoutly, "not even a red-and-blue drawing-room, a yellow-and-green morning-room, or a ballroom tastefully arranged in pink and mauve, can vulgarize Phillis. In her plain gown, without an ornament or scrap of finery, she holds her own bravely enough, and not one of the high-born lassies who go there can put her out of countenance. The only mistake was, that she should have been born a rich girl instead of a moderately poor one."

"Oh! it is all very fine," said Flora, with trenchant emphasis, "for those people with whom money is a mere drug, a superfluity, to affect to despise it, but just let them be without it for a little while, and then see if they would talk in that ridiculous fashion! For my part, short of death, I know of nothing more agonizing than to be constantly wanting things one can't get. Talk about a good conscience, why, a good fat purse is twice as comforting and conducive to good moral feeling, and for my part I can't understand rich people doing wicked things. I'm sure I could be perfectly good and amiable if I had everything on earth that I fancied!"

"No doubt," said Colin; adding, as he rubbed his cheek against his little daughter's—"we know of something far worse than a pocket without any money in it, don't we, Floss? And that is, to put our hand in and find no sweeties."

Floss shook her head gravely and sighed; *that* was bad, and no mistake.

"I've got an 'ole shilling," she said, patting his cheeks lovingly, "and you shall 'ave it all. Pr'aps mummy let us go to Lunnun t'morrow to spend it."

"O Floss, Floss! you are a very extravagant young woman with your one shilling!" said Colin. "Now, do you know that if you came into a fortune to-morrow of, say, a pound all in sixpences, you would become a perfect little screw, and drive Colin and Taffy away with ignominy if they came to borrow a penny or twopence of you?"

"Really," said Flora, with contempt, "I do wonder at your folly, Colin; you will make the child just as whimsical and ridiculous as yourself!"

Colin turned his head, which was on a level with

Floss's, and looked at her. The smile on his face was reflected in the many dimples of hers, but he did not speak; there was never any need for speech with these two—between the somewhat weary man of thirty-six and the joyous, fresh young child of four there existed a very perfect understanding. Worn out and disgusted as he often was by the follies of his wife, he could find it in his heart to forgive her all when the touch of his daughter's tiny hands was about him—when he looked into those innocent, crystal-clear eyes (so like Flora's in shape and color), and found in them nothing but absolute purity and love.

His heart might have grown arid and bitter but for this cool and quiet shadow that the child made in it, and through his love for her he became a better, more patient, and self-denying man, than he had been without her. A child that will come to you of its own free-will, that will look fearlessly into your eyes, put out its scrap of a hand to touch your face, that will trust you, love you, obey and follow you without a single doubt or scruple—is there any other God-given thing on earth that will so waken the good, so quell the evil, that dwells in us? He who would keep heart and lips and life clean, let him go as often as may be into the company of very young children, win their love if he is able, and then thank God for the humanizing, ennobling influence they will have upon him.

A little silence followed on Flora's petulant apostrophe to her husband.

Adam was looking at Mignon, noting all too plainly the weary droop of the slender figure, the enforced patience of the empty hands, and the outline of features as colorless as the gown she wore.

Colin, too, was regarding his wife attentively, and wondering what had happened that morning to ruffle her usually placid brows. He knew her thoroughly, this wife of his, her follies, her weaknesses,

her overweening vanity, her profound selfishness; his taste was outraged, his heart was wrung by her every day of his life, and yet—he loved her.

It may be questioned whether love does not strengthen with the faults of the person beloved instead of growing weaker.

We may regret our passion, we may even struggle fiercely against it; but struggle and pain alike serve but to rivet the chains the deeper, and each fresh instance of worthlessness, though it may wound our hearts, has no power to touch the core of our allegiance. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out."

We are not all so sternly made that we can act upon the cruel command; and to Colin, sorely tried though he might be, no such remedy would ever present itself. He had married this woman, and he would stand by the consequences of his deed.

There is something noble and pathetic in these silent heroes who stand so stanchly by their trumpet bargains, only thankful if the world do not see the rents and stains, the coarse, veneer and tawdry gilding, as plainly as they themselves do; who utter no complaint, give no sign, and are by people in general accepted as poor, sightless, doting fools, who have neither eyes to perceive nor wit to recognize their own disgrace.

"Here is father!" exclaimed Flora, in tones of consternation. "His face is as long as my arm; he has a bundle of formidable papers, and his very waistcoat tells how he is ready primed and loaded with dry-as-dust facts that will assuredly give us all moral apoplexy!—I fancy I hear baby crying—indeed, I am sure of it!" In a moment lace, work, scissors, and thimble, were rolled securely up, and, with that nimble dexterity which would seem to be one of the especial prerogatives of the fat ones of the earth, she had glided round a tree, and was lost to sight in a moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I TOO!

"LET us spread the sail for purple islands,
Far in undiscovered tropic seas;
Let us track the glimmering arctic highlands
Where no breath of men, no leaf of trees
E'er has lived." So speak the elders, telling,
By the hearth, their list of fancies through,
Heedless of the child whose heart is swelling,
Till he cries at last, "I too! I too!"

And I too, O Father! Thou hast made me—
I have life, and life must have its way;
Why should love and gladness be gainsaid me?
Why should shadows cloud my little day?
Naked souls weigh in thy balance even—
Souls of kings are worth no more than mine;
Why are gifts e'en to my brother given,
While my heart and I together pine?

Meanest things that breathe have, with no asking,
Fullest joys: the one-day's butterfly
Finds its rose, and, in the sunshine basking,
Has the whole of life ere it doth die.

Dove, no sorrow on thy heart is preying;
With thy full contentment thou dost coo;
Yet, must *man* cry for a dove's life, saying,
"Make me as a dove—I too! I too!"

Nay! for something moves within—a spirit
Rises in his breast, he feels it stir;
Soul-joys greater than the doves inherit
Should be his to feel; yet, why defer
To a next world's veiled and far to-morrow
All his longings for a present bliss?
Stones of faith are hard; oh, could he borrow,
From that world's great stores, one taste for this!

Hungry stands he by his empty table,
Thirsty waits beside his empty well—
Nor, with all his striving, is he able
One full joy to catch where hundreds swell
In his neighbor's bosom; see, he sifteth
Once again his poor life through and through—
Finds but ashes: is it strange he lifeth
Up his cry, "O Lord! I too! I too!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS SCHOOL.

SOME years ago Mr. W. R. Greg, whose essays are always suggestive and seldom satisfactory, wrote a paper on "Kingsley and Carlyle," whom he called, "beyond comparison, the two most combative writers of their age." The paper was in many ways unjust; it may even be said, at the risk of appearing absurd, that it would have been better if the second name had been omitted altogether from its title, and the attempt to draw the parallel abandoned. Yet, in spite of this, the essay hinted at rather than embodied some refreshingly sound ideas that have not often been applied to a certain school of language and of thought—we were about to say "belief," but that, to our mind, would have been entirely a misnomer. When Mr. Greg wrote (about 1860, we believe), a man who had expressed those ideas fully would have run the risk of much more misapprehension and opposition than anybody is likely to encounter now because of them; and yet even to write of them to-day is possibly to make one's self misunderstood: to seem to attack the very thing one prizes, and to appear to throw cold water on the source of the very warmth one honors. The recent publication of a biography of Charles Kingsley calls up those ideas again, at the same time that it makes it an ungracious task to put them into words; but the peculiar circumstances of the book's appearance¹ need not prevent the writing of some thoughts which it merely resuggests and confirms, but does not in any sense provoke.

Briefly, the first and leading purpose of Charles Kingsley, and of what we may certainly call Charles Kingsley's school (without raising the question whether he was master or disciple in it), was to war relentlessly and unceasingly against weakness and cant—religious, philosophical, and political. From their attacks upon the absurdities of a sickly school of Christian theology down to their treatment of the smallest material question ever debated in a charity board, these two things were the targets for all their blows—blows delivered, as Mr. Greg thought, with "unseemly fury" even, and certainly with a vindictiveness that bordered on ferocity. Most of the objects and opinions assailed were rightly assailed; most of the blows struck were entirely fair blows; there could be no question, even among the most severe of cynics, about the sincerity of the motives of these really pure and unselfish men—why is it, then, that there is something unsatisfying, after all, in their beliefs, their methods, in what they sought to achieve—yes, even in what they did achieve? Why is it that, with all honor for their enthusiasm, their singleness of heart, and for a certain part of their force, thoughtful men inevitably turn away from their efforts with something more than a sense of disappointment—with a distinct feeling that "this was

not the way to work?" Why is it that this feeling is intensified by reading Kingsley's life and his letters?

Here were men (Kingsley certainly, and many of his friends probably, though it is unsafe to judge of others than those whom publicity has made us thoroughly acquainted with), flinging themselves heart and soul into the conflicts of their time, and seemingly into the most important ones—those concerning the condition of the lower classes, the banishment of pretense and hypocrisy from the Church and politics, and the preaching of a sound morality. According to all *a priori* arguments, their work ought to have been the best kind of work that men can do or conceive of. Their battle was against the unreal and the puny, as they conceived them, in all forms. They fought heartily, unselfishly, and in the main consistently, as far as they saw: why was it, then, that all this crusade against evil and weakness, while the story of it and all the stirring sermons preached in its favor by the essays, novels, and poems, of its warriors, attract and excite the boy for a time (so that all healthy boys are sworn disciples of Kingsley), nevertheless leaves the thoughtful man not only unsatisfied, but with an uneasy feeling quite different from admiration, and decidedly the opposite of enthusiasm?

It must be distinctly understood that we do not include Carlyle among the school to which Kingsley so wholly belonged as almost to give it his name. We began with a protest against Mr. Greg's coupling the names in the title of his essay; certainly no one who understands their significance will couple them in his thoughts. Carlyle's "idolatry" of "pure brute Force and a tyrannous and unrelenting Will" (even if this accusation of one of his critics be true) is something utterly apart from the manner of thought of the men of whom we are speaking. Carlyle's didactic writing (if the phrase does not seem grotesque in its application to his work) is "pagan," perhaps—but it goes to the marrow. That of Kingsley and his school is meant to be Christian—is fully Christian in purpose—and therefore, Kingsley himself would have said, should be stronger. But it not only is not as strong; is it unjust to say that it only touches the surface where Carlyle stirs the depths? Does not one involuntarily smile at a comparison between the two? And if it is confessed that this is so, again—why is it?

When a man sets up some one general and abstract quality or attribute as an ideal, makes up his mind that this, and this only, is the one thing needful, and grows careless of its application in his eagerness to follow and to preach the mere shibboleth itself, he is in danger of making even the greatest gifts useless, and wasting even the strongest forces in something little better than mere sound. He must either have the judicial mind in perfection, or the inspiration of real, unmistakable genius; or else he will generally

¹ It is edited by his wife, and, as every reader knows, contains much on which it would not be fair to comment as one might upon his published work.

exhaust his powers in trying to talk people's lives into his theory, instead of making some partial success in working his theory into people's lives. Furthermore, the man who sets up such an object of worship, though he may be so sincere himself as to make one shrink from calling *his* talk cant, will almost inevitably found a school of canting people among his disciples; and his theory, from being positively good and little abused in his own hands, will come in the hands of others to work real evil to the world at large.

Kingsley, and the school to which he belonged, set up such an ideal in the abstract quality of Strength. They did not always call it strength; it went by different names in their vocabulary; but that was what it came to in the end. Now, it might well be impossible to think of any attribute better worth idealizing or even worshipping, in a certain sense, than this very one, if one must worship an abstraction at all; yet we submit that they failed to do the good they might have done, and sometimes did the harm they did not mean, by making just the error we have tried to describe, in the manner of their exclusive devotion to this one idea. Eager as to the generality, preaching it in the market-place and keeping themselves at white-heat about it in their own lives, the particular application yet escaped them; as though a man should please himself with the generation of immense volumes of steam, because it was of such value to the world, and yet should be careless whether or not it escaped idly into the air.

So long as a man had strength, under some one of its names, Kingsley would, it seems to us, have pardoned him most things, including the way in which he used it. This sounds harsh and sweeping, but you can detect it as the ground-thought of much of his writing, whether he might disavow it in colder blood or not. With him strength generally meant courage and hardihood; and, if what we say of his estimate of it seems too positive, let any reader turn to the most intense and genuine of his poems. Everybody remembers "The Altenahr Hawk," the old robber-knight besieged in his castle on the Rhine, and how Kingsley makes him say:

"I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Cöln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

"I have lived by the saddle for years twoscore,
And if I must die on tree,
Then the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

"So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

"He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
As man never drained before.

"He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leaped him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

"They found him next morning below in the glen,
With never a bone in him whole—
A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen,
For such a bold rider's soul."

There is the point: if any other than Kingsley had written this, it would have been simply what it is in one aspect—a stirring, ringing ballad. But a bit of Kingsley's *creed*, it seems to us, even if it was his unconscious creed, has crept into this; it is as good an illustration as we want. "A mass or a prayer . . . for *such a bold rider's* soul." The old robber-knight had been a thorough *vaurien*; he had spent his life in breaking all the laws, divine and human, in which Kingsley believed; yet there was a very considerable hope that God (and the God in whom Kingsley believed seems to us singularly anthropomorphic) would forgive him still, because—he had pluck. Out of this creed grew the strength-worship, the *cultus* of physical force fighting for religion, which, in spite of Kingsley's published protest, gained and will always bear the name of "Muscular Christianity."

The system held much that was good, more that was attractive, and a great deal that was illogical and absurd. He who did not feel a thrill of sympathy (even if it was chiefly a physical one) with some parts of it, could hardly be a healthily-constituted man; yet even the boy who espoused it unquestionably, and went into it with his whole soul, became convinced, if he thought about it, that it was not all-sufficient; and, if he didn't think about it, still had an unsatisfied feeling that the thing, after all, didn't go far toward solving his problems. Of course, if we look at it in cold blood, the fact is so obvious that the statement of it sounds bald, that the creed made the vital mistake of mistaking a small means for a great end; but the young men whom Kingsley led didn't look at it in cold blood, and went on with their chief in making much of the force and little of its application, until they found that they had given to the world *vox et præterea nihil*.

Nearly every prominent disciple of the school—if, indeed, there be any now who have not outgrown it—would hasten to deny these things. They sought, it would be said, to inculcate strength-getting merely as a means to usefulness; that cant might be banished from Christian teaching, and a sturdier race might preach it in a manlier fashion. But what were the facts? Did not the glory, after all, go chiefly to the strength itself, while the religion was preached in much the same old way; and didn't the men who could wield Thor's hammer as well as their Christian weapons in the fight against the devil, spend most of their time in hammer-practice, while the devil got on much as before? What storm and seething there were in their methods of action, in their denunciations of all that was puny, in their vehement exhortations toward the building up of a manly race of men! Yet which of them, with all their sincerity, real strength, and high purpose, did as much toward it as Arnold of Rugby? Which of them helped the poor as much as one of the economists whom they condemned as cold-blooded closet-students?

Action, for action's sake, took up so much of their thoughts as to crowd its results aside; and when in their speech and writing the end they aimed at was named, its mention had always a certain perfunctory sound, beside the real enthusiasm which always characterized their description of the means. "This," wrote Kingsley once, of some "daring and earnest" magazine articles he thought should be written—"this might keep the game alive, if men would only be bold, and 'ride recklessly across-country.' As soon as a man's blood is cool, the faster he goes the safer he goes. Try to pick your way, and you tumble down. If men would but believe this, and be bold; we want some of that 'absolutism' which gave strength to the middle ages; and it is only the tyranny of fashion and respectability which keeps us from it; for put the Englishman into a new country, break the thrall of habit and the fear of man, and he becomes great, absolute, titanic, at once." Here is a genuine specimen of the doctrine of the school; and see how it carries away its author! He had a distinct, definite end to serve in what he wanted written; and this advice about "riding recklessly across-country" was much of the same sort, under the circumstances, as would have been the advice of a commander to his subordinate to rush furiously into the enemy's country, for the pure sake of showing dash, regardless of the consequences. When they once brought to the Duke of Wellington the news that an officer had been killed while exposing himself at the front in the most daring way, every one remembers what the old leader said: "Why the devil was he larking there? I shall not mention him in the dispatches." What prompted this answer was the very thing the reckless riders across-country never could have seen.

What Kingsley and his immediate companions in belief talked was never cant; for they were to the core sincere and manly, if mistaken, men. But it would be interesting to know if the thought never crossed their minds, of what a supply of material they might be laying by for a possible cant of the future. Not as bad, let us admit at once, as the cant which in some instances it hopefully replaced; but still by all means bad enough. Mr. Greg, in the essay we named before, chooses as matter for attack on Kingsley's own views what may be referred to here as a specimen of what we mean—the comparison of Byron and Shelley, which, whatever it may have been in Kingsley's mind, would serve as an admirable example of what we refer to in the mouths of any of his followers. The attack on Shelley is familiar to

the readers of "The Miscellanies;" how it is said there that "if Byron sinned more desperately and more flagrantly, it was done under the temptations of rank, wealth, disappointed love, and the impulses of an animal nature to which Shelley's passions were 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'" But the passage which is most to the point is not that referring to the "lewdness of the gentle and sensitive vegetarian;" it is that which describes Byron as "the sturdy peer, proud of his bull-neck and his boxing, who kept bears and bull-dogs, and drilled Greek ruffians at Missolonghi, and 'had no objection to a pot of beer;' and who might, if he had been reformed, have made a gallant English gentleman; while Shelley, if once his intense self-opinion had deserted him, would probably have ended in Rome as an oratorian or a passionist." What a precious piece of cant of the "muscular-Christian" order would this have been, if it had not been uttered by a man who himself was thoroughly noble and thoroughly in earnest! And how much of this kind of thing has descended to us from his school!

At the time of Charles Kingsley's death we wrote some words of him which, could writers of stray papers have their way, we would gladly have read beside what is written here. They would show the feeling that many, if not all, had toward him as a man; the belief in his thorough sincerity, in the manliness of his beliefs as he held them, in his intense and unforeseeing enthusiasm. But they had nothing to do with the theories of his school in the abstract; their singular failures and incompleteness; their purposelessness under the guise of purpose; their insufficiency. "Muscular Christianity" (or whatever name would suit its followers better) was short-lived as a system, but it is long-lived as a tradition; the strength-cultus still survives in some form, and it is by no means an evil that it should; yet we doubt if any will go back to it as an all-sufficient creed. It carried a company of wonderfully strong and earnest men through the world so blindly that they left upon their time an impress utterly disproportionate to their real abilities; it remains to us a notable example of a manner of thought that altogether mistook the use of forces—that too often sought to do away with the uselessness of what was puny, merely by replacing it with the uselessness of what was vigorous, vehement, and attractive—yet as full of fallacies, and, unless controlled and concentrated, as powerless, as the very weakness that it sought to set aside.

PURPLE GERARDIA.

IN that fair dreamy border-land that lies
Between the glowing zone of summer flowers
(Fleet, frail recorders of the summer hours!)
And autumn's belt of gold and purple dyes,
O my Gerardia, thou reignest queen!
Tribute from both thou gatherest, I think;
Since thy right royal robe of purple pink

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Holds tints of June in its rich, rosy sheen,
Deepened with touch of autumn hues to come,
So, too, a pleasing sadness marks thy reign;
A summer joy, dashed with presage of pain;
For when, o'er dale and down, flushes thy bloom,
We sadly smile, to think thy pretty bells
Must toll the dying Summer's passing knells!

G W E N D O L E N .

UNTIL George Eliot introduced it in her novel of "Daniel Deronda" the name Gwendolen is generally supposed by English readers to have had no existence. Most people have thought it an invention of that writer's. Others have suggested that it is a construction out of the Welsh language. "Gwendolen," says one commentator, learnedly, "is Welsh for 'beautiful curve,'" and is intended to be characteristic of a fair maiden who gets herself up as a serpent, and "twists her neck about." The suggestion sets inquiry in the right road—i. e., toward the Welsh language. Entering upon an examination of the matter, to while away an idle hour, I found myself led into a field where I was so fascinated that I remained therein contented for many days. In pursuing this slight thread of interest I came into ancient castles of Wales, through whose chambers had wandered the Gwendolens of long ago, and brushed the dust from volumes which had not been disturbed for generations, and listened to tales related by descendants of the original actors in them. In one instance I sat in the pleasant parlor of a high-born old Welsh dame who lives on the very spot where for seven hundred years her family has lived, as the records in the ancient church there show. And the Gwendolens whose stories I thus gathered were not fictitious characters, though some of them lived in the period covered by the Arthurian romances. If in what follows the reader finds something he has not before encountered, however familiar he may be with tales of Gwendoline, let me assure him that Welsh story is rich in material as enchanting as any yet used by Tennyson or the other modern propagators of Arthurian legend. Even of King Arthur himself there is much more to be revealed to the modern reader than can be found in the "Morte d'Arthur."

But the suggestion referred to above is altogether unwarranted. "Gwendolen" is not Welsh for "beautiful curve." "Gwen" is Welsh for white, and also means a fair one, a beauty; but beautiful is not "gwen," it is "prydferth," "glan," or "glandig." "Gwenol" is smiling, pleasing. "Dolen" is not a curve, but a ring, a loop, or a bow. A curve is "crynnedd," which is a very different matter. The truth is, Gwendolen is no invention of George Eliot's; it is simply that wonderfully accurate writer's correcter spelling of the familiar old English name Gwendoline. Gwendoline is but the Anglicized shape of the ancient British (i. e., Welsh) name *Gwenllian*. But the pronunciation of *Gwenllian* is pretty nearly given by Gwendolen—not so nearly by Gwendoline. The *ll* in Welsh is an aspirated sound peculiar to that tongue, but nearly like the Italian *gl* and the Spanish *ll*; and in *Gwenllian* it results, with the nimble utterance of a Welshman, in a pronunciation as closely like Gwendolen as may be. This, I am convinced, is the reason why George Eliot gives the name a new spelling in English, and

it is characteristic of a writer whose learning is so unusual and in such exceptional fields.

It is curious that the name *Gwenllian* is still a common one in Wales, while the other ancient Welsh names of the gentler sex are so very rare as to be almost obsolete. *Gwladys*, *Gwenhywyvar* (*Guinvere*), *Gwawr*, *Arianwen*, *Gwenddydd*, *Tanglwstl*, etc., are all ancient female names of great beauty of signification, but have almost gone out of use in Wales, while *Gwenllian* is as popular as ever, and there is no period of Welsh history—at least since Arthur's time—when the name has not been in constant use among the Welsh people. Its diminutive is *Gweny*, and some English observers have supposed that from this comes *Winny* or *Winnifred*, which is a mistake. Go where you will in rural Wales, you are sure to find a *Gweny*-vach, or little *Gweny*, among the girls of the neighborhood. I have encountered the name among the Welsh in America, though the Welsh there, like all other nationalities, are disposed to drop such distinctive cognomens in naming their young. John Highwood, of St. Louis (originally Hans Hochholzenes, of Coblenz), does not name his daughter Gretchen, but Maggie; and Owen Apjohn, of Philadelphia (who may possibly have been *Gwen ab Sion* in Wales), does not call his little girl *Gwenllian*, but *Gwendoline*, or more probably *Ellen* or *Mary*. In an instance which came under my notice in Chicago a lady who was named *Gwenllian* had suffered the name to be Anglicized—or rather Americanized—into *Gwenthlean*, which is neither fish nor flesh.

In almost all cases the ancient Welsh names had a clear signification, which was generally beautiful and poetic. The signification of *Gwenllian* is so, though at first sight it may not appear so. It means simply white linen. But this fabric, common as it is in our day, was in ancient times of inestimable value. In the Welsh "*Mabinogion*," or ancient romances of "*The Red Book of Hergest*," etc., linen is repeatedly particularized in the gorgeous descriptions of fabled splendor in princely castles—linen, silk, satin, velvet, gold-lace, and jewels, are the constantly-recurring features of sumptuous attire. In his account of the royal tribes of Wales Yorke mentions that linen was so rare in the reign of Charles VII. of France (i. e., in the fifteenth century) "that her majesty the queen could boast of only two shifts of that commodity." White linen was in the middle ages the type of all that was chaste and pure. The word "*llian*," or "*lleian*," signifies also a vestal nun, the appellation first coming from the white-linen robe of the Virgin; and it is here that we may look for the original reason of the great popularity of the name among the Welsh people. In the days when the significance of names was understood and heeded such a name as *Gwenllian* must have recommended itself strongly to the British mother contemplating her girl-babe, and anxious to give her a name which might prove a life-long blessing.

The first Gwennlian in Welsh history was the seventeenth daughter of Brychan, Prince of Brecon, whose reign began in the year of our Lord 400. At least, this is the first of whom I can find any record, but it is possible there may have been Gwennlians before her (if there was linen), for Welsh history easily goes back two thousand years previous to her time. The Cymry were in Wales when Moses was leading the children of Israel out of Egypt, and the Greeks just beginning to be reclaimed from a savage state; such is the testimony of Cambrian historians, and I firmly believe it. This superb old Welsh patriarch Brychan (his full name was Brychan Brecheiniog—but enough is as good as a feast) was the father of twenty-four sons and twenty-six daughters. Some of the most respectable families in Wales are descended from him, and inhabit in our day the same ground he inhabited. Great numbers of his children became famous, and the names of all of them live in British annals. Several are among the Welsh saints and martyrs. One of the daughters, Tydfil, gives name to the largest and grimest town in Wales, which is Merthyr-Tydfil. Among these daughters' names it is charming to observe the poetic significance. Thus Gwawr (Latinized into Julia) is in Welsh the hue of dawn; Arianwen is silver-white; Goleuddydd is the splendid day; Gwendydd, the white day; Clydai, shelter her; Tanglwstl, the hostage of peace. This last name is melodious in the extreme, in spite of its look to the inexperienced in Welsh vowels and consonants; and it is easily pronounced. Give the *a* broad and the *w* as *oo*—Tahngleostle. Brychan's daughter Gwennlian was the mother of one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table—viz., Sir Caradoc of the Brawny Arm, or Caradawg vraich-vras, as they say in Welsh. He was the lord-keeper of the Castle Dolorous, and those quaint records of Welsh history called "The Triads" mention him as one of the "three beloved chiefs of Arthur's court, who could never bear a superior in their families, of whom Arthur sang:

"These are my three cavaliers of battle,
Mael the tall, Llydd the armipotent,
And the pillar of Cymru, Caradoc."

In the early part of the fourteenth century lived that Lady Gwennlian who was the theme of the poet Casnodyn—a great beauty of her time. The works of Casnodyn are considered the last of the ancient classics of Siluria, and a specimen stanza or two will interest the reader. The translation is, of course, literal; the English language cannot convey any idea of the curious metrical ingenuity of this poem, which, although quite long, has every line ending in "eg."

"Transcendent in virtue! whose soft skin of gossamer is of the hue of the purely white spraying foam of the waves! Thy fame has been the subject of my lay, Gwennlian, sprightly and fair; a thousand more will sing in thy praise."

"The slender and elegant damsel, from whose lips the Welsh so purely flows; the kind, sleep-dispelling maid, causing health-depriving anguish! a myriad will praise her without ceasing, in undebased

words, soft and pure, which in recital shall greatly bless the course of life."

"Hastening to view how glorious the path of the luminary of Arvon, causing anxieties to the mind, the queen of the stone-built castle, the far-famed ample place of resort to a splendid throne—the slender and gentle maid of Dinorweg."

Another Gwennlian who set the poets raving was a daughter of Owen Glendower. She was called "Gwennlian of the golden locks," and "Gwennlian of the hue of drifted snow," by the bard Lewis of Glyncothi. The same poet celebrated the beauty of a Caermarthenshire Gwennlian, the daughter of a chieftain of that section. She died in her teens, and the old bard, gray with the burden of nearly a hundred years, burst into lamentation:

"How brittle is the thread of life!—less lasting than the spray of the sea!

"Alas! that Gwennlian should have been cut off with the month of May!

"Like that month, pleasant and sweet was the life of Gwennlian."

But the Gwennlian who stands out most prominently among all of her name in Welsh history is that one whose tragic story still makes the blood of Welshmen tingle in their veins, and their faces flush with indignation—a strange and impressive phenomenon to an American observer, in view of the fact that the heroine of the story has been dead some seven centuries. However, it is true enough that we often have our sympathies very much exercised over the woes of heroines who never existed at all, except in the brains of novel-writers. So as this story is true, and has never been given to print in America (unless possibly in Welsh), I shall tell it from beginning to end.

This Gwennlian was a princess, and was born at the royal palace of Aberfraw, on the island of Anglesea, in 1097. Aberfraw is now a decayed hamlet; the palace is gone, and a stone barn stands on the spot where it stood. One of the walls of the barn is built of stones which were once part of the palace. American tourists who go ashore at Queenstown, and after a peep at Ireland take the packet across St. George's Channel, rattle through the ancient seat of the Welsh kings in the train which takes them from Holyhead up to London; but no American tourist ever stops there.

Down on the southern shore of Wales stands the grand old ruin of Kidwelly Castle, crumbling to decay. Owls have hooted and ivy has clambered in its grass-grown chambers, and on its rugged turrets, throughout many a hundred years. The old town of Kidwelly sleeps about the castle's feet, and the footstep of a stranger walking through the quaint, irregular streets calls ancient dames to ancient doors to peer curiously forth upon the passer. Yet any villager you meet will point out the field called *Maes y Bedd Gwennlian*, "The Field of the Grave of Gwennlian," and can tell you the tragedy which the title commemorates. And if he be a true Welshman, "of pure red blood," as they say there, he cannot tell that story without bitterness.

When the Princess Gwenllian was seventeen, her beauty was dazzling. At this time there came to her father's palace at Aberfraw a handsome young prince, whose name was Griffith ab Rhys, and whose romantic story Gwenllian had known since childhood. This prince was the Prince of South Wales, and his father and Gwenllian's father had been warm friends in other years. But the Normans had conquered South Wales when Griffith was an infant, beheaded his father and his elder brother Goronwy, hunted to death his brother Cynan, whom they drowned in a lake, and compelled himself to be taken in his nurse's arms to Ireland for safety and education. Prince Griffith was now grown to manhood, and came to Wales to reconquer from the proud and cruel Normans his ancestral domain. From Gwenllian's father, who was ruler of North Wales, the young prince sought aid toward the accomplishment of his purposes. Now, Gwenllian's father was old, and, though he had been warlike in his youth, he had grown prudent in his age. He was friendly with the Norman King of England, which king extended his protection to the Norman knights who had seized possession of South Wales; therefore, to encourage Prince Griffith in his purposes would be to invoke the Norman king's vengeance. So the "old gray lion" (as the Welsh bards called Gwenllian's father) resolved to oppose the young prince's schemes, but not openly, for he knew the lad's fiery race, and had been his father's friend. He made him welcome at the royal board, provided pleasures of every kind to divert him, set his daughters to amuse him, and by every means he could compass sought to enervate this young soul with luxury and ease. Nor was he sorry when he saw that his fairest daughter, the lovely Princess Gwenllian, had fallen in love with Griffith, and that, as for the young man, he was so madly enamored of Gwenllian that he could not live out of her sight. So time passed on, and the old gray lion fancied the prince had forgotten his great purpose.

There came a day when this sybaritic dream was rudely dispelled. The old gray lion awoke to the knowledge that the young prince was not only as firmly bent as ever on attacking the Norman barons who had usurped his domains, but that he had imbued the fair Gwenllian with his own fiery ambition. Together these young people came before the old man and begged that he would bless them in marriage, and then set them forth on their march into South Wales to conquer their domain. The old man was furious. He threw Gwenllian into the imprisonment of a chamber at the top of a mural tower, and secretly laid a plot to take Griffith's life. But the young prince suspected this danger, and escaped from the palace. He went at once into South Wales, made his purpose known, and flung to the breeze his ancient banner, the red dragon of Wales. His countrymen rallied round his standard with enthusiasm, and he soon had an army large enough to take the field.

Before quitting the palace, Griffith had won from Gwenllian her solemn promise that she would follow him and become his bride. The circumstance that

she was in prison when he left did not prevent her from keeping her promise. When did fair maiden pent in mediæval tower fail to win over jailers the most ferocious and terrible? It was not many weeks before she joined her lover in the wild forest of Ystrad Towy, in South Wales, and they were married. At first the young couple, maugre their royal blood, were in the depths of poverty, but, being also in the depths of love, they were well content. The princess, having run away from her father's palace, could expect no help from that quarter; the prince, though in his own dominions, had yet to conquer the power to dwell in one of the castles there abounding. So the young couple's home was in the forest of Ystrad Towy, and was but a rustic bower of leaves and wattles. From this home Griffith sallied forth with his devoted band and struggled for his ancestral rights. He became the terror of the Norman barons, whose castles he repeatedly captured and left smoking ruins. Had not the King of England been his enemy, he would have speedily routed these French adventurers from his domain, and established his dominion securely. As it was, he pursued his purpose with bitter and dogged resolution throughout many years, and would eventually have triumphed, on the death of the English king; but this event was speedily followed by the dark tragedy which befell Gwenllian, and broke the warrior's proud spirit forever.

Throughout all these years of struggle Gwenllian had been a faithful and loving wife, her hero's joy in the hour of triumph, his consolation in defeat. She took no active part in the struggle; her office was to keep the home, and to rear her sons. Three fine boys stood at their hearthstone, and from childhood learned to hate alike the Norman and the Saxon. Rhys, the eldest, was old enough to share in his father's military exploits, and accompanied him in all his movements. It was while the prince and this son were absent on a journey into North Wales that the emergency arose which called into sudden action all the courage, energy, and resolution, of the warrior's wife. The Lord of Kidwelly Castle had seized this moment to make trouble. It was necessary that the Welsh army should at once march against him. Brave and loyal as Griffith's soldiers were, they were a lawless horde in their master's absence; they would not be commanded by any chieftain but their prince. Although still a beautiful young woman in her thirties, Gwenllian had the spirit of her royal race. She resolved to command the army in person. The men received her with shouts of enthusiasm. With their princess on horseback at their head, her two younger sons by her side, they marched away to battle.

Maurice de Londres, Lord of Kidwelly, was one of the fiercest of the Norman barons who disputed Prince Griffith's right to reign in South Wales. Many hard battles they had fought, and sincerely they hated each other. The baron was now furious when he learned that the army of his foe was before his castle, threatening to capture it, under the command of a woman. He tore his beard and stamped

his feet, and swore great mouth-filling oaths by the score, to the effect that he would wreak his vengeance on the daring female when he should catch her. He had been momentarily expecting the arrival at his castle of reinforcements from England, and here were these pestiferous Welshmen before his gates, shutting him up like a rat in a trap, and with a woman at their head, too, as if in derision. To perdition he devoted the meddlesome she, who could not stay quietly at home when her husband was gone a journey; by all the saints, it was a thing to boil the blood of his veins; and again he swore till the rooks flew cawing from the Astragun tower.

But events were less cruel to De Londres than he had anticipated. The day was doomed to be a black one for the brave and devoted Gwenllian. The princess made that mistake which has been the ruin of many a more experienced general—divided her forces. Deeming it an easy task to guard the castle, she sent off the larger part of her army to intercept the arrival of the English troops for which De Londres waited, swearing and gnawing his beard the while. A Welsh traitor, whose memory is still cordially execrated (but whose name is so like a thousand others that it is not worth mentioning), led the English troops by a circuitous route to the castle, where they fell upon poor Gwenllian's handful of men without a word of warning. At the same moment, down clattered the drawbridge across the castle-moat, up rose the portcullis of the great gate, and forth rushed the Norman baron followed by his men. The result was inevitable. Gwenllian was taken, and every man of her force, alive or dead. The princess was wounded, but not fatally. And well would it have been for the fame of Maurice de Londres had the story ended here; but the muse of history has forever to blush with shame at mention of his name. His prisoner was the wife of the

Prince of South Wales; she was the daughter of the Prince of North Wales, then in alliance with the Norman King of England; she was unquestionably of the noblest lineage native to the soil they stood upon; but, more than all, she was a woman. Surely, she had claims, on all there might be of chivalry in the Norman breast; but the Princess Gwenllian lives in Welsh history with the tragic appellation of "The Beheaded One." Some say that De Londres wreaked the indignity of decapitation upon her inanimate body, after death; others that she died by the same stroke of his brutal axe which thus mutilated her fair form. It seems to be thought by the old chroniclers that if Gwenllian was alive when beheaded, something is taken away from the atrocity of the Norman's act; but modern eyes can see very little palliation of the crime in this consideration.

Long and terrible was the period of vengeance with which the outraged Welsh people followed up this savage and inhuman deed—a deed unprecedented, even in those fierce and bloody times. It was received as a personal insult by every true Welshman in the land. It fired the hearts of men who had hitherto been lukewarm; it stirred the blood of those already eager for strife till they were like madmen. Long thereafter, their every battle was a victory; nothing could stand against them. The old spirit of revolt against foreign oppression seemed to have given place to a new impulse, and their warfare had become a crusade of vengeance for the woes of Gwenllian. The ambition of the prince became satisfied to the utmost; but the heart of the husband was broken. He died within two years of his wife's brutal taking-off—not in battle, violently, but at home, crushed in the prime of life by grief at the loss of the fair woman who had loved him so well, and had perished so cruelly.

MRS. GEORGE OCHRAM.

I.

CROSSING Union Square, not very long ago, wrapped in a nebulous reverie about everything in general, and nothing in particular, I was restored to the outer world by a grasp of the hand quite as cordial as could be desired. I saw before me George Ochram, a college-chum, a companion in later life, a tried friend, with whom I had spent many pleasant days on both sides the sea.

"I am very glad to meet you again, old fellow," he said, still holding my hand with a half-womanly tenderness.

"And I you. But I had thought you in Paris. I wrote you there only a week since, and in your last letter you made no mention of coming to America. You have often told me, you know, that you never expected to cross the Atlantic any more."

"I believe I have. I had no idea of quitting France twenty-four hours before I took the train for

Havre, just in time to reach the steamer. And here I am."

"You didn't use to be so precipitate, George. It must have been something extraordinary that caused you to hurry over here so suddenly."

"It was nothing extraordinary. On the contrary, it was quite natural, though the circumstance happened to be important to me."

"That's your old, cool way of stating things, George. The dissolution of the planet would be of no consequence in your eyes; or, rather, on your lips. You remember I used to tell you that, when your heart was on fire, your tongue was frozen. But let it pass. I'll not solicit your confidence. How is Paris?"

"Confound Paris! I want to talk to you of yourself and myself. Not solicit my confidence, indeed! Take that back, old fellow. You know I've always made you my confidant. I've told you everything but one thing. That is the sole secret I have

kept from you, and I propose to give you that at the earliest opportunity. I'm in great haste at this moment. Where can I see you this evening?"

"Come and dine with me at the club at seven. It's now noon. We'll have a quiet dinner, and half the night together, if you like."

"Agreed. At seven sharp." And he left me.

"Some sort of change has come over Ochram," I said to myself, as he hurried away. "There is an air of excitement and nervousness about him—generally so very calm—that I have never noticed before. I should suppose it to be a woman; but he is forty, and, at that age, men are less apt to make fools of themselves than they are at thirty or sixty. And he's not the kind of fellow to let his heart run away with his reason. He's seen too many women to be a muff at forty. I'm sure of that."

II.

WE had our dinner, a very simple one—just the kind I knew he liked—two or three courses only, and a single bottle of Roederer. He was in fine spirits; so very fine, in truth, that they seemed a little forced. We talked of our common acquaintances at home and abroad. We related anecdotes; we exchanged gossip of the theatres; we discussed new books. Still Ochram gave no hint of his secret, and I imagined he had not discovered his opportunity, when, removing his cigar from his lips, he suddenly broke out with, "Do you hear anything of Mrs. Horace Mason in these days?"

"Mrs. Horace Mason? Who is she? I haven't the honor of her acquaintance."

"Assuredly you have. She has been considered one of the most beautiful and elegant women in New York. She was Miss Gaston, Helen Gaston, before her marriage."

"Oh, yes! I remember her now. She was a lovely creature, and as false and selfish as she was fair. She was a confirmed flirt. She jilted dozens of nice fellows. If any woman could break a man's heart—the toughest and most elastic of human organs—she would have needed a private cemetery for her victims. I disliked her always. She had no principle, and no conscience."

"Restrain your condemnation, my dear boy, until you hear my story. It is about Helen—Mrs. Mason—that my secret is."

"Ah, I see. I recollect now that you had the reputation of having been one of her dupes. I couldn't credit the report. But I knew you showed her a good deal of attention; and yet you never mentioned her to me once. That shook my faith in you. I had always declared you a match for any woman. I wasn't so sure of it after your flirtation with Helen Gaston, or, more properly, hers with you. But that was ten years ago. You are forty now. I have confidence in men of forty—that is just about my age. I anticipate your secret. You fell in love with her; you proposed, and she laughed at you. She served you as she had served a dozen others."

"Not exactly. You have the right scent; but

you're on the wrong trail. I did not love Helen Gaston: I do love Mrs. Mason."

"The devil!"

"The angel' would be more gallant."

"But I didn't know you had ever seen Mrs. Mason."

"I never have."

"And yet you declare you love her. Ah, yes; I perceive. You love her because you haven't seen her, which is a compliment to your imagination at her expense. The passion is poetic, at least."

"Shall I recite my epic, or sing my lyric, rather, for your edification?"

"I should be glad to have you, George; for I confess that what you have already told me sets my wits wool-gathering."

"As you have said, she was a confirmed flirt. She did make some very nice fellows unhappy for a time—two or three of whom, I thought, would have too much strength and pride to become spooney over any woman. One of these, Harry Graham, a capital fellow—I liked him thoroughly—she played the deuce with. When she threw him over, it hurt him badly. He looked, for a while, as if he were in a decline, and he actually went to Havana for his health. He got over it, of course, and is now a reasonably contented husband, and the father of three lusty boys. He was a captivating youth, a few years since. Lots of girls were in love with him; but, somehow, Helen Gaston found the weak place in his armor, and thrust her keen lance through it. I felt sorry for Harry, and angry with him at the same time, that he should have let such a downright coquette get the advantage of him. He was the last man to suspect of such fatuity."

"But this is Graham's story, not yours, George."

"All in good time. This is a necessary introduction: it shows the motive of what is to come. Graham's defeat set me thinking: it excited my intellectual curiosity. I wanted to learn how Helen Gaston could exercise such power over men of experience and self-discipline. I had met her frequently in society, but had never talked with her five minutes at a time. Like you, I was not fond of her; nor did I hesitate to express my opinion of her perfidy. She must have heard of my dislike; for very soon she took obvious pains to attract me. It was just what I had desired, and might have sought. It was plain that she had determined to punish me for my presumption in daring to withstand her."

"I manifested no special indisposition to be attracted; but I managed to make her the active force. When she blazed, I seemed to catch fire; when she cooled, I froze. I always kept behind her. She felt, after repeated experiments, that she must retain the lead, or lose me altogether. I said, in effect: 'You're beautiful and charming, no doubt; but you fail to interest me particularly. Women are often bewitching; though, somehow, they never quite appeal to me as to other men.' This, I am aware, would be the sentiment and language of a coxcomb. It was all feigned on my side. I was playing a part, as I believed she was. If you will

allow me the expression, I was resisting Satan with flame, though I surmised, at the time, there was not a spark between us.

"I never accused her of being a coquette; I assumed never to have heard that she was. I felt that that would have delighted her, and it would have disclosed my line of defense, or, if you prefer, my plan of attack. She grew more and more amazed at my self-containment. Evidently she had not met a man of my (apparent) kind before. She was thrust constantly into the offensive, because I so carefully preserved the defensive. Virtually, she became the wooer, and I the wooed. It was a necessity of the situation. Not to be the wooer was to lose the battle.

"She lost her temper at last. One evening she called me a stock, an iceberg, a heartless egotist, a wretch, a mountebank, a monster, a Mephistopheles, a devil-fish, and I know not what else; ending by, 'What do *you* think of yourself?'

"After your varied and picturesque designation, I am compelled to believe that I am the groundwork of a very rare and interesting museum.' Then she laughed, and then she wept; and while her beautiful face was hidden in her delicate hands, and her whole frame tremulous with emotion, I said: 'Since you are in tears, and you call me hard names, I had better go. Let me bid you good-by.'

"I rose to depart. She sprang up, and placed her back against the door.

"You sha'n't go!' she exclaimed; and in the same breath, 'You're a brute!'

"I suppose so,' I replied; 'I'm rapidly becoming a complete zoölogical collection. Good-by. Please let me go.'

"Who's keeping you?' she flashed out.

"You are, my poor child.' (I admit I was melting fast. A man is apt to, in the presence of a pretty woman all in tears, and when he has reason to believe they are shed for him.) 'You are pressed against the door.'

"Whether it was reference to the zoölogical collection, or whether it was the poor child that caused the grand eruption of that beautiful volcano, I don't know. But the next moment her arms were about my neck, her head on my bosom. This is the profound secret I have never breathed before.

"I can *not* let you go,' she sobbed out, after a while; 'and yet you don't love me; you don't care for me. I know you despise me. But I love you. I don't care who knows it. My pride has all gone. I thought I was so strong, and I'm so weak, so very, very weak. To think I should be here, and you have never told me once that you love me! Love has conquered me. I'm only a woman, after all.'

"This was too much for human nature. My intellectual curiosity was satisfied. She was not weak alone. At that moment I felt as if I would give my soul to save her a pang. The words, 'Be my wife,' were struggling at my lips. But I thought of Harry Graham and all the others; that I must not ingloriously yield, as they had done. I grew strong as I reflected, 'This may be all a *ruse*.' Once more,

'You don't love me,' murmured up in muffled and heart-breaking tones.

"You're not yourself,' I said, gently; 'you need to be alone; you'll be better alone, my—my—'

"My—my—my what?' she muttered, with a quivering sigh.

"My darling!' I cried out, from the depths of my heart. The little phrase deluged her with fresh agitation. She glided out of my arms; she sank to the floor. I tried to sustain her. Her pale face was lovelier than ever. I bent over her. Was this acting? was it reality? It was certainly real to me. I durst not linger. I snatched myself away in the lull of that fascinating tempest. In a few seconds I was in the street. How I rejoiced that I had escaped! My momentary thrall was broken in the clear air, under the open sky. The image of the faithless coquette shut out the lovely, weeping, tender, swooning, suffering woman I had almost loved. I comforted myself with the reflection that now I had learned how Helen Gaston could exercise such power over men of experience and self-discipline.

"The very week of that *dénoûment* some friends announced to me that they were going to Europe to stay two years, and invited me to accompany them. I joined them, partially because I wanted to go, partially because I disrelished meeting Helen Gaston again. I knew I should meet her, for we were in the same set.

"I hadn't been abroad three months before I heard through you that she had married. I was told afterward that she had been engaged to Mason for two years—though, doubtless, without any definite purpose of keeping her engagement. She enjoyed, you know, a liberal reputation for such perfidiousness. Everybody was surprised, I heard, that she should have kept her word with Mason, who was good enough in his way, and rich, too, though very ordinary, and his intellectual armament not very heavy. She had broken faith with far better men. I'm not sure I did not resent her marrying Mason myself."

"Of necessity you did, George. I suppose I should have done the same thing under the same circumstances. Still, when she declared she loved you, and was weeping in your arms, you didn't even kiss her. Nevertheless, you resent her taking somebody else. Don't you think we men are open to the suspicion of being a trifle inconsistent, unreasonable, and conceited withal, as we declare women are invariably?"

"I presume we are, old boy. I'm by no means blind to my own faults. While I'm opening my heart, I may as well confess my belief that Helen Gaston married Horace Mason out of pique at my defection. I have never been able to get rid of that notion. It flattered my vanity to think so. For two years I carried Helen Gaston in my mind as a stimulant to my self-love—never wholly dwarfish in proportions—and for that reason her memory was very pleasant. The third year she began to slip toward my heart, as her lovely head had slipped in her father's drawing-room on that memorable occasion. I

could not keep out of my consciousness the pathetic picture of that evening—her glorious beauty shorn of all her pride, her agony of grief, her childlike trust, her innocent declaration of her love. ‘Only a woman, after all,’ rang incessantly through my brain, and my soul—if I own such a thing—answered, ‘What would I have you else, my darling?’ with ten times the tenderness I had spoken to her that tenderest word ever uttered by human tongue. I censured myself bitterly for my heartless desertion; and then, as the seasons crept by, she became a gentle and grateful memory of what would never be again. In a word, I loved her, but more serenely and spiritually than would have been possible at thirty.

“Three weeks ago I heard of Mr. Mason’s death; he had then been dead four months. This gave a new aspect to the future. What had seemed impossible became highly probable. I decided to come directly to New York that I might see the woman I had so long borne in my heart, and tell her, after ten years of silence, ‘I do love you truly and devotedly.’”

“And you haven’t seen her yet, George? You’re losing precious time, old fellow. Somebody else may be before you.”

“I have called, only to find her out. When I parted with you yesterday noon, I went at once to her house. I left my card, and word that I should call again to-morrow afternoon.”

“So another twenty-four hours will decide your fate, as the romancers say. I’d like to look on a man whose fate has been decided. He must be a novel spectacle.”

“You shall have that satisfaction. Let me return your hospitality. Dine with me at my hotel at eight o’clock, say. I’ll have dinner served in my own apartments. You’ll find me, I’m sure, one of the happiest of mortals. I’m as confident of to-morrow as of yesterday. My instincts tell me of my destiny. I shall ask you, when next we meet, to drink to the health of the soon-to-be Mrs. Ochram.”

III.

AT eight next day George and myself sat down to dinner. He didn’t look as joyous as he would have been described in a novel; but men of forty can contain themselves; and, besides, I have noticed that there is always a certain air of depression about accepted lovers. I observed elaborate preparations for the meal—not common with him—and from this I was sure he had realized his anticipations.

While we were taking our soup, I lifted my glass of sherry, saying: “I won’t wait. Allow me to propose the health of the future Mrs. Ochram.”

“Not just yet,” he replied. “I have a superb bottle of Chateau Yquem which I have reserved for that toast.”

The wine was produced ere long, and we filled our glasses with something like solemnity. Once more I proposed the toast. He rose and said: “Let us drink it standing, and in silence.”

“She is not dead?” I exclaimed, with a foreboding of fear.

“So far from it, she has never been born.”

“What do you mean, you dealer in mysteries? Explain yourself, lest I order a strait-jacket for you.”

“The entire explanation might be somewhat tedious, but it is substantially as follows: I found Mrs. Mason on my second visit, but so much changed that I would not have recognized her. I even intimated that I might have made a mistake; but she assured me I had not; that she remembered me very well. ‘You were quite fond of me once, I believe, Mr. Ochram?’ she continued; ‘but that was some years ago, and no doubt you have fully recovered from your disappointment. The loves we have before marriage and maternity are generally mere sentimental fancies. I know I never realized that I had a heart until I became Mrs. Mason. It is very kind in you to pay me this visit of condolence. I appreciate it deeply.’”

“How does Mrs. Mason look, George?”

“She is still handsome, though rather stout and decidedly matronly, which she might well be, having had, she tells me, five children, four of them living. I believe she told the truth of her husband; that she was fonder of him than of any man she has known, myself excepted, for I am absolutely certain she did love me. Her change is not so much, after all, in her person as in her mind. She used to be distinctively fine, notwithstanding her duplicity and want of conscience. Her conversation was elegant, her manners were charming, and her intuitions unerring. I could have no more believed that she would talk as she does now than that she would be metamorphosed into a dromedary. The transmutation is marvelous. Has it arisen from her living with an ordinary man like Mason, or does matrimony vulgarize women inevitably? I admit I’m a little dazed. How could I have been fond of that woman? It must seem as strange to me as it does to her that she could ever have cared for me. If there be any world of supreme punishment beyond, I may be joined to Mrs. Mason eternally. My hair rises at the thought. Could Helen Gaston have been as Mrs. Ochram what she is as Mrs. Mason? It is not possible!

“Let us again pledge Mrs. George Ochram. She has not been, she never will be, born. She is the one flawless woman, the ever-beautiful ideal.”

Four weeks after I received this letter, dated Paris.

“MY DEAR FRIEND: I reached here after a pleasant passage, and I am delighted to get back. Paris never seemed so attractive. I shall never leave it, for long, again. I am far more contented, I am now convinced, than if I had found Mrs. Mason exactly like the Helen Gaston I had left. Men of imagination are ever doomed to disappointment in marriage. Our truest wives are necessarily ideals. I love Mrs. George Ochram as I have never loved woman. Glorious creature, she is so precious that the gods will keep her with them always!

“GEORGE OCHRAM.”

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NO testimony is more untrustworthy than that which pertains to numbers or proportion. In all questions of mere arithmetic the relation of the lesser to the greater is always, of course, obvious; but in the thousand things of life it is almost impossible for the majority of people to understand that *one* is only the hundredth part of a hundred. They have in these cases one fact before them, and this is all they can measure; the innumerable other facts that grade away from it, to which it bears relation and proportion, seem to be wholly uncomprehended. What we mean is well illustrated by a recent circumstance in Boston. A police-officer there has scandalized the community by asserting that intemperance is a common vice among the ladies of that city. So improbable an accusation scarcely needs refutation; and yet there are persons who seem to be half convinced by the array of evidence produced by the officer referred to. They forget that it is always easy, by bringing isolated facts together, to make for any case a good seeming; and they should know that no testimony is good for anything until it has been well scrutinized by competent persons, until the witness has been cross-examined so as to ascertain upon what facts his evidence has been grounded, and his assertions have been confronted by the testimony of others.

An officer of the police is the least competent of all men to pronounce accurately upon the prevalence of any vice or crime. This may seem at first sight wholly erroneous; crime and vice in all their forms coming continually before him, he ought, some persons will declare, to be the very person most fitted to judge understandingly of their extent and character. But is it not evident that he sees the whole subject in excessive disproportion? The tens of thousands who do not come under his observation lie far off in an uncertain mist, while crime and criminals loom up in the foreground of his mental picture; and, unless he chances to be of a philosophical and analytical turn of mind, he is sure to think of evil as the dominant force in the community. To see things in their true perspective is a rare gift. Just as a wafer held close to the eye will shut out the universe, so may a very inferior circumstance seem to one close to it to possess an immense significance—and yet it is only a wafer after all. The Boston officer who reports the prevalence of intemperance among the Boston ladies has simply lost his sense of proportion: he has seen, possibly, a few instances of the vice in unexpected places and under scandalous circumstances, and has hastily made a wholesale generalization therefrom. It is impossible that it should be otherwise.

This disposition to indict a whole community on the basis of a few special cases is as common as air. As we began by saying, an accurate sense of numbers and proportion is exceptional. Because many Parisians are fond of the *café*, the theatre, and out-of-door life, we hear it widely asserted that Frenchmen have very low domestic

and home instincts; whereas, if we take the whole of France in our survey, it will be found that the domestic instinct throughout the land is very powerful; that home is cherished and guarded; that the family there is held together by affectionate and enduring ties in a manner which other peoples might well study and imitate. In the same way, because boarding-houses in New York City are more numerous than is usual in cities abroad, the whole American people are accused of being addicted to this method of life. The fact that our whole vast country is covered with homesteads, that innumerable villages and towns are made up of independent cottages, that even many of our large cities—Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Brooklyn, being marked instances—are filled with small domiciles, that boarding-houses have as their inmates a large proportion of foreigners—all these facts are nothing. The traveler coming to New York sees under his nose a large number of hotels and boarding-houses, and immediately formulates a generalization to the effect that we are a homeless, undomestic, and consequently an immoral race of people. A similar blundering is evinced in discussions about marriage. Many people will count off a few divorce cases on their fingers, and then promptly condemn the whole institution of marriage to infamy. They cannot for the life of them, as it seems, understand the proportion between an uncounted many and a counted few.

This inability to comprehend the relation of one known instance of crime or vice to the vast number of guiltless people has many other manifestations. The testimony of the classes who collect money—ticket-sellers, conductors, etc.—is often cited as proof of prevalent dishonesty among the people. Car-conductors are in the habit, we are informed, of averring that the desire to avoid paying fare is very general. Now, we deny the competency of the witnesses. We affirm that as a rule they are ignorant, suspicious, coarse-grained, incapable of sifting and verifying their own experiences; that they substitute rough guessing for careful analysis; that they accept exceptional cases as representative ones: and further we are convinced that a little cross-examination would scatter their so-called testimony to the winds. Let one of these fellows be pushed to the wall; let him be asked how many passengers he carries a day, how many each trip, how many of these, not drunkards nor tramps, unequivocally attempt to avoid payment—and the result of these inquiries, skillfully put, would astonish the off-hand accuser.

Nothing is more evident than that people as a rule have a very rough idea of proportion in all social phenomena, and that a great deal of the scandal and accusation current in the world arises from this fact. To see accurately, weigh evidence understandingly, and judge judiciously, are very rare qualities; were this more common, at least half of the world's judgments and opinions would be essentially modified.

It is a maxim of the economists that wages under pressure of competition will always gravitate toward the lowest point under which life can be maintained. So far as economists simply aver in this a fact in the history of labor, no one can gainsay them; but if this maxim is the expression of a necessary fact—if it really be true that the laborer is to be sustained from the products of his labor only to the extent of maintaining the strength out of which these products come—then our civilization needs a radical recasting. But are we right, here in America especially, in assuming this theory to be necessarily true? Are we right in so conducting affairs that it becomes true? Is it not possible for justice, fairness, consideration, that large policy which looks forward to ends remote as well as to ends near, to greatly modify the severe operation of rigid economic law? If the mass of mankind must remain forever wretched drudges, miserably fed, housed, and clothed, compelled to ceaseless labor, deprived of every hope for a brighter future, forced down by a mysterious Juggernaut into the dust, then there has been no progress of civilization worth anything, and Christianity, Freedom, Brotherhood, Enlightenment, Education, are but idle names.

They are not idle names, however, in thousands of things; but they seem to vanish into air when some great industrial question is violently agitating the public mind. Every class of the community, every individual in the community, exists largely by the sufferance of other classes or other individuals. Rigid economic laws do not determine the status, the rewards, the prosperity of any, unless we except the great wage-class. Presidents of corporations, superintendents, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, secretaries, book-keepers, merchants, clerks, these classes are not usually paid under the strict law of competition, and do not hold their places or receive their fees simply at the prices which outside people will consent to accept. A railway brakeman must work for seventy-five cents a day because there is a host of idle fellows who will compete for his place at any price that will save them from absolute starvation; that is, these brakemen must not be permitted to earn their loaf a day because there are starved others who will do the work for half a loaf a day! How would all the well-paid clerical people in every city like to hold their positions under such a pressure as this? And yet this is what is exacted of the laboring class. Old service is to go for nothing; proved fidelity does not count; experience is not considered of market price; nothing weighs in favor of him in possession against the needs and promises of outside claimants. At the best, laborers are not overpaid in any pursuit; and if the tenure of their places must always be uncertain, their earnings continually pressed down to the lowest point, we create not only a discontented but a reckless and dangerous class. Political economy covers only half the field; it asserts how certain forces operate, but it is obvious that certain factors may step in to mitigate the harshness of these laws.

For our part we do not believe that the recent widespread and disastrous railway strikes could have occurred had there been justice and right-doing on the part of the companies. Men inflamed with a sense of injustice are very apt in their resentment to go to excesses; it is indispensable that these excesses should be brought under restraint. It will not do for a moment to permit violence, to allow laborers to dictate by force the prices they shall be paid, to sanction organizations that attempt in unlawful ways to obtain their ends. But while men of ease and position are uttering economic maxims to the work-people, and telling them how inevitable it is that labor, like commodities, must be bought at the lowest possible price, we prefer to address ourselves to that upper class—the class which supplies capital, controls and directs labor—and call it to account for its share in the recent mischief. These gentlemen should see that, unless labor receives its fair reward, unless it is elevated by training, education, and living wages, unless it can enjoy in some just measure its share of the wealth it helps to produce, the future of America will be one of anarchy, of discontented classes, of degraded peasantry; and all the once fair promises of our land come to naught. That is not the happiest land which has the most wealth; the happiest land is that where wealth is the best distributed, where labor is fairly rewarded, where the operations of so-called economic laws are modified by the interposition of such human factors as justice and brotherhood. Those who employ labor, moreover, are morally bound to consider the nature of the material, just as the engineer must be governed by the conditions of steam—they should understand its ignorance, its inflammability, its needs, its deprivations, and its ambitions, and govern with that flexible and watchful law of administration that human nature as well as natural forces exact. Wise leadership rather than arbitrary law will save us from events like those in our recent history.

Are we to go on through all the far future accumulating wealth for the few, and doing nothing to ameliorate the condition of the many? Are our great railways, our extensive mines, our immense mills, to be nothing more than devices to centralize wealth, with no thought among those who control them for the welfare of the toilers who labor night and day for their behoof? Instead of pressing down wages to the lowest point, great corporations should do everything in their power to lift up their work-people, to give them as good wages as profits permit, to promote their comfort and welfare by encouraging coöperation among them, to enlist their zeal and pride, to open ways of preferment; they should stand toward their work-people in some other attitude than that of mere purchasers of muscle, or else they will be sure to reap disorder, insecurity, hatred, and other evils more serious.

WHATEVER the political or military importance of Asia Minor to the Russians, it is of some interest to note that within the limits of their hoped-for conquests in

Asiatic Turkey are very many places of august and memorable traditions in the world's history. For the Turk's possessions east of the Bosphorus include the scenes of many momentous events. If the Russian at last succeeds in conquering them, he will have won what the Crusaders failed to do after an effort which lasted two centuries. The Christians will rule in the Holy Land. With such a conquest, not only Bethlehem and Damascus, Mount Sinai and the banks of the Jordan, but Jerusalem itself, will be crowned by the banners of the Cross. Mount Ararat, too, whence may be said to have grown forth the parent trunk of the religions alike of the Jew, the Mohammedan, and the Christian, would fall into Muscovite hands.

But the historical value of their conquests would not be confined to Palestine and the holy places—to the sacred spots once familiar with the footsteps, voice, and deeds of Christ. Much nearer Constantinople, their battalions would find themselves, perhaps camping on, at least treading, the classic soil of the Troad. Besika Bay, whither the British fleet was lately sent from Greece, is the very inlet, we are assured, where the much feebler barks of Agamemnon, King of Argos, and Menelaus, his brother-in-law, put in, freighted with the doughty Greeks, who were destined to besiege Priam's city. The Russians may find it romantic to bivouac within the excavations of Dr. Schliemann; at all events, the czar could not but feel a thrill of pride at adding to his dominions a site so famous and so consecrated to the veneration of man by the greatest of epics.

In another direction his acquisitions would be scarcely less interesting to the respecter of historical remains. In the long and lovely valley of the Euphrates—that valley by which, we may fairly infer, the Russian hopes one day to penetrate to the Persian Gulf, and thus find at once a *point d'appui* whence, sooner or later, to attack India, and an outlet for that Oriental commerce which he hopes to monopolize—in that valley are ruins as suggestive of mighty traditions, of titanic warriors, of colossal power and arrogant wealth, as any that still remain to attest the towering pride of man. The still stately ruins of Nineveh would become his, and the still not wholly revealed remains of haughty Babylon.

Another famed city of old, now sunk in sloth and decay, would become a portion of his victory. To all who have read—and to be pitted is he or she who has not, in childhood or youth—"The Arabian Nights," the name of Bagdad will always fall pleasantly and romantically upon the ear. As the city of the good Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, it is dear to the millions who have greedily devoured those marvelous tales. Bagdad, too, would become Russian. The birthplace of Homer, as well as the memorable scene of his *Iliad*, would pass from the Moslem to the Christian; and Aleppo, and other once great and thriving seaports of the eastern Mediterranean, together with Cyprus, that realm of romance and beauty, would change hands.

To the antiquary and archæologist this transfer of the dominion of the teeming East would be welcome.

It is probable that under Russian rule obstacles would no longer be put in the way of those researches and excavations which will some day bring to light many marvels of those departed empires, and make us more familiar with the men of old. We should probably see the walls of Jerusalem wholly revealed; the secrets beneath the soil of Babylon would become open facts; and in many places, now held as a sealed book by Turkish jealousy and dog-in-the-manger obstinacy, revelations would result from the indefatigable toils of new Schliemanns and Cesnolas illuminating periods intensely interesting to modern Christendom, as being periods during which the faith of the Christian was founded and nourished. Thus the present war may bring its contribution to learning, gained, however, at a terrible and cruel cost.

It would be a curious speculation to estimate the number of people who gain their livings by ministering to the human vanity and passion to improve the personal appearance. At least one-half of quackdom must be employed, if not in "beautifying forever," at least in removing deformities and enabling men and women to present a false front to the world. Civilization is the prolific mother of new trades and enterprises; and not the least curious among the shifts by which the ingenious put money in their purses are those which profess to remould that in the human form which Nature has left unsightly, imperfect, or inconvenient. An ingenious and speculative French doctor lately announced that by a process of shampooing he could reduce obesity the most distressing to not only convenient but comely proportions. The French, if we may credit an old English maxim, used to be regarded as a slender race; but it appears that there are corpulent Gauls, sighing, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" and ready to welcome with open arms a successful melting of it. Be it observed that the doctor's task was a far more difficult one than the art which is its exact counterpart. To fill out what Mantalini rather pathetically called "a demned outline," to fatten thinness, to round off the hollows of cadaverousness, is, to be sure, a matter requiring taste and exactness, and an artistic eye to proportion and to the due importance of the curve as a line of beauty.

Yet it is easy to see that such an art may be and is cultivated to a high degree of perfection. The skillful maker-up of the human form is dismayed by no sudden failure of flesh; no hollow defies his ability to fill out and round off; he can turn death-like pallor and bilious yellowness into the fresh and roseate hue of youth; he can make the veriest skeleton into a Falstaff or a Henry VIII., wipe the wrinkles from age; nay, he can make a Prussian grenadier of a dwarf, and a giant of a ghost.

But the most artful of stage makers-up find a limit when they come to transform a subject which is unfortunately all too fat; no amount of painting, lacing, costuming, can reduce the too solid flesh; and the actor must be brave who, being fat, ventures upon the rôle of a gloomily-romantic *Hamlet* or a sentimental *Romeo*. The French doctor, however, was sure of his shampoo-

ing; and a certain "celebrated and charming actress," Mademoiselle Montaland, full of *esprit*, of histrionic fire and sentimentality, with a face that, properly reduced, would undoubtedly be more than comely, but balked of her ambition by an ever-increasing stoutness, appealed confidently to his assistance. Fatness is unheroic; where in all history is a really fat hero—or in romance either? Byron seriously injured his health trying to keep thin; Napoleon only became fat when he had ceased to be heroic. Mademoiselle Montaland therefore submitted herself to the shampooing process of the doctor; she went through it day by day for weeks; but the flesh melted not, and, after she had submitted to the "method" two hundred and fifty times, the scales showed no diminution of flesh. The doctor sued her for five hundred dollars; in defense, Mademoiselle Montaland showed herself in court, and convinced the jury beyond peradventure that she was as fat as ever; and the doctor lost his case. So, if the lady did not lose her flesh, at least neither did she her lawsuit. If her example could induce people the world over not to confide too easily in extraordinary methods of altering the law which Nature has ordained for the body of each, it would not have been given to the world in vain. But it is to be feared that the vanity of our kind is incorrigible. As long as people are so bent on looking well that they will submit to tortures from which the early Christians might have shrunk, in order to get rid of or to alter an unsightly feature, all sorts of quackery will thrive upon their credulity.

THE seeker after summer pleasures need not be at a loss where to go or how he may amuse himself in these days of minute detail in the way of advice and instruction in the magazines and papers; or rather perhaps he will be perplexed by the very *embarras de richesses* in counsel which on every hand meets his eye. The guide-book; the seductive advertisement, eloquent in promises; the alluring illustrated paper, idealizing the sports of the country and the scenery of favorite haunts—supply him with more than ample materials for choice, both as to the place of his sojourn and as to the manner of spending his time after he has ensconced himself in it. But, after all this bewildering wealth of information, the wise

man who seeks in vacation that true, restful pleasure which best recuperates and best fits for the resumption of his world-work, will be shy of trusting to the taste and experience of others. If he is so situated that he can be selfish—if he is not obliged, in conjugal or parental decency, to take madame to Long Branch or the girls to Saratoga—he will do better not to bind himself to any cast-iron plan at all, or set out upon any venture for vanity's sake, or in search of pleasure with which he is not already familiar.

A man enjoys himself best who simply drifts to the place most suited to his taste, and permits the current of events to bring him his favorite sports; who lets these come upon him as a sudden thought, or as suggested by some occurrence arising without his volition. People who go to one place because it is fashionable, to another to say that they have been there, to a third to essay a sport for which they really have no taste, but into which they have been seduced by a glowing description or the importunities of an enthusiastic friend, are very likely to have, after all, a dreary time of it. So, too, let the angler or the sportsman, who has already enjoyed the delights of beating the forest or depopulating the brook, not be in too much haste to change his system, because somebody has assumed to become a *doctrinaire* in the pages of a periodical on the subject of trout-fishing or partridge-shooting. Too much system in an amusement is very apt to spoil it. We are reminded of this by several articles that have recently appeared on the subject of trout-fishing. This, to thousands, is the most delightful and refreshing of all sports; but it is becoming, what with strange devices of tackle, method, and piscatorial learning, a fearfully complicated science. Izaak Walton would surely laugh to scorn much of the painfully-detailed instruction that is thrust upon the bewildered wight who simply desires to "go a-fishing" as a matter of recreation and reverie, and who looks with something like dread upon the necessity of making a complicated business of catching a trout. He will do better to ignore all scientific instruction; to cut his forest-pole without fear; to bait his hook confidently in the way his own experience has suggested; and, catching such fish as he may without too much trouble or skill, to go home contentedly and eat them.

Books of the Day.

FEW men in any walk of life have been the subject of such conflicting estimates as the late Edwin Forrest. By the great body of his admirers he was vociferously pronounced the greatest, most powerful, and most impressive actor that ever donned the buskin; while throughout his career a small but influential portion of the refined public always maintained that, though gifted with commanding original force, he was deficient in artistic finish; and a still larger class, made up partly of personal enemies and detractors, assailed him with every species of ridicule, and affected to consider him a mere vulgar ranter, whose robust *physique*, stentorian

lungs, and brazen self-assertion, constituted his only claims to professional notice. At the very time when he was the recipient of public dinners, medals, orations, and such honors as have never been accorded to an actor before or since, he was persistently attacked as an injury to the stage, and declared to be "a false leader, an oppression, a bad model, and a corrupter of the popular taste." Now that he has gone, however, and it is realized what a gap his absence has left on our stage, the sober second thought of the community is making its way, and it would now be generally conceded that, if not entitled to a place in the slender ranks of the very best

interpreters of the dramatic art, he was incomparably the greatest actor that America has produced.

Nor was this diversity of view confined to his professional qualities; his private character was for many years the subject of general and acrimonious discussion. In many circles where he was personally unknown he was commonly described as a selfish and unprincipled despot, a man of coarse and low tastes, a violent ruffian, a sordid accumulator of wealth, valuing his art only as a means of personal enrichment and glorification, and a haughty despiser of his theatrical brothers and sisters; while his intimate friends and associates were equally zealous in declaring him to be a cultivated, scrupulous, and high-toned gentleman, a man of remarkable intellectual vigor and tender sensibilities as well as of violent passions, a devoted friend if an unrelenting enemy, lavishly generous to any person or object that appealed to his sympathies, with the keenest pride in his profession, and a lofty standard of professional attainment.

These conflicting opinions were freely expressed as well before as after Forrest's death, and have done much to confuse the public judgment; but at last, in Mr. Alger's authorized biography,¹ we have abundant materials for an accurate and impartial estimate. It was announced immediately after Forrest's death that Mr. Alger had been designated as his biographer, and would enter at once upon his task, and considerable impatience has been felt at the long-protracted delay in its performance; but, aside from Mr. Alger's plea of ill-health, the work itself carries abundant evidence that it could not have been the result of hasty preparation and rapid composition. Four years is none too much time to bestow upon two such plethoric volumes, which, besides an extraordinarily copious and painstaking narrative of Forrest's private and professional life, include profound and scholarly treatises on the origin, character, and uses of the dramatic art, on the theory and philosophy of the stage, on the various schools and types of acting, on the true standard of dramatic criticism, on the professional character of the player and his relation to other professions, and on the future of the drama; to say nothing of countless comments and observations on every topic of human interest, from the reality of a future life and the philosophy of marriage to the nature of rheumatism and the principles of physical culture. There is material enough in the volumes for at least three separate and independent works; and perhaps it would have been wiser for Mr. Alger and more satisfactory to his readers if he had made such a distribution. No cultured and appreciative student of the dramatic art would be willing wholly to discard the essays on the subjects we have enumerated, and to a few they will prove the most valuable and permanently attractive features of the work; but even these few will be disposed to resent the manner in which they are interpolated into the biography proper, while many readers who would have been delighted with Mr. Alger's vivid and brilliant narrative of Forrest's life will be discouraged and repelled by the voluminousness of the work and by the scholarly learning with which a great part of it is filled. It is no sufficient answer to this to say that the work is not addressed to such readers; for its avowed object is to clarify and perpetuate the name and fame of Edwin Forrest, and it is an unquestionable fact that nine-tenths of those whose approbation and applause gave Forrest his reputation would be utterly indif-

ferent to Mr. Alger's theories and nice scientific distinctions, and could under no circumstances be induced to read them. We greatly fear that the very conscientiousness and laboriousness with which Mr. Alger has performed his work will go far to defeat its main object; and we take the liberty of suggesting to him that, when the book in its present form has reached the natural limits of its audience, it will be highly desirable that a popular edition, divested of the essays that now distract the attention and break the continuity of the narrative, should be offered to that large "general public" which can be easily interested in the life of Forrest as a man and in his career as an actor, but which cannot be induced to bear the stress of thought which Mr. Alger lays upon his readers in his elaborate discussions of the principles, methods, and philosophy, of the dramatic art. Seldom has the life of any man been told in such vivid, impressive, and opulent language, and the narrative portions of the work, presented separately from the rest, would delight all classes of readers, who would be attracted as much by the beauty of the style as by the interest of the story.

Regarding the biography as a whole we may say that it partakes of the character of its subject, in that its merits and defects are alike on a conspicuous and striking scale. It would be easy to criticise it, and to point out several particulars in which the author seems to have transcended any rational theory of a biographer's function; but, in despite of all faults, it is the most brilliant and imposing literary monument ever erected to the memory of an actor.

SOCIAL satire, rather than story-telling proper, is the predominant motive of Turgénieff's "*Virgin Soil*,"¹ which is a novel only in form. In substance it is a typical history of the origin, development, and defeat, of one of those abortive conspiracies against the Government and the existing social order which are so frequent in Russia, as in all despotic countries; and its interest as well as its value arises chiefly from the extraordinary vividness with which it depicts the complicated structure, the rigid stratification, the antagonistic interests, and the chronic grievances, of Russian society. In this respect, "*Virgin Soil*" is a by no means unimportant complement to Mr. Wallace's illuminating work; though Turgénieff approaches the subject from a view-point totally different from that of an impartial and dispassionate describer. His object is to awaken the national conscience, to expose shortcomings and abuses, to lash ignorance and folly, and to confound the fools of various orders by showing them how pitiful they look when judged by a nobler and broader standard than that which they so complacently apply; and the satire which he chooses for his instrument in this case is as poignant as the wit in his previous works has been brilliant. Nothing could exceed in artistic deftness and skill the caustic realism with which he portrays the representative classes of modern Russian society—the aggressively supercilious and graspingly selfish noble, the self-complacent and serenely stupid official, the arrogant military caste, the vulgarly egotistic and greedy merchant, the social agitators, with their mingled folly and generous enthusiasm, and, last of all, the peasants with their animal-like ignorance, sluggishness, and torpidity. For the two latter classes, Turgénieff evidently feels a cordial sympathy, notwithstanding the relentless severity with which he lays bare their

¹ *Life of Edwin Forrest, the American Tragedian*. By the Rev. William Rounsville Alger. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. Two Volumes. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 864. Sold only by subscription.

¹ *Virgin Soil*. By Ivan Turgénieff. Translated, with the Author's Sanction, from the French Version, by T. S. Perry. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 315.

faults; and beneath all the biting and scorn there is a stratum of genuine feeling, which shows that he does not, like too many satirists, indulge his satire for the love of it, but uses it as an effective instrument for the accomplishment of higher good. Now and then, indeed, the denunciation loses its fierceness and takes on the tones of indignant sorrow, as in the following apostrophe, which is put in the mouth of the hero of the story: "Our people has become free, but its hand, as of yore, hangs powerless by its side. Nothing, nothing is changed. In one respect alone have we surpassed Europe, Asia, the whole world. No, my dear fellow-countrymen have never slept so terrible a sleep. Every one is asleep: everywhere in the village, the city, in the *talega*, the sleigh, day and night, sitting and standing—the merchant, the *tchinovnik* sleeps; in his tower sleeps the watchman, under the cold of the snows, beneath the heat of the sun. And the criminal sleeps and the judge slumbers; the peasants are sleeping the sleep of death; they gather in the harvest, they toil in the fields—they sleep; they thrash the corn, still sleeping; father, mother, and children, all asleep. He who beats and he who is beaten, both sleep. The tavern alone is awake, its eye always open. And, claspings between its five fingers a jug of brandy, its head toward the north-pole, its feet at the Caucasus, sleeps in an eternal sleep—Russia, the holy country!"

Of course, in a work with a purpose such as we have indicated, the story is a comparatively subordinate matter; yet in the present case the story is not without interest of itself, and it is told with the author's characteristic power, and ease, and finish. The end is penetratingly sad and tragic, but it is not depressing, and the book is, on the whole, less calculated to cause us to despond than is customary with Turgénieff's stories. For one thing the hero is actuated by higher motives than usual—his very failure is a kind of triumph; and he does what we had almost concluded that Turgénieff held to be impossible—namely, resists successfully the seductions of a beautiful and unprincipled woman.

It is not the least of the misfortunes of Edgar Allan Poe that, in order to rehabilitate his name and fame, his admirers appear to find it necessary to assail the character and impugn the motives of nearly everybody who had anything to do with him. It is not surprising that Dr. Griswold should be to them an object of bitter hostility. There can no longer be any doubt that Griswold not only, as was to have been expected, misunderstood and misinterpreted Poe, but grossly and shamefully calumniated him, deliberately inventing incidents and circumstances that would lend support to his view of Poe's character, and as deliberately suppressing or ignoring evidence that would seem to demand a more lenient judgment. He betrayed the trust confided in him as literary executor by traducing and vilifying a name which it was peculiarly his duty to protect; and he did this, so far as can be gathered from existing evidence, in order to gratify a mean personal spite and despicable professional envy.

It was certainly very unfortunate and not a little discreditable that the only authorized edition of Poe's works should for so long a period have been accompanied by Griswold's calumnious memoir, and the character of that memoir should undoubtedly be exposed and denounced as long as any one shows any symptoms of being misled by it; but it is painful to find that Mr. W. F. Gill's long-heralded "Life of Poe"¹ has been com-

pletely spoiled by a misconception of the manner in which such an exposure can be most effectually made. Through many portions of the volume it is difficult to decide whether the author's primary intent is to narrate the life of Poe or to vituperate Griswold, and the whole tone of the work is vulgarized and lowered by the incessant recurrence to a subject that is rendered doubly disagreeable by the manner of treating it. The proper way and the only way to discredit and supersede Griswold's "lying memoir" is to provide a new, authentic, and obviously trustworthy biography of Poe—a biography which shall satisfy by the fairness and frankness of its tone as well as by the completeness of its information; but Mr. Gill is as misleading in one direction as Griswold is in another, and perhaps with less excuse. Nothing can be gained at this late day by attempting to ignore or palliate the undeniable vices and weaknesses of Poe's character and conduct. If his fame has steadily grown and widened in spite of Griswold's misrepresentations, it can certainly now stand a plain presentment of the truth; and in one whose faults wrought chiefly his own hurt, the public would readily forgive even if it could not extenuate.

This is the chief fault of Mr. Gill's work, but it is by no means the only one. He is disingenuous from beginning to end, and not seldom urges propositions which the judgment of a child would reject, and which are an insult to the intelligence of his readers. As a characteristic specimen of this disingenuousness, we may cite his treatment of that melancholy episode in Poe's life, when, after issuing prospectuses of his new magazine, *The Stylus*, he went to Washington, on money furnished by his partner, to enlist the support of the President, cabinet officers, and other public men, in behalf of his enterprise. The plain facts are, that he succumbed to a debauch immediately after reaching Washington, wrote false statements to his partner, never saw the President or any other respectable men, and had to be taken away by his friends in order to save him from utter disgrace. All these facts appear in Mr. Gill's narrative or in the letters which he is compelled to insert, and yet he has the audacity to intimate that it was the harsh and unsympathetic reception he met that drove him to drink, and to say, "There is little reason to doubt that his failure to secure the influential support so essential to his material success was mainly due to the jealous, unappreciative atmosphere of the politicians among whom he vainly worked!" Nor is this by any means a solitary instance. While obliged to admit that Poe indulged periodically in furious debauches, and that nothing could restrain him from these, Mr. Gill resents any intimation that they injuriously influenced his professional career, and seems disposed to throw upon society at large the blame for Poe's failure and sufferings. Another serious defect of the book arises from the author's reluctance or neglect to give dates. There are several important and disputed questions concerning Poe's career which a few easily-ascertained dates would effectually settle, but Mr. Gill here, as elsewhere, requires us to take his bare assertion.

There are a few fresh facts and some interesting *ana* and letters in Mr. Gill's book, and these constitute its principal claim to favorable notice. As a collection of "Poe material" it will prove useful to the future biographer, but no one will accept it as an adequate delineation of the most subtle and perplexing genius that has arisen in American letters.

¹ The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By William F. Gill. Illustrated. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co. 12mo, pp. 315.

It would hardly be premature to say that the "No-Name Series" has substantially failed to fulfill the an-

nouncement that its contents would be from the pens of "eminent authors"—eminent authors, probably, being not indisposed to reap the advantages of an established name and fame; but it has certainly been remarkably successful in enlisting new talent. "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" we take to have been, if not precisely the work of a 'prentice-hand, at least the first serious attempt of the author in the peculiar field of fiction which it illustrates, and as such was quite worthy of the attention which it attracted; "Deirdrè," though it has been absurdly overpraised, reached above the dead level of current verse; "Kismet" fulfilled almost all the conditions of a deserved popularity; and now in the latest volume of the series we have a work from an unfamiliar and probably new hand, which is decidedly noteworthy as an achievement and of still more decided promise. "Afterglow"¹ derives a somewhat factitious freshness and interest from the circumstance of its scene being laid in Dresden, and from the chief members of its *dramatis personæ* being taken from the "American colony" there and its native hangers-on; but the distinguishing merits of the story are quite independent of its accessories, appropriate and well-imagined as these are, and lie in the dramatic force and delicate insight of the character-drawing, and in a nameless originality and piquancy of style. Though the author is probably a novice in such work, he has a well-justified confidence in his own powers and predilections, and makes no pretense of bowing to conventional methods and models. The dominant psychological school has had small influence upon him, and he portrays in a paragraph the varied gradations of a mental process to the delineation of which most current fiction-writers would devote whole chapters and then leave it with reluctance. It is a story in which the analysis of motive and the representation of resultant action are adjusted to each other with something of the skill and artistic sense of proportion that characterize the best French fiction, or that may be observed in Fielding's work, though in other respects there is little affinity between our author's method and that of Fielding. In one respect, indeed, there is complete contrast; for the refinement of thought and luminous grace of style in "Afterglow" often suggest the idea that the author is a woman—an idea that would seem to be confirmed by the fact that the female personages of the story are much better drawn than the male. Such is not the conclusion, however, that the reader will extract from the work as a whole; a more plausible inference is that the author has recently participated in student-life at Dresden, and has surveyed with a keen eye both the manners and characters of the natives and those of the several foreign colonies that for various reasons have congregated in the little Saxon capital.

Somehow we get the impression that "Afterglow" is a mere episode in the performance of one who will devote himself to more serious and solid work; but if the impulse which produced it should prove to be a genuine natural bent, we make bold to predict that the book marks the advent of a new and original force in American fiction.

THE decided promise held out by Miss Butt in "Miss Molly" is hardly fulfilled in "Eugénie,"² which is in several respects a much less satisfactory work. There is

the same *naïve* freshness of treatment, and the same sparkling grace of style, but in her first work the author was dealing with scenes and characters with which she was familiar, and to which, therefore, she could impart an individual and distinctive flavor, while in "Eugénie" she is exploring an unfamiliar field, and substituting "types" for persons. The scene of the story is laid in France, and Miss Butt evidently knows nothing of France, or at least not enough to enable her to give local color to Tourville, which might just as plausibly have been placed in England, or Italy, or the United States. The introduction of a German in contrast or rivalry with a Frenchman only serves to show that her idea of the difference between the two nationalities is that a German is good-natured, and boyish, and hearty, while a Frenchman is formal, and punctilious, and mature; and the two young ladies, though pleasing, and natural, and gracious, as all Miss Butt's feminine creationns are, are not French at all, but unmistakably English. Fortunately, however, whatever of dramatic interest the story possesses is not at all dependent upon the *locale* or nationality of the actors in it; and it is only when we perceive that the author has seriously attempted to portray French character and modes of life that we have any sense of failure. Perhaps the gravest artistic blemish upon "Eugénie," in comparison with "Miss Molly," is that in it the author has strayed from the easy highway of social portraiture, and striven to penetrate the lurid mazes of tragedy and passion. This ground is not only unfamiliar to her, but absolutely unknown, and the book is haunted by pale ghosts of wrong and dim shadows of retribution—such conceptions of "sin" as might be evolved from the consciousness of a young girl whose idea of the world—its wickedness and its wretchedness—is drawn from her own innocent heart. Miss Butt is evidently very young, and as innocent and artless as one of her own gentle heroines.

THE reader who, fresh from his trip through the Holy Land and the Levant, with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, takes up Mr. T. G. Appleton's "Syrian Sunshine,"¹ will be apt to institute comparisons between the two works which will be somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter, though in reality, read in this way, one following close upon the other, they have the zest of contrast. Without partaking in any sense of the character of a guide-book, Mr. Warner's book is sufficiently detailed in its descriptions for all the purposes of the stay-at-home reader, and will subserve nearly all the requirements of the traveler; Mr. Appleton hardly indulges at all in objective description, and his book is evidently a reproduction, after a considerable interval, of the more salient impressions left upon his mind by the tour of Palestine and Syria, from Joppa to Jerusalem, and back again to the coast by way of the Sea of Galilee, Damascus, and Beyrout, together with the thoughts suggested by these impressions. We catch no glimpse of anything except through the author's own eyes, and more often than not the picture we are invited to contemplate is not that he actually looked upon but that reflected in his consciousness on a retrospective view. The book seems to be addressed rather to those who have personally made the tour, or who are familiar by reading with all the features of the scene, than to those whose conceptions are to be furnished *ab initio*; and not seldom a chapter whose title seems to promise much in the way of description is almost wholly occupied with

¹ Afterglow. No-Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 316.

² Eugénie. By Beatrice May Butt, author of "Miss Molly." Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 234.

¹ Syrian Sunshine. By T. G. Appleton. Town and Country Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 308.

theological, metaphysical, or historical speculations, suggested by the name or the scene. Whatever the subject, however, the interest rarely flags, as the touch of the author is too light and glancing to permit him to become tedious. Mr. Appleton's style is vivid, and pointed, and epigrammatic, possessing the good qualities of sparkling, vivacious, and intelligent talk, rather than of formal and deliberate composition.

FOR a period considerably longer than that spent on stubborn Troy, well-informed novel-readers have enjoyed in Mr. Trollope's novels an effective antidote to the long-drawn dullness of summer days, on the homœopathic principle of curing like with like. Provided with one or two of his mildly-interesting, placid, ambling, and interminable stories, the summer lounge may contemplate with serene indifference the slow-creeping movement of the hours and the days, and if at the end of the period he is apt to feel that he has been nourished mentally on a milk-and-water diet, he can find ready consolation in the reflection that it was of a kind specially adapted to the season. It makes little difference which of Mr. Trollope's stories may be selected. With two or three exceptions among his earlier works they are all alike, and the newly-published "American Senator"¹ will answer as well as any of its recent predecessors. The scene of this story is not laid in America, as would naturally be inferred from its title. During the entire period covered by the narrative the Senator is in England, collecting material for a lecture, and making himself ridiculous in a certain large and ponderous way which will strike the reader rather as characteristically English than American. The character of the Hon. Elias Gotobed is carefully studied, and is delineated with tireless (not to say tiresome) minuteness; but it is too exaggerated for a portrait and too serious for a mere caricature. To depict such a character successfully requires some sense of humor on the part of the author; and in this Mr. Trollope, with all his insinuating satire and delicate irony, is altogether deficient. In the Senator from the State of Mekewe he has drawn a very dull, pompous, and prosaic person, but apparently without knowing it. For the rest the story has the usual amount of tepid love-making, of veiled social satire, and of smooth small-talk, and finally comes to an end without the reader being able to see anything in the nature of things why it should not amble along in the same way forever.

WIDE reading, a retentive memory, and great fluency of style, are the distinguishing characteristics of Professor William Mathews's works—of "Hours with Men and Books"² no less than of the volumes that have preceded it. Any topic whatever is sufficient to start him off upon a string of lively comments and illustrative quotations; and the four books he has published probably contain the largest collection of literary anecdotes, epigrams, apothegms, and *jeux d'esprit*, ever brought together by a single writer. There is little originality of thought, and his remarks, though judicious and sensible,

are apt to be a trifle commonplace; but he is never at a loss for an apposite story or saying, and he weaves these together with such skill that even the most familiar derive a sort of novelty from their setting. The present volume is a collection of miscellaneous essays, ranging in character from careful biographical and critical studies of Thomas De Quincey and Robert South to cursory chit-chat about "Moral Grahamism," "Book-Buying," "The Illusions of History," "Literary Triflers," "Working by Rule," and "The Morality of Good Living." A desire to furnish wholesome and refined entertainment is the inspiring motive of the greater part of the contents; but now and then the author becomes didactic, and in such papers as "Strength and Health," and "Writing for the Press," offers his public some sound and practical advice.

AN American Tauchnitz series—in other words, a "Collection of Foreign Authors," which shall include selections from the best current literature of France, Germany, and other European countries—the word "foreign" being used in the sense of "non-English"—has just been begun by D. Appleton & Co. The initial volume of the series is entitled "Samuel Brohl and Company,"¹ and is a translation from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. "Joseph Noirel's Revenge," the only other novel by which M. Cherbuliez is widely known to American readers, was of an intensely tragic character, and seemed to indicate that the author's forte lay in dealing with the darker and fiercer passions of human nature; but the present story is of the purely society type, and is as attractive in its easy grace and sparkling vivacity as "Joseph Noirel's Revenge" was fascinating in its gloomy but impressive delineations of the terrible workings of revenge and hate. M. Cherbuliez is a prime favorite with the cultivated and cosmopolitan readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and his stories illustrate French fiction at its highest and best. They are wholly free from that moral taint which so widely pervades current French literature; they portray domestic life in its purer and more natural aspects; they deal by preference with the arch gayety and innocence of youth rather than with the artificial vices of world-weary cynics; and they are as artistic in design, as skillful in execution, as fresh, piquant, sparkling, and vivacious in style, as the better class of French novels always are. "Samuel Brohl and Company" makes a favorable exhibit of all these qualities. Mademoiselle Moriaz is as charming and winning as one of Mrs. Oliphant's English heroines; and the social adventurer has never been more happily introduced into fiction than in the person of Samuel Brohl. The minor characters are all vividly portrayed, the descriptions are natural and effective, and the style has an indescribable pungency and wittiness which cannot be wholly lost even in translation. It is just the book for a quiet summer day, for a ride in the cars, for a snug corner in the satchel or pocket; and if appreciative friends are at hand there are many passages which one will be tempted to read aloud. In outward appearance the volume bears a general resemblance to the well-known Tauchnitz editions, but it is printed in larger type and on better paper.

¹ The American Senator. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 190.

² Hours with Men and Books. By Professor William Mathews, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 12mo, pp. 384.

¹ Collection of Foreign Authors. No. I. Samuel Brohl and Company. Translated from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 271.

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DONNER LAKE.

"With Wheeler in the Sierras."

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

WITH WHEELER IN THE SIERRAS.

HOW pleasant it seems now through the retrospective medium of these imponderable wreaths of mystic blue smoke which wind from the glowing tip of my cigar! The present is pleasant as I look from a *café* window upon the evening crowd of up-

body; and all the world seemed to be as it might actually be were it subjected to a cold-water plunge and a vigorous application of rough towel.

Now, as I write, it is metropolitan May; every window is agape to ensnare the wind which coquettes



LAKE TAHOE.

per Broadway; but how much more preferable and pleasant were the days spent with Wheeler in the Sierras—seen through the glamour of smoke! The mornings were delightfully cool; the appetite was keen; the mind responded to the activity of the

through the close city streets; a fierce tropic summer threatens; and, as I look back to my experiences of last season with the Geographical Survey, under Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, they make me long again for the field.

But what unmitigated roughness it was in reality—this campaign in the Sierras of California and Nevada!—how merciless and invariable was the gruff order of the commandant to “turn out” on the frozen mornings, almost before the sun himself had turned out of his bath in the Atlantic, and while he had yet nearly the whole breadth of the continent to bend himself over; how tantalizing and unsatisfactory was the mess of bacon and bread set forth from day to day, with no other apology or credential than the fact that it was “army rations;” how dreary the marches occasionally were when the roads and trails were loaded with dust, or worse, with mud; and how irresistibly charming the cigar and the outlook which we are now enjoying were in prospective!

The illusions of retrospect and prospectiveness aside, however, the indisputable fact remains that a Government surveyor's life in the far West is one of almost incredible severity. Cameron, in the African desert, had a more comfortable outfit than we had. An oil-cloth spread on the ground for our table, chairs and tables being dispensed with; a small shelter or “dog” tent for a covering in stormy weather, and the sky itself for a canopy in fine; a sponge, a tooth-brush, and a soap-box, rolled up in the blankets for toilet service, with possibly, in some cases, a few inches of looking-glass and a pocket-comb added; the imperative necessity of doing everything for one's self, from the grooming of one's mule to the making of one's bed; the transposition of all ordinary conditions, and the subversion of one's independence to a sharp system of military discipline—these are some of the hardships which the hundreds of young men who importune Lieutenant Wheeler for positions on his survey might expect should their applications meet with a favorable response.

Per contra are the enjoyments, of which I have already mentioned a few—the invigoration of outdoor life, the anti-dyspeptic atmosphere, and the freedom from conventional restraints. The satisfaction of sprawling under a pine-tree after supper, with no clothes to spoil, and no ceremonies to observe—with a brave day's work done, and a sound night's sleep ahead to a certainty—is compensation for much misery. There are not many chances for sport; and unless the game intrudes itself in the neighborhood of camp, or across the trail, one may carry a carbine and a shot-gun on his saddle for weeks without finding an opportunity to use either. The professional zoölogist who accompanies the party usually has a monopoly of the hunting expeditions; and when one small trout has been the result of an hour's angling by a brook or lake side, the same individual has inconsiderately bottled it in alcohol for the Smithsonian, to the great dissatisfaction of a mess surfeited with unimaginable grease. Occasionally the game is abundant, and then, if the cook knows his business, we fare better. But the principal recompense for the hardships is the opportunity afforded for intimate communication with Nature.

Last year one of Lieutenant Wheeler's parties had an area to survey which included the most im-

portant of the Alpine lakes in the mountainous boundary of Nevada and California—among others being the largest of all, Lake Tahoe, which is embosomed at a height of over six thousand feet among a snow-clad chain of sharply-accentuated peaks. A little passenger-steamer, named the Governor Stanford, makes the round of the lake daily in summer—a distance of about sixty miles—and the tourists who patronize her imagine, after thus skimming its surface, that they have seen Tahoe. What utter fatuity!

We were encamped upon its shores for nearly two months, in a mellow September and in a threatening October. We followed all its many indentations, now building our camp-fires near a grassy flat, upon which teal, mallard, and canvas-backs, were plentiful; then on the edge of a cliff, crowded by the lusty pines; then on one of the neighboring peaks, from which the panorama of the lake and its frame of evergreens was complete; and, finally, on a strip of really golden sand, interwoven with a mosaic of agates and carnelians.

Each day—the wet days, which played *andantes* on the roofs of our tents; the hazy days, when the air seemed to be surcharged with fine particles of gold; and the clear days, when atmosphere and space together were annihilated—every day revealed a new charm; but the charms were not measured by the days, nor even by the hours; the changes of light from the warming amber of morning to the transcendent strength of noon, and from the mild ardor of four o'clock to the fever of sunset, wrought transformations in color and sometimes in form with such variety that Nature herself seemed to be transformed into a teller of stories more poetic and fertile than the dark author of the “Arabian Nights.”

A terrible clamor is often turned against artists because this or that point in the mathematical topography of their landscapes does not coincide with the critic's personal idea of it. “It is not true,” cries Sir Fretful, because the artist has seen the object portrayed in a different light, and possibly from another point of view than that from which he has seen it. Let us force art into the smallest corner of literality, however, and never say a word about the relative meritoriousness of the man who paints like Turner and the man who paints like a photographer—the fact remains that Nature herself varies, and that fact was never before so strongly impressed upon us as it was by the countless possibilities of dissimilar interpretation shown in the protean revelations of Lake Tahoe.

From an outfitting camp at Carson we crossed the eastern divide of the Sierras, and made our second camp at Glenbrook, which is the largest of the six settlements on the shore of the lake, the others being named Rowland's, Tallac, McKinney's, Tahoe City, and Hot Springs. Glenbrook also fixes itself in one's memory as a temperance town, the only one, except Greeley, Colorado, that I remember finding west of the one hundredth meridian; but immediately outside the municipal limits of Glenbrook is Spooner's Ranch, to which the lumbermen ride over

on Saturday nights through the cañon-road. Spooner is a Canadian, and Spooner dispenses fire-water of the most inflammatory kind.

which, once clothed from head to foot in pines, is being denuded to supply the Comstock mines with fuel for their hoisting apparatus and supports for



THE SIERRAS.

The lumber interest and the lumbermen sustain Glenbrook and all the neighboring settlements. They are seen nearly everywhere in this beautiful region,

their excavations. Penetrating a pine-forest to its heart, we find an industrious gang of Vandals blasting trees out of beds upon which a tangle of roots

seems to have fastened for eternity; and, standing upon the foot-hills, we hear the sibilant grind of the saw-mills, the crash of axes, and the dull reverberations of the blast. Following one of the many devious wagon-roads—one out of use, for instance—we come to a great gap, where a deserted cabin and a curious litter of chips and shavings represent a forest sacrificed; following another road still in use, we discover the lumbermen at work carrying the havoc farther.

On one side of Lake Tahoe a steam railway several miles long is used exclusively in the transportation of logs to the shore; the logs are towed in immense rafts across the water to Glenbrook, where they pass through the saw-mills; and thence another steam railway, also used exclusively in the lumber service, extends to the summit of the divide. Down the eastern slope of the mountains, leading to the Carson River, flumes twenty and thirty miles long are carried over valleys and ravines on high trestle-work bridges, and the wood is floated through them over another stage of its journey toward the mines.

One morning as I was riding through the Truckee Cañon, a great wave and a cloud of spray leaped from the river into the air some distance in front of me. I went a few paces farther, when, by the merest chance, my eye caught what was intended to be a sign—the lid of a baking-powder box tacked to a pine-stump, and inscribed with dubious letters, "Look out for the logs!" In which direction the logs were to be looked out for was not intimated, and I paused a moment in uncertainty as to whether security depended on my standing still or advancing. Suddenly my mule shied round, and a tremendous pine-log, eighty or one hundred feet long and about five feet in diameter, shot down the almost perpendicular wall of the cañon into the river, raising another wave and an avalanche of spray.

This was to me a new phase of the lumber industry. A wide, strong, V-shaped trough, bound with ribbons of iron which had been worn to a silvery brightness by the friction, was laid down the precipice; and out of sight on the plateau above some men were felling the trees, which they conveyed to the river in the expeditious manner aforesaid.

On another morning a runaway mule caused us a wild chase over a range of hills wholly cleared of trees and dotted with forlorn cabins, which had been successively abandoned as the lumbermen had moved from camp to camp. While the Comstock lode continues to yield its enormous treasure, the denudation will continue, and whoever knows how beautiful the shores of Lake Tahoe are must regret that they have not been reserved, like the Yellowstone and Yosemite valleys, as a national park.

Seen from the deck of the steamboat and from the summits of the surrounding mountains, the banks of the lake are a prevailing brown. At these distances, the luxuriance of the vegetation cannot be seen; but the vegetation is luxuriant, and, except on a few sterile spots, the willow, oak, cottonwood, pine, fir, and spruce, multiply every shade of greenness.

The pines are dominant, and cover a good deal of space with their melancholy mantle; but the most beautiful of all trees is the quaking aspen, which is as truly heaven's own green as a midsummer sky is heaven's own blue. With a small, oval, tremulous leaf, and a silver-gray bark, it is not unlike the cottonwood of the river-bottoms; its boughs are as elastic as cane, and switch the horseman mercilessly as he presses among them, and at the tenderest touch of the wind the boughs and leaves shake and rustle in the greatest perturbation, so that the whole tree seems to be dissolving in a shower of emeralds.

The green of the willow is not so vivid, and, next to the luxuriant aspen, it appears to be frosted with white, but it is light in comparison with the ponderous firs and pines, which look forbiddingly on the small oases of arborescent vegetation that edge their gloomy precincts. Then there are two shrubs which occur in company, and which remind us of an erubescens country-girl and a pallid old man—the *manzanita*, with its bunches of ruby berries, thick, olive, smooth-surfaced leaves, and polished, red-brown stalk; and the white-thorn that clings to the earth in ghostly leaves and branches, and that presents an obstacle in its toughness quite out of proportion to its size. The oaks are small and pliant, and are not numerous. Sometimes, when the wall of the lake is a perpendicular cliff, as at Emerald Bay, and a level margin of swamp extends from the rock to the water, a soft undergrowth is found, and grasses, vines, and shrubs, spring out of the oozy soil with a profuseness not usual in so cold a zone as that of the Sierras.

There are several peaks of important altitude around the lake, the largest being Job's or Free's, in the southeast corner, and the dazzling reflections of their snows extend in white pathways over the water. But there is one in the southwest corner, not imposingly high, which, in grandeur of color and form, surpasses all the others, and which indelibly impressed itself on the minds of some members of our party, who had been up and down the Rocky Mountains from the Black Hills to Mount Taylor, as the most ideally picturesque of all the peaks they had seen. It is a basaltic pyramid, recalling, by a transverse fissure on its face which retains the snow all the year round, the Mount of the Holy Cross in Colorado. Its own color is olivine, but a variety of shrubs and lichens have given it a dozen other tints and more positive hues. I shall never forget how it appeared to me one stormy afternoon while our camp lay almost under its shadow. A mist lowered, and dragged with it a curtain of the leaden gray that had gathered in every direction overhead, and as it was settling the filigree of snow on the dark rock looked like the figures in a lace. But as the misty folds were drawn closer, every vestige of the massive basaltic peak seemed to dissolve in a pale monotone, and the boundary of the lake slowly disappeared peak by peak, until all I could see from the grove of pines in which I stood was an apparently limitless sea dimpled by the heavy rain. I returned to my tent, and when I again looked out the weather was clearing,

and the sun streamed in broad, coppery shafts through the clefts in the western mountains. Some snow had fallen on the peak, and in contrast with this brilliant whiteness were a few roseate shreds of cloud. It was an unusual combination of color. The mountains in the north were dark and chilly, their outlines metamorphosed in a stratum of vapor; and those on the eastern side of the lake were purple, and the purple was changing to a ruddier hue as the sun sank farther down into the west. A rift in the cloud opened a sea of deep blue environed by a shore of desolate gray, and floods of an uncommon yellow light, with a tinge of red in it, struck through the cañon leading from the west.

Tallac Peak, as this mountain is called, descends apparently into Lake Tahoe, but in reality descends into another lake—the Lake of the Fallen Leaf—which is about one hundred and twenty feet higher than the former, and about seven miles in circumference. The intervening land is half swamp and half chaparral, except near the borders of the lakes, where it is densely wooded.

The Governor Stanford calls at Tallac Landing daily in summer, and a good carriage-road leads thence to Gillmore's Soda Springs, which are at the foot of the Peak. There are settlements at the Springs and at the steamboat-landing, including at the latter place the hostelry of "Yank" Clements, a celebrity in the neighborhood, who is the original of Mr. Clarence King's clever sketch of "The Newtys of Pike."

Yank emigrated from the Green Mountains to Nevada when Lake Tahoe was scarcely more familiar to geographers than the Victoria N'yanza, and delights in recounting to visitors his early experiences, which he does with many amusing peculiarities of phrase and gesture. "I civilized the Indians, sir; yes, sir, and taught 'em Christianity! When I came here, sir, a man's life wasn't worth shucks, sir; when they didn't kill, they stole, the dog-gorned cusses! I taught 'em to be honest, sir. The first son of a gun I found stealing, sir, I tied him up to a tree and whipped like —! Yes, sir!" With tremendous volubility he delivers each sentence, and

then draws back with arched eyebrows to observe the effect on the hearer. He is a man of great foresight and prodigious plans. He took me by the arm one day, and pointed mysteriously to a giant pine-tree in front of his house. "See that, sir? I'm going to build a grotto in them highest branches;



DONNER LAKE.

outlook on the lake, sir! A fish-pond with a little Coopid jerkin' water down here; a billiard-table and a pe-an-er in the house. I don't fancy pe-an-ers much; there's too much tum-tum about 'em. Give me a fiddle; but we're goin' to have one—yes, sir! Nicest place on the lake, sir!" He invariably winds up with this declaration, and no one can go

far astray in acquiescing. In speaking about Yank I am led to say a few words about the people of Nevada, who are so intimately connected with California that they are essentially Californians—warm-blooded, impetuous in good and bad, and generous to a fault. As Mr. Carpenter, our topographer, and I, were riding along a branch of the old Placerville road one day, we came to a wayside-ranch, and entered to ask the direction in which a certain point lay. The proprietor was asleep, and, as he awoke and rubbed his eyes, his first words were, "Have a cigar." He then went into an inner room, and brought out two bunches of grapes and a bundle of newspapers, which he presented to us. "Now," he said, sitting down and puffing his own cigar, "tell me what you want to know." It was just as natural for that man to offer his hospitality to all who entered the house as it was for him to breathe. On another occasion I heard one ranchman ask another for a postal-card. "Come over to the house an' git a dozen," was the answer; and that was an example of the generosity which voluntarily exceeds the demands made upon it, and which is nowhere else so common as in Nevada and California.

From Glenbrook to Tallac there is a good road, and from Tallac to McKinney's there is an execrable trail, half buried in a confusing growth of underbrush, which is so difficult that it prevents the ordinary tourist from reaching Emerald Bay except by water. Emerald Bay reminds me of a Norwegian fiord; it is an indenture about a mile long in the precipitous Californian or western wall of the lake, and it is deep, still, and clear. At its head a cascade breaks over a ledge nearly a thousand feet high, and leaps down the rocky slope through a dense archway of pines, which opens occasionally and discloses the flashing white of the tumultuous water to persons standing on the edge of the bay below. Where the water forms a pool, it is now and then thrown back on its course, and the brilliant trout dodge to and fro at leisure. Then it strikes some stepping-stones of rocks, and it seems to be going both ways at once, or it subsides in a smooth, eddying corner. After many more tricks, all performed with a seeming desire to display, it takes another ledge, and repeats its previous antics with endless variations. Happy the trout in such an aquatic paradise!

Emerald Bay is secluded, and the brook's audience is not often large; but, should the spectator trace the cascade over the ledge, he would find its source on a high plateau inclosed by snow-incrusted peaks.

The banks of the bay are almost impassable; they are from seven hundred to a thousand feet high, and are meshed in a wondrously fine variety of evergreens and arborescent vegetation. Down the northern wall, however, there is a conspicuous streak of barrenness where a land-slide has torn away the thin coating of soil with every bit of verdure; and at one side of this sear patch stands a little summer-house, sometimes occupied by the family of a wealthy Californian, but oftener by an old sailor, who is the sole tenant during the long winter months.

We reached the house in a cold October rain-

storm; we were drenched to the skin, and the refuge of a cozy little parlor ornamented with a sailor's odds and ends, and warmed by a cheery fire of resinous logs, again gave us occasion to be thankful for Californian hospitality.

The triangulation of Lake Tahoe absorbed our party for nearly two months, and we afterward went northward to Truckee, which is in the heart of the Sierras, and within a short distance of the summit, the Central Pacific Railway passing through the town, and thence threading the mountains by forty continuous miles of snow-sheds. Our camp remained for several days at Prosser Creek, an abandoned station of the old emigrant-road to California, and during these days we enjoyed the luxury of rooms in the hotel of the station, which is now tenanted by a lumberman, his son, a boarder, and a Chinese cook—the latter being the most profane, the slyest, the quaintest, and the most humorous waif of Mongolia that had hitherto crossed the writer's path.

Truckee has the usual idiosyncrasies of new towns in the far West. It has blossomed in a row of two-storied buildings, in which the business of the place is concentrated—the juxtaposition of dissimilar interests striking a stranger oddly: the passing throng epitomizes many different races and nations—Asiatic, American, and European—and horsemen are commoner than pedestrians. On the outskirts stands Chinatown, a bilious-looking collection of huts surrounded by an atmosphere of its own; and the more select neighborhood has developed a few villas with Mansard-roofs.

Truckee has been wholly rebuilt twice or three times after destruction by fire, and, say or think what one may of the moral tone of the town, it is impossible not to admire the energetic spirit of the inhabitants. The population is some twenty-five hundred, about one-third being Chinamen. "We, sir," said a grandiloquent citizen to the writer, "have no strong prejudice against the Celestial; on the contrary, we encourage him, inasmuch as he does our work for one-third less than a white would charge."

A short distance from Truckee, framed in mountains of pine, is Donner Lake, which is about three miles long and a mile and a half wide. It does not equal Tahoe, Fallen-Leaf Cascade, or Echo, in beauty, but any one unfamiliar with the others might wonder how it could be surpassed. Snowy peaks inclose it on every side, the surface is smooth and brilliant, the depths are marvelously clear and blue, and a dark forest of pines presses hard upon the borders. Near the western end the massive form of Donner Peak rises white with snow long before the maples in the East have yet turned their color, and as we look down into the water the reflections are so distinct that we seem to be looking toward the sky. At the foot of the lake there is a level space and a grove of pines—the pines being notched by the axes of the ill-fated Donner party, whose history has given the neighborhood a melancholy interest.

Seventy-six emigrants, mostly from Illinois, reached the Sierras on October 31, 1846, a year in which the

snow began about three weeks earlier than usual. They were caught by the storm in the Summit Valley, the basin of the lake, and could go no farther; they made preparations for the winter, but their food did not last, and they soon were confronted by the prospect of starvation. A hero among them went out alone for relief to the village of Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, and returned with help. Thirty-six persons had died in the mean time. When the relief-party started for San Francisco again, they were unable to take Mr. Donner, a farmer, who was very ill, and his wife insisted upon remaining with him. Keysbury, a German, was also left behind at his own request. In the following April, some men

encamped one night on a high slope above Tahoe City, with a marsh directly below us and the tempestuous lake beyond, and as we stood around our pine-fire, a sprinkle of rain brought a few soft flakes of white with it out of the stormy clouds overhead. But these feathery heralds of the closing season, which we had expected and dreaded for weeks, were overcome by the rain, and when we awoke next morning the drops were pattering musically on our tents.

We had recently occupied two strangely-pronged basaltic peaks, named "The Twins," and our next station was to be Devil's Peak, another singular upheaval in the same basaltic chain. Despite the threat-



DONNER PEAK.

under General Kearny were sent out to bring the Donners and Keysbury over the mountains. When they entered the camp, only Keysbury was alive; Donner's dead body lay in a tent, where it had evidently been laid out by his wife, but Mrs. Donner could not be found. Keysbury was reclining in one of the cabins, calmly smoking a pipe, and looking into a pan on the fire which was filled with human flesh, some more of which stood in a bucket. He no longer resembled nor acted like a human being, and was hanged for the murder of Mrs. Donner on his own confession.

The closing days of our field-season made the episode of the Donners more vivid to us. We were

enjoying weather, Lieutenant Macomb, our executive officer, and Mr. Carpenter, the topographer, decided to move camp to a point from which the peak could be readily ascended should the weather clear. We went down the Truckee River, which is the outlet of Lake Tahoe, and five miles below Tahoe City we turned into Squaw Valley, leading through some meadows and swamp to the foot of the mountains. Here, again, as at Fallen-Leaf Lake and Emerald Bay, the least imaginative and poetical members of our party were enraptured by the brilliant colors effected by the various greens of the foliage and the weathering of the rocks. Mauve and purple, with here and there a flash of scarlet or a touch of pale-

yellow lichen ; the fresh green of the meadows, and the unsullied purity of white in the summits, made a combination of beauty utterly beyond the power of my poor prose.

who remained were troubled lest the first heavy snow-storm should catch them, with their stock, in the mountains. As we passed the Squaw Valley ranch all the men were away on horses, driving in



TRUCKEE RIVER, NEVADA.

Half-way up the valley is a cattle-ranch, the occupants of which were making hurried preparations to retreat to milder winter-quarters. During the previous two weeks most of the people around the lake had been closing up their establishments, and those

their cattle, and the next morning they went out toward the Sacramento Valley. The cold was bitter, and we pitched our tents and made our beds in a freezing rain, which continued to fall, with occasional intermissions, during the afternoon and evening, and

while the rain flooded the valley the snow fell on the peaks. The outlook was not by any means inspiring for the topographer. The next day brought no change, and we crowded around the fire, suffering indescribable torments from the smoke, which filled our eyes and nostrils. All the beautiful colors of the mountains were enshrouded in a film of gray, and the broken outlines of the peaks were lost in the same weight of mist. All we could do to while away the tedious hours was first to thaw ourselves before the fire, then to retire within our tents, and read or write until we were frozen again, coming and going constantly, but never staying away from the smoking pine-wood long.

On Thursday, October 28th, we awoke and found the snow piled up against our tents, spread over the ground to a depth of six inches, and so webbed over the trees that they looked like circular tents floating in the air. At noon, at night, through a pale-gray morning and a darker-gray afternoon, it still came in fine, blinding particles that packed themselves close-

ly on the ground, in big, heavy flakes, in whirling, distraught clouds, and in steady, slanting lines. It insheathed the whole landscape, leaving scarcely a point recognizable; it drifted in great hills and almost choked the little stream that passes through the valley, and it put an end to our field-work for that season. A desperate effort was made to attain the desired peak, but it proved to be impracticable, and we were forced into a milder region.

No one who has not seen the severity of a snow-storm in the Western Sierras can understand the overwhelming persistence of snow, and the insuperable obstacles which these light, velvety, innocent-looking flakes raise—obstacles which make the whiteness the symbol of a shroud, and bury mountains and forests in a silent, merciless sea.

About November 6th our party returned to Carson, and, after some work in the desolate valleys southward, it was disbanded, with three other parties of Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition, which had also occupied areas of Nevada and California.

"POSSUM"—I CAN.

HER eyes are as blue as the heart of a berg;
If tears from their channels e'er ran,
If they melted an instant, it was not in ruth
For sorrows of love or of man.

I've wondered oft-times—she's so frostily fair—
If blood in her veins really ran;
While sipping an ice I've asked myself where
Ice ended and woman began.

"My heart," she once told me, "is dead as a stone,
Or missing in Nature's nice plan;
Some women, perhaps, cannot live without hearts,"
Her eyes spoke a haughty "I can."

The stingiest sultan would lay at her feet
The wealth of a whole Ispahan.
Independent in fortune as well as in soul,
She scorns every suppliant man.

Her coach, of all turn-outs this year at the Springs,
Was drawn by the handsomest span;
Her crest on its panels, a leopard *passant*,
Her motto is "Possum"—I can.

Regarding the carriage with critical air
Up-spoke our head-waiter, black Dan:
"Some folks, maybe, can't see no difference between
Dat ting and a 'possum—I can.

"Why, dat ain't no 'possum; it's more like a cat,
Or Spot, dar, your pert black-and-tan:
I ought to know 'possums—I've hunted 'em till
Each 'possum in Georgia knows Dan.

"Curusest ob varmints dar is in dis world
Is 'possums and women," said Dan;
"Dey's nebber so sleek, so indif'rent, and cool,
As when dey's deceiving some man.

"I 'members de fust one dat eber I cotched—
It tried de same little ole plan:
I found it like dead at the foot ob a tree;
Says I, 'No *dead* 'possums for Dan'—

"Was walking away when it opened one eye,
Larfed back ob its paw, and den—ran!
'Can't come it,' it said, plain as eber you heard;
Says I, 'Missus 'Possum, I can.'"

The tale was a short one, and not too refined,
As told by our swart Caliban:
It fed, by the thought it aroused in my mind,
The fire of my hopes like a fan.

Could *she* play at 'possum, her heart all alive
And craving the love of a man,
Worth love and worth trust, can I credit the thought?
My heart made me answer—"I can."

Her soul *is* alive, and now tell me, my heart,
Can'st rise to the fate like a man,
Receiving thy doom or thy bliss from her lips?
Again I heard, "Possum—I can."

"You can love?" The answer is easily guessed
(Fit rallying-cry for a clan),
It came with a kiss, and a ring with the crest
A leopard: 'twas "Possum—I can!"

A STRUGGLE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PARTS III. AND IV.

PART III.

TRUCE.

HAUGHTY Lancelot, brave Geraint, bold Bedivere, might have been good King Arthur's choicest and most gallant knights, but, quartered in a castle, captured by them sword in hand, very certainly they would not have been desirable guests. Lieutenant Müller did what he could for the inmates of the château. He was more than a good-natured conqueror—he was a sympathetic victor. Still the condition of the occupants was not a pleasant one. Of pillage there was none, though in a few hours there was not a drop to drink nor a crumb to eat in the house. Babette's stores, discovered in an instant, were devoured before her eyes, though she fought bravely for them, and ruffled her feathers as uselessly as would a hen before a pack of wolves. If perhaps to-day some few articles of *bric-à-brac* adorn parlors in Munich and are labeled "Von dem Schlosse St.-Eloi, Elsass, 1870," such little trophies may be considered simply as the legitimate fruits of conquest. For a tired soldier with muddy boots, a quilted sofa in the grand drawing-room of St.-Eloi was always inviting, and the pleasure of repose had increased charms, if his feet were comfortably placed. The piano was in constant demand, and was sonorous from morning to night. As to the billiard-tables, their clothes were worn threadbare in a week. As Lieutenant Müller had supposed, for having really done a gallant thing, he was placed by the German authorities for the time being in charge of the château. St.-Eloi, the town, had fallen without a blow. In a week nearly all the vestiges of the skirmish around the house had disappeared. The dead had been buried, the wounded had been carried to the town, where a temporary hospital had been established, and the abatis had been burned by the conquerors. Gradually the soldiers withdrew from the main body of the house, and were quartered in one of the wings. M. Percival, Lieutenant Müller, and two German officers, occupied the porter's lodge, which M. Percival was wise enough to have had comfortably furnished. Sentinels still kept watch and ward over St.-Eloi. With a certain amount of consideration, Lieutenant Müller, after an inspection of the house, had kept himself aloof from its inmates. It was M. Percival who acted as the parliamentarian intermedium. An introduction to Mademoiselle Delange became a necessity. When first mooted by M. Percival it was indifferently received. "He must be a coarse, brutal character. You seem to enjoy his company. I can hear roars of laughter coming from the lodge. Your voice, sir, is distinguishable at times. You must be in perfect accord with our conquerors. Perhaps you are laughing at us! Very certainly you must deem

them more agreeable companions than can be found in our deserted house. The hospital-surgeon you brought is a very worthy person. He reports quite favorably in regard to my father, but there is great difficulty in getting certain prescriptions."

"I am pleased to say, mademoiselle, that Lieutenant Müller has sent to Munich for the medicines. They ought to be here to-day."

"It was done at your instigation?"

"Not at all. If you have any thanks to give, they are entirely due to a gentleman whom you have apostrophized as coarse and brutal."

An introduction took place, and, though Mademoiselle Delange held the Bavarian officer *en grippe* and was passably overbearing at times, after a while, strange to say, she commenced to like him. Was it a certain amount of female inquisitiveness which led her in a very natural way to make many inquiries in regard to M. Percival? It was a dreadful shock she received when she heard from Lieutenant Müller that Colonel Percival had been engaged to be married in America, and tears fell from her eyes when she learned how Colonel Percival's betrothed had died, when a false report had come of the colonel's death on the battle-field. "That was, I suppose, mademoiselle, the reason why my good friend Percival left America. With a very calm exterior, he hides some very strong emotions, which play the devil with a man. I am different. If I am shot, of course Bertha—for I am to marry Fräulein Bertha—would cry her eyes out. Had Colonel Percival not left the army he would have been a general. He was the fiercest man in a fight you ever saw. Do you know, mademoiselle, when I see him suddenly I forget myself at times and touch my cap to him, as if he were still my commanding officer? Oh, the good times we used to have together!"

Those half-anxious days which followed the capture of the château, with its garrison and Lieutenant Müller, did not long continue, as Müller was ordered to the front, and some other officer took charge of the place. Matters grew worse. The change was not a pleasant one. A series of annoyances commenced, at first petty and disagreeable, but which at times were serious. M. Delange was not exactly a refractory prisoner, but an irritable one. He was impetuous, unguarded, and expressed his mind roundly with every new-comer. The lawn was a special subject of contention. Rather loutish officers stood in their position as victors, and were arrogant and overbearing in their behavior. As M. Delange's health improved, he became more and more irascible. A German uniform to him had the same effect as a red mantle on a bull, and he was forced to see at all times what was distasteful to him. Now, as new levies were collected and marched through Alsace, St.-Eloi, unfortunately, became a German military highway. Provisions began to be scarce,

and at times the inmates of St.-Eloi were in absolute want. By-and-by, in October, when German victory followed victory, and no possible attempt could be made on the part of France to rescue Alsace, the single company from the château was withdrawn, and St.-Eloi was comparatively free. In the town there was a regiment of Landwehr. M. Delange and his daughter were delighted. M. Percival on the receipt of the news looked grave, but why they could not imagine.

"Would M. Delange allow him to live in the house now?" asked M. Percival.

"Certainly—what a question!" replied M. Delange.

"I suppose you miss your boon comrades?" said mademoiselle. "There are certain attractions about a guard-house or a mess-table which I fancy a woman never can appreciate. I know you used to smoke dreadfully there. Oh, what wretched tobacco-slaves are those delectable Prussians!—As you will be in thralldom here, papa, I suppose, will allow you to smoke. In fact, as the surgeon has forbidden your smoking, papa, and you have saved, or at least André has, some of your *Londres*, perhaps you might spare some to monsieur?"

"Why, certainly, Pauline; monsieur can smoke them."

"This is very kind of you, mademoiselle, and I accept the cigars with pleasure," said M. Percival.

"I have not seen you so enthusiastic for a long time.—Papa, do you remember when you first made acquaintance with M. Percival, when the wagon broke down on the railroad? Monsieur was smoking a cigar, and put it down when he went to work. When the obstruction was cleared you came to monsieur here and said very properly, 'Well, sir, I am very much obliged to you for your aid, and now what can I do for you?' Papa, you always had a grand manner about you. Monsieur's reply I do believe staggered you; he said, 'I should very much like to have another cigar!'—On my word, M. Percival, I thought it an assumption of coolness, of indifference, on your part, which—which—"

"*Allons donc*, Pauline! I do not remember it. What trivial things you women keep in your heads!" said M. Delange.—"Well, M. Percival, you shall be installed in the house; André will see to your comforts and will bring you my cigars. When I am strong enough I will teach you piquet, or we will while away our time with *la mort*—Pauline can make a third. Anyhow, the Prussians are out of the house, and for that small comfort I am devoutly thankful."

That night M. Percival had a long talk with André, which concluded as follows: "André, when I took your pistols away, on the first opportunity I hid them carefully. Here they are; I have even reloaded them. Take them, and be upon your guard."

"I do not understand monsieur; pray why?"

"Because, André, the château is isolated now. Half the pillage and barbarities occur when troops are withdrawn. We shall have a swarm of maraud-

ers and bandits prowling around, men from both sides, intent on robbery. That is all."

"Monsieur has before. This shown his good judgment, and monsieur's word is law.—Ah, my pretty dears, come back again to your old André"—and the man took the pistols.

Save during the daytime, when M. Percival had to go to St.-Eloi for the food required by the people of the house, he never left the château. Strange, hideous creatures came to the doors asking for food and shelter. French and German deserters—so they called themselves—mostly at nightfall, would infest the house. Piteous tales of suffering were told, and demands for charity were made. It was M. Percival who was alms-giver when it was possible; but food was no longer plenty at St.-Eloi. Doors and windows were visited by M. Percival at nightfall. It was November, the chilly nights were coming, and the days were shortening. Contrary to his custom, some want of the household had detained M. Percival at St.-Eloi late one evening. Two dark, swarthy men—gypsies—strode into the house; entered the little library-room, attracted by the light, where Pauline was, and demanded food and wine. Even Babette was absent.

"We have nothing," said Pauline, affrighted.

"Our last morsel of bread is eaten up. We have not had wine for months. Leave me."

"No money? Come, mademoiselle, a few francs. See you, we must have some money."

"I have no money to give—"

"No money? I warrant you have plenty in the house. Here, put on no airs. Give us your ear-rings, and quickly"—and a dirty hand was outstretched. The girl did not scream, but stood quaking with horror. Then the two men laughed jeeringly, next scowled in anger, and advanced in a threatening way. With one bound the woman sprang from the window to the terrace, and fled wild with terror on the lawn. There is always a providence about such things. Pauline had thought she heard a footstep coming that way. M. Percival had a strange habit of tapping a certain fallen vase with his stick when he passed through the lawn. The *contre-maître* seemed to comprehend the situation at once, and ran rapidly to the house. In vain a voice cried after him:

"But do not, for God's sake, risk your life! There are two of them. They cannot hurt me here."

But M. Percival paid no attention to her warning. In an instant he was in the room, and had struck down one of the men, when André, pistol in hand, rushed in, and the other robber fled. The fallen man was badly stunned. André and M. Percival bound the bandit hand and foot, and André was dispatched to St.-Eloi for the German provost-marshal.

"You have done well," said that officer, as he appeared with a file of soldiers. "He is a ruffian, and we have wanted to lay hold of him for some time. It is lucky for you he was drunk, or he might have made short work of you and the lady. Certainly we will have to shoot him."

When the soldiers left, André said :

"Monsieur was right. But had we not better divide our arms? Will monsieur take one of these pistols? It would be so comforting! Who knows?—we might be justified in shooting a Prussian some of these days."

"André, I do not want your pistol."

"Ah, monsieur, when I brushed your coat a day or so ago, that was a revolver I felt in your breast-pocket. '*Cré nom*, but what is a stick to a pistol? Though monsieur, for a one-armed man, must have a *rude poignée*, still, for close quarters, a pistol is much better."

With Mademoiselle Delange, her manner of greeting M. Percival was quite different.

"What a foolish thing you did, sir! I ask you, could a man do anything more willfully reckless? To think of fighting two brutes! It is ridiculous, sir. It was wanting in common-sense. But, my God! suppose they had killed you, what then? I was safe—I had run away. I wish I had given them my paltry ear-rings, then you never would have risked your life so absurdly. Next time any one comes at night and asks me for my ear-rings I will give them to him. *Voilà!* But you are deficient in prudence. If you had two arms to fight with, it would have been quite different."

M. Percival laughed good-humoredly, but still the young lady scolded; and then, when she was almost ready to cry, she left him apparently in high dudgeon. There were hardly any other incidents of this character, save that an out-house was broken into, and its contents carried off; though often of nights men were seen prowling about the house, and of mornings piles of fresh dirt were seen, showing how the earth had been dug up by people who had suspected that the valuables belonging to the château might be buried somewhere on the grounds. Then followed, about Christmas and New-Year's time, a period when menial services on the part of the fair *châtelaine* were called into play. Babette would have remained to the last, but her own father and mother were ill, suffering from want, and Babette had to go to them. André still stuck to his post. Mademoiselle did the cooking. M. Percival gleaned certain potato-fields, and was even lucky enough to catch a few carp and tench, which still remained in one of the hollows of the fish-pond. It was galling on the part of M. Delange to seek subsistence from the enemy, and he refused it. It was very fortunate that the thousand francs in gold had been kept as yet pretty much intact, though Babette had had some money forced on her when she left. Now the *ménagère* of the château de St.-Eloi had to dispense her small hoard of money, and it was amusing for M. Percival to see how rigorously she made him account for every sou.

"This is not, sir, to be done in any of those loose ways in which the *usine* of St.-Eloi was managed. If that German sutler at St.-Eloi sells you flour, see that he gives you the proper weight—the last parcel was a half *kilo* short—and look that the change is correct. To think what expensive things candles

are! Ah! that can of prepared soup is an extravagance. You will ruin us. You say it is for papa? Then I will let it pass; and it cost nothing, you add? And pray how?"

"The surgeon in charge of the hospital—a friend of Müller's—gave it to me."

"You are sure it is not poison? If I were to tell papa its source, he would not taste it. Poor papa! He has taken to studying over some of his old papers lately. How does your game of cards come on? Papa is improving, thank God. I wish I knew more about cooking. Still, I think I am not doing so badly, though I might be a perfect failure for what monsieur knows or cares."

If these times had their amusing phases, there were periods of great and harrowing anxieties. The French *francs-tireurs* had been formed, and occasionally some very distressing cases of the shooting of German soldiers near St.-Eloi occurred. Then from the German headquarters the severest penalties were inflicted. All distribution of food, whether gratuitous or not, to the inhabitants in and around St.-Eloi, ceased. Now M. Percival came out strongest as an American, and insisted that he and his horse (Müller had saved the horse for him) should be fed. Indifferent to King William or his delegated authority, he browbeat the officers, carried things with a high hand, and did draw rations for man and beast, which he shared with the inmates of the château.

The intimacy between Mademoiselle Pauline and M. Percival had certain peculiarities. For the gentleman she had two manners. The *châtelaine* attending to the duties of the house, and Mademoiselle Delange in the library, were quite different personages. The piano had been placed in the library. M. Percival was decidedly a formalist, and never would enter the room at first without an invitation. Gradually, however, this exact ceremony passed away, though he always awaited for the young lady to say, "If you will turn over the leaves of my music for me, I will play some Chopin," before he entered the room. M. Delange kept early hours, and forcedly the two young people were thrown much together. They talked much about books, and M. Percival made free translations of one or two volumes of such American authors as he had. It happened one evening that M. Percival read to her a passage from Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," where the author expatiates on woman and her needle.

"It is very fine," said the young lady. "Let us be practical. I will learn to knit. You must buy me some yarn to-morrow at St.-Eloi, and some needles. Winter is coming on. Our money is going so fast, so fast for food, and papa's stockings are wearing out! Pray close the book. I will play something."

Then grand manners were assumed.

"Though you do not play, somehow or other you have a fair appreciation of music—for an American," said mademoiselle. "Do you know, I despise musical men, unless professional? I hate the Germans because they all play so well, and kill so well. Fiddlers and pianists, and compounders of double-bass

and makers of fugues, analysts of chromatic scales, with swords, guns, and pistols, in their hands! Music is an over-refinement for a man, which by no means tends to make him more gentle or sympathetic in regard to the sufferings of his fellow human beings."

"I am afraid, mademoiselle, your logic is not sound. Between the appreciation of music and the actual making of musical sounds you draw a distinction which I fail to discover."

Still the lady harped on the theme, and, between the stanzas of her nocturne, injected sarcastic comments on men who played or sung, ridiculing them with a peculiar degree of bitterness.

"Their sentiment," she said, "is exhausted when it leaves their larynx or is trilled out at the ends of their fingers—"

"Stop one instant, mademoiselle," interposed M. Percival, quite gravely.

But Mademoiselle Delange continued playing, just sweeping the chords and modulating *pianissimo*.

"When I was in the hospital—"

"Please—please do not continue! See, I have stopped, and will close the piano!" cried Pauline, nervously.

"But I ought to continue. Does not Mademoiselle Delange sometimes express herself rather positively in regard to matters, sentiments, feelings, she may have had but very little experience about?"

"Monsieur!" she cried, apparently in anger. Then she softened all of a sudden, and she felt for the first time that his chiding was a distress to her. "I beg your pardon; but I cannot understand how I could have been personal."

"Certainly it was unintentional. My miserable arm has to do with it. The greatest grief I felt when I was conscious that I had lost it was not for my country, for brains are better than arms, but because a very dear friend I had once, one I loved very tenderly, was a pianist like yourself. Perhaps not quite so *savante* as you are, mademoiselle; but still she used to like me to play the piano with her. That is all. It was an agony for me to think that so much quiet happiness should have gone with my arm."

"May I play now?" asked Pauline, as she struck a few quiet chords, and said, in a low voice scarcely above her breath, "M. Percival, it was the lady you were going to marry, who is dead?"

"Yes," replied M. Percival, sadly. "How did you know about this most unfortunate event of my life?"

"It was Lieutenant Müller who told me. I asked him."

Then Pauline ceased playing, closed the piano noiselessly, bade him good-night, and left the room.

There had been flurries of snow, and now the winter, which had dallied for a while, fairly set in, and with it came great misery. The poor peasant-folks, the villagers, had come back from their hiding-places. Most of them found their houses pillaged or destroyed, and shelter and food were wanting. Starving men, women, and children, without clothing, shivered in the storms. Pneumonia and typhus raged. The strongest men died from exposure and

want of food. Gaunt Famine stalked through the land. There was scarcely a spade left even to dig a shallow grave in which the dead could be thrown. There was a brave old priest who still held his post. Percival found him, brought him to the château, and, with Pauline, measures of relief were proposed. But misery and privation had told on the good old *curé*, and he sickened and died in Percival's arms. It was now the *contre-maître* who took his place, and visited the suffering. Percival's former position in the *usine* had made him well known, and his influence was soon felt.

M. Delange's condition was still such as to require the greatest care. The old château was dismally cold, and such few rooms as were occupied had to be warmed. Then M. Percival set to work with a will. He organized a wood-trade. The horse played an important part. As everything on wheels had been moved off, M. Percival obtained permission of the Germans to use an old tumbrel the French had abandoned. With his own single hand he made something of a cart—he even manufactured a sledge. He hired one of his former workmen as a wood-cutter, and the château was not only supplied with fuel, but the Germans were glad enough to buy his fagots. His wood he exchanged for food, and what the château could not use he distributed among the suffering neighbors. He woke the poor peasant-folks out of their lethargy, and helped them to set their houses to right, and forced them to care for their children. He battled with the pestilence. A shop or so formerly kept by some of the smaller trades-people in St.-Eloi after a while was reopened. Where the goods came from no one knew. He rated the people for their selfishness, and made them help one another. He even interested the German surgeons at the hospital in regard to the misfortunes of the peasants, and made them dispense food and medicine. As St.-Eloi was among the first places that had been captured, it was the first to revive. Of course, such attempts were very puny and inconsiderable; but still that wretched period of utter despondency and consequent stagnation had passed away. Mademoiselle Delange's money, which she proffered M. Percival, he used sparingly but judiciously. M. Percival's horse, "*la bête du bon Monsieur Américain*," was at any one's disposal. Of course the poor peasants could not do much; but still there was wood to cut and sell for fuel, or to make up and fashion into such primitive articles of household furniture as had been destroyed.

"It is Ali Baba and the hundred thieves over again," said Mademoiselle Pauline to M. Percival, one evening as they sat in the library. "Cutting fagots made Ali Baba's fortune. Indeed, monsieur, you have the 'open sesame.' We all of us should have starved but for this capital idea of yours. But—"

"So they do not discover where our real treasure lies, I shall be very glad."

"I do not understand you?"

"I mean the papers and your casket. See, the snow remains undisturbed on top of the ground yet!"

"I had entirely forgotten all about them. But my thousand francs are gone, quite gone. I am afraid I was too lavish with them: still, I think some of the money was of great benefit to our poor peasants."

"Mademoiselle, better times are, I trust, in store for you."

"You have been a very sad prophet so far; what is the good news, pray?"

"Paris is besieged."

"Is that good news?"

"I met an American yesterday, one of those men who, *blasé* as to natural amusements, seek only those of a most exciting character—elegant vultures in search of recreation, who gorge themselves on battle-fields. He informed me that Paris was invested; and as it is certain that Paris must fall, that ends the war."

"Is that your good news? It is dreadful enough. But still you do not look pleased. There is something more."

"I have news which is quite distressing—though it may be a matter utterly indifferent to you. A German surgeon told me that Lieutenant Müller was either dead or desperately wounded at the bridge of Sèvres a week ago."

"Lieutenant Müller! He was very kind to us; and for the first time I sincerely regret hearing that there is one German less."

"It is very sad. He was going to be married."

"Poor man! Yes, the name of his intended was Bertha. Should ever this war cease, you must go and see this distressed woman, because—"

"Because?"

"Because what you told me about Lieutenant Müller in America interested me."

"It would be highly creditable if mademoiselle did not forget Lieutenant Müller's very pleasant conduct when he was master of our lives and fortunes."

"Fortunes! That brings me precisely to the point. Of all the ready money now in and about the château, behold the sum total!" and the lady opened her purse and showed a single gold-piece. "What! is that all the sympathy you have for my condition? You smile! You have a provoking way, monsieur, of being hilarious at precisely the wrong time, which is especially trying."

"I have just concluded a contract, mademoiselle, with the German hospital to furnish it with wood for the next month, and St.-Eloi will be rich again. So pray do not worry. M. Delange, I trust, wants for nothing. If the worst comes, as to purchasing food, or such little luxuries as he may require, as soon as communication is opened with the world outside of France, I have friends in Belgium who would help me."

"Monsieur, I cannot use your money. I half suspect now, from what my father has told me, that the thousand francs you gave me were not ours, but yours. You look confused! You have deceived me. No—no; forgive me. I did not mean that. You have acted, as always, very kindly, most considerate-

ly; but cannot you understand that it is humiliating for me to know that, even in these wretched times, I have been dependent—so entirely dependent—on you?"

"This is nothing else than absurd, mademoiselle. Do I not hold, as collateral security, property of yours, of your father's, worth ten thousand times more than those few paltry francs? The moment I should feel the least doubt as to M. Delange's solvency, all I have to do is to dig up your casket and make away with it!"

"Then the thousand francs were yours? You loaned them to me, pretending they belonged to papa?"

"Mademoiselle, I told you once, in the position we were in, that it would not have been honorable to allow a single workman to leave without his pay. I had some little of my salary put aside. But mademoiselle forgets I have been living on her bounty for the last three months."

"My bounty! What impossible ideas you have! Do you mean to say now, at this present moment, that you are not in my father's employ?"

"Certainly not, mademoiselle. My functions ceased when the works stopped. I have been your guest—an unbidden one, perhaps."

"You are the most cruel human being poor Pauline Delange ever met. Colonel Percival, you will drive me crazy with your logic. But my father has friends in Belgium, in Holland, in Russia. I shall speak to my father to-morrow, and your money must be returned to you at once."

"Very well, then, mademoiselle, as you please. In the mean time give me your twenty francs, and then you will owe me exactly nine hundred and eighty francs—with interest, of course."

Then the lady absolutely did take out the gold-piece and dropped it on the table until it rang again. Then she looked at M. Percival with a long, searching expression he had never noticed before. There was evidently a struggle going on within her, between her pride and certain worldly conventionalities. Had M. Percival smiled just then, had a muscle of his face relaxed, she would have thrown the money on the floor. But the man's face was rather grim and proud. Then her first-finger came slowly down on the coin, and she said:

"I will keep it, if you will still lend it to us. Excuse this silly effusion of temper on my part, which was very much out of place. Still, can't you see, no matter how delicately it is done, that a woman, who has the least bit of pride, can't bear to be indebted?"

Now mademoiselle's good-humor returned, and she said:

"I do not think we French can ever appreciate Hawthorne; there is not action enough for us. Still, that was very good—that portion you read me about the heroine Hilda, and how needlework became a woman. If monsieur will allow me, it is a very miserable attempt I have made; here is a mitten, a single one I have made for you. When you were on the sledge the other day, I thought your hand looked blue with the cold. Will you take it? It is of very

coarse material. Now, M. Percival, we ought to understand one another perfectly by this time—so, pray, no thanks for it. I have made it too large! It does not fit! It is big enough for two hands! There; I will play something for you.”

It was the first time she had ever deigned to say that she would play for him. M. Delange came down to the room for a half-hour, as was his wont, played a game of piquet with M. Percival, then, as the clock struck nine, he retired, assisted by André. It was a stormy and blustering night outside, and the wind howled and moaned. Notwithstanding all this, two people in an almost deserted château, cut off from friends, in the midst of the enemy, seemed to take matters in quite a cheerful and resigned way.

PART IV.

PEACE.

BEFORE actual peace was signed, the condition of affairs in the château had very much improved. Several of the old servants returned, some of the former methods of living were renewed, and one or two more rooms were opened. Provided now with sufficient means, M. Delange was not chary in his charities, and the good work commenced by M. Percival was carried on. A few of the landed proprietors came back and set their houses in order, and altogether things had a more cheerful look. It is true the victors were still very curt and disagreeable, and conciliatory measures were not manifested. The French people, however, took matters as they came, and, only intent on securing the means of existence, were indifferent as to the ways of their masters.

“Afraid of these *Kaiserliche*, mademoiselle? Who—I?” said Babette. “What now? I who marched down right boldly in the midst of them, when they captured the château, with a basket of wine in my hand; and, when one big fellow made a grab at a bottle, didn’t I let him have the full weight of my hand over his ugly, bearded face? Only, mademoiselle, when I did that, in an instant all the other eleven bottles were gone—and they all laughed so! They were good devils, after all, though they did chase poor Jean Baptiste into Belgium! Congratulate me, mademoiselle—the poor fellow is not dead. Now, mademoiselle, since the house is getting to rights, all I shall have to do is to take care of you. To think of those nice, white hands, that were all roughened and soiled with cookery! Ah! ah! mademoiselle, I should have liked to see you do it! Was M. Percival satisfied with the little cook? But, it strikes me, I don’t see M. Percival much. I know he is wandering over the country, and seeing the poor people. Bless you, mademoiselle, he was at our poor little house once, and talked to father and mother; and I just threw my arms around his neck, as if he was an old acquaintance, for he put some heart into my old father. What is this I hear? André says M. Percival moved to the porter’s lodge some weeks ago, and that he

has instructions from M. Percival to pack up all his things, because he is going to live in St.-Eloi, or amid the ruins of the old factory—eh, mademoiselle?”

“Babette, M. Percival is a very curious person, and is, indeed, quite incomprehensible at times. I assure you whatever he does is quite indifferent to me,” replied her mistress. “Perhaps he has business at St.-Eloi. He does, however, condescend to come and see us occasionally, for a half-hour at a time; then papa engrosses him entirely.”

With returning comforts M. Delange’s health rapidly improved, and somewhat of his former energy returned.

“I miss my game of cards with M. Percival,” he said to his daughter. “Is there anything we can have said or done, Pauline, which has somewhat changed his former habits? Here for the last two days I have not seen him. I shall write to him to-day. I must have a long business-talk with him. Pauline, pray write to him; my hand is shaky now.”

“Who?—I, dear papa? I would rather not. If monsieur chooses to absent himself—well, let him.”

“But it is a matter of pure business, Pauline. He has told me the vouchers and your little casket are hidden somewhere in the lawn, and I must ask him to return them to us. I want to consult with him in regard to those papers. He advised me to send them out of the country, and intimated that, as he had an idea of leaving St.-Eloi, he would take them to Belgium, where I have some most reliable friends.”

“M. Percival leave us! It is well, papa. I will write.” And write she did—a short and formal note.

M. Delange and M. Percival were closeted the next day almost all the morning. The vouchers and the casket were delivered to M. Delange. This is about what M. Delange said: “M. Percival, you have served me well; I have studied these accounts. Besides five months’ salary unpaid you, you have advanced to me, the old master of these forges, some four thousand francs. One thousand you gave my daughter, the rest you paid to the workmen. You did well. It was a timely loan. That four thousand francs was the best investment you ever made. It showed devotion to my family and to my business. During these trying times you have kept watch and ward over my house. St.-Eloi will never more make a pound of iron—or turn out a machine—at least while I, Paul Auguste Delange, am alive and its master. I have an offer to sell St.-Eloi, the château and grounds, to some Belgian capitalists. I will live here no longer. I know the Germans intend to incorporate Alsace within their own empire. We will move to France. I have a splendid property near St.-Etienne. We will go there. Think of it, there are iron and coal there! We will work the crude materials. The sale of St.-Eloi will furnish the means. I suppose it will require an outlay of some millions. I owe you four thousand francs. I will give you one-eighth interest in the new establishment—with a salary, of course. If that is not

enough, state your terms. This is pure business, and has nothing to do with sentiment. I never had sentiment in business. What! you shake your head? Do you mean to say I have not all my wits about me? I never was sounder in mind, nor more sharp for a bargain, than just now. The physical strength has gone somewhat, but my head is in good working order. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the new works will be a paying investment. The funds are simply withdrawn from St.-Eloi to St.-Etienne. St.-Eloi was not a bad saint for twenty-five years, and I have no reason to suppose that St.-Etienne should withhold his favors from us. Here is a letter from Brussels: read it. The same parties offered to purchase the property before the war. They have taken advantage of the situation, and offer a great deal less money for the two places, but I shall take their bid. This is a long talk. Now, monsieur, you who knew me before all these troubles, do you find any difference in my way of doing business? You do not? Well, I want you to go to Belgium at once, with all these vouchers, and deposit them in a banking-house there. I thank you for having taken such good care of them. Every bit of paper is as fresh and crisp as when it was signed—though they have been buried so long. They do represent a great deal of money. Go to Brussels, and do not stay longer away than you can help."

"I will go to Brussels with pleasure—but—what you offer is so magnificent that I must take time to consider over it."

"Consider! what is there to consider about it? There, I am tired now. Take this casket. I suppose it contains my daughter's trinkets, and those of my poor wife. Pauline has a *migraine*, or something: take the casket, though, to her. There, that will do."

M. Percival took the steel box and sought the library-room. It was deserted. He sat in a chair, and was dazed at the brilliant offer made him. No one came into the room. He rang the bell hanging over the mantel-piece; there was no answer. Presently, however, Babette tripped in.

"Can I see Mademoiselle Delange, Babette?" he asked.

"Mademoiselle is indeed quite unwell. I think all this excitement she has gone through is telling on her now. She has grown paler of late. As one of the family, monsieur, if you insist on seeing mademoiselle, I will tell her your wishes; but she really is *souffrante*. She did not close her eyes last night."

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear of your mistress's indisposition. What I want is this: pray carry this casket to mademoiselle—that is all."

"*Eh, Dieu!* The coffer that belonged to mademoiselle? Joy, joy! It is not lost? She shall see you. It will cure her headache. I will go to her."

"No, Babette. If mademoiselle is better to-morrow, I would like to pay my respects to her."

"But, monsieur, you have a way of saying 'no' which is indeed very disagreeable. Come, M. Percival"—here Babette twiddled her fingers and

played with her apron-strings—"for a *femme de chambre* who has seen pretty hard times in the Delange family, and has stood up for them against a thousand Prussians—as monsieur has—of course, if I don't presume to know any of our secrets, I at least know my place. Well, then, *dam*—what makes you, monsieur, *bouder* Mademoiselle Delange? It is well, sir, we know our position. I shall carry this casket to my mistress, and with it your message. Good-day to you, sir"—and Babette left him.

That evening M. Percival sent a short note to M. Delange, announcing his intended departure for Brussels, consenting to take charge of the papers, and to arrange the sale of the château and *usine* of St.-Eloi.

He came at mid-day, and was closeted with M. Delange once more. When he left the master of the house, M. Percival was still undecided as to his future. He sought the library. The room had been stripped of the furniture which had been placed there, the piano was gone, and it looked bare and cold. Mademoiselle was there, and she rose to receive him. It was true she looked a trifle wan and pale, though a smile was apparent on her face.

"See," she said, dropping all formalities, as she held up her arm, "I have a bracelet on. Many thanks for the coffer. Everything was as bright and clean as if it had just left the jewelers. I am in high glee this morning—in the best of spirits. I feel like an Indian woman who finds a store of beads and glittering gewgaws. After gloating over my treasures, and handling them as a miser would his hoard, I think I deserve praise for having satisfied myself with only this modest little bracelet. It was one my mother wore. I ought to have loaded my fingers down with rings, been all ablaze with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, in order to welcome you, I suppose." This last little bit of speech carried an acrimonious flavor with it.

"You have shown very good judgment, mademoiselle. I trust when the proper occasion occurs, the jewels will sparkle. I have come to make you my adieu. I shall be going to Belgium to-day or to-morrow."

"Oh, it is about selling St.-Eloi? Part of my dower lies here; therefore I am interested—very much interested indeed." But her expression belied her words. "Oh, I know all about it. Papa consulted with me in regard to the sale—*après*."

"You are aware of the offer M. Delange made me?"

"Partly; what it is exactly I do not know nor care, so that it be a fairly liberal one, sufficient for a *contre-maitre* to live on with prudence and economy."

"The offer your father has made me is princely in its character."

"But we owe you money, and you no longer hold the collateral, as you once took such pains to tell me. You had to run no end of risks, I suppose. Above all, I am *une femme d'affaire*."

"But, mademoiselle, I have changed purposes so often that what I am now exactly I cannot un-

derstand. My intention was to remain with M. De-
lange until the end of this year. Then—"

"Then—" said the lady.

"Mademoiselle—for a naturally imperturbable man, I must confess to be terribly confused, for I know not what to do. If I have presumed to force my advice on you at times, would you give me now the benefit of your counsel?"

"Your ideas of business, my father insists, are superlatively good," said Pauline, quite calmly. Here she paused, and added: "Though, on my word, beyond that, you have the simplicity of a child;" and she pulled at her bracelet and snapped it viciously. "I cannot bid you accept my father's offer; you would not ask me to do it. Go to America. No, better than that, go to Egypt! I learn, too, that that was another of your strange ideas! Be a mercenary general of negro troops in the heart of Africa"—then the lady got voluble—"and, before the khédive cuts your head off some fine day, send me a string of pearls, or a golden anklet, to remember you by when I put on all my trinkets on one of those proper occasions when jewels sparkle—I use your words—I may find your gift becoming. Do all kinds of stupid things, Colonel Percival, save settling down in exactly the profession you know most about, and that is as an iron-master. As for myself, I am sick of provincial life; I shall go to Paris. After all, these new works to be started at St.-Etienne are chimerical. Papa is too old to attempt such a thing. The service you have done us cannot, of course, be paid in money."

"Money, mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur, I am tired of always hearing about your departures. Leave us, and go away in peace. Why did you not take your departure when the war broke out? That was the best time." It was a rattling burst of temper, yet querulous at times. The bracelet fell with a clatter on the ground. The gentleman stooped to pick it up.

"Mademoiselle—Pauline," he said, as he rose to his feet, "my own darling Pauline, do you not know that I love you very dearly?"

"*Vraiment?*" said a trembling voice, as two very dark and lustrous eyes were raised to his. "*J'en doutais, monsieur.*"

"Dear Pauline, may I clasp this bracelet on your arm?" and he took her hand in his.

"Is that all, sir, you have of mine? I searched through the coffer for a certain ring my poor godfather gave me. What has become of it?"

"It is here, I have it safe. I tied it around my neck; may I wear it? May I kiss you, to be very, very sure that I have your permission to keep it? Dear Pauline, I fell in love with you the night you came to me in the billiard-room."

"Did you? I never would have thought it, M. Percival."

"Will you call me Hugh?"

"H-o-o. I never shall be able to encompass H-u-g-h. I will try, M. Percival. No, H-o-o. I cannot tell you when I first cared for you—maybe it was but a moment ago. It is better that you should

think so. The fact is, *mon ami*, I often wanted to measure wills with you, but you are stronger than I am; then I got afraid of you. Somehow, if it had not been for certain peculiarities of your own—certain master-like airs—I should very possibly have hated you, because, I suppose, I felt I was so much indebted to you. Now, I don't feel it at all. But, monsieur, how we have broken all the *convenances*! Don't think, though, that papa does not know who you are and all about you. Some friends of yours in the United States have been dreadfully anxious about you—a Mistare Terhune, of New York. Papa asked, 'Who is Colonel Percival? can it be our *contre-maitre*?' And so papa came naturally to me, supposing I knew more about you than any one else, which I did. Said papa, 'Pauline, it seems to me you are very thoroughly acquainted with all this gentleman's antecedents.' To which I replied, 'Dear papa, I even know his birthday.' There, do not let me talk about you any more."

"But, Pauline, my darling, you will be immensely rich, and I have nothing, absolutely nothing, in the world."

"Nonsense! Just as if that made any difference! Now, if this little romance of ours was entirely French, you would go straight to Africa, and, under the khédive, make your fortune in a six-month. Hugh, as long as I love you and you care for me, we will never speak of money. We owe you four thousand francs, and I never shall pay you, for you must take me, with my own and my father's debts. *Grand Dieu!* how I am talking! I have no idea, though, I assure you, M. Percival, of stripping myself of my fortune. *Il faut me prendre comme je suis.* In this respect you see I differ from the hysterical heroine. There, that will do. It seems to me that for a Frenchwoman, brought up with due respect for those *convenances* I talked about, I am particularly indifferent to them."

"I may, then, Pauline, put this ring on my finger?"

"Why not? Who would have thought how happy the giving of this ring would make me? I have nothing of yours, dear Hugh, save this napoleon, the last one I had. I never spent it. You must not kiss me again—at least to-day, sir; yet I feel so very sure and certain of your love. After all, we have passed many a happy day together, though some of them were painful to me. Why did you throw my hand away from you one terrible night? Was it because your hand was soiled in digging that hole you hid the papers in? I tried to hate you then. I knew I despised myself, but still I could not help loving you, though, because, I suppose, we were thrown so much together. There, not another word. Go to Belgium, and come back again as fast as you can. I have some news for you. Monsieur de Valbois and madame are coming here. After Paris was taken, Madame de Valbois went to Turin to join Raoul. They will both be here to-morrow."

"But, dear Pauline, under the present circumstances at least, such as exist between us, for which the heavens be praised! would not my departure now

for Belgium look like a flight? My pride would not allow me to leave now."

"Your flight? nonsense! M. Raoul shall know all about it in ten minutes from me. I could not keep my secret even if I wanted to. Dear Hugh! It was not my fault if they did want me to marry him. You never heard him sing? He has a tenor of the purest timbre, and such an expression!"

"Pauline—Pauline, was that why you hated singing men?"

"Certainly. You have found it out, have you, most perspicacious Hugh? Now, I ought to be timid and constrained under the present circumstances, but, for the life of me, I am not. This love for you on my part has been so long and steadfast, that now I know you care for me, and are to be my husband, I feel as if I wanted to go into the lawn and bawl it out. It is unmaidenly, but natural. Pray, in time, curb a certain amount of impetuosity which I have, M. Percival, or it will be the worse for you."

Now, M. Delange came into the library, and M. Percival made a formal demand for the hand of Mademoiselle Pauline. The father smiled and said:

"I fancied, my dear Percival, that it would happen. Though this very demure young person, who is now almost smothering me with her kisses, fancied that her father was quite ignorant as to where her heart was placed. I told you, M. Percival, that there was no sentiment about me; of course, with this very good girl of mine there might be an exception. The work at S.-Etienne is, however, now a *sine qua non*.—Eh! you foolish girl?—Monsieur," added M. Delange, going to the window, "there are some of those infernal German officers walking across my grounds. To-morrow see that all the inclosures are put in order. These fellows shall not trespass on my property without my permission. The Vandals!"

Next day M. Percival left for Belgium. M. and Madame de Valbois came to St.-Eloi. Madame was dreadfully expansive and gushing over the troubles and anxieties her dear Pauline had passed through.

"But," she added, when she had not been in the house ten minutes, "was it not rather a misfortune, not that such a thing could have been prevented, only one of those accidents of the times, that her dear old friend's *contre-maitre* should have been thrust on them during the whole period of their troubles? What a dreadful thing for her angel of a Pauline, who had shown so much courage when her poor papa was so ill, to have been forced to live for months with a *contre-maitre*! The Prussians were bad enough. She would certainly advise M. Delange (as a sincere friend of the family) to dismiss this M. Percival at once—of course, politely; and she had no doubt that her Pauline *chérie*, with her own good sense, would see the necessity for it. People would talk!"

"My dear madame," said Pauline, in a very quiet way, "you ought not to have left me alone, though what good you might have done in St.-Eloi I cannot imagine. M. Percival saved the house from pillage, stood up in defense of my life, nursed papa, managed our business, loaned us money, kept us from

starving, took care of our poor peasants, faced an epidemic, and is now in Belgium."

"In Belgium? Well, I really am glad he was so useful. And he did it all with one hand? We must try and get him a good place in Belgium."

"I do not mind telling you—confidentially, of course—that, immediately on M. Percival's return, if he does not propose to me, I shall offer him my hand; such an insignificant thing as my heart he has already."

"*Juste ciel!* Pauline, are you mad? What! this single-handed man, all grimy from the forge? Why, when we saw him last, the man's face was quite smudgy with coal-dust and perspiration! *Ce n'est pas possible!*"

"But it is. I am prepared to wipe his forehead off at any time with the finest of my embroidered handkerchiefs. Would you kindly convey to M. Raoul what I have told you? I do like your son, madame, and desire to be on the most pleasant terms with him—with you. I always had a kindly feeling for M. de Valbois, but did not love him enough to marry him. You have no idea, my dear Madame de Valbois, how familiarity with war and *contre-maitres* has changed me!"

"War, Pauline! Have I not suffered all the privations a poor woman could? Pauline, I have eaten dogs!"

"Was it M. Raoul's Persian hound? Indeed, then, you are worthy of the utmost consideration. M. Percival was a far better caterer. He never gave us even cats, though, on my word, I think now he starved himself so that my father, or I, or the poor peasants, might have something to eat."

"But, Pauline, your father—it is not possible that you have his consent? Does he know it, unfortunate girl? Can he allow such a *mésalliance*?"

"*Mésalliance*? If money has anything to do with it, we got sadly in the *contre-maitre's* debt—so deeply that, on my honor, I for one can never pay it back."

"Pauline, you have lost your senses!" cried Madame de Valbois.

"Not at all—only my heart," replied Mademoiselle Delange; and so the conversation was brought to a close.

M. de Valbois, informed by his mother of the situation, was too sensible to assume the position of an injured man. He even congratulated Pauline on her choice.

"You see, Pauline—you will let me call you so still—we heard of M. Percival, and all he had done for the poor people, just as soon as we entered this unfortunate country. Monsieur has very good administrative faculties. I think I was among the first to discover his merits. His being a trifle stiff and *hautain* with me—at least in his position—first struck me. A *contre-maitre* who was so well versed in general literature, and who was so familiar with the politics of the world, I supposed was something beyond a common workman. Now, I never forget faces; so, once when I asked him if I had not met him in Washington at the house of one of the

American ministers, his reply was so evasive that my suspicions were aroused as to whether he might not be a suitor in disguise. As it is, Pauline, though I must have personal regrets, I feel quite sure that you will have a happy future; so I shall be the first to welcome M. Percival on his return."

"Raoul, we have been comrades from our childhood, and I do want to retain your friendship just as long as I live, and I am so much obliged to you."

"I am afraid, Pauline, *que les absents ont tort*."

"If you think, Raoul, that M. Hugh Percival took the least advantage of his position or of your absence, you are mistaken. He was too loyal for that. But we will not say another word about the man I really love unless I should happen to talk to you about him, which I shall be sure to do. Now, as a token of reconciliation, I have something to propose to you. To-day papa has had brought round to the stables a little wagonette and a pair of ponies, which he has purchased from some adventurous English people. This little equipage is, indeed, something like a return to our old habits. As M. Percival has forbidden my riding on horseback without him, though I have no saddle-horses as yet, you shall drive me out. M. Percival has left me quite a list of poor people I must call on and assist. Will you be my escort?" And so quite pleasantly peace was made.

That night Pauline wrote to Madame de Montfriand in Paris:

"ST.-ELOI, *March*, 1871.

"DEAR CLÉMENTINE: Papa, who is much, much better—indeed, almost quite well—tells me that the mail-difficulties are arranged, and that this may reach you some time. I am so glad to be able to write to you once more! Dear Clémence, your very worst apprehensions and my great happiness have come to pass. I am to be married to our *contre-maitre*, *Mistare* Hugh Percival. I love him dearly, of course, and think I must have had some idea that I liked him when I wrote you last—months ago. Our *contre-maitre*, though he has but one arm, is as brave as Julius Cæsar, and has known how to subjugate me, who was much more wayward than you imagine. I could not for the life of me tell you how it all happened, only it seems he did care for me long before I even suspected it. M. Percival has been absent ten days, and I have been wretchedly unhappy for the last week without him. Do not suppose that there was any romance about our courtship, or that affection sprang from intimacy; it was all very commonplace, I assure you. I cooked his dinner for him, and have been more than once dreadfully out of temper with him. I think even he is a very provoking kind of a man. In analyzing my feelings I found out that, when he was overworked and anxious for us all, and would not eat his dinner from want of appetite, I used to get very cross with him. Did you ever feel that way toward M. de Montfriand? I mean before you married him. But what an idiot I am! Clémence never had the happiness of cooking for the man she loved. That engenders

the loftiest sentiments. But *badinage* aside. Monsieur is a gentleman, well bred, and dreadfully punctilious as to his honor, and has many accomplishments. Dear me! the puzzling questions he used to ask me, and the cool way in which he made the statement that, outside of England and America, young ladies generally had no good, solid foundation on which the graceful superstructures of a higher education could be built. What strange old books, even in French, he asked me about, which I had never read. I shall have to study for him some day. Would you believe it, we spent many an evening together?—I at my piano, playing for him—for, though those brutal Germans pounded my poor Erard almost to death, they did not quite destroy it. Would you believe it, the night before M. Hugh left for Brussels, he brought me an English song, and begged me to play the accompaniment for him; and he sang for me some quaint old English ballad, so sweetly, so pathetically, that I cried like a baby, and he never had let me know before that he could sing? I used to hate singing men, and so I once told him. See, Clémence, I am just madly in love with the man, and glory in it! There, now, is that explicit enough? Pray, do not bear me a grudge. I exhumed your letters, and read such portions of them where you wrote to me about him. He said: 'Pray, send some day my profound respects to Madame de Montfriand, and say I think she was perfectly right in regard to me, and that I hope Pauline will always retain such a judicious friend.' I have not told you all about M. Hugh. He was a colonel in the American War, and was engaged to be married, when, his death having been reported on the field of battle, the shock of the news killed his *fiancée*, who was in delicate health. Poor girl! I can understand it, for M. Hugh Percival—at least I think so—is just the kind of a man a woman would want to die for. I know I would. If love arrives late—for I am twenty-two, Clémence—when it does come it is very tumultuous. I have intentionally written you, Clémence, just as strongly as I could in regard to the man I shall marry. Bob, that naughty dog, is sleeping at my feet. Poor fellow! he was dreadfully thin during the troubles, though we never thought of eating him—it seems, however, that Madame de Valbois devoured a Persian hound, no doubt with relish. Bob barks outrageously whenever he sees a Prussian soldier; it is part of an education I have given him. M. Hugh has scolded me several times about it, but papa encourages Bob in his dislikes. Monsieur and Madame de Valbois are here, and I have received Raoul's congratulations. Madame, I regret to say, was rather more chary of her compliments. If only Général de Frail were alive! Hugh and I will raise a monument to his memory some day. Poor gentleman! he was the bravest and most chivalric man France ever had. God rest his soul! I must finish now, Clémence, dear. M. Percival sends you his kindest regards. Convey mine to monsieur your husband.

"Ever your

"PAULINE."

The ten days had swollen into a fortnight when at last M. Percival's return was announced. It was a cheerful April morning, when Pauline sat by her father at a well-appointed breakfast-table. Pauline was radiant.

"Will you not drive with me to St.-Eloi, dear papa? For M. Percival is to be here at noon."

"Who? I! Will M. Percival arrive to-day?"

"Just as if you did not know it, when you have been passably cross ever since he left us!"

"The fact is, Pauline, I do miss him. I have taught him how to play cards, which is something, but whom could I get to talk iron with me during his absence? Pauline, he is the most dreadfully self-opinionated man on subjects appertaining to metalurgy that I ever met with. When he is your husband, Pauline, depend upon it he will bully me."

"Dear papa, you shock me. Has not Hugh been ever respectful to you—did he not nurse you?"

"So he did, my child; only, when it comes to the question of a refractory ore, he holds opinions which are absolutely heretical; and the worst of it is—that in practice he has almost always come out right."

"Papa, papa! pray, drop iron for the moment. The question is, will you ride with me this pleasant April morning?"

"Will your miserable little turnout hold three people?"

"Hold three? How, papa? There will be you and I—" Then the lady blushed crimson.

"And M. Percival, after having traveled night and day, must he walk here? For matters have not been sufficiently organized by those wretched Germans, so that there is transportation between the town and the château. Send a servant with the little carriage."

"But, papa, you forget André is rheumatic and cannot drive; and St.-Eloi has no longer its retinue of servants. I never thought how Hugh was to come back. That was very stupid of me."

"Well, Pauline, don't think of my going to St.-Eloi. The sight of the Germans always enrages me, and I should see hundreds of them."

"Papa!"

"Well?"

"Would there be any harm in my driving alone to meet M. Percival?"

"*Les convenances*, my child, would be outraged, that is all."

"*Les convenances!* so they might be. But, papa, when Hugh used to pile fagots on the sledge, I often sat on the bundles of wood alongside of him—I never, though, papa, rode beyond our own grounds. I forgot all about *les convenances* then. You were too ill then to know much about it. Papa, you are not horrified?"

"I do not know. I ought to be, I suppose. But the war-times are over now."

"Well papa, you consent? *À la bonne heure*. I shall go. No one knows me at St.-Eloi—it is

months since I have seen the poor old place. I snap my fingers at the Germans. Here goes, papa—*à bas les convenances!*"

Kindly trotted the ponies, and easily bowled along the little carriage, that carried the lady of St.-Eloi on her way to the station in the town. The grass was just springing up, and some trees were in bloom. The short three or four miles showed, it is true, where the enemy had passed. Dismantled farm-houses were not infrequent, and here and there a pile of charred embers told where some dwelling had been burned. Yet smoke might be seen curling from more than one chimney, and now and then a peasant was laboring in the fields. If no cock crew or dog barked, spring birds were twittering, and flew busily around, building their nests. Away off in the distance swept the Vosges, blue, dark, and solemn, and the mountain-streams formed by the melting snow flashed under the two bridges which were on the road to St.-Eloi. There was just one part of the route where, in other times, the tall chimneys of St.-Eloi could have been seen. Pauline seemed to look for them. They were gone. "War is brutal," she said. "Poor papa, and Hugh! I can fancy Hugh's brooding over the ruins, like a second Marius." But sad ideas were soon dispelled as she approached the earthworks which surrounded St.-Eloi. There were soldiers there, and German troops were being exercised. Officers with attenuated waists turned and gazed admiringly, though not impertinently, at perhaps the first lady from the neighborhood who had ventured within the town. Some carried politeness so far as to touch their hats to her. One quite young fellow on crutches hobbled up and said, in the best of French: "If the lady will drive this way, taking this turn to the right, she will considerably shorten her journey. Fortifications are not easy to thread, and there is a very wet and insecure place just beyond. You will excuse the liberty I am taking?" Pauline thanked him kindly, and followed his advice; she even smiled on him. "Poor fellow," she said to herself, "it is worse to lose a leg than an arm!" Presently she was in the town, which was thronged with soldiers. Rattling along, she was soon at the depot. A train full of convalescent German officers and troops had just stopped at the station. Busy hospital attendants were occupied in caring for the suffering men. One pale face peered through the windows of the car, and then sank back from sight. In an instant the lady had alighted, and in her best German—for she spoke it fairly—she had begged an infantry-soldier to hold her little steeds, had slipped a five-franc piece in his hand. Then Pauline rushed to a surgeon who seemed to have the train in charge.

"You have, sir," she said, all out of breath, "an ill—a wounded officer on that train—a gentleman I take a great deal of interest in: once he was very kind to me. I am a Frenchwoman. The man looks ill to die—only rest and quiet and good nursing will restore him."

"Mademoiselle, there are some hundred such in

the cars. "Do you know his name?" asked the surgeon.

"Yes, yes; it is Lieutenant Müller!"

"There is certainly an officer with that name and rank. Badly wounded, was he, at the bridge of Sèvres?"

"Yes. Would it be against your orders—injurious to his health—if I took him to St.-Eloi? I live with my father in a château near here. I would nurse him as tenderly as I could."

"Mademoiselle, it rests entirely with the officer himself. He is on sick-leave. What you offer speaks well for your humanity. I will ask him."

Five minutes afterward Lieutenant Müller was in the pony-carriage. Said the gallant Bavarian in a singularly weak voice:

"Fair enemy, may I kiss your hand—that is, if I am strong enough to do it? God bless you, Mademoiselle Delange!" And he cried like a child.

"There, sir, you may kiss my hand—that is, after I have propped you up.—Thank you, surgeon; that pillow will do. Pray take the rug and cover his feet.—There is my hand. You may kiss it after you swallow this glass of wine the surgeon offers you—always providing Colonel Percival will let you."

"Ah, mademoiselle, and is Colonel Percival here? When that bit of shell knocked the life out of me I thought of Bertha and then of Percival. Look, you, I have seen many a poor fellow laid low, and never was touched before! He is alive and well? and you will take me to the château of St.-Eloi, and care for me?"

"You had better not talk any more, lieutenant," said the surgeon.

"But I will—I am better already, surgeon.—Mademoiselle, I want to ask you something quite a secret." And Pauline's pretty ear was bent down to him, and when he said his say her face was crimson. "I thought so; I knew it! Mind, my life is in your charge, and both of you must get me well and strong for my Bertha's sake."

"I expect Colonel Percival every moment by the train. Now pray, Lieutenant Müller, do not say another word."

Then the surgeon came again and gave mademoiselle some advice as to the treatment Lieutenant Müller should receive. Now a very fierce and pompous old officer, with steel spectacles on his nose, and an iron cross with a whole handful of other decorations hanging on his breast, came up, and fairly unbent, as he took off his iron spiked-hat and showed a head as smooth as a cannon-ball. He made a very elaborate though really feeling speech, half in French and half in German, all about a French lady who showed such kindness toward a German officer; and when he talked, all the other officers and soldiers took off their hats and placed the first-finger of their left hands on the seams of their pantaloons, for the speaker was a prince and a third or a thirteenth cousin to King William himself. Before the bald-headed prince got entirely through, however, Pauline heard the other train arriving.

"Shall I wait for him, or go to him?" thought Pauline. "He might miss me in this confusion.—Down with the proprieties, for I want to see him!" And, tripping up the stairs of the railroad-depot, she waited impatiently. Presently she found Percival before he saw her, and her hand was in his. "I have come for you," she whispered, with down-cast eyes, as he kissed her tenderly, and said, as if he had almost expected it:

"Yes, darling; and you look so bright and happy and beautiful this morning!"

It was the first compliment he had ever paid her, for she was surpassingly lovely, and so daintily appareled—for now Madame de Montfriand's wardrobe had been carefully looked over and brought under contribution.

"Do—do American women ever come alone to railroads in search of the men they are to marry?" timidly asked Pauline.

"Indeed, Pauline, I hardly know. If you ask me, as a general rule in certain classes of society, I should think they did not."

"You are not offended with me? Then there is such a thing as *les convenances* even in that wild country of yours? I am glad I came for you. Have you been quite well, and enjoyed yourself in civilization once more? I have been just miserable without you. Papa—all of us are so anxious to see you! It was two days ago that Babette and André commenced to make preparations for your return. It seems so strange that you should have left us even for two weeks, dear Hugh! I have something to tell you. It is good news. Lieutenant Müller is not dead."

"Thank God for that!"

"He is now, at this very present moment, in my little phaeton. I am going to carry him to St.-Eloi. He is dreadfully weak and miserable, and you and I will nurse him."

"You are an angel, Pauline; this is indeed the best of news! Do take me to him."

"I was counting on what a pleasant *tête-à-tête* we should have had—you and I, only two of us—in the carriage; but there is room for three. How busy I shall be at the château! You cannot engross all my time: Lieutenant Müller shall have some of it; then you will not get tired of me and want to leave me again."

But Pauline evidently did not mean what she said, for she laughed gayly and happily.

"But I have been very bold with you, Hugh! It was wrong in me to have come for you—driving here through such a crowd of soldiers, brazen-like! I think I am growing to be *effrontée*—I see it all now. But papa said I might."

"Had you not come, Pauline, you might never have found Müller."

Then away went the two to the carriage, where Lieutenant Müller was reclining in state. A few kind words of manly greeting were exchanged between the two men. Now the little horses had their bridles loosed, and Pauline, reins in hand, drove gently off. A guard turned out for them, presented

arms, and all the officers assembled saluted, and the cheering was general.

"Pauline, this is in your honor," said Percival.

"My eyes are so full of tears, Hugh, that I can't see which way these wretched little brutes are going. I feel sure that I shall tumble you all out into one of these ditches these barbarous Germans have been digging here."

Then one of the horses felt the whip, and the danger was cleared.

By dint of good nursing Müller got well. It was Pauline who wrote the first letter for him to his Bertha. The fact that a German officer was being cared for by the inmates of the château of St.-Eloi caused many a favor to be granted them. While Müller was convalescent a decoration was sent him, and with it came a handsome bracelet for Mademoiselle Delange from the officers in Lieutenant Müller's regiment. With the gift came a complimentary note, signed by no less a person than a Bavarian field-marshal. Pauline raged over it; but kept the bracelet—or, rather, it was put in charge of M. Percival.

"Bury it, Hugh; when Alsace is French again I will wear it, never before!"

M. Delange and the Bavarian had it out often together, hot and heavy. The German bore it good-humoredly. Victors can always afford to be magnanimous.

"The hands of France are never so dangerous to her neighbors as when they are fettered, and she strikes abroad with the chains that bind her.' These are not my words, M. le Bavaois. It is an Englishman who wrote that. M. Percival showed it to me."

"What! the colonel, too, against me?"

"Listen; there is more of it: 'When a Frenchman feels himself most little as a citizen, he becomes most ambitious of the greatness of his nation.' I have learned it by heart."

"Simple book-texts! What does an Englishman know about it?"

"But history, sir—history shows us that every force splits itself to pieces when it has reached its maximum; that every power which proclaims itself absolute meets its punishment the very instant its pride is at its height."

"Exactly; it is the history of France. Germany has not arrived yet at her maximum of strength. I hope she will wait a while—until I get quite well. Then, when absolutism comes, I may be a field-marshal."

In time Lieutenant Müller left for Munich.

There was a grand council held at St.-Eloi. Should M. Percival and Pauline be married there? M. Delange decided in the negative. As St.-Eloi was to be sold, and to be delivered within the month, a marriage there he declared was impossible.

"My daughter shall never be married save on French soil. I will allow no such sacrilege. Here we are becoming half German already!"

It was decided that M. Percival should go to Besançon, and wait there for M. Delange and Pauline;

and so it came to pass, for, a fortnight after Müller's departure, M. Percival bade good-by to Pauline for a week, and to St.-Eloi forever. It was in some respects a sad parting for Pauline.

"I associate you with St.-Eloi, Hugh," she said, "but I cannot be German, though some two or more centuries ago my ancestors were German—at least my mother's forefathers were. Let us go over the grounds together. Some day we may come back again—who knows?" Then they went all over the place, even to the neighboring field where French and Germans lay buried, and Pauline cried until her heart seemed broken with recalling the memories of the sad and happy days she had passed at St.-Eloi. "I have only you and papa to love now, and I trust in you. Perhaps the preparations for my marriage will make me forget the many pangs I feel on quitting poor St.-Eloi. I warrant you, you have been to the old *usine*—eh, M. Percival?"

"I have, Pauline. Should it please God that the works at St.-Etienne are ever built, at least one stone of the old *usine* shall be placed in the foundations of the new one."

"*Va*, what a funny sentiment! But perhaps you are right. I claim the privilege, Hugh, of placing that stone in the new factory some day. It must bring us luck."

At Besançon the two were married. Said the sacristan of the church, after the ceremony: "May it be lucky to monsieur and madame, for this is our first marriage—at least of any consequence—since the war." Immediately after the marriage M. Delange, accompanied by his daughter, her husband, André, and Babette, sought the most quiet of all the departments of France, which is Savoy. In three days' time, skirting the Jura, they reached Annecy. Here, after a week's rest, M. Delange said: "Pauline, André can take care of me. André assures me that I am in the way with you married people. I think I am. Babette will, of course, remain with you. France will want to strain every sinew to recover all she has lost. It is time for me to commence work. It will take some months before my plans can be arranged. I shall go to St.-Etienne. The *contre-maitre* and his wife are on a holiday. Take my advice, and stay here until you are tired of it. It is a pretty place, and a quiet one. I saw a little villa yesterday which pleased me so much that I have rented it for you. Hire a servant or two, and live there for a while. When autumn comes go to Paris, see your friends there—that is, if the Commune does not murder them all. (See what miseries these Germans have brought on us!) Then come to St.-Etienne and join me. Good-by, my dear little woman—and, M. Percival, your hand." Then the former master of St.-Eloi left them.

The two people staid in their quiet provincial home for months, unknown and supremely happy. It was fully four months later before a move was made for Paris, and then the civil strife was all over—almost forgotten—for France heals her scars as rapidly as she wounds herself.

"I am dying to see Clémence. I shall go there

this afternoon, Hugh. You bear her no ill-will, do you?"

"Why, Pauline, none in the least; I shall only be too glad to know all my good little woman's friends."

"Then I will go first, and pray join me there afterward."

It was late in the afternoon when M. Percival called. Madame de Montfriand's drawing-room was crowded. It seemed that on this occasion many of the friends of the house, whom the war had separated, had accidentally come together again. As M. Percival entered, he saw his wife and a lady in the closest conversation.

"My peace, I trust, is made. Pauline has a miniature which must be that of the lady, her friend Clémence. Though I am under the glare of a dozen women's eyes, why should I be the centre of so much attraction? Decidedly it is very embarrassing."

It had happened in this way. In the midst of the warmest confidences, after Pauline, with her usual impetuosity, had poured out all her soul to her friend, Madame de Montfriand, who had laughed and cried over her story, said:

"But who is that slightly-built gentleman there? I do not recognize him. He does not look like a Frenchman. Still, he has a bit of red ribbon in his button-hole. Ah, *mon Dieu*! Pauline, he is looking straight at you, as if he had a right to do so. Do not blush so. He has an empty sleeve. It must be my Pauline's husband. It is this famous M. Percival. My dear, you could not have made, as far as appearances go, a more elegant choice. The man is

distinction itself.—Pray, M. de Montfriand, go and welcome Pauline's husband."

"*Va, Parisienne* that you are!" said Pauline, somewhat demurely. "It is, indeed, my lord and master. I do not think dress improves him, though I think I might have tied his cravat more neatly. Absolutely, Clémence, I never saw him in full toilet before. They gave him the ribbon because he was so devoted to our many poor people after the Germans captured St.-Eloi. My first real quarrel with him was about the acceptance of his decoration. Would you believe it, he wanted to refuse it, saying he had done nothing at all? But, Clémence, since our marriage, he is much more tractable than he used to be. I liked him, though, just as well, when I patched his clothes for him; for I have seen him quite out of elbows, because he had given his coat away to a poor peasant who hadn't any clothes at all. You shall listen to me, Clémence; I would have mended his shoes for him, if only I had known how! He used to dig frost-bitten potatoes for us, my fine lady, when we were starving. It was not for his good looks I married him, but because he was the most devoted friend to me and my father, and brought us, and many others, through a sea of miseries with that single hand of his; and, Clémence, he was as proud as Lucifer, and as I live, and am not ashamed to tell it, if I had not unbent somewhat before him—ungrateful wretch that I was!—I do believe he never would have married me.—M. Percival, I am glad you are here at last. This is Madame la Comtesse de Montfriand, the judicious Clémence of my letters!"

WISE WOMEN OF THE EAST.

THE manner in which the book of Judges records the career of Deborah, who was prophetess, judge, warrior, and poet, of the "chosen people of God," is in such wide contrast to the style employed by the present chroniclers of "female strongmindedness" as to lead to the inference that the perverseness shown by women during these later years, in applying themselves to the learned professions, as well as in their political aspirations, is a blossoming or production peculiar to the nineteenth century. The reply made by Marie Antoinette's dressmaker, when asked if there was anything new, that "there is nothing new but what has been forgotten," was but another way of saying "what is has been." A general appreciation of this fact would go far in allaying the fears of the fearful, who, at every new depredation of the "weaker sex" upon the declared kingdom of man, croak of the ruin of society, and bewail the "good old times."

Nothing is truer than that human nature has been in all ages very much the same thing it is now. In his "Paradise Lost," Milton very pithily illustrates the love of adventure and enterprise in Eve, that is so characteristic of her wide-awake daughters of to-

day, when she proposes to Adam that, in order to accomplish more, they choose their separate tasks, and do their work apart; and, after the eating of the forbidden fruit, when Adam reproaches her for having left his side, she retorts by saying that, if she was never to leave his side, she might as well have remained the rib that she was! That one "progressive" act of Eve, in obtaining a taste of knowledge at the risk of her life, saved the world from total stupidity. Think of the monotony of years upon years of uninterrupted Eden, unrelieved by no gleam of wickedness, no delicious moment of disobedience! The experience and development of the race would have been as devoid of character and strength as a picture without shadows.

Although Elizabeth Blackwell, in 1849, was "the first woman to obtain a medical diploma," the battle she waged for her sex in behalf of the science of medicine had hundreds of years before been fought by a young woman of Athens, named Agnodice. The Athenian laws interdicted the study of medicine to women and slaves; but so strong was Agnodice's taste for the science that she resolved at all cost to gratify it. Disguising herself in male attire,

she studied with the celebrated Dr. Herophilus until well enough instructed to attend the lectures at the medical school. Having once adopted the male costume, she continued to wear it, and entered upon a practice which, confined to women and children, met with extraordinary success. To the women she treated she revealed her sex, which undoubtedly had much to do in creating a demand for her services. The Athenian doctors became jealous of her popularity, cited her before the Areopagus, and charged her with using her power to corrupt women. To justify herself, Agnodice had but to declare herself a woman, which announcement produced a profound sensation. Then followed her arraignment for violation of law, and, added to her own spirited defense, came the wives of the principal citizens of Athens, who undertook her cause in such strong wise that the law forbidding the study of medicine to free women was revoked. A monk once, in vindicating the fitness of women for wise avocations, said: "For science the wings of angels rather than the feet of turtles are needed. Where matter less abounds light more easily penetrates; therefore, for philosophers the temperaments most delicate are best, as the seat of the soul is neither in flesh nor bones, but in the brain, the place most soft and delicate of the whole body."

As early as 1360, Novella and Betira, daughters of Jean d'Andrea, of Bologna, are mentioned as learned juriconsults. Lachis, of Athens, a daughter of Megestes, decreed laws so useful and honored to the people of Attica that the Romans received them for "natural laws," and upon them built their famous twelve tables, in which there is more of justice and piety than in all the volumes of Papinianus. And all legal lore did not abide with the women of Greece, for in the year 640 Tsai-Ysong, wife of a Chinese emperor, is specified as a writer on law.

In mathematics no one in antiquity seems to have eclipsed the famous Hypatia, who was born in the year 370. She was so clever, both as mathematician and philosopher, that the magistrates of Alexandria engaged her to deliver lectures on philosophy in the then most celebrated school in the world. She is said to have possessed, with her extraordinary mental powers, "many of the attractions and all of the virtues of her sex;" her dress was of extreme simplicity, her conduct always above suspicion; she refused to marry because it would interfere with her devotion to study. She rode to her school in a chariot, and in such esteem and respect was she held that the governor of the country was wont to seek her advice upon matters of state. Being a pagan, she aroused the jealousy of the early Christians, and her fate at the hands of a body of infuriated and fanatical monks every reader of Gibbon and Kingsley knows full well.

As instructors of famed men, women seem to have figured conspicuously. Aspasia was an instructor of Socrates; Homer was a pupil of Clorinde Samiene, a woman of Argos, to whom some have even attributed the work of the "Iliad;" Pythagoras learned of Carmenta, who excelled all in her

time in poesy. Theano, the wife of Pythagoras, was also a poet, and reputed to be the first woman who turned her attention to philosophy. Aristotle was led to seek the causes of the ebb and flow of the sea through Sostrate Lesbienne; while Anaxagoras learned them from Dyoris, wife of one Barquerate, of Pyrée; and of the conjunction of the planets, and the most "beautiful secrets of meteors," he learned much from a woman-gardener of Smyrna. Tibullus, in his works, praises the learning of Amalthea and Marseppia; and Euripides mentions Theonos, daughter of an Egyptian king, as a doctor in theology and philosophy. Myrtis, a Greek poetess, who lived 500 B. C., had for pupils Pindar and Corinna. A statue of bronze was raised to her memory. Several of her productions were in existence in the time of Plutarch. The latter writer cites Cornelia, the daughter of Metellus Scipio, as being versed in musical art, polite literature, geometry, and philosophy. Aristippus taught the doctrines of his school to his daughter, and she in turn became the instructor of her sons. Erinna, the friend of the wise Sappho, experienced all the tortures of "repressed genius." She longed for a "broader sphere," but her mother kept her busy at the spinning-wheel. Being "bound to the wheel," she immortalized it in a poem of three hundred hexameter lines, called "The Distaff." Eustathius intimates that her verses rivaled those of Homer. She died at the early age of nineteen—a prodigy indeed. That pretty widow, Zenobia, was a marvel of accomplishments: talents for jurisprudence and finance; skilled in affairs of government; a splendid horsewoman; *savante* in Greek and Latin, and languages of Egypt and Syria; and an elegant historian. Cleopatra was also skilled in the classics, and could converse with Ethiopians, Jews, Arabs, Medes, Persians, and Syrians, without an interpreter—a degree of linguistic ability to amaze a woman of to-day. Barsine, wife of Alexander the Great, is said to have won the good graces of that conqueror by her erudition in literature. The appearance of Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton some years ago before the State Legislature of New York, appealing in behalf of just laws for their sex, was but a repetition of the valor of Hortensia. When the members of the Second Triumvirate had imposed a heavy tax upon the Roman matrons, and no man dared espouse their cause, the eloquent daughter of the orator Hortensius appeared as their advocate, and made so able a speech that a large portion of the burden was removed.

The most winsome, perhaps, of all antique celebrities among women was Lælia, elder of the two daughters of Lælius the Wise. She was celebrated for the purity and elegance with which she spoke her native tongue; she transmitted this precious gift to two generations by her daughters and grandchildren. Her son-in-law, Sicinius Crassus, whose eloquence was formed in her conversation, speaks of it as being a perfect model of the antique language of Nævius.

That the people of the Levant were the first to desire women as rulers speaks well for Eastern

dames. The women of Lacedæmon governed the men, and in defense of their sovereignty said: "We gave birth to men; therefore it is but just that we govern them."

In coming down to later times it is curious to note that Italy, the one country in Europe where the education of both men and women in general has been most neglected, should have been the classic land, *par excellence*, of learned women. This resulted in part, probably, from the numerous Greek colonies that settled in the country, and the liberality that marked the founding of its famous universities. The opinions of Plato concerning the education of women were generally adopted in Italy, and put into practice without entailing the evils that sometimes attended them in Athens. It has been observed by a writer upon the subject that, as the Italian language has a feminine termination for all the learned professions, which the French has not, it is but fair to conclude that those professions were exercised by women when the language was systematized.

The most famed of the Italian universities, that of Bologna, in which women have played so creditable a part, both as students and professors, was founded, according to some writers, by Theodosius II. in the fifth century, and to others, by Queen Clothilde, with the express stipulation that women should be allowed equal advantages with men. In the fourteenth century a young girl named Gazzadine distinguished herself in this school. She excelled in the study of sciences, and at the age of twenty-six was made a Doctor of Laws, and a professorship in the university given to her. At the age of thirty she was promoted to the chair of jurisprudence, and such was her reputation that pupils came from all parts of Italy to attend her lectures. She wrote a number of treatises, still to be found among the text-books of students. About the same time a Bolognese physician educated his daughter to pursue and practise his profession, and she so far excelled him as to be given a chair in the university; later, she was tendered that of philosophy, which she filled with such renown that not only from Italy, but from all parts of Europe, men came to hear and admire her.

In 1711 Laura Bassi was born at Bologna, and became so learned as to be given in the university the chair of physics. She knew Latin and Greek, the modern languages, and was profound in philosophy and mathematics. She married a physician, and became mother of twelve children, for whom her care and affection "equaled that of the most ignorant matron."

At Pavia, where Columbus was educated, Maria Pellegrina Amoretti passed her examination at fifteen, and publicly discussed questions of philosophy. At the age of twenty (in 1777) she was made Doctor of Laws, and in the presence of an immense and enthusiastic assembly crowned with laurel. She did not mount the rostrum as an advocate, but wrote pleas which she read to the judges, and which may still be read in a text-book with the title, "De Jure

dotium apud Romanos." She had a beautiful face, and was gentle and refined in manner.

At Rome, in the middle of the seventeenth century, a professorship of theology and philosophy was offered to a young girl who was born in the most lowly condition, and who had earned her bread selling soap-cakes. She devoted with great ardor her leisure to study, and was endowed to a marked degree with both beauty and genius. She became deeply versed in civil and canonical law, geometry, philosophy, and physics, but refused the professorship.

In the University of Padua, which ranked next to that of Bologna, Helen Corner was educated. Her knowledge of the exact sciences, especially that of astronomy, was the marvel of learned men. It was also at Padua that the "veiled lady," who filled her husband's chair of jurisprudence when he was absent or ill, created such a *furor*. Whenever she appeared the students greeted her with the wildest applause. She was so beautiful that it was feared if she lectured unveiled her beauty would dominate her wisdom. At the University of Brescia Laura Lerine held a professorship at the age of twenty. When but eighteen she sustained public discussions upon metaphysics. She taught mathematics, philosophy, and theology, with brilliant success. She died early in the sixteenth century.

During the present century the Universities of Bologna and Padua have enjoyed the privilege of counting women among their doctors. In 1817 Madame Clothilde Tambroni was professor at Bologna. She learned Latin in listening to the lectures given to her brothers; she mastered Greek so thoroughly as to be able to write Greek poetry, and at the age of twenty-six she was appointed to the chair of Greek and Hellenic literature. She retained this professorship for many years, resigning it at last because of her scruples against taking the oath of allegiance to the Cispadane Republic. In 1806 she delivered a discourse in Italian at the inauguration of the Royal University, at which time a young woman was made Doctor of Medicine (*Dottoressa*). This *dottoressa*, born of a poor peasant family in the mountains of Bologna, had studied Latin, philosophy, mathematics, and then medicine; passed her examinations, and received her diploma when she was twenty-two! At twenty-seven she was made professor, and placed at the head of the department of obstetrics. Maria Angela Ardinghelli, of Naples, who died in 1825, wrote a work upon natural history, which was translated into several languages.

That the University of Bologna did not suffer from the "doctrine of equal rights," it may be well to state that at one time its students numbered ten thousand, and its library contained between one and two hundred thousand volumes. From the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, which was the Augustan age for Italy, the flame of genius that swept through the country consecrated her daughters as well as her sons with its "sacred fire." That famed sweetheart of Michael Angelo, Victoria Colonna, to whom Charles V. gave the title of princess, was perhaps the most accomplished *poetessa* of that time. In pro-

found erudition there were Veronica Gambara and Maria Gaetana Agnesi; in fine arts, Properzia de' Rossi, Sophonisba Angussola, Lavinia Fontana, Elizabeth Sirani, and Rosalba Carriera. In social eminence, Vincentine Lomelin, born in 1552, was reputed to have the "best-regulated house in Genoa." She welcomed all who could add charm or interest to her *salon*, with the exception of "libertines, idlers, and scandal-mongers, upon whose entrance strict interdiction was placed."

The sentiment that a few years ago, more than to-day, prevailed among men, that "learning spoiled women for loving," could hardly have been the result of an acquaintance with the history of the learned women of the past. Veronica Gambara, most learned and wise, was as loving and devoted as the historic Dido. She was of noble birth, and from a child displayed a surprising aptitude for study. At ten years of age she was writing Latin and Greek sonnets. Of a serious temperament, her tastes led her to the study of sacred literature, and she became one of the most learned theologians in Italy, and was given the title of doctor. She chose for her husband Gilbert of Correggio, chief of that illustrious house, and was married to him in 1508, when in her twenty-fourth year. At the end of two years she was the mother of two sons. She was tenderly loved of her husband, and, as he had remarkably beautiful eyes, she addressed to those "shining orbs" some of her most exquisite sonnets. This husband, so well beloved, died ten years after marriage, and Veronica, although still young, consecrated herself to eternal widowhood. During the remainder of her life she had her apartments draped in black, was drawn about by the blackest of horses, and wore always a garb of deep widowhood. Heiress to all her husband's fortune, she superintended the education of her sons, one of whom rose to high military rank, while the other became a cardinal. She continued her own studies the same as in her youth, cultivating her love of poetry and literature. Personally she was not beautiful, but she had in conversation a rare charm that no one could resist, even when discoursing of learned things. A collection of her letters and poems was published at Brescia in 1759.

The life of Maria Gaetana Agnesi reads like a strange romance of head and heart. She was born at Milan in 1718, of parents noble and rich, and at thirty years of age was admitted by acclamation to the Bologna Institute. As a child, she displayed such unusual endowment by nature, that her father decided to give her a first-class education. Physically, she was exceedingly beautiful, and her manners were most winning. At five years of age she delighted everybody with the facility with which she spoke French. She studied the classics in company with her brothers, and when nine years old delivered a discourse in Latin in her father's garden to a company of *savants* he had invited to hear her. The theme of the young orator's talk was, "Forbidding the Study of Science to Women." At eleven she was talking and writing Greek like her own tongue; and in a year or two later she had mastered Hebrew,

Spanish, and German. She had a prodigious memory, and mastered idioms with surprising facility. She compiled a lexicon of chosen Latin and Greek words for herself to the number of thirteen thousand three hundred. When nineteen years of age, her father led her to devote herself to the study of eloquence, and to elevated and difficult works of philosophy. A convocation of learned friends decided to give her free range in the field of mathematics and philosophy. Two *savants*, Manara and Casati, were charged to teach her the elements of Euclid, logic, metaphysics, and general and special and experimental physics. She made such astonishing progress that her professors requested that her examinations be made public, and the *savants* of Italy and France came to Milan to attend them. They were at liberty to "question, confuse, and confound her." But her replies, made in Latin, were of such eloquence and erudition as to bring her victoriously through the ordeal. During her examinations, she had delivered, in the presence of the principal ministers, senators, and *savants* at Milan, one hundred and ninety-one theses—all of which, published in book-form, still exist. In mathematics she was so skillful that learned men all over the continent of Europe consulted her in regard to the solution of problems. When twenty, she resolved to retire from the world and lead a secluded life—a decision that deeply grieved her father. The matter was compromised by her father acceding to her wish to dress simply and renounce balls and theatres. She then began to prosecute seriously her study of algebra and geometry. She wrote a commentary upon conic sections, and, later, began her great work upon "Analytical Institutions," which, when completed, excited universal applause and admiration. It was published in two volumes, with fifty-nine illustrations, in which she had combined, resolved, and arranged methodically, all the greatest problems of Huyghens, Fermat, Roberval, Varignon, Newton, Leibnitz, etc. Of the intrinsic value of the work, the Academy of Sciences at Paris said: "Order, clearness, and precision, reign in all parts of the work. In no language has heretofore appeared an 'Instituzioni analitiche' which can lead so quickly, neither conduct so far, the student of analytical science. We regard it as the best and most complete treatise that has as yet appeared on this subject." Had the laws of the French Academy been as liberal toward merit, regardless of sex, as those of the Bologna Institute, Agnesi would have been elected a member of it. In 1775, Bossut, a French mathematician, translated her "Differential and Integral Calculus" for the use of French students. It was a curious spectacle to see her consulted by the most celebrated men of her time, as her father's house was a social centre for all *savants*. Eustache Zanotti begged her to examine his observations on eclipses of the sun; Paul Frisi sent her his original manuscript, "De Figura et Magnitudine Telluris;" Beccari, President of the Bologna University, submitted the acts of his academy to her judgment; Vincent Racati sent to her for examination his new mathematical theories. Plunged in such

profound speculations, Agnesi often found in her dreams the solution of the most difficult problems. At length she turned from her studies to devote herself to works of charity, and opened her father's house to sick and infirm women, doing offices for them which no servant would. Her father interfered with this devotion, in behalf of her health; but after his death she resumed it, resorting to all sorts of economy to obtain money, food, and clothing, for the miserable. She sold her jewels, and prevailed upon her sister, Maria Teresa, who was a fine musician, to give concerts in their behalf. She undertook the instruction of idiots, and succeeded so well as to give them the appearance, at least, of possessing a soul. People never ceased coming to visit her, and always betrayed astonishment at seeing her so humbly clad. A son of the King of Sweden begged her to write in his album, and she wrote the Greek proverb, "It is better to believe much than little." In 1783 she went as director in a hospital, believing herself divinely called. With her tranquil face she moved about like a saint, comforting one, solacing another, soothing a third. Sometimes she would dine with her friends, when her conversation charmed all. She lived in that way fifteen years, until her death, in 1799. A monument was erected to her memory in Milan. It is said that no one ever saw her face wear a troubled look.

Properzia de' Rossi, Elizabeth Sirani, and Lavinia Fontana, were all natives of Bologna. Musical as were the Bolognese, Properzia excelled them all in music and song, and was regarded as the most charming *cantatrice* in Italy. Her talents for sculpture resulted from a habit she formed of amusing herself in cutting figures of great delicacy and extreme elegance upon peach-stones. She carried this art to such perfection that, upon a single one of these nuts, she carved the Passion of Christ, with the apostles, executioners, and a multitude of personages. This piece of work is still preserved in the Grassi Palace. Her *chef-d'œuvre* in marble is her first work, a bass-relief representing the wife of Potiphar in her amorous despair, tearing the cloak of Joseph—a work executed for the church of San Petronio. She met with so much opposition and persecution in the prosecution of her work from "her brother artists" as to abandon sculpture, and apply herself to engraving on copper, and was regarded the finest engraver in her country. Everything in art to which she applied herself proved a success. Fortune and Fame crowned her; but to an unfortunate love-affair of many years' duration she succumbed at the age of forty. As she was being buried, Pope Clement VII. was on his way to her house to pay his homage to her genius, and offer her the position of engraver to the court.

Elizabeth Sirani died in the middle of the seventeenth century, at the age of twenty-six. Her father, a painter, was a pupil of Guido Reni, and it was the second manner of Guido that Elizabeth studied. The great number of the works she executed from the time she was twenty until her death, the genius with which they were composed, and, above all, the

exquisite fineness with which they were finished, caused her to be regarded with wonder. Most of her subjects were historical, and her pages are now to be seen in the museums of Naples, Rome, Paris, Vienna, Turin, Munich, and Bologna. She died of poison administered by a domestic at the instigation of a rejected suitor. She was buried in the tomb of Guido Reni, in the church of St. Dominique.

Lavinia Fontana studied painting from her father, his other pupils at the time being Louis and Augustin Carracci. She was a beautiful girl, with great, dark eyes, and a pleasant, expressive face, full of inspiration. Finding that she could never hope to equal her father in design and composition, she devoted herself to portraiture. She studied her models with a patience only possessed by women, rendering the slightest details of the toilet with surprising precision and grace. While still young she married an amateur painter, a rich young nobleman named Paul Zappi, which explains why many of her portraits are signed "Lavinia Fontana di Zappis." While in the full *éclat* of her fame she was called to Rome as painter to the Pope Gregory XIII. Here she became an object of such adulation that women disputed for the privilege of being painted by her. She had the happy faculty of flattering her subjects without detracting from the resemblance of the portrait. She died in Rome in 1614, at the age of sixty-two. Most of her works are in Bolognese churches. In the Uffizi Gallery, at Florence, is her portrait painted by herself, and another in the Zappi Palace, at Imola. Her works are also to be found in the Pitti, at Naples, Milan, Modena, Berlin, and Dresden.

Rosalba Carriera, although widely known as a pastel-painter, was by no means the best of women-artists. She was born at Venice in 1670, and died there, at the age of eighty-seven. She was a poor girl, and was taught the art of making lace known as "point de Venise." When that went out of fashion, snuff-taking came in, and Rosalba applied herself to ornamenting the covers of snuff-boxes. From that she rose to more dignified work, in which she showed such rich, warm coloring that she became famous almost at a bound. Her drawing was often very bad, as might have been expected, so that upon her splendid coloring rested her great reputation. When she was thirty-two she was made a member of St. Luke's Academy, at Rome, and at forty-seven she became a member of the Academy at Bologna—so much more generous toward women than other nations have the Italians ever been. In her later years, Rosalba suffered from blindness. A pastel-figure of "A Muse" is in the collection of the Louvre.

Sophonisba Angussola was a native of Cremona, and died at Genoa in 1620, at the age of eighty-five. She, too, became blind in her later years. Vandyck, who visited her shortly before her death, said that he had learned more of art from talking with that blind old woman than he had learned from his studies of the masters. She was daughter of a noble family, and her parents, observing her talent for art, provided her with a master. She was very original in her compositions, and carried the art of portraiture

to high perfection. Through the recommendation of the Duke of Alva, she was called to the court of Spain, and went to Madrid. She painted the portraits of the royal family, who loaded her with distinctions. The king, who esteemed her most highly, married her to a Sicilian nobleman. He died soon after their marriage, and she established herself at Genoa. Becoming totally blind at sixty-seven, she resolved, however, to do all possible for the restoration of Genoese art. For this purpose she established a *salon*, which became the resort of all the artists and amateurs that lived at or visited Genoa. Her works are to be found in the galleries of Spain and Italy, and one is in England, owned by the Earl of Yarborough. A very popular engraving from one of her designs is that of a woman laughing at a boy who cries because his fingers are pinched by a lobster, and is an excellent illustration of her original and humorous genius.

During the present century the old-time custom of "improvising" has been revived in Italy by Gianini Milli, of whose talent the Italian journals spoke most favorably. Her name has become identified with an institution which is more significant in its purposes than "improvising." In answer to a petition to the government from women, this institution, which bears Milli's name, was founded, its object being the education of women in the higher branches of science, literature, and art. The institution is under the charge of a committee of women from all the

principal Italian cities, whose special work is to seek out young girls who have marked talent and are without fortune, and aid them in pursuing a course of study, and afterward, if necessary, in their work. Prizes are offered for such as excel in a manner to do honor to their sex and country. The Minister of Public Instruction gives to this institution all the aid in his power, apparently with no fear before his eyes that housewifery or domestic graces will suffer therefrom.

As regards women in politics in Italy, a writer on the subject says: "In municipal elections mothers of families vote, whether married or widows; and those whose husbands are incapacitated by sickness or crime can supply their places in all decisions concerning property, schools, and public safety. Their votes are sent in sealed envelopes the day prior to the general election"—which seems a very feasible and straightforward way of disposing of an objection to woman-suffrage waged by its opponents. To dignify the estate of motherhood with "power, honor, and responsibility," is no mean display of wisdom in an age marked by the decadence of maternal ambition. Madame de Staël, I think it was, defined the greatest person as being the one who has most duties—a just appreciation of greatness, that, establishing the importance of women in the East in the past, is, unfortunately, scarcely the recognized measure of womanly greatness to-day in the West.

PROPHECY.

I.

I THOUGHT our olden friendship dead,
Or with the long years long since fled;
Yet a sweet, faint ghost came back
From long and dizzy track,

II.

As we met upon the street,
And a moment stopped to greet—
Making some cool, common speech,
Just a moment, each to each;

III.

Knowing each how wide our ways
Led apart from those far days;
How other hopes and plans came in,
Long and long ago, to win

IV.

Thought and soul and heart away
From the memories of that day.
Yet as there we met and talked,
As you turned, and, turning, walked

V.

Down the street a pace or two,
Something cordial, old yet new,
Stirred within me sweet and faint,
Like a ghostly, sweet complaint;

VI.

Something whispered me, and said:
"All those years so still and dead
With a blessing shall come back
Down their long and dizzy track—"

VII.

"Like a friend, shall some time say:
'I am with you, though away,
And the love you thought so slight
And so poor a thing, shall light

VIII.

"'All your life unto the end.'"
Thus my long-forgotten friend,
Or his soul, spoke unto me
In these words of prophecy.

OUT OF LONDON.

VIII.—SOME ELEMENTS.

I.

THERE are four distinct letter-carriers who minister to the postal needs of the Fairmount Estate. They wear indigo uniforms, with visored caps to match, and in rainy weather they put on long, gray cloaks. The bulk of the mail is carried in a leathern haversack suspended from the shoulders; but a small bundle of letters is borne in the hand for immediate dispensation. The aspect of these officials is respectable and trustworthy, and their walk is rapid without being hurried. It is worthy of note that all four of them are boot-makers—or, at all events, boot-patchers. A moment's reflection reveals the cause of this. Their official calling necessitates a great deal of walking, which wears out boots, the mending whereof is expensive. Unless, then, each letter-carrier could do his own cobbling, his income would be subject to a serious drain. By cobbling, however, he saves money—and makes it, too, since he may heal the deficiencies of other soles besides his own. It is a triumph of economy to be supported by our needs.

I am not, indeed, prepared to assert that every letter-carrier in England cobbles. But I should almost consent to be taxed an additional farthing to keep them in shoe-leather; for they are a blessed institution, and the plan so general in America of going to the post-office for our letters, though it may show independence, is a relic of barbarism.

And yet, who can forget the village post-office of his youth? The mail was delivered at five in the afternoon, and all the wit, beauty, and bravery of the neighborhood were wont to assemble on the occasion. Have not some of the jolliest quarter-hours of life been spent in that long, rambling store—a young lady we greatly loved standing near us, while our eyes were fixed upon the letter which had just popped into our pigeon-hole, and which we were inwardly assured came from another young lady whom we loved still more? That post-office was our school of social culture: pleasurable associations cling to its every counter and corner, and, were we ever to make a sentimental pilgrimage to the home of our youth, 'twould be at that shrine that we should pay our dearest vows.

But such transcendental forums as this are impossible in a land where there are recognized distinctions of rank, if not of letter-getting. Meanwhile, the English system has many charms. The knock of the postman strengthens the home-feeling in the heart; it deepens the foundations of the house, and fortifies the gate-posts. He who is waited on by a representative of the General Post-Office four times a day may look upon himself as something better than an unattached, wandering atom. And a private individual's relations with the government are for the most part of so unconciliating a descrip-

tion, that it is good to have one emissary always welcome. It moderates the tendency of the harassed tax-payer to become misanthropical, and a scoffer at human institutions. It is difficult to believe that tax-collectors and persons of that ilk are other than stony-hearted and soulless wretches—little better than psychological modifications of the common hangman, or at all events forming that class of the population from whom the selection of a common hangman might with most propriety be made. Not so the postmen; the heart warms at the thought of them, and refuses to regard them but as benefactors, or at least well-wishers to their kind. A wicked postman must be a very depraved creature indeed; and, on the other hand—but, in truth, the experiment would be an almost too risky one—the most successful method of reforming criminals might be to make letter-carriers of them—to be anxiously expected and cordially received by an entire neighborhood—to be the bearer of news, joyful and sad, to a hundred homes—surely such an office ought to soften hard hearts and sweeten sour natures. And, as a matter of fact, I think it does. All four of our postmen are humane and upright men, so far as may be seen or heard. One of them is grave and studious; I have met him reading a book—a small, old-fashioned book, in a brown-leather binding, shiny with age; he read, leaning against the pillar-post, until the moment came to unlock it, and remove the letters. Another—the evening one—is a sociable, humorous fellow, small, with a broad red sheaf of a beard. He is a great favorite in the kitchen; and, our house being the last on his beat, he often spends half an hour there before starting homeward; to judge by the sounds of merriment thence audible on such occasions, it is a half-hour well used. The forenoon postman is very obliging in the way of mailing our letters for us when we are out of stamps, or the rain keeps us from the letter-box on the corner; and other small errands will he do, in consideration of being not forgotten on boxing-day. As for the morning member of the fraternity, although I do not doubt his goodness, it is not in my power to enlarge upon it; for he arrives at such an early hour that, were he the patron saint of postmen, one would hardly be wide awake enough to appreciate him.

II.

BUT the tax-gatherers, and the water-rate and gas-rate and poor-rate collectors—they are men of another kidney. The world looks on them uncordially, and the consequence is, that they become uncordial toward the world. Perhaps it is wrong to allow human beings to discharge such functions as theirs; might not the work be done by some mechanical contrivance, which could neither hate nor be hated? To be sure, if machinery were used, there would necessarily be a regularity and inexorableness

in its action which many would deprecate ; for, inhuman though human tax-gatherers may be, they are not wood and iron, but are susceptible of intimidation, of deception, and sometimes even of being coaxed or bribed. Nevertheless, an iron and wooden collector would, on the whole, be better both for the taxed and the taxers.

There are no people taxed so heavily as the English, except the Bulgarians and the Egyptians ; and even the latter do not grumble so much. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a more interesting personage to the mass of English people than either the vicar, the prime-minister, or the sovereign. Whoever puts a hand in an Englishman's pocket, penetrates his soul ; no marvel, therefore, that an official legally empowered so to do should be an object of intense animadversion. An Englishman lives, as it were, in his own pocket ; you cannot really approach him without coming in contact with it. If you do him a kindness, he suspects you of designs upon it ; if you crave his sympathy, he thinks you mean his shillings ; and, conversely, if his sympathy be really stirred, it sends forth a silvery jingle, or a coppery one if the stir be moderate. All this has often been said before, and is easy and rather ill-natured to say ; but why is it true ? It will not do to say that the English care more for money than for anything else ; because they occasionally show us that they like beating an enemy, for instance, better than saving the money that enables them to do it. But we may say that they have a keener appreciation than any other nation of what money can do, that they respect it more, and are more often inclined to ascribe to it higher powers than it actually possesses. It is the thing they think of first, though they can, upon compulsion, think of other and higher things afterward. There are reasons for this, and among them may be mentioned the following : that England is an island of limited area, densely populated, and in which the making of money is an extremely arduous undertaking ; therefore, the money-makers command respect ; and wealth being nowadays the next thing to being knighted, it comes to be associated in the popular mind with the aristocracy. Every pound, consequently, which an Englishman makes, may be regarded as a step toward the peerage ; and caste being, as I have elsewhere surmised, the English religion, it follows that money means to him virtue and holiness. What wonder, then, that he is not ashamed to pay heroes for being brave, and women for being chaste, and statesmen for being honest ? The fact is, that pretty nearly everything in England, except the weather, has been bought and sold innumerable times over. Yet does John Bull make himself merry over brother Jonathan's fondness for dollars ! We may smile at his sensibility, but there is something pathetic in it, too.

If the tax-collectors are not to be replaced by machinery, they should at least make it their duty to appear as mechanical as possible—to disguise, so far as may be in their power, their every-day human aspect, and thus afford their victims every facility for thinking of them as of something more or less than

flesh and blood. They manage this matter in France, and on the Continent generally, by the simple expedient of uniforms. You are waited upon by an object, polite, impassive, cogent, and in costume a cross between a soldier and a policeman. He lays before you certain incomprehensible printed forms, filled in with still less comprehensible writing. He points out to you a small blank space in this belettered wilderness, and you put your signature in it. This done, you discover that you have become indebted to the government in the sum of so many francs or thalers, which you at once pay to the polite cogeny of the uniform, feeling rather glad to get off so easily, and never dreaming of offering a remonstrance. The object bows blandly and firmly, and is gone. You have seen a party-colored coat, brass buttons, and a shako, but no man—no individual. You do not feel injured or imposed upon, because it takes a man to impose upon men. You have merely submitted to an inevitable and impersonal process, disagreeable, certainly, but no more to be remonstrated with than the east wind, or the flight of time. Your money is gone, but, in view of the brass buttons, you feel that things might have been worse.

Now, this seems to me a blessing—a balm to wounded sensibilities. But it is a balm foreign to England. The tax-collector makes his appearance in ordinary clothes, and shabby ones, at that. His face, his voice, his manner, all proclaim him to be a person—an individual—a living, fleshly organism—in a word, a man like as we are. He may be cogent, but he is neither polite nor impassive. He looks ashamed of himself, and as if he expected you to be refractory and abusive—and evil expectations, as every psychologist knows, are apt to bring about their own realization. You feel insulted that an ordinary man, in ordinary clothes, should come to your door—not to beg, but—to demand your money. What right has he to your money ?—for, he not being in uniform, it is very difficult to free yourself from the persuasion that the demand is a personal matter between you and him. True, he produces a slip of paper, with print and writing upon it ; but there is nothing imposing or incomprehensible about it ; it may be read and understood at a glance, and every manly sentiment in your breast protests against your putting your name to it. Moreover, you know, either by experience or hearsay, that you can put the man off—that you can tell him to call next week, and, when he comes, can send word that you are not at home. You do this, but all that results from the delay is, that the matter becomes more than ever a personal one between you and this man. By degrees you conceive a personal antipathy or even hatred toward him ; you wish, perhaps, that he would die ; nay, there are times when you feel not indisposed to become the agent of his decease. It is not as if he were an ordinary creditor, to whom you were fairly and honestly indebted ; then you might evade him as long as possible, but in your better moments you would admit that he had claims upon you, and would affirm, perhaps, that some day you meant to satisfy them. But as for this fellow, what have you to do

with him? What has he ever done to put you in his debt? Unless it be a law that a man shall be paid for making himself a nuisance, it is he that is indebted to you—for causing you to lose temper, time, and self-respect. A uniform is a little matter to those who should provide it; it is no inconvenience to those who should wear it; and since, to those for whose behoof it should be worn, it is a real emollient—why should it be withheld?

III.

IN the matter of policemen, it is worth while to observe, England has wisely conformed to Continental example. English policemen everywhere are sternly and sadly uniformed. Their helmets are gloomy as a prison-tower, their array of silver buttons is severe and formal as a warrant of arrest, their belts are strict as jail discipline. This is all as it should be; the mere back-view of a policeman suggests to the wrong-doer the restraints that await him should he persist in his evil courses; and who knows how many a sinner has been helped to virtue by the sight of that inflexible figure, clad in raiment of such hue as the angry thunder-cloud wears when about to burst, looming in the distance? It seems to me that the old mediæval rule was a good one, which held that all the various classes and professions of the community should be recognizable by some peculiarity of attire—wherein, doubtless, there would be somewhat emblematic enough to help a stranger to a shrewd guess as to what the profession or rank might be. Surely it is contrary to order and civilization that an artist, for instance, should be indistinguishable, so far as his outside man is concerned, from a railway contractor or a pork-merchant. Inferiorly they are different; why should their dress conceal the fact?

If policemen were to cast aside their uniforms, and adopt plain clothes, who doubts that crime would speedily outgrow the capacity of the law to deal with it? Not only would the criminal abate half his awe of the officer, but the officer would lose quite half his confidence in himself. Moreover, he would become even more personally odious than the tax-gatherers are. Imagine being collared and dragged to the lock-up by an insufferable tyrant in an ordinary tweed morning-dress and felt-hat! We may partly form an idea of what such a state of things would be, by examining our involuntary feeling toward the "officers in plain clothes" who are sometimes used in difficult cases. We can hardly respect them, no matter how much ingenuity or courage they may show, because we know that they were playing an unfair game. The policeman who is obliged, in order to carry out his purpose, to lay aside his helmet and buttons, confesses himself worsted; and whatever advantage he may gain without them fails to command our sympathy, since there was a trick involved. Justice wins more by maintaining its dignity, even at the cost of being momentarily baffled, than by carrying whatever seemingly important point at that dignity's sacrifice.

However, our Byemoor police are a fine body of

men, and never, so far as I am able to testify, unbuckle their belts or lay aside their morions. They are simple, staid, and a little grim in their demeanor, displaying none of that romantic gallantry, either in appearance or action, that distinguishes our own Broadway squad; though I will not assert that the sight of an area-door or a nursery-window may not sometimes go near to awaken their social instincts. But their sense of discipline is most profound and praiseworthy, and seems, indeed, to be stronger than is the case with any other official class in England. For the English, though fond of imposing discipline on other people, do not take kindly to it themselves, and still less display a ravenous appetite for it, like the Germans. The police, however, have really the air of being disciplined to the backbone. But their English nature appears in this, that discipline only stiffens and constrains them—they cannot assimilate it, and make it their second and easier nature, as the Continentals do. Discipline's captives they may be, but not her creatures. The English policeman has received categorical instruction as to what he is to do and what to forbear doing, and he obeys the instructions categorically, without in the least entering into the spirit of them, or understanding, save in the dimmest manner, their general scope. Consequently, there is often a great deal of *naïveté* in his behavior. I have met him on his lonely beat along a country road, remote from the haunts of men, and unaware of my presence. Yet he stalked along, solemn and prim as if on parade, with measured tread, and stiff-swinging arms, and head erect. At every hundred yards or so he would turn himself majestically about, and deliberately survey the uninhabited region through which he had come—as if to assure himself that Mother Nature was not making faces at him behind his back; and, had he detected anything disorderly in the aspect of the landscape, he would unquestionably have endeavored to take it into custody. I should like to know, by-the-way, what an English policeman thinks "custody" means. With the practical significance of the phrase he is of course familiar; but, when he has occasion to utter the word, he rolls it under his tongue in a manner irreconcilable with the idea that he could give an etymological definition of it. It sounds well, it is associated in his mind with the exercise of power, and there is something vaguely imposing about it. The absence of the sense of humor in this worthy official is so marked that it becomes a positive quality, and, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, a humorous one. Anything like earnest and complete absorption in one's calling is apt to be regarded, nowadays, as rather ludicrous than otherwise. And I have observed that the undisciplined British public, which has a coarse perception of the humorous, is quite awake to this ludicrous aspect of their civil guardians. They have pet names for them—such as "Bobbie" and "Beak"—and treat them in a half-bantering, half-friendly way, that is pleasant to see. Withal, they have a proper awe of them, and seldom venture to lift a hand against them; so that a recent murder of two policemen near London stirred the

resentment of the whole community to an unusual degree. In short, the populace regards its solemn and conscientious defenders with a mixture of compassion, affection, and respect; and, though it cannot suppress an occasional grin at them, would always be ready to take their part in a row.

For my part, I fully concur in the popular sentiment on this head, and, lest I should seem to have sketched my policeman in too harsh and monotonous colors, I must make some allusion to him in his unofficial phase. I saw him one Sunday afternoon when he was off duty, and was taking a stroll through the outskirts of the town with his wife and his two children. It was a warm summer day; his belt was off, his rigid coat unbuttoned, his air domestic and gentle. His children had each grasped a hand—those hands that were wont in business hours to take offenders into custody, but which now returned the childish pressure with parental tenderness. The good wife smiled and prattled alongside; she was proud of the officer, but she loved the husband. And the husband was all husband, except what of him was father. If he had not forgotten the officer, he remembered him only as something which he desired to ignore. He wished not merely to be unofficial, but to be more unofficial than if he had never officiated. His glance sought that of the passer-by with an expression of beaming amiability and good-nature, irresistibly contagious; and there was a wistful, deprecatory element in it, extremely touching; he seemed to say: "Look upon me as a man and a fellow-creature, with affections and ties like the most soft-hearted among you. Think how lonely and forlorn I am all the week, when I am obliged to be on the beat, and to see that you behave properly, and to take you into custody when you don't. Bless you, it isn't I that do it—it's my office! And if you choose, to-day, to take a drop too much, or to smash a street-lamp, or be up to any little game of that sort, you shall see that I would sooner be kept on bread-and-water for a month than blow on you! So just bear it in mind that it's not I that stalk round here on working-days; it's only an official mummy-case that I'm locked up in. But on holidays I'm let out, and can be my own man—and my good woman's here. So good-day till our next meeting, and that won't be till a week from now, recollect, no matter what appearances may seem to say to it!"

IV.

THE military element is represented in Byemoor, and might afford me a pretext for referring at length to the army; but the English soldier is pretty generally known and understood by this time; for he has not changed, so far as I know, since the days of Wellington, or even of Marlborough. He is stupid, he is brutal, he is cool, steady, and brave. He has committed atrocities as bad as those for which Bulgaria has become famous, and he has performed deeds of disinterested and chivalrous valor such as no Turk or Russian will ever equal. The English have a natural turn for soldiering, and do very well at it—at least so far as hearty enjoyment of a fight goes.

Whether, now that war is getting so terribly scientific and calculating, they will thrive so well in it as heretofore, remains to be seen, probably no long while hence. My notion is, that it will not suit them at all, and that they will be overmatched with comparative ease by people without a third part of their constitutional relish for bloodshed—by the Prussians, for example. The latter are far more easily and blindly led than the former; they can be manipulated as punctually on the field as on paper; and, as for courage, since they have delivered up their souls into their officers' keeping long ago, it can really make little difference to them what happens to their bodies. English soldiers have thus far won their battles—when they were not beaten—either by attacking with persistence and vigor, or by defending with constancy and stout-heartedness. This was all very well in the old days; but now the god of battles is no longer Mars, but a sort of mathematical octopus, whose long, slow, inevitable, calculated gripe makes no account of human valor, but who, assuming that the men on both sides will obey orders (or so much the worse for them) so arranges matters that the side which has the odds against it must either yield or be annihilated—'tis all one to the octopus. Now, there is nothing your true-born fighter detests so much as fighting either with or against a mathematical certainty of victory; he wants to have the issue in doubt up to the last moment, to snatch success from the jaws of failure, to make courage take the place of tactics, and so on. But all prospects of that paradisiacal state of things is receding farther and farther into the background, and the fact may have an important bearing on England's chances in the Turkish War—should she take part in it. The courage of the English army is, relatively speaking, in an inverse ratio to its mechanical and mathematical virtues; but if the latter are destined, in modern warfare, to be on the winning side, our British cousins may happen to find themselves, one of these days, in a very awkward and (to them) unexpected situation.

Be that as it will, the British red-coat is a refreshing and amusing spectacle, after a too intimate acquaintance with his stolid and eviscerated German cousin. His most obviously charming feature is, of course, his scarlet coat; and no one who sees the lately-uniformed recruit can doubt that he himself appreciates its charm. By degrees, the gallant color permeates his whole system, and he becomes a kind of incarnation of it. It puffs out his chest, it makes concavities of his back and stomach, it squares out his elbows, it throws up his chin, it stiffens his knees. It must have something to do, I think, with his parting his hair behind so carefully, and wearing a cap the size of a five-shilling piece on the north-east corner of his head, the strap passing just underneath his nose. English soldiers always remind me, through I know not what occult channels of analogy, of mettlesome little cobs, with bob-tails and clipped manes.

These observations have reference chiefly to the infantry—the bulk of the rank and file of the regular

army. The Hussars and some other regiments do not wear the red coat pure and simple, and are in consequence more or less deficient in its peculiar moral attributes. As for the volunteers, in their invisible grays and greens, though there is plenty of fine material among them, they are uninteresting, in comparison, to the observer, and they experience some difficulty, I fancy, in keeping up much active interest in themselves. They were first instituted to repel the invader (whoever he may be), and, although they have maintained their organization throughout the seventeen years or so that have elapsed since then, there is little really spontaneous enthusiasm in them, and it would probably require a fresh scare against invasion to revive it. And all this indifference I ascribe to the fact that volunteers do not wear scarlet uniforms.

To return to the regular soldiers, or at any rate to that division of them which has its barracks at Byemoor. When you have become sufficiently familiar with the scarlet coat to be able to consider the man inside it apart from his environment—as the social scientists have it—you will be surprised to find how slight his average physical stamina appears to be. A good deal of uneasiness has latterly been felt in England on this subject, and has found expression in Parliament and in the press. It was affirmed that the recruiting business was far from brisk, and that what men were got were not men, but boys, and boys of anything but robust constitutions at that. The *Times*, however, replied that the men enlisted, “though young, were of a good stamp,” and that youth was a fault which a few years’ service would be apt to mitigate. Hereupon it was tacitly agreed not to carry on a discussion which was too plainly gratifying to Continental listeners. So nothing more was heard about it until Lord Beaconsfield, at Guildhall, took occasion to remark that, if England went to war, she would fight until she won, no matter whether it took two campaigns or twenty. And, Lord Beaconsfield being at present the ruling mind in England, the English people took heart, and now seem to believe that their army is as much the superior in every respect of any other army in the world as it always has been and ought to be.

Nevertheless, the unsophisticated foreigner cannot help thinking that beardless youths, with pallid, blotched faces, narrow shoulders, and spindly legs, are not the most promising stuff imaginable to support twenty campaigns with, or even two. And he cannot help seeing that a not inconsiderable propor-

tion of the military men that he meets about the streets answer more or less accurately to the above description. They are, indeed, quite good enough to be shot; but it takes a certain amount of health and endurance to get into the proper position for receiving the enemy’s bullets. There are among them many fine specimens of physical development and vigor; but so there are in any army. There are entire regiments, such as the Grenadiers and the Horse-Guards, which are fine throughout; but the greater their strength the greater must be the weakness somewhere else. In short, it has long been the custom to say that the English people, taken man by man, are tougher of muscle and sounder of health than any other civilized people. My experience does not bear out this dogma: I find both the men and the women quite unremarkable in these respects, to say the least; and the army does not get the best even of such material as there is. No doubt it would, however, were England to find herself in any real danger; and, after all, one cannot help feeling confident in the nation’s warlike doughtiness. Either they are worthy of confidence on that score, or they have asserted that they are so often and so loudly that the world partly believes them. We shall see.

Our Byemoor troops reside in an imposing brick building, with towers and wings and court-yards, about half a mile from town centre. The place was formerly somebody’s castle or country-seat; but it seems better adapted to its present use than for any private purposes. Every afternoon there is a chaotic sound of drums, trumpets, and other martial instruments, to be heard there—the regimental band practising, not collectively, but each individual member for himself. I suppose this system is adopted in order to accustom the men to playing undisturbed amid the din of battle. Once a week, during the summer, a concert is given, the music of which, as it reaches the ear in Fairmount, a mile distant, has a fairly melodious effect. The regimental orders for the week are posted up on the door-post of the Red Lion Inn, written out in a round, clerk’s hand, and signed with the dashing scrawl of the colonel. Whoever desires to get information as to the internal economy of the regiment has only to go to the Red Lion, and lean for an hour or two, with his ears and eyes open, on the bar. English warriors love their beer so well that they can quaff it without the help of manly exercises to enhance its flavor; and the more pints you stand, the fewer are the topics upon which they will find it worth while to be reticent.

A SONG.

WHAT time the violets bloom, my dear,
In ways that you and I regret,
I saw your gray eyes first grow clear
With love I cannot fathom yet,
But never may forget, my dear—
But never may forget!

What time the winds blow fresh, my dear,
A fragrant balm was blown to me;
I felt the blossom-time draw near;

My blood, like sap in flower or tree,
Swelled for the fruit to be, my dear—
The hope of fruit to be!

What time the violets fade, my dear,
What time the winds blow chill and wet,
Through changeful seasons year on year,
Though moons may wane and suns may set,
Oh, say you won’t forget, my dear—
Oh, say you won’t forget!

W O M A N ' S L O V E .

I SPARE my readers the description of the bloody fight in which the French First-Lieutenant Jacques Fromentin, severely wounded, after a gallant resistance, had been made prisoner by the Germans. The struggle had taken place before Paris, and the dying man had been carried to the camp of Ecouen. The surgeon had at once carefully examined the fatal wound, had fastened a bandage upon it, and had then passed on to the next bed of anguish, where another moaning and groaning patient awaited him. I followed the doctor, and was about to go farther with him, when the glance of the wounded officer arrested me. The man had not a drop of blood left in his face, and his pale forehead was already beaded with the cold perspiration of death. The wide-open, glowing dark eyes were immovably fixed upon me, and implored the fulfillment of his prayer. I approached and sat down beside him. He followed my every movement with painful attention.

"Nearer, please," he said, in a low voice. "I cannot speak loud."

I drew close to him.

"You speak French?"

I answered affirmatively.

"My name is Jacques Fromentin," he continued.

"My *fiancée* is called Jeanne de Villers."

He gave me her address.

"Please write the names for me."

I drew out a pocket-book, and made a note of his directions.

"Let me see."

I held the book before his eyes, and he read attentively what I had written.

"That is right," said he.

Then he was silent, as if he were trying to collect his thoughts. He averted his glance from me, and turned it toward the window; his glowing eyes became moist, he closed them for several seconds, then looked once more toward me, and spoke with feverish haste, as though he feared that he would not have time to finish what he still wanted to say:

"Hearken to the prayer of a dying man. Go see my *fiancée* as soon as circumstances permit; tell her I have died in the performance of my duty; tell her that my last thought was for her, and only for her; I bless the hour when I saw her; I bless the hour when she promised me her love; I bless the hour in which I first loved her, and loving her I die. Take her this ring, and this key of a casket which she knows well. It contains in a sealed package, directed to her, her letters to me; then bring her to the place where I shall be buried. And now thanks; you promise that you will grant my prayer?"

I promised solemnly, and withdrew with a heavy heart. At the door I turned once more, and met the last glance of the dying man. I nodded assent, and the large eyes closed in eternal rest.

The next day the body of Jacques Fromentin

was laid in the venerable shadowy park of the Constable Anne de Montmorency, in Ecouen. On the spot where he was buried I had a wooden cross erected, inscribed with his name.

Paris would not surrender, and the work of the bombardment and storming of the city slowly progressed. Days, weeks, months, flew by. I went frequently to Ecouen, and visited regularly Jacques Fromentin's grave. I had had it surrounded with a low, simple paling, and some pious soul, probably one of the compassionate Sisters who had undertaken the care of the sick in Ecouen, had wreathed the cross with flowers.

I thought often of the dead soldier, and I thought of him as of some one who had been near to me. I saw him before me, his beautiful pale face transfigured by death and love, and I pictured to myself the grief of the bride he had left behind.

She must long since have received the news of his death, and consequently I was spared the most difficult part of my mission. I saw her in my mind's eye in deep affliction. She must be very beautiful to have inspired such a love as Jacques Fromentin experienced for her. He had said nothing to me about her family, but Jeanne de Villers was a distinguished name, and her residence was in an aristocratic quarter of Paris. My fancy worked diligently, and I even surprised myself once in the thought that I might fall in love with Jeanne myself.

The capitulation of Paris was at last decreed, but peace was still to be signed, and the city remained closed to strangers. I was obliged to go to Germany. When I returned to France, Paris was in the hands of the Commune, and was invested and besieged by the Versailles Government. On the heights of Montmorency, from which I had an opportunity of observing the destruction of the capital of civilization by the advocates of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and by their opponents, the advocates of justice, order, and law, I could overlook that part of the town in which Jeanne de Villers lived. I was glad to see that it remained unhurt by the fire-balls, the petroleum-bombs, the incendiarism, and similar material manifestations of the genius of the *Grande Nation*. And now the conflict was over. Justice and order—thanks to the Chassepot and the mitrailleuse—had redeemed from the reign of terror and equality the city burned to ashes by liberty and fraternity. Liberty and fraternity had made terrible atonement. Justice and order had done merciless work. The most beautiful monuments of the Mecca of civilization were burned down by the men of progress. For this the advocates of the law had summarily shot down everything that stood in their path, everything that might stand in their path, or that could in any way afford ground for mistrust and suspicion. The streets were covered with mangled bodies of men, women, and children, and the spokes-

men of public opinion in France, after having lamented and bemoaned themselves in the first issue of their journals, had not failed in the second issue to call the world's attention to the fact that the French army, in consequence of the victory it had achieved, had once more reinstated France in her proper seat of power in the van of civilization. Everything was again in exemplary order. I availed myself of this favorable moment of rare tranquillity to execute at last the commission intrusted to me so many months before. I had no difficulty in finding the house that had been indicated. It was a beautiful, spacious edifice. The porter who stuck his head from out the concierge-box had a dignified, sedate appearance.

"Does Mademoiselle de Villers live here?" I asked.

"Mademoiselle?" answered he. "No doubt you mean Madame de Villers?"

I suddenly remembered that it did indeed sound unbecoming to ask for a young lady, and replied:

"Of course, I mean Madame de Villers."

"Second story, left door," and the little window was shut again. A pretty servant-maid, wearing a snow-white, coquettish little morning-cap, opened the door and looked at me inquiringly.

"I wish to speak to Madame de Villers," said I. The servant-maid inspected me for a moment, then courtesied and ushered me in. I followed in some embarrassment. I had pictured quite otherwise my entrance into the home of poor Jacques's beloved. The parlor into which the maid had led me was of striking elegance.

"Whom have I the honor of announcing?" asked my conductress.

I handed her my card. "Madame de Villers does not know me," I added. "Tell her, please, that I am here on an errand from a friend of the family."

The card was taken from me, and the bearer disappeared behind the heavy silk hangings which covered the door. I was kept waiting a long time. I examined the room in which I found myself. Never had I seen such extravagance and luxury. A costly Aubusson carpet covered the floor; curtains of heavy antique stuffs concealed doors and windows, and veiled the room in a mysterious twilight. A richly-ornamented rose-wood piano, such as is generally seen at exhibitions, attracted my eyes. The comfortable seats and couches were covered with silk damask. The clock and candelabra on the mantel were perfect works of art. On the tables, the chimney-piece, the piano, wherever one looked, lay or stood art-treasures of every description—Chinese vases, antique Sèvres cups, Japanese caskets and chests, ivory cases and carvings, curious weapons (among them a dagger whose hilt and sheath were adorned with precious stones), and a hundred other similar objects. I noticed, with some surprise, that an onyx bowl stood on the mantel, in which were Russian papyri of different sizes. A single picture ornamented the parlor, and at once arrested the gaze. It was the portrait of a lady,

and was painted by one of the most famous and exorbitant artists of France. The original must have been of conspicuous beauty, unless the picture had been inordinately flattered. It represented a woman in the fairest bloom of her years. "Probably the mother of Jeanne," I said to myself. "Jacques Fromentin was apparently on the lookout for rich relatives and a handsome mother-in-law. It is only a pity that people make so much display of their wealth and their beauty. Modesty and simplicity are not seldom trodden out by the reigning generation. What a wonderful glance the picture bends on me! It must have required a certain courage to marry the original, and, if Monsieur de Villers succeeded in binding his wife to him, he must have been no ordinary man. She scarcely looks like a Frenchwoman. The auburn hair, the dark eyes, recall the portraits of the old Italian masters." I started suddenly, and rose from the seat which I had taken opposite the picture. Near me stood a tall, beautiful woman with auburn hair and dark eyes, who had evidently entered the room through one of the tapestried doors. She was no older than the picture before me represented, and the resemblance to this was perfect. "She cannot possibly be the mother," said I to myself. "This lady is at most thirty years old." She was holding my card still in her hand, but she now laid it on a little table that stood near her, seated herself on a couch, and motioned to me at the same time to be seated. I felt, without seeing it, that her glance measured me from head to foot.

"May I ask what has given me the honor of this visit?" she began.

Her voice was the deep, full, mellow voice of the southern races.

"I came in fulfillment of a melancholy duty," answered I. "I promised a dying man to perform an errand for him, to Mademoiselle Jeanne de Villers. May I request of you the honor of an introduction to the young lady?"

"The young lady, Mademoiselle Jeanne de Villers, is myself," replied she, emphasizing the words "young lady" and "mademoiselle" with a smile.

I sat speechless for some seconds. Then I experienced a feeling of repugnance, almost of anger, and, without taking the pains to conceal it, I said harshly:

"Then my errand is easily accomplished. On the 13th of October there was a skirmish at Montmagny, and the French were repulsed, and were obliged to leave their dead and wounded in our hands. Among the first of these was a young officer who had fought gallantly, and who had been carried dying into the field-hospital of Ecouen, with a bullet in his breast. There, in the course of the day, he breathed his young life away. I sat by his death-bed, and saw that only one thought lived within him—the thought of her he loved. I received his last words: 'Give her this ring and this key,' said he; 'tell her that I have died in the performance of my duty, faithful unto death. I bless the hour when I saw her; I bless the hour when I was loved by her, and loving her I die.'

The young officer was called Jacques Fromentin, and I solemnly promised him to convey the news of his death to Madame Jeanne de Villers. He lies buried in the park of Ecouen, behind the castle of the Constable Anne de Montmorency. I am charged with the duty of conducting you thither if you desire it."

While I had been speaking, she had sat quietly listening without taking her eyes off me. As I mentioned her name and the name of the dead, she had made a slight, scarcely perceptible movement. That had been all. When I ceased, a long pause ensued.

"Poor Jacques!" she broke the silence, and her voice was sonorous and calm as before. "He had a loyal, noble soul, and I was very fond of him. I had long been expecting the news of his death, for I knew that he had fallen wounded into the hands of the enemy, and that he would have written to me if he had not been dead. The communication you make is very valuable to me, and I thank you for it. This is indeed his ring; I remember well having seen it on his finger. It belonged originally to me, but it was a little too large for me; he took it one day from my hand, and placed it on his finger, saying the ring would only leave him with his life; the scene is still before my eyes. I laughed at his enthusiasm. He was easily moved, and took a great many things in the most tragic way which did not touch me at all. We even often quarreled over this, for he could not pardon me my 'frightful calmness,' as he called it. But he was a good, true man, poor Jacques, and I have often thought of him since his death."

I found it difficult not to give expression to my repulsion; but she did not seem to notice at all the impression she made upon me, and continued unconsciously:

"So you had him buried in Ecouen. I have a little villa in St.-Gratien, and I learn through my servants that the whole district is full of soldiers; therefore I would rather avoid the pilgrimage. During the past two months I have had a great many emotions, and I need rest. At the corner of the street, not a hundred steps from here, the Communists built a barricade. Fortunately, no fighting took place. I should have died of terror if I had heard cannonading near my house."

I had risen, but did not move.

"One thing more," said she, and took the key which I had given her with the ring. It was a small gold key, prettily ornamented, and easy to recognize. "Jacques had the oddest way of putting carefully aside every word I wrote to him. For this purpose he had a peculiar box made which this key opens; the letters contain very little of interest, but I should be sorry to have them fall into strangers' hands. May I beg you to procure them for me? You will find the little chest in his room. It is incased in red leather, and can be known at once by the cover being stamped with my monogram, 'J. de V.'"

"You forget that I do not know where the late Monsieur Jacques Fromentin lived, and I have no right to intrude upon his home."

"He lived with his mother."—She gave me the address.—"As far as I know of the old lady, she will accede to anything that you ask her in her son's name. I myself"—an ugly smile flitted over her features—"I myself have not the honor of knowing Madame Fromentin, or I should spare you the trouble of bringing back my letters."

"I shall cheerfully do everything to fulfill the last wishes of Jacques Fromentin," said I.

She rose, as much as to say, "You may go now," and I took the hint, and withdrew at once.

In the bottom of my heart I was angry with the dead man for having bestowed his love on such an unworthy object. "So that was the chaste Jeanne!" I thought, and I compared the reality with the picture my fancy had painted. "Madame de Villers, the beloved mistress of Jacques, is simply one of the countless Aspasias whom the modern Athens has produced—a Margaret Bellanger, Cora Pearl, Anne de Lions. I congratulate the dead man on his death! He has certainly been spared much shame and misery." Then I meditated more deeply. "His blood was young and hot, poor fellow!" I philosophized, "and the devil men call Venus could without difficulty entirely besot him." What I could not pardon Jacques was, that he had not appeared to have a thought for his mother.

I went straightway to her house, for my stay in Paris was to be brief, and, in spite of the disappointment which my visit to Madame de Villers had prepared me for, I was resolved to carry out conscientiously Jacques Fromentin's last wishes. Madame Fromentin lived in a small house in a quiet, well-known street. The servant who opened the door for me was an old man with white hair. I remarked that he was in deep mourning.

"Madame Fromentin receives no one," said he, as I handed him my card.

"Tell her that I bring news of her son," replied I.

"Of her son—of Monsieur Jacques!" cried the man, and became as pale as death. "Does he still live?"

"No," said I, sadly. "I bring only the news of his death. I saw Monsieur Jacques die!"

The old servant remained silent for a moment, then slowly retired. At the door which led into the house he stood still an instant, as if he were considering how he should announce me; then he heaved a deep sigh, shook sorrowfully his white head, and entered the hall. I was obliged to wait several minutes before he returned to show me into the reception-room. It was a large, comfortable apartment, filled with old-fashioned, substantial, unpretending furniture, which formed a striking contrast to the parlor I had just left. Two portraits struck my eye at once. In one I recognized immediately Jacques Fromentin; the other represented a lovely girl of marked, earnest beauty. The resemblance in the expression of the faces made me recognize the two pictures as portraits of brother and sister. The door opened slowly, and I turned around. A venerable lady in the deepest mourning entered the room.

"I am the mother of Jacques Fromentin," said she.

I made a low bow, and took a seat beside her. My tongue cleaved to my palate; I knew not how to open the conversation. It was clear to me that I did not have courage, that I could not have courage, to tell the unhappy lady before me the whole truth concerning the death of her son.

"You are already aware of the misfortune that has befallen you," I began, in a low voice.

She made a mute sign with her head, and covered her burning eyes with her hand; but I saw the bitter tears on her emaciated cheeks, and my heart felt as if it would burst. I rose, seized her disengaged hand which lay in her lap, and reverently kissed it.

"Your son died the death of the noble and the brave," I continued. "I wish I could give you comfort."

"Nothing can give me comfort," replied she, amid her tears. "My God! how shall I live? what shall I do? Since the day he disappeared, I have shortened my life with grief and anguish! I longed to hope that he still lived—that he was a prisoner, that he was wounded, that he could not write; but for two months I have known the worst, for I have found his grave!"

She could say no more—her grief choked her. I dared not break the mournful silence. After a few minutes she asked me:

"Where did you see him for the last time?"

I related how Jacques had been carried, mortally wounded, into the hospital of Ecouen, and that he had soon after died there.

"How did you know my address?" inquired she. Then came the unavoidable falsehood.

"He asked me to seek you out, and inform you of his death," I answered, boldly.

"God bless him for the thought of his mother!" said she; "and God bless you for the message and the comfort you have brought me!"

I felt ashamed, but I could not reject the undeserved blessing. The eyes of the unhappy woman suddenly turned inquiringly upon me.

"Did Jacques say nothing else?"

"Your son gave me the address of a lady to whom I am to deliver from him a red box with the letters 'J. de V.,' which I may find in his room."

The poor mother's face quivered in a melancholy way, but she spoke no word and left the room. After a few moments she returned, and handed me in silence an exquisite little casket covered with red leather, on which I recognized the designated monogram. Then she sank into profound meditation, till she raised her head again, and said, in a firm voice:

"Tell the lady that I pray God to be gracious to my son, and that for his sake I forgive her."

I sent the red box by a messenger. I could not bring myself to return to Madame de Villers. Before my departure from France, I visited once more the grave of Jacques Fromentin. As I approached the spot, I saw a black, kneeling figure clinging to the wooden cross. I recognized Jacques's mother, and quietly withdrew. On the shadowy road between Enghien and St.-Gratien I met an elegant carriage, and in it carelessly leaning back reclined a beautiful, richly-dressed woman, whom all the passers-by turned to look after. It was Jeanne de Villers. She recognized me, smiled at me in a friendly way, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BIRDS.

II.

MOCKING-BIRDS AND NIGHTINGALES.

SINCE the first article in this short series was published,¹ I have been asked by several correspondents to furnish a detailed description of the "model" cage previously referred to. In place of such a description, I venture to give a design which, I trust, will sufficiently explain itself. This cage, it may be added, should be made wholly of brass, and *carefully lacquered* to prevent the formation of verdigris, which is poisonous. One of my correspondents wishes to know whether the round-topped or "pagoda cage" is not itself a model. It certainly is so far as it goes, and when its beautiful and commodious shape is contrasted with the ancient, tiny hutch with its wooden top, and back, and bottom. My model cage is, as you will observe, a sort of double pagoda, affording more room for skipping, and flying, and jumping. But some people will say that the larger the cage the less music will you

get out of its occupant—which is all wrong. A canary will sing even more *sweetly* in a large cage, and why should it be denied the use of its limbs and wings provided it give us the music of its throat? You may be sure that, if you narrow the prison for the sake of *extorting* music, the quality of the latter will be sacrificed, and you will only be taking the first step in the path which leads to that maximum of cruelty—bird-blinding. I might tell many dreadful stories concerning this species of torture, commonly practised by the ruffian class of bird-fanciers for the sake of making the poor little creatures sing strong and loud, and as well at midnight as at noon.

Another of my correspondents regrets that I did not say anything about "mule" birds. I am not partial to the subject, although I am free to admit that the offspring of a male goldfinch and a female canary will, in one case out of ten—not oftener—be superior to either of the parents not only in plumage

¹ JOURNAL for August, p. 155.

but likewise in song. All birds that have an affinity to the canary may be paired with him—such as the siskin, the linnet, the redpole, etc.; and I have read of instances of the bullfinch, the greenfinch, and the yellow-bunting, being similarly mated. As experiments, these attempts at cross-breeding are no doubt amusing and instructive; but I should by no means advise the reader to indulge in them, for the chances are ten to one against success, and more plague than profit will be the inevitable result. All offspring of this kind are not only heterogeneous but sterile; and I never have my attention called to them without being reminded of the old injunction, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!" "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;"

been buried, that afternoon, at the roots of those vines. "I wouldn't care," said my host, "if this was only a day's trial; but, Heaven knows, I shall have to waste powder and ball on the thieves at least a fortnight longer. Blast them! I wish all the mocking-birds in the world were dead and buried!" I have often wondered whether every Southern planter cherishes the same dislike toward one of the most wonderful of feathered wonders.

I have hinted that it is very much the fashion now, in the North at least, for people to own a mocking-bird. I can count nearly a dozen such birds belonging to as many different families in my neighborhood, and if this ratio is the same elsewhere, I shouldn't be surprised to hear ere long that



MODEL BIRD-CAGE.

and what he has put asunder let no man attempt to bring together.

I pass now to a continuation of my subject, and in the present chapter shall write of two very troublesome but nowadays very fashionable members of the feathered tribe. Where people possess room and leisure, they ought to have no excuse for not taking a lively interest in these birds. We will first consider—

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

I NEVER shall forget that memorable day, a score of years ago, when I stood in the doorway of the mansion of a generous Southern host, and was dreadfully put to grief at seeing him unload his shot-gun repeatedly at the nimble but seemingly unterrified flock of birds that played havoc among his grape-vines. At least a hundred birds must have

the accursed thieves had left the Southern vines. As if, however, in accord with the old saying that the bitter goes with the sweet, people who own these birds complain bitterly of their extra labor and anxiety, and are prone to reiterate the confession of one of my friends that "a mocking-bird is as much to take care of as a sick infant." That such a confession as this is not all fallacy, but contains a great deal of truth, is proved by the fact that it is almost unanimous and universal.

Now, a mocking-bird is something of a baby, notwithstanding that it is vastly intelligent and, as Southey says:

" . . . knoweth all
The songs of all the winged choristers,
And in one sequence of melodious sounds
Pours all its music."

But it is the fault of the owner, not of the bird,

that the former is put to such sore distress and trouble, and I think I can satisfy almost anybody on this point. Mrs. A——, if you please, possesses a mocking-bird which she obtained while it was yet young during a former visit in Florida. She tells Mrs. B—— all about it, displays its attractive qualities, and shows her how tame and friendly it is. Mrs. B—— is deeply interested, and Mrs. B—— must also have a mocking-bird. But circumstances will not allow her to go to Florida; she knows nobody there who will send her one, and, even were it forwarded, who would care for it on the passage? So she does the next best thing: she visits a bird-store, entrancedly views the small flock of nestlings behind the prison-bars, observes how rayenous they are, and how willingly they receive their food from the attendant, and finally pays her money and takes her choice. The bird is sent home, and Mrs. B——, encouraged by the stray bits of information which Mrs. A—— has put into her head, and still further fortified by the advice, correct perhaps, but singularly disjointed, which the bird-seller has given her, now thinks she knows all about it, and only awaits that blessed hour when her pet will begin to pour out its song, "e'en at the dread hour of midnight."

By-and-by, however, the bird becomes "such a pet." "Why, he will do almost everything!"—and eat almost everything, too, which, of course, is given him, simply because he is a favorite—and it is so hard, you know, to deny a favorite sweetmeats! Mrs. B—— will never forget that stern and honest advice of Dr. Pillmacher to "look out for the baby's stomach!" But she seems to be unmindful of the fact that a little pet mocking-bird has a stomach not made of iron, and so she continues to give it everything, and presently the bird sickens, its feathers become ruffled, and the worst end is foreboded. Mrs. A—— thinks that perhaps the cage is unsuited to the bird; the bird-dealer asks, "What is its daily food?" She mentions the staple, but forgets to mention the *desserts*. The bird dies, and that ends the matter.

Such, I venture to say, is the sad experience of the majority of people who have ever owned mocking-birds in the North; and yet they never appear to know what has been the matter, and the secret of the bird's disease dies with it.

Now, I cannot hope to reach every bird-owner in these pages; nor, again, can I hope that even every reader will take for granted what I affirm, or, yielding half, will adopt my own explanation and my practice. Nevertheless, I say here that a person who has no previous knowledge of the habits and mode of life of a mocking-bird is no more fitted to own one—and surely he will never succeed with one—than I would be to keep a horse without knowing how to keep him. You must be in earnest and intelligent, to begin with; for a mocking-bird is no foundling, which may be brought up after your own fashion. On the contrary, he has a fashion of his own. Nature taught it, and, unless you see fit to watch and obey it, you will be the death of him.

Well, then, what is the mode of life of the mock-

ing-bird? Forget that sentimental song of old, and study him for once in his native wood. Repair thither in the early spring while he is building the nest, either in the solitary thorn-bush, in the orange or cedar, or in some impenetrable thicket. Observe how familiar, *how friendly*, he is by nature; for he rather prefers to locate near the house of man than otherwise. If you will let him alone, he will prove the best of companions, and while you read and meditate in the shade he will venture near and pick up the crumbs from your luncheon. But if you trouble his nest he will defend it with the courage of Ajax and the skill of Archimedes.

Without disturbing, and while the bird is away, study his nest. Note the wisdom in its construction. First, a quantity of dry twigs and sticks; then, the withered *tops* of weeds of the preceding year intermixed with fine straws, hay, pieces of fibre, bits of wool and tow; lastly, a thick layer of fibrous roots lining the whole. Presently the female will lay four or five eggs of a cinereous blue marked with large blotches of brown. In about fourteen days these will be hatched, and then you will be astonished to learn what a ragamuffinish brood Nature can produce.

But, homely as the mocking-bird is when young, it cannot be justly considered so when full grown. To be sure, its plumage has in it nothing gaudy or brilliant; but its figure is well proportioned and even handsome. Its movements, too, are rapid and elegant; its eyes are lighted up with animation; its facility of acquiring the song and prattle of its neighbors is most surprising. No one who has heard the mocking-bird in his native wood will deny that his vocal powers exceed, both in his imitative notes and in his natural song, those of any other species.

From earliest infancy the natural food of the mocking-bird is chiefly insects, their larvæ, worms, spiders, the products of the vine, berries, etc. In confinement, the food should be as nearly the same as possible. I cannot too earnestly insist upon it that whoever wishes to domesticate the mocking-bird must, as already stated, study him either in his wild state or in some authoritative work on the subject. It is astonishing how great an injury a little ignorance in this matter will effect; and, on the other hand, how much useless annoyance and vexation may be saved by a little quiet study and fore-warning.

As in the previous article I sought to enlighten the unwary by recounting my own experience, so again will I write out for you the life-history of one of my mocking-birds. *Ab uno disce omnia!*

When, one bright morning in June, a kind friend from Georgia came to my house, and brought me two very tiny nestlings pent up in small quarters, and when he laid the cage upon the table and the occupants, instead of begging for food, sat perched and with drooped heads, I must have thanked the giver ominously, for I really expected to put them underground before night. It is not often that persons who commence to keep mocking-birds do so under such evil circumstances.

But I was not dismayed. Trusting that they were suffering only from the effects of a long journey, and that ampler space and some nourishing food would repair their energies, I at once visited the cage-maker, and selected a cage just fifteen inches wide, twenty inches high, and twenty-four inches long, made of tinned wire. I might have procured a wooden and iron-wire cage at about one half the money; but I should have had to contend with lice soon afterward, and preferred, therefore, to save me this trouble by being forearmed. It might be asked, "Why purchase so large a cage?" Simply because this is a necessity. A mocking-bird cannot live and thrive well in a smaller cage, and, sooner than diminish, I would willingly increase these proportions had I more abundant room at command.

In this cage I placed plenty of gravel, or common river-sand, sprinkling it freely over the bottom. The purpose of this gravel is not, as some persons fancy, to keep the cage clean and to absorb the moisture of the refuse, but it is to keep the bird's feet clean and to aid him in digesting his food. The gravel-paper which is sold already prepared for canaries might possibly answer for mocking-birds, but I should hardly recommend it.

Having also placed in the cage a shallow bathing-cup filled two-thirds full with tepid water, I now introduced the little prisoners. They quickly recognized and appreciated the change, and in less than an hour they were disposed to try the bath and then to go to eating. Let me say here that mocking-birds will sometimes commit the suicidal act of drowning themselves if they are not watched and the bathing-vessel is not shallow. Why this should happen I know not. It is also a wise precaution not to tempt them to bathe in cold water; for should they do so they will suffer from it afterward, and be brought down with disease.

With regard to the food, nestlings thrive best on one and invariably the same kind. Supposing that, like myself, you have begun with nestlings, you will best keep them in good condition by allowing them, through the first summer, the following food: Take two old potatoes—never give them new ones when the old can be obtained—pare, and boil them tender; also boil two good-sized eggs (one will answer), remove from the shell, and mash them fine with the potato. Blend these ingredients thoroughly, and put away in a cool place. This mixture should constitute the daily food of the young mocking-bird. For the first month give a spoonful every hour or so, feeding him by hand just as you would an infant. As he grows older a larger amount may be given at longer intervals, and about August a bit of sweet apple may be occasionally added. Give him also through these months, and indeed always, plenty of water to drink, and a bath once a day in the morning. Never allow the bath-tub to remain long in the cage, but after the bird has bathed remove it.

In September, or perhaps as late as October, the bird will commence to sing, either imitating the vocal harmonies of other birds or in his own original way. Then, and not until then, you may cease feeding

him by hand, and may place his food in the cup, whence he may procure it for himself as often as he wishes. The general character of his food should be that already mentioned, with the addition of a grated raw carrot (one-third of the latter to two-thirds of the former). As he gains in song, a table-spoonful of ants'-eggs, soaked and mixed with this food, will prove beneficial, as will also sweet apple.

All mocking-birds, provided they also be given insects and worms, will thrive well on the foregoing foods. But I have always fancied that they, like everybody else, are fond of a change, and that it also does them good. I have known instances of a bird refusing his accustomed food, not that he was put into ill-health by eating it, but because he wanted something else. Whether a bird shows this symptom or not, he will thank you, and sing the sweeter, if you alternate with the potato-food the following preparation every two or three days: Mix two cupfuls of *white* Indian-meal, two cupfuls of pea-meal, and one cupful of moss-meal (made by drying and grinding the imported German moss-seed) intimately together; add a little melted lard, not enough to render the mixture greasy, and sweeten with molasses. Fry in a frying-pan for about half an hour, stirring carefully, and taking care that it does not burn. Put into a covered jar. Only half the above quantity may be made, although, even if you make the whole, it will keep well. This excellent, and in some respects unsurpassed, mixture is sold as "Prepared Food," and a supply of it should always be kept on hand in the house. The addition of a little grated carrot or a few ants'-eggs will supply a dish fit for a king among mocking-birds.

I have said that a mocking-bird requires insects, and here it is that Nature asserts itself forcibly. In the dead of winter these insects and worms are as much needed, as a part of his daily fare, as in the heated months of summer. Considerable precaution must be taken in order always to have a supply on hand, and the method which I adopt is perhaps as good as any. In the fly-season I place my patent fly-traps where flies are the most plentiful, and every week I empty the contents into a strong paper bag, which is then kept in a dry place. In this way I manage to accumulate in a good season two quarts or more of flies, which are enough to supply the demand until another season opens. During the summer months I also lay in a small quantity of grasshoppers, garden-spiders, and, if possible, as many ants'-eggs as I may chance to find—all of which, save the eggs, which are bottled, are dried and put into a bag. When using these insects in winter, you have only to pour a little boiling water over as many of them as are needed, in order to render them soft and palatable.

Twice a week a mocking-bird should be allowed a meal-worm, which not only tends to keep him in health, but also seems to renew his life and increases his song. As many people are greatly bothered about obtaining these worms, I venture to tell them of a very simple way of keeping up a supply. Take a half-gallon earthen jar, and fill it two-thirds full

with bran (say, a quart), a half loaf of stale bread cut in pieces, some bits of leather from an old shoe, some old woolen rags, and place therein forty or fifty good-sized meal-worms, which may be readily bought or obtained from any grain-dealer. Cover the jar tightly with a thick cloth, and moisten the cloth at least twice a week. In about four months your fifty worms will be increased by thousands—enough to last a century!

What I have thus named should alone constitute the food of your bird—the potato-mixture, the “Prepared Food,” the insects, and the meal-worms. Do not feed each continuously, but change and alternate every now and then, so as to keep up a variety. If you allow one to eat anything else, such as sugarcandy, grapes, daily green-food, meat, etc., be sure that it will go hard with him. Nine-tenths of all the failures in rearing these birds are the result of injudicious feeding administered by tender-hearted but ignorant keepers.

When a bird is full grown and in song, it is not more difficult to keep him in good condition than it is to preserve a canary in health; and the reason why so many people complain about their care is because they are constantly obliged to pay the penalty of their own carelessness. “Do *well* whatever you do; do only what you *ought* to do; do nothing else,” were the words of my first lesson taught me by an aged bird-keeper. Of-course, there are times when, even under the best of management, mocking-birds will become ill and die; and to assert that they are not subject to diseases would be to falsify truth.

When these ills are manifest, act speedily—it matters not whether they be *mental* or *physical* ills—and take it for granted that you can readily restore the invalid. Should his feathers looked ruffled, feed him wholly on the potato-and-egg mixture. Should he neglect to sing, appear inactive, and sit stupidly on the perch, tempt him with a grasshopper, or a spider or two. Should he have the “pip,” and refuse to eat, examine his tongue, and, if you chance to observe it, remove the horny pellicle from its surface. To accomplish this, place the bird on his back firmly with one hand, and with the finger-nail of the other hand gently peel off the pellicle. Sometimes a mocking-bird will suffer from indigestion, and have *diarrhea*. A very rusty nail placed in his drinking-cup is the best cure for this; while for frequent or habitual constipation a few insects or ants’-eggs is a safe remedy. During the moulting-season the bird’s food should be very largely ants’-eggs and insects, and no “Prepared Food” should be given.

I have nothing to write with regard to the training of mocking-birds, for, to speak the truth, they will train themselves if they are well cared for. They are quite incapable of learning tricks other than those which their own cunning ingenuity may invent. If a nestling be caged, and be regularly fed and nourished, he soon learns the difference between attention and neglect, early comes to know his master, and is most affectionate in his disposition toward him. I have never yet taken the trouble to win the love of a mocking-bird, for the reason that it comes

to me without the asking, and, whether at noon or even, he is equally ready to perch upon my finger or pick the buttons from my coat.

While he deserves to be regarded—and, indeed, is so—as one of the most valuable acquisitions, still, in a domesticated condition, the mocking-bird’s chief characteristic renders it impossible that he should be counted as a *sober* chamber-musician. For a while he will be content with his own natural melody, which consists of from two to six short, full notes; but the least noise is sufficient to disturb the flow of his natural melody, and, one suggestion giving rise to another, you presently hear a Babel of bird-music impossible to bear. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; but in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them.

It is a pity that so many people, having the leisure to devote to it, are averse to keeping a mocking-bird. As I have endeavored to show, but little or no risk is occasioned, and even this so long as the pet remains a *nestling*. When once a bird has outlived the dangers of the first year, and has begun to sing, the burden of his owner’s anxiety ceases; for, from this stage onward, only a reasonable amount of daily attention is required to keep him in good condition. Provided he be allowed plenty of *proper* food, plenty of fresh water and air, plenty of *river-sand*, and be kept clean, a well-bred bird should live at least a dozen, or indeed twenty years, and sing full nine months in every year. The value of a bird doubles yearly, and the advantage to the owner of purchasing a bird while it is in the first year cannot be too highly estimated. I speak only from my own experience when I say that I have had much greater success in rearing *young* birds than in taking care of those which came to me advanced in years. Finally, let me enjoin upon my readers to adopt only *one method* in caring for them, and continue it to the end. Don’t change this method because some of your friends have been successful with another. A mocking-bird loves *order*, *regularity*, and *monotony*; and a change in his mode of living is always attended with much risk.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Do you recall what old, pious Izaak Walton said of him? “The nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles had not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, ‘Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?’”

Who, that has heard this noble bird scattering its vocal sounds, like gems, over the tree-tops of English Staffordshire, could fail to indorse the sentiment of the good writer with a hearty amen? If you will search through English poetry, you will

find "lines to the nightingale" in almost every volume, even as far back as the first beginnings of the art of printing. The music of this bird seems always to have been regarded as the standard of perfection; and, when critics grow rapturous in their eulogiums of some human songstress, the highest meed of praise they can bestow is, "She sings like a nightingale."

The nightingale has been called—and I find that most American people entertain the same view—a melancholy bird. Although it loves solitude and the night, it is neither melancholy nor sad. No bird, so far as my observation goes, sings for the ease of a heavy heart, as poets seem to think, but because—well, I fancy from much the same reason that boys skip, and sing, and holloa, and seemingly delight the more in pranks because they are aimless. A middle-aged nightingale is as constantly melodious as the new-year's nestling! It would be well if all poets shared Coleridge's opinion in this matter:

"And hark! the nightingale begins its song,
'Most musical, most melancholy' bird.
A melancholy bird? Oh, idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
... 'Tis the merry nightingale,
That crowds and hurries, and precipitates
With fast, thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music."

But, pardon me, it is not my intention to treat the poetical side of my subject, though the temptation to do so is great. I am often asked, "How is your nightingale getting along? Isn't it dead yet?" Once for all—no! My friends ask this question over and over again, as if they really thought that the pet of our household *ought* to be dead, and that it would be something miraculous to keep it alive much longer.

An English barber sold me my nightingale, when it was a year old, for ten dollars—a high price, seeing that it was in a dreadful condition and did not sing. The poor fellow, however, was loath to part with it, notwithstanding that he could not earn money enough even to keep himself body and soul together. Oh, but the singular experience that I now had with that bird!

Having procured for him a new cage—of exactly the same size and pattern as that described in the earlier part of this chapter, and provided with three perches—I placed him in the sewing-room, thinking that he would there be out of the range of other bird-notes, and would be left free to develop his own song. But for four days he was both sulky and whimsical, and his entire demeanor was not unlike that of a boy who has been put to learn a hard lesson at the expense of a share in a base-ball frolic.

My one conclusion was, at the end of this time, that he was dissatisfied with the locality; therefore, I carried him down into the dining-room, kept him there four days, and with no better result. As a last makeshift, I carried him up-stairs again and hung him in the north window of my sleeping-room,

where, out of the way of a strong light, he could keep in the cool shadow of an ancient oak that towered near the house. This change pleased him immensely; for he had, besides a tempered light, an abundance of fresh air, and the still more pleasurable opportunity of hearing the wild birds pipe through the day.

On the 30th of November he began to utter a few discordant and broken notes, and at noon on the same day these notes were woven into something of a strain. This closed the day's performance, as I thought. At midnight, however, I was awakened from sleep by an unusual sound—that of our nightingale singing for his dear life! I might have voted him a nuisance under ordinary circumstances, but, this time, the novelty of the event condoned the offense. My first thought was to hurry the bird out of the chamber as soon as possible; my second thought prevailed, and to this day he holds his old place, sings as much in the night as in the day, and disturbs no one in the house by his singing. I sometimes think, however, that he puts the safety of our town at stake; for often do the night-watch linger on their beat to listen to his glorious music! Mayhap the midnight robbers also listen and, mindful of the lesson, relinquish their ill-gotten gains!

The purchaser of a nightingale will need to exercise a little precaution, even when dealing with a perfectly conscientious and reliable vender. For example: it may happen that the seller will press on you at a cheap rate a bird whose capacity to sing is beyond any doubt. There he hangs before your eyes, making the place echo with his music; but, for all that, don't buy him, *at least at first sight*. Visit the store again in three or four days, and then, if the bird seems as sprightly as when you last saw him, you may venture to purchase. Such a precaution, I repeat, is necessary, for it sometimes happens that a young bird will *take to singing so fiercely and continuously as in a short time to kill itself*! I once witnessed such a spectacle in England. Do not call it pleasure! for plainly enough it is a passionate remonstrance at cruelty—an imploring appeal for liberty, the mere ravings of the miserable little captive, mad with despair! Rather than confine a bird thus afflicted and tormented, I would open the cage-door, regardless of the loss.

But you should also be cautious in another respect. A disreputable dealer, or even one honorable but still ignorant, will sometimes palm off a female for a male upon an unwary customer. A *redstart* will often be offered as a nightingale; and I confess it is rather hard to tell the difference between the two. Experience, however, which is the best teacher in respect of the feathered species, will show you that the nightingale is much more graceful in his movements than the redstart, carries his head *erect*, walks with the utmost dignity and deliberation, and, when attracted by any object, *puts his head on one side*, as does the robin, and seems to look at the object with but one eye. A few yellow feathers in the plumage form pretty conclusive evidence that

the bird is young; whereas, the absence of even *one* yellow feather is a sure proof of old age. It is well to note this fact before purchasing, since a young bird is always to be preferred to an old one, and is much more docile and tractable. In distinguishing the sex, you should remember that the legs of the male bird are considerably *longer* than those of the female, his head is more tapering and much longer, and the eyes larger and brighter.

As regards the cage, what I have already said about that for the mocking-bird applies as well to the nightingale's. But, in addition, the roof should either be of cloth, or the wire should be covered with some soft material, so that the bird, in leaping upward, may not injure his head. Place the cage somewhere where there is an abundance of fresh air, but out of the way of a draught and of a *strong light*. I think it a good plan to have all the sides of the cage hung round with the lightest green-gauze curtains, which should not hang close to the bars of the cage, but about an inch off. There should be three perches made of soft wood, and these should be kept scrupulously clean, for a nightingale's feet are very tender.

Once a day, in the morning, clean out the cage, also the feed and water vessels. Give the bird a bath once a day—using a saucer, two-thirds full of clean water—and, after he has bathed, sprinkle *river-sand* over the bottom of the cage. I have always been in the habit of allowing my birds to bathe first, and of cleaning them out afterward, and I regard it as an excellent plan.

Now, with regard to the proper food. Whatever I allow the mocking-bird I give also to the nightingale, doubling the quantity, for the nightingale has the best digestive organs, has a rapacious appetite, and seems never to tire of eating. Unfortunately, many people who own a nightingale are not aware of these facts, and, while they think they are giving him a bountiful supply of food, they actually starve him! My rule is to give him all he will eat,

and never to keep the dish empty. Therefore, lay in, for his special use, a sufficient quantity of potato-mixture, already spoken of, "Prepared Food," meal-worms (one of these will always convert his silence into music), and ants'-eggs. Of ants'-eggs I think he is most fond, and he likes them in various combinations, as, for instance, ants'-eggs and grated carrot, ants'-eggs and hard-boiled egg, ants'-eggs and yellow turnip, ants'-eggs and elderberries, and even ants'-eggs moistened with a little water. I am persuaded that if a person will use the "Prepared Food," the various combinations of ants'-eggs, and, occasionally, meal-worms, keep the cage clean and take the other small precautions already named, he will have no more trouble in keeping a nightingale in health and song than he would have with a canary. It is because people think that they *must* of necessity be put to annoyance in keeping foreign caged birds, that they are so unfortunate; half of this trouble is imagined and invented beforehand, and folly only increases it. If one would only exercise a little of common-sense in the matter, and not dream of a sick bird before the bird falls sick, he would soon be astonished to find how very easy and light a task it is to secure pleasure from such friendships. What if occasionally a nightingale should be overtaken with illness, or be afflicted with some disease? Do your best to cure him, treat him in the same way that you would a mocking-bird under like conditions, and be assured that, as these diseases are almost always light, the remedy also is simple.

Oh, the pleasure that comes from the keeping of birds! There is no limit to it; one never tires of their singing when once he has comprehended the meaning of the varied accents; one never wearies of the care when once he has grown into their friendship—finds them always *at home*, and ever ready to make that home cheerful. We laugh at their tricks, their deceptions, their poutings. They rule us when we least suspect it; and, whatever we do for them, not our love but their love commands it.

REX MACARTHY.

"IT isn't in your belt a' the keys o' the country-side hang, Jim Banks.—And maybe, stranger, if you'd feel to stop and ask the overman, it's a different answer yo'd get."

The speaker was one of a group of yawning, pale-faced pitmen standing at the Lowther Shaft; and the "stranger" was a tall, good-looking fellow in collier's clothes, who had just asked Jim Banks if he "could get a job in the mine," and been curtly told, "No, he couldn't."

Just then a gaunt, sinewy form, with a grisly aspect, came stalking toward them. He had a candle stuck in his cap and a pipe in his mouth.

"That's John Bowles, stranger; it's a civil word he'll give you, anyway."

The stranger nodded and smiled, and, with the

light of the smile still on his face, turned to the overman.

"John Bowles," he said, "I want a job; can you give me one?"

"What's yo're name, friend?"

"Rex Macarthy."

"What can yo' do?"

"I could be a *hewer*."

"In high seams?"

"Yes, in high seams."

"In course. Yo'd niver bend them long legs and yo're long back enough for some o' our lile seams; but we've one or two'll hold yo're inches, an' there's other wark beside. I'll gie yo' a pound a week."

"Done."

"Are yo' ready now, man?"

"Now."

"Then down yo' go."

And in the swinging, banging, bounding basket down Rex went—down through a thousand feet of darkness. Bowles's practised eye watched his descent. "Yon chap's no pitman. The basket were as new to him as it were to me forty years ago." All the more, however, he admired the pluck and address with which Rex had taken his turn; and, if "no pitman," he wielded the pick-axe like a giant. Before night Bowles was well aware that he had made a good bargain. Just before the hour for "loosing" he sought out the little fellow whose friendly words had encouraged Rex to speak to him in the morning. He found him in a corner full of floating coal-dust, barely lit by three or four candles stuck in bits of clay. He was lying on his back, nearly naked, and with a small pick working away at the seam a couple of feet above him.

"Will Hewitt!"

The man turned his glimmering eyes toward the overman.

"There's a chap int' pit to-day, a raw hand, I'm thinking; m'appen yo' could do for him. Phœbe's a tidy wench, and a kind one, too. I'd be loath for him to come to ill folk."

"Ift' misses likes, I'm none again' it."

Just then a long, shrill, resonant cry came from the top of the shaft, "Loose! l-o-o-s-e! l-o-o-s-e!" It was taken up by the men below, and rung from gallery to gallery and from mouth to mouth, until the men and boys in the remotest recesses had heard the welcome sound.

Bowles's suspicions were strengthened by the fact that Rex did not understand this mode of dismissal. He had to go to him and say:

"There's no clocks nor bells here, my lad; yon's the 'loosening'-cry. Up yo' go!"

When he got to the top of the shaft he found Will Hewitt waiting for him; and, after a few words together, the two went toward the pit-village. No village could have been uglier or more depressing than these long rows of brick cabins in their desolate dirtiness. The black ground, the black gutters, the patches of blackened grass, the black, weary men, and the still blacker and wearier children trapping homeward, oppressed him frightfully. A vision that would not be put away intensified, by contrast, this dreadful picture—a vision of a great white house set in sweet old garden-ways, and guarded by steadfast hills lifting bare heads to the blue skies above them.

He was so occupied with this vision that he scarcely heard the occasional sentences with which Hewitt tried to interest him. Yet, they cost Hewitt some effort of courtesy and self-denial; for men who have been hewing coal all day in desolate, cramped corners are usually silent men until their bath and dinner have restored them to themselves.

Still, amid all his preoccupation and weariness, Rex was glad to see that Hewitt left the most squalid cottages behind them, and approached one of the

very cleanest and most inviting of a row of larger and more respectable dwellings. It had even a little garden-plot in front, where, in spite of the coally atmosphere, some primroses and pansies were blooming. The door-stone was pipe-clayed, and a white-muslin curtain hung behind a brilliant show of geraniums in the window.

Hewitt may be excused the pride with which he opened his door and ushered the stranger into his home. Colliers all have large fires, but Will's glowed over a hearth as white as snow. Colliers generally indulge in furniture far above their station, but Will's mahogany bedstead and chest of drawers and eight-day clock were spotlessly bright and clean. Strips of gay carpet made the scoured floor look picturesque. Showy china, bright tins and brasses, patched quilt and cushions, and a perfect luxury of spotless pillows, gave to the small apartments a kind of bright and homely beauty to which no heart could be insensible.

Not the least pleasant feature in this picture was a little, rosy, smiling, dumpling of a woman setting a round table before the cozy hearthstone. It was not lawful or usual for Will to enter by the front-door when he came from the pit, and any wife might have justly got a little cross at two such dirty intruders. But Phœbe only made them stand still while she ran for a strip of sacking for them to walk on.

"It's to the back-kitchen an' the wash-tubs you'll go first, my lads!" she said; but she shook her head at Will, and nodded and smiled at Rex, in a way that made both men feel as if life might be a possibility—nay, even a kind of good thing in spite of all. An hour afterward, when they had become white men again, when they had drunk a pot of strong tea, and eaten between them a joint of meat and a pan of browned potatoes, Will was quite sure of it. He drew his arm-chair to the chimney-corner, lighted his pipe, and watched Phœbe "tidying up," with a full sense of content. Life can be complete in very small measures, and Will's cup was full.

Happily, Rex and he had a hobby in common: both were fond of music. Will got out his violin, played a few dolorous tunes, and then, with an air of intense satisfaction, handed it to Rex. Rex took it at first reluctantly, but, after a few bars, the mighty passion mastered him, and he played and played until, in his own enthusiasm, he did not notice that Phœbe was crying softly to herself, and Will, with a hand on each knee, was watching him with the same soft, charmed expression that a baby sung to sleep wears.

After that Rex did as he pleased with Phœbe and Will Hewitt.

"He's no' just a common lad," said Phœbe, a few weeks after, to one of her cronies. "He'll niver let me lift a heavy weight or do a hard job if he's round; an', as for music and flowers, he just extraor'nar! If he'd nobbut go to chapel he'd be a lad in a thousand."

Perhaps among the pitmen he was scarcely so well understood; yet a good deal of what they called

his "quality-ways" were forgiven for the sake of his unfailing kindness to the "lile lads" who spent their wretched youth, harnessed with ropes and cut by cords, dragging heavy coal-baskets out of seams so low that horses could not be used. No one struck the weary children, if they fell asleep or gave out, in Rex's presence; for he had a habit of striking back for the children, and people who felt Rex's hand once never cared about feeling it again. He had days of sulking, too, when he ate his hunk of bread-and-bacon at noon in the great coal-hall, where the men gathered, without a word or smile. But, then, when he did choose to join in a game of bowls or quoits, or to fiddle to their rude and noisy dancing, he was the very king of good fellows.

One evening, when he had been working several months in the Lowther Pit, he came home in unusually low spirits. It was harvest-time, and all day long in the dreary darkness he had been unable to forget the windy wheat and the happy laborers in the yellow meadow-lands. He heard Phœbe laughing and talking in the front-room, and, supposing there was company, he almost mechanically took more than usual pains with his appearance. Very glad was he of it when he "went forward," for at the sunny window beside the white muslin and the scarlet geraniums sat a very pretty girl.

"This is Bessie—my little Bessie," said the proud mother; and Rex looked and wondered, and wondered and looked. For Bessie was like none of the colliers' daughters he had ever seen. She was prettily clad in blue muslin, and the dress, folded carefully back, showed a snowy petticoat and stockings, and neat little low shoes tied with bows of black ribbon. There were a real-lace ruffle and a pretty pink ribbon at her throat; her hands were white and soft; her skin fresh and fair; her whole appearance sweet, modest, and refined.

Rex knew something of Bessie. Over and over again he had heard of the "well-to-do aunt, under-housekeeper of Lowther Castle," through whose influence Bessie had been taken into my lady's nursery. How it was he could not tell, but the moment Bessie looked into his face a new daybreak shone over his life. That moment he loved her.

Bessie had brought good news: she had been promoted, and would have a day "off" every two weeks. Rex could scarcely hold his cup when he heard it. Such a tea-table as that was can only be found in Loveland. Then, after tea, he walked with Bessie and Will over the fields to Lowther Castle. The harvest-moon was in the sky; they had lost sight of the slag, and cinders, and coal-dust; they had come from a land like the mouth of hell into one fragrant with ripe wheat and dropping apples; and by-and-by they were among the beeches and lawns of Lowther Park.

Then Will kissed Bessie, and bade her "be a good lass and read her Bible;" and Rex held the soft little hand a moment in his. If he had kissed her, too, it would have been nothing out of the way. Collier customs would have quite permitted the freedom, but it never entered Rex's mind to take it.

Next morning Rex was in one of his darkest moods. The weather had suddenly changed; it was cold and wet, and Will declared he was too sick to go to work. Rex went alone to the pit-mouth, and stood for shelter under the blackened sheds till the banksman was ready to send them down. Every one seemed cross, and many were complaining to the wasteman of "bad air" in the pit. Suddenly a pompous little man in the dress of a constable appeared among them, and in an authoritative voice asked for one David Hartly. A rapid movement of the men put Dave in the background, and his fellows, with anything but a civil remark, said, "Dave was down-pit." Nothing daunted, the man of law demanded to be let down in search of him.

"Put him down, an' be danged to him!" said several men, in tones which might have alarmed any prudent man.

Rex approached the officer. "You'll be a wise man to stay above-ground, sir,"

"I'm no coward, by George! It's my duty to secure David Hartly, and I'll do it if I go to—"

"I've warned you. Do as you like."

The banksman expressed perfect willingness to "put him down," and perfect ignorance of Dave's whereabouts in the pit—"though't m'appen the *viewers* knew; it was none of his business."

"I'll go down with the gentleman," said Rex, seizing the rope, and down they went together. When they got to the bottom of the shaft, Rex said: "If you have had enough of this, sir, I'll see you to the top again. You'd better go back."

"No, by George! I'll have my man."

"Very well; yonder is one of the viewers. I must go to my seam."

Rex thought no more of the constable until noon. Then, in the great hall when the men gathered, he heard them flavoring their bread and bacon with rude jokes about him. Dave Hartly was merriest of all; whatever trouble there had been was evidently settled. Rex was thinking of very different things. When he went home, Will was worse; he had a high fever, and Phœbe said she "felt raytherly baddish." Before midnight Rex was walking into Whitehaven for a doctor; Will was delirious, and Phœbe very ill.

Next day he did not leave Will. Just before five o'clock the man in his delirium said something about the pit and a constable. It was as if some one had struck Rex.

"What do you say, Will?" he asked; and the sick man muttered in a kind of horror: "The rats! The rats! He'll no fight 'em much longer!"

Rex seized his leather cap, and ran to the pit. The men were just "loosed."

"What time, banksman, did yon constable come up yesterday?" he asked.

"I dunnot know."

Rex got the same answer from every pitman he saw, sometimes joined with anything but kindly sentiments. He went back to the banksman.

"Where is John Bowles?"

"Gone home for his dinner."

Rex followed him. It was not easy to alarm Bowles.

"The constable," he said, "was sure to come up first chance; half an hour would show him he'd lose himself a heap quicker'n he find Dave Hartly—special! if Dave didn't want to be found."

"But no one saw him come up, and Will Hewitt said some grewsome words about him."

"Will Hewitt's out o' his head; but, if yo' really think the fellow is down-pit all this time, I'll go down wi' yo'! John Bowles isn't chap to see his worst enemy die i' a coal-pit!"

The overman's questioning received more attention. A few minutes sufficed to alarm Bowles. He put a flask of brandy in his pocket, saw his Davy lamps were in perfect order, and, examining thoroughly his map of the mine, went down with Rex.

They went first to the great hall, and Bowles left there a light and a map.

"Every twenty minutes, Rex, yo'll come back here—all the seams run fro' this place—yo'll take that side, I'll take this; if t' chaps int' pit, we'll find him 'fore long."

They came back once, and separated again; then, before Rex had finished his second exploration, Bowles heard his voice frantically calling for help. In a few moments they ran against each other.

"Bowles! Bowles! Your brandy-flask!—the man is on his face in Partick's old seam—and, great heavens! Will is right—there are more rats round him and over him than you can count!"

Bowles pushed Rex aside and ran first. He knew every turn of the pit as a policeman knows his beat; and when Rex arrived he had raised the man, and was trying to pour brandy down his throat. From every cranny and dim recess gleamed the half-sagacious eyes of the cruel pit-rat, bold with hunger and numbers, and scarcely to be driven away, even by blows.

"He's gotten' his death, I'm feared."

They carried him quickly to the hall, and laid him down as tenderly as if he had been a sick child. Then Rex uttered a cry of horror. It was evident that the last act of the unfortunate creature had been to turn on his face, in order to protect it, when he had no longer the strength to fight his accumulating foes.

"See here, Bowles!—and here!—and here! My God, what brutes men must be to do such a cruel deed!"

"Easy, my chap—easy; he's much to blame himself. Anybody living near coal-pits knows that it's a dangerous gate to tak' yo're own way in a mine. I was all o' two years learning th' old an' new seams—why, there's nigh on forty miles o' passages if yo'll put 'em all together."

It was nearly dark when Rex solemnly took his way home. The thought of what he had left under the sheds made him not only sorrowful, but angry; and the groups of pit-boys playing in the black streets, or fighting out with knotty fists some underground quarrel, added to his anger. He soon came to the village ale-house. Upon the patch of black-

ened grass in front of it a group of colliers sat, each one with his favorite bull-dog between his legs. They were bragging of their prowess, and taking bets upon the next Saturday's fights.

Rex strode in among them like an accusing spirit. "Dave Hartly, yon man that came to seek you yesterday morn is dead. John Bowles and I found him in Partick's old corner. *The rats had begun to eat him!*"

"The poor rats! Hunger maun be a fearfu' thing if it gars them eat a constable!"

"You are as big a brute as your dog, Dave. You'd better never speak to me again."

"I'll set my dog on thee, thou proud tyke, if thou talks to me that gate."

Rex raised his hand, dropped it, and walked rapidly away.

The news made small impression upon the group. "Twere only a constable." Constables were the natural enemies of colliers. If the man *would* go down-pit, it was none of their business to hinder him; none of them had orders to leave their work and conduct him about the dangerous underground city. They had no fear of punishment until the law could define not only the guilty party, but also the fault; and the coroner's verdict of "accidental death" made their consciences quite comfortable. Dave Hartly, indeed, said it was "far too mild," and that they ought to have decided that he "died by his own daftness."

But when Saturday came most of the men had something else to think of than their bull-dogs and bets. The fever had spread like a plague. Scarcely a cottage had escaped. Strange hands were working the pit, and Rex and those still well had enough to do to give the barest attention to the dead and dying. Rex seemed to know neither fatigue nor end of resources. He went from house to house, controlling the raving men, helping the women, nursing the children. By some persuasion he got doctors, and induced bakers to bring bread to within a little distance of the infected village. In short, he was the human arm on which two hundred families leaned.

This did not seem a good time for the growth of love; and yet in the short, solemn meetings he and Bessie had at Lowther stile—when he took her news of her parents, dried her tears, and comforted her with growing hopes—love found all the food it needed. Bessie became very dear to Rex, and Rex to Bessie; and, though no promise had been asked or given, they knew very well that they belonged to each other forever.

But time and the hour run through the hardest days. The fever died at last, and those who had escaped from its clutches were beginning to creep into the winter sunshine again. Will Hewitt was talking of going to work. How he had lived for nearly three months without it, he could not tell, and Rex would not suffer him to ask. One evening Phoebe was slowly "tidying up," and Will and Rex sat looking into the fire; all of them were silent and thoughtful. Presently Will took a queer-look-

ing white paper out of his Bible. It was divided into little squares, each square containing a figure ; and was a "plan" of the Methodist services in the Whitehaven Circuit.

"Mr. Huddleston's going to preach to-night, wife ; I'd fain go."

"Thou can't go, Will."

Will looked at the paper longingly, and folded it back with a sigh.

"I'll go with you, Will."

"But Rex thou dunnot like Methodys."

"No, but I like thee, Will ; and if thy heart is set on going, I'll see thee safe there and home."

So Will and Rex walked to the little ugly brick room called a "chapel ;" and then, after all, Rex went in too—for he wanted to think, and the congregation would likely trouble him less than Phœbe. He heard the singing, and felt a kind of pang in contrasting the weak notes with the hearty shouts at which he had often laughed three months ago. But, beyond this fact, he noticed nothing until the preacher said :

"Friends ! You have all heard of Billy Dawson?"

"Yes !" "Yes !" "Yes !" "Yes !" from voices in all parts of the room.

"What of him?"

"He can throw any wrastler in Cumberland !"

"He's got the best bull-dogs in the county !"

"And the gamest cocks."

"He's coming to preach to you next Sunday night ; he is one of yourselves ; treat him fairly, lads, and hear what he has got to tell you. It is true that he has no 'call' from the conference, but that he has had one from heaven I think none of you will deny."

To Will this news was wonderful ; he could think of nothing else, and was in his weakness as impatient as a child for Sunday to come. Rex, too, was not devoid of curiosity. Billy Dawson, as a boxer, wrestler, and sporting-man, had been, he knew, a kind of authority on such subjects, even with men far above him in station. So, when Sunday came, he went willingly enough with Will to chapel.

The preacher's face struck him in a peculiar manner ; he had a remembrance of it, and yet he was quite sure he had never before seen Billy Dawson. He thought over all the sporting-haunts he knew, and failed to place him. Twenty years later he would have dismissed the subject with the assurance that "he had seen his likeness in some sporting-paper," but then illustrated papers were hardly in existence.

He heard but little of the sermon, though the sobs and ejaculations around him testified as to its power, until the preacher, in telling the story of his conversion, said : "Just beyont Workington I met a young chap as seemed inclined to be friendly-like. The road were lonely, an' I'd naught again a crack, special' as he knew a' about dogs, an' game-birds, an' wrastling. He were a handsome, free-spoken lad, an' when we came to Martha Dlan's public, he said :

'We've all o' three miles to walk yet ; let us have a warm bite, an' I'll pay the lawing.'"

Here Rex looked intently at the preacher, and then dropped his head again.

"Well, lads, we had some steak an' brandy. The steak did me good, the brandy put the devil in me. When we went on again I were full o' my brag, an' soon shifted talk from games to game. I boasted o' my poaching, an' told wi' many a jeer o' the quality I 'took my rights from.' I noticed the lad got silent, an' when he did speak he said : 'Yo're a ripe rascal ! If we hadn't eat out of th' same dish I'd thrash yo' well, an' then send yo' to Botany Bay.'"

Again Rex looked queerly up, and became very excited and restless.

"Then I were mad as mad, an' I said, 'I'll gie yo' a throw as 'ull settle yo', my lad, an' then I'm going straight to Levens's Woods. That silly young squire an' his vixen o' a mother have kept me pretty well in hares an' pheasants for three years—an' be danged to them !'

"Then I knew naught more—the lad must have felled me at once. Three weeks afterward I comed back to my senses in th' Methody preacher's house. I were in his bed, an' his wife an' he were nursing me. I'd had a fever, an' been to the gates o' death an' hell. Well, I'd better company coming back from them, than I had going there—an' so I'm a saved man ; thanks be to God, an' the preacher, an' the lad who felled me—whoever he be !"

Rex stood up, and sat down, and then stood up again :

"Billy Dawson," he said, "I'm the lad that felled you. I am Squire Wrexham Levens, of Levens's Park ; and by your mouth to-night the heaviest burden has been lifted from me that ever man bore. I thought I had killed you, and I went home and told my mother what I had done. She is a wise woman, and she said : 'Rex, go to the Lowther Pit ; if the man is dead, and you were recognized as his last companion, I shall— Nonsense ! you are in France, and no one will look for Levens of Levens in a pitman's village and dress.' There I have waited ever since, partly because it was too soon to show myself, and partly because I hoped I was in some degree atoning for the knock-down I gave you, by the help I have been able to render these poor souls in their great calamity."

"Well, Levens, I forgive yo' wi' all my heart for the knock-down I gotten fro' yo'. It raised me up, an' made a man of me."

Rex walked up to him, and with a frank smile offered his hand, which was promptly and cordially shaken amid the outspoken sympathy of all present.

"Pit-boys are no fools," said Jim Banks, as he walked home amid a crowd of them, "an' yo'll all mind, now, that at the very first we nicknamed him 'Gentleman Rex !'"

The next day, Madam Levens, sitting thinking of her son, and devising means to bring home her banished, was amazed to see him walk into the

house in his proper clothing and his old jovial spirits.

"It has turned out better than I expected, Rex," she said, when he had told her all; "now let us hear no more about it."

But that was just the thing impossible for Rex. That nine months in the Lowther Pit was intended to color and form his future life, and he was far too conscientious to avoid it. In the first place, Will and Phoebe were removed to a lovely country cottage, where Will grew pansies, and played dolorous tunes, and led a class-meeting to the end of his innocent life. There Bessie had teachers and dress-makers,

and when, at the end of two years, Rex took her home as his wife, every one confessed that there had never been a fairer Lady of Levens.

But the advantages did not stop with Rex or Rex's wife or kindred; they have touched with blessing every pit-man, and every pit-man's wife and children in England. For by his pen and purse, and, more than all, by his powerful pleading in Parliament, Rex has abolished so many of the pitmen's wrongs, and procured them so many advantages, that the great coal-lords nickname him with polite scorn, "Our Great Coal Commoner."

GOOD BOHEMIANS.

THE Bohemian, not of ethnography, but of tradition—the Gypsy, Zingaro, Gitano, Romani, or whatever you please to call him—seems to have made his appearance in Europe about 1417 A. D. From that time forward he has been a prominent feature in literature, art, and tradition. Balfe put him into opera; George Eliot, Scott, Borrow, Browning, and others, have made him a chief figure in poem, drama, or romance. With the main features of these sketches every one is familiar. The gypsy is of Oriental origin and nomadic character. He is, from the Christian point of view, a heathen; from the civilized standpoint, a vagabond. No spot can tell of his steady sojourn; no community counts him a member. But every fair and race-course sees his dark complexion and wild features; every cottage-maiden spares her shillings to pay his prophetic skill; every hedge-row and barn-yard mourns the linen or the fowls he has appropriated. With all his thievishness he is clever in some queer, out-of-the-way crafts. No one so well as he can patch the housewife's saucepan or doctor the goodman's cattle. He is skillful in herbs and simples, and gets wondrous melody out of his fiddle or clarinet. In Continental Europe he is good at other trades needing special ingenuity. Browning says, "Commend me to gypsy glass-blowers and potters." He is quick in quarrel, revengeful, and often treacherous, yet not without a certain fidelity and generosity at times, which remind one of his Oriental affiliations.

The French, with their witty habit of seizing delicate shades of character, have embalmed in a name the resemblance between the ethnographical gypsy and a social class. As they first invented the term Bohemian in good faith for the Gitano, so they were the first to further apply it in a transferred sense. Comprehending in one group the ingenious but somewhat lawless class of artists and men of letters who swarm in the theatres, studios, and editorial offices of every great capital, they summed them up in one striking generalization as *Bohémiens*, and the term passed at once into literature. When Musset's brilliant "Vie de Bohème" appeared, some twenty years ago, it spread like wildfire in original and translation. The frolics and shifts, the loves

and sorrows, of Schaunard, and Rodolphe, and Mimi, were in every mouth; and henceforth no one need hesitate as to the conventional interpretation, at least, of the word Bohemian.

Thus the term has come to have a pretty definite meaning. In the broader sense it takes in all restless, unsettled, unthrifty people, who live from hand to mouth, with no definite source of income or place in society. Taken more specifically, it betokens the large class of minor scribblers, musicians, artists, actors, and other young professional men of a somewhat irregular kind, who get their daily bread by their wits, with a large though desultory outlay of the latter to a meagre return of the former. It excludes, in general, all idea of official position, church-membership, recognized social status, and—most essential of all—landed estate or bank-credit. The very name is redolent with associations of adventure and precarious existence, of midnight jollity, tobacco and whiskey; of clever but fitful exertion with pen or pencil; of greenroom intimacies and box-office intrigues; of long credits, duns, and unpaid bills; of brilliant thinking and anxious living; of shabbiness within and assumption without—in short, all the elements which inhere in the lives of those facile people, who, albeit wittier, and perhaps sometimes wiser, than their neighbors, lack the two great elements of a well-organized community—practical tact and thrift.

So the name has come to have an ill odor peculiarly its own. Society pities the Bohemian, but rarely loves or respects him. He excites our interest, not our confidence. We smile at his artifice, or weep over his play; are pleased with his brilliancy, or fascinated with his originality—but we don't like his principles. "Solid" men buy his picture or chat with him at the club, but they object to his hanging round their daughters, and look coldly on his card at receptions. He is a creature to be indulged or patronized, but not to be associated with on even terms. And from his own point of view, or perhaps from any point, the solid man is right enough. The technical Bohemian is a diverting, not a conservative element of society. His talents tend to ornament life, but not, in the economic sense, to enrich it. He

rarely makes money, for himself or others, and what he makes he rarely keeps. Altogether, though a pleasant enough companion for once in a way, he is clearly neither a safe, profitable, nor creditable associate; he deserves—from the solid man's standpoint—a more or less modified cold shoulder, and he gets it.

So it struck me with a tingle of surprise, one day, to overhear a new reading of the term. It was a clever woman who used it, learned in histories and schools, well known to platforms and press-rooms, but equally so to fashionable dinner-tables and *salons*; with a social place equal to the best, and a fine culture superior to most. Yet, talking with a clever man of the world of equally good position, she wound up something she had said with the phrase, "For such Bohemians as you and me, my dear fellow"—and then, seeing his look of surprise, she added, smiling: "For we are Bohemians, aren't we?—*good* Bohemians, of course!"

Sure enough! Why not? "Heaven," says a quaint essayist, "is a disposition, not a place." The real, the better Bohemia is neither geographical nor local, it is bounded by no line of fortune or caste, it lies in the temper and intelligence of its children. It is not to be sought only in Grub Street or Printing-House Row, in the Quartier Latin, or the Studio Building, or Leicester Square. Its real bounds lie far beyond, wide as human nature, and no class or neighborhood but can show some scrap of its territory.

Read the term in its more imaginative sense, get at its essential characteristics, and not its mere exterior traits. If we are to make a metaphor of a name let us at least manufacture it on finer principles and not on the cheapest points of resemblance. The geographical Gitano is vagrant, lawless, idle, and often dishonest. Very well. So much for the *bad* Bohemian, or the Bohemian pure and simple. Under that title, as I have hinted before, it is fair enough to class all the shiftless, restless, untrustworthy people, who are popularly understood by the term. But the Zingaro is independent, brave, adroit, with a wild poetry and elasticity in his personal habits, and hints at least of an imaginative mysticism in his traditions or his religion. Translate these qualities into the language of modern life. Wherever you find men or women, whatever their station or calling, brave, independent, adroit, and imaginative, there, be sure, you have chanced upon a specimen of the Children of the Sun, the chosen people. In so far, at least, they are Bohemian, though, to justify their title of good, they may pay their debts, wear clean linen, use good grammar, keep a penny for a rainy day, and altogether behave like the respectable citizens they are. Independence, in thought and action, if possible, but certainly in thought—that is the prime requisite, almost the definition of the type. Your modern Zingaro hates *shibboleths* and tests. He gives due observance to all fair limits, ethical, political, or social; but he must have his moral elbows free. If you bully him or hamper him, threaten him with the Inquisition in any form, from Torque-

mada to Mrs. Grundy, he resents it. If he doesn't defy you, he dodges you. When he fails to do this he derogates from his class. It is very hard to make a snob of him, for the liberty which is sweet to him must seem sweet to others, and I have found a pretty liberal charity one of his pleasantest traits. He sometimes sits in high places, but not often or for very long. When he does, it is in virtue of some exceptional good luck, or peculiar available talent; for the world's business is worked largely by averages, and a kindly conformity is sweet to the majority. So he cheerfully accepts purple and place when he can have his own way, and get the world to agree with him. If not, he as cheerfully drops them, and has his own way still. You may occasionally catch a first-rate specimen of the type in the "first circles" strong in the confidence of capitalists and politicians, hand-and-glove with queens of society and doctors of divinity. But these splendors are apt to cost too much in a coin which he cannot pay without an ugly wrench to his constitution; so, in most cases, he declines the payment and goes without them. His independence, however, is not of the bull-headed sort, for our typical Bohemian is clever withal. Ready, adroit, inquiring, thoughtful, all these he should be to claim full standing with his guild. His prototype, wandering through shady English lanes, cribbed chickens, fire-wood, and baby-linen; he cribs ideas. Very often, doubtless, he originates them, whatever that may mean, but at all events, even if he has to plunder all Nature and society for it, he gets them. Like the clever Frenchman, "*Il prend son bien où il le trouve*," harming no one in the process; for, if the stolen pullet can nourish but the man who eats it, an idea, judiciously filched, may feed whole generations. The franchises of thought inure by use; and human progress is but one consequent series of magnanimous plunder. But the restlessness of temperament which he draws from his ancestry still besets him. He is rather inventive and inquisitive, than concentrative, rather many-sided and original than exhaustive. Newton, painfully studying out the law of gravity, Kant with his categories, and Mill with his dry, logical, and economic speculations, would not illustrate the type. But Goethe, leaving the composition of "Egmont" to practise painting and write "The Theory of Colors" and "The Metamorphosis of Plants;" or Da Vinci, passing from engineering or architecture to the execution of "The Last Supper"—these might be cited as first-rate specimens of the class. Perhaps the most brilliant and perfect illustration within my own knowledge lives in Boston, in the very odor of Tri-Mountain sanctity, lecturing to a class in anatomy one day, convulsing a dinner-table with pun or paradox on the next, now startling Puritan orthodoxy with his audacious liberalism, and then soothing it with a poem, a tale, or an essay.

The full-blooded Bohemian is a lover of Nature. A cockney he may be by accident and the limitation of circumstance—rarely or never by constitution. Though he cast up figures in a city counting-room, or cramp his chest over briefs and conveyances in a

metropolitan law-office, you have but to let him loose on a lake or a hill-side to see the stuff that is in him. Yet of this Nature-worship there may be too much. Thoreau, mooning over his turnips and Homer by the side of Walden Pond, seems to me rather a savage or a hermit than a Bohemian. Emerson, bland and subtle at the lecture-desk or the dinner-table to-day, and dreamily drifting in a punt down the Assabet on the next, is much nearer the ideal. One of the most magnificent Bohemians I know passes his winters in London in scientific experiment, when he is not raising ecclesiastical thunders with some audacious prayer-test satire or "Belfast Address ;" and, when the summer comes, puts on a gray shirt, takes his ice-staff in hand, and starts for a solitary lounge up the Monte Rosa.

I am almost tempted to cite the reverend gentleman who preaches nine months of the year in a city-pulpit, and then, for the remaining three, kills trout or deer with such mythical skill and success in the Adirondack woods—but, alas! the qualities which have won him the title of "The Sacred Lyre" don't consort with my ideal—for the good Bohemian tells truth!

As he loves Nature, so he is apt to be fond of art; for have I not claimed for him a sensitive, æsthetic nature, and from this how shall art-perception be excluded? Of talent in construction or execution he may have little or none, but some form of appreciation rarely fails him. However well or ill developed, his eye seeks the beautiful everywhere, and his soul takes it in with an insatiate longing. Indeed, it is one of his trials that this thirst after the æsthetic so often gets in the way of his practical efficiency. Every one remembers how Mrs. Albrecht Dürer berated her husband's dreamy idleness, mooning away the day, "loafing and inviting his soul," when he should have been painting "pot-boilers," and laying up pelf for his wife and little ones. One of the most admirable Bohemians I know dwells quietly in a suburban district, working patiently at his profession of engineer and surveyor, and filling up his leisure with training roses over his cottage-porch. No one more accurate with level and measuring-tape than he; no one more intimately acquainted with the topography and real estate of the region; no one so trustworthy for nice or difficult work in his profession. But I have known him lose or risk losing half his customers for a summer's gypsying in the mountains; and, even now, let the city picture-dealers hang up a few new landscapes, or the Academy open its doors for the season, and away go chain and level, and off goes our friend for an afternoon's artistic dissipation, though contractors growl and dusty laborers besiege his office, threatening and blasphemous.

And just here we touch the key-note of the good Bohemian's chief weakness, if you choose to call it so—that which constitutes his dangerous nearness to his brother in blood, the Bohemian pure and simple. He is good, in that he is patient, honest, laborious, and helpful. He honors, as I have just said, all the world's really healthful traditions, faithfully observes

its broad and essential moral laws. But he cannot altogether get away from his affiliations. The subtle virus in his blood still causes him sore travail. Through all his efficiency or inefficiency, success or insuccess, he is at bottom a more or less modified idealist. He never can quite unlearn his pestiferous habit of looking at the higher result of his activity rather than at its mere material results. Work as he may, he wants to be a good workman, first of all, for the satisfaction of some inner sense of his own. Whether he makes it pay is a minor matter. And, even in this, perhaps, laudable tendency, he is apt to be hampered by his versatility. He often lacks concentration, not so much because he is lazy or weak as because he is many-sided. The necessary limitations of all accumulative labor are irksome to his sensitive temperament. He is plagued with a hankering after the *omne scibile*. He will dabble in his neighbor's art or theory. Digging away in his own office, he cannot help casting a yearning glance now and then at Smith's patients, or Brown's picture, or Jones's lecture-room. It is not that he loves one kind of work, or study, or thought, too little; he loves it too much, or rather he loves too many kinds. When the elements which go to make up this many-sided activity are in their highest potency, especially when one or two are especially dominant, fusing and directing the others to a fine result, he often comes to great glory, and sometimes to great pain. Michael Angelo, Cellini, Leibnitz, Lessing, Dumas, Herbert Spencer, all, in some sense, may serve my turn as illustration. But, with men of more moderate powers, the very variety of their tendencies is apt to hinder their full practical development and efficiency. The average Bohemian, good as he may be, is generally somewhat of a dilettant, and at his best, as he cannot work according to the world's stricter economic law, the world refuses him its full pay or prizes.

What he is *not*, therefore, is plain enough. He is not a great economic force—merchant, manufacturer, inventor, or producer, in any material sense. Neither, as I have hinted, is he often a great social or intellectual force in any department depending mainly on concentration or limitation of activity. As historian, scientist, diplomat, general, jurist, or administrator, the law of his nature still stands in his way. In all these things the old rule still holds: the sacrifice of all side-issues and extraneous tendency is indispensable for success in one marked and narrow line. Yet is he not, for all this, without his use, and a very fine one at that. In higher intellectual and artistic regards he is to the main body of solid, concentrated workers much what the *éclairés* and skirmishers of an army are to the heavy battalions behind. They "prospect" the ground, beat up the enemy's quarters, and draw his fire. In ordinary social life I find him a salutary and certainly a delightful element. He does for society what the waves and the breeze do for the ocean, give it life and motion—in short, keep it from stagnation. Like the ocean, too, our Bohemians are potent agents of structural change. They may cause no great geologic up-

heavals, no volcanic outburst, but they keep up a steady attrition and flow of current. Their inquisitive, elastic, independent spirit ventilates humbug and pretense, discourages prejudice and materialism, stimulates inquiry, keeps alive intellectual interests, and amazingly purifies and invigorates the whole moral atmosphere. The good Bohemian may

be inconsequent or mistaken; he is never besotted or *blasé*. And, with an eye to mere social satisfaction, I don't know what we should do without him. At his worst, he is amusing; at his best, altogether instructive and refreshing. A feast of beef and pudding is good in its way; but who would do without salad, salt, or, if possible, champagne?

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Julia. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Lucetta. Fire that is closest kept burns most of all."

"MAN proposes, God disposes." On the morning of the 9th, in the midst of half-completed preparations for departure on the morrow, Taffy, who had been ailing for the past few days, displayed unmistakable symptoms of being afflicted with that very paltry but most disagreeable infantile disease—measles.

A more inconvenient time he could not well have chosen, and his mother, sitting down in the midst of yawning trunks and half-filled baths, arraigned the small culprit, and asking him if he were not heartily ashamed of himself for giving so much trouble, wished to know what he or anybody else supposed was going to be done.

Taffy had no suggestion to offer, and on being borne off to his chamber, there to effloresce into a highly-unbecoming stage of the malady, Flora descended to the library, where, with some trepidation, she acquainted her father with this latest unkind stroke of Fate.

Had a star fallen out of the solar system, it could not have appeared to Mr. Montrose in the light of so great a calamity as this unexpected disarrangement of his carefully-laid plans.

His manner, as he listened to his daughter, sufficiently expressed that he considered Providence had behaved extremely ill in the matter, and that had *he* held the management of the universe, no such *contre-temps* would have been permitted to occur.

Since the days when as a small child she had been sent for to receive a lecture of an hour long, Flora did not ever remember to have felt so great a culprit as she did now; if it had not been for her bringing Taffy into the world, Taffy would not have had the measles—*ergo* it was her fault; and as Mr. Montrose consigned the elaborately-written card of arrangements to his waste-paper basket, and politely inquired what she purposed to do under the present circumstances, she mentally vowed to box Taffy's ears soundly when he should have sufficiently recovered to bear that gentle stimulant with safety.

"Nurse says that he *must* not be moved," she said, "and that all the others are sure to have it,

and of course as they are *wanted* to take it together, they will be as long about it as they possibly can! Why cannot there be a hospital for people who can afford to pay, to which one might send a person with an infectious disorder, and so prevent other members of the family taking it?"

"No such arrangement being possible," said Mr. Montrose, with considerable acerbity, "it behooves us to turn our attention to something feasible. The packing will of course at once be discontinued, and, instead of disbanding the entire household as I had intended, I will decide as to what servants remain here, and which shall accompany me to Strathsaye. I can be of no assistance, and must be at home in time to receive my guests, so shall depart as I had intended, to-morrow—Colin of course will accompany me?"

"I suppose so," replied Flora, who sat, a blooming image of perplexity, on a carved oaken chair opposite her father, "though I dare say he will come rushing back at a moment's notice when Floss's turn comes!"

"I feel quite sure that he will do nothing of the sort," said Mr. Montrose, with dignity; "such a proof of an ill-regulated mind I should be sorry to discover in your husband, or indeed in any member of my family. You will of course write every day and acquaint us with the progress made by the little sufferers"—he drew paper and pens toward him—"meanwhile, my dear Flora, I must at once draw out another programme, and see Maunder about the necessary alterations. You will, I am sure, excuse me?" and with a graceful bow Flora was dismissed.

"Where are you going at such a pace?" said Colin, meeting her as she crossed the hall.

"Taffy has got the measles," she said, with a shrug of disgust; "you and papa will have to go alone to-morrow; the rest of us are fixtures—tire-some, provoking Taffy!"

"I don't suppose he took them to please himself?" said Colin; "but how about Floss?" he added, in quite a different tone; "don't children sometimes have these things seriously?"

"I never heard of any child that was taken reasonable care of doing so," said Flora, serenely, "but if you are uneasy you had better stay here and nurse her yourself!"

"I shall most certainly come back if she has them badly," said Colin; "where is Taffy?"

"In bed, to be sure—tormenting little pickle!" and she swept majestically on her way.

A quarter of an hour later, Mignon, in the midst of one of those breathless struggles with the intricacies of the butcher's book, in which she had felt it her duty to engage since her discovery that Adam was not rich, found herself all at once confronted by the disreputable little person of Colin the younger. Always remarkable for the ease of his toilet, he looked to-day as though he had been a focus for the four winds of heaven, and from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot was about as forlorn-looking an urchin of five as could well be met with on a summer's day.

"Oh! *poor* little Taffy!" he said, shaking his head, "he's very ill; got weazles, and *such* a pain in his tummock!"

The gray eyes shining from beneath his ragged hat were brimming over with tears as he made this doleful communication, but his brotherly assumption of concern for Taffy, who was his senior by two years, provoked a smile from Mignon, only a smile, for her thoughts had so rapidly flown to the possible results of Taffy's inopportune attack, that the small cause of it was wellnigh forgotten.

She jumped up so hastily as to deposit the representatives of butcher, grocer, and baker, in a heap on the ground.

"You must run home now, Colin," she said, absently; "and by-and-by, if Taffy likes, I'll come over and tell him all about 'Puss in Boots.'"

"That's what I've come for," said Colin the younger, practically; "me stole out all 'lone; mummy didn't know, nurse didn't know, *nobody* knowed, and I've to give you Taffy's most *pertillet* love, and you've to come over d'reckly; and nurse says he *may* eat barley-sugar and bistics, but no candies and no cokoly creams—Taffy says."

"I'll come presently," said Mignon, smiling again, and then the small tatterdemalion vanished, and she found herself hurrying out, at a great pace, so possessed by one idea that not until she had reached the inner garden, and was actually in Adam's presence, did she recall the fact that the day when she had gone to him with any notion that might come into her head had passed, and that perhaps he would be as much surprised at her appearance as she was at herself for coming. Adam saw her approaching, and noted how the eager step changed suddenly to a lagging one, how the bright face became clouded and dull, and he said to himself that it was because she had expected to find the garden empty, and was disappointed at finding *him* there.

He stood awaiting her, some slight tool in his hand; he wore no hat, and was in his shirt-sleeves; so Mignon, looking up as she drew near to him, saw him for the last time in her life as Adam the gardener.

Whither had departed the ample stock of words with which she had started off to him in such a prodigious hurry?

Not one word could she find to say, except—

"Taffy's got the measles."

"Yes?" he said, and waited for more.

She stood folding a corner of her little apron round and round her fore-finger, then took a covert glance at his face as though in hopes of finding something there to encourage her.

She found nothing; he was awaiting her next words with attention, no more.

"Of course they will not be able to go to the Highlands now," she said, in a lame, hesitating fashion; "at least, Flora and the children will not, but I suppose Mr. Montrose and Colin will?"

"I suppose so."

"And I was thinking," she said, feeling strangely disheartened, and hanging her head down, "that as they will all be here, and you will have no need to think me lonely, or be uneasy about leaving me, that of course you too would go and have a good time at Strathsaye: and may I tell Prue to get your things ready in case your father should go to-morrow?"

"No," he said, "you will tell Prue to do nothing of the kind. Do you think I have a mind like a weathercock," he added, half bitterly, half sternly, "that I can change it every hour in the day to please you, Mignon?"

"No," she said, gently; "but I cannot help thinking, though you said it was the work that prevented you, that it was because of me that you decided not to go; and now that it is all quite pleasant and natural that you should accompany your father and Colin, it is a pity, a very great pity, that you should stay here; for you will be thinking of the shooting every day."

"If ever I am compelled to leave my wife under the care of any one," he said, "I trust it will be somebody more competent to accept the trust than my sister Flora. It seems a hard thing for a brother to say of his own flesh and blood, but I disapprove of her in every way, and consider her a very bad companion for you. Had she been permanently established where she now is, I could not, even for your sake, have settled in this house."

"She is very good-humored," pleaded Mignon, "and she does not mean all the things she says; it is only her way—"

"It is a very bad way," he said, with disgust; "and, unfortunately, it is ten thousand times worse when she is abroad than when she is at home. A house-maid would know better how to behave herself in public!"

Mignon looked up quickly, wondering if he were alluding to Flora's follies on the day when she had caught that one precious, passing glimpse of Philip.

"Her choice of companions is in about as bad taste as her dress and manner," continued Adam; "all her friends are fops, fools, or worse, and her women acquaintances are not much better. She has a weakness for men of doubtful character"—he paused to look keenly at Mignon, whose eyes were downcast—"and, in direct defiance of Colin's command, will encourage their attentions whenever she

gets a chance. She may even introduce such persons to you."

He paused again, closely watching her features for any betraying sign. He had seen Philip La Mert in the park that day; he knew his sister to be acquainted with him; and he was burning to know if Mignon had been brought face to face with, had spoken to him.

But Mignon did not utter a syllable. Her husband once-bade her carry her confidences to any one rather than himself, and she had taken him at his word.

All at once he became conscious that tears were starting from beneath her eyelids, that her lips were taking the odd, convulsive curves of one who fights against emotion that will not be repressed.

He saw these tears with a strange indifference; irritation of mind had begotten a temporary hardness of heart, and the appetite for wooing had so entirely left him of late that he did not feel the smallest temptation to entreat her to dry them. She herself could not have told why she wept, save that all things with her now tended toward tears, as formerly all had tended to joy. One must have had more than one bitter experience before one recognizes in the smallest misfortune a settled plan. It is the accumulated load that saddens—the occasional hardship, no matter how severe, falling on a robust and healthy state of moral feeling, causes no rankling wound, forms no precedent by which we assure to ourselves future sorrow—in a word, if by repeated shocks our nerve is once lost, we are at the mercy of our troubles, and will infallibly be overcome by them. Adam had turned aside much as though he were anxious to return to his work.

Something of a woman's reticence came to Mignon, then, as she choked back her tears and clasped her throat with one little hand as though to keep down the lump that seemed to be there.

"I have displeased you," she said, after some moments of struggle with herself; "somehow I seem very often to do so now, and I am sorry; for, indeed, I would gladly do all that I could for you who have done so much for me."

He did not reply. If her own heart did not suggest to her what she might do to repay him, then he would not tell her; there are some things that a proud man cannot do, and this seemed to him to be one of them.

Shaking her head sorrowfully, she said to herself that he was angry, and she did not wish him to be that: she could not be happy when quarreling with any one; and then a bright thought came into her head, upon which she immediately proceeded to act.

With a mixture of anxiety and trepidation, she advanced a step or two till she was close to Adam, then said:

"Would you—would you like to *kiss* me?"

He turned sharply, saw those dewy lips, so absolutely perfect in form and color, lifted to his own—lips that well might give

and, having seen them, turned back silently to his flowers.

He wanted no baby's innocent kiss, but a woman's, passionate and clinging as his own. Till he could have that he would have nothing.

"I am busy," he said; "I have no time for such nonsense;" and went on with his work.

Mignon watched his moving hands for a moment or so, then she tried again.

"It would not take long," she said, in a tone of consideration, and still surveying him with anxiety.

Adam turned his head away, on his face that queer contortion that a man's may wear when some irresistibly ludicrous idea obtrudes itself in the midst of serious and absorbed reflection.

"No," he said, "it would not take very long. Still, some other time, perhaps, Mignon."

"And you are not cross?" she said, looking relieved; for, though she had made the offer in all good faith, she was glad enough that it was not accepted.

"Not in the least!"

"*That's* a good job!" she said, heaving a sigh; "for only just think if we were to go to sleep quarreling, and one of us died in the night, *how sorry* we should both be when we woke up in the morning, to be sure!"

After which astounding Irishism she went her way, perfectly satisfied with the result of her attempt at peace-making.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

It was a month since Mr. Montrose, with shorn splendor and abated retinue, had departed with Colin to the Highlands.

Thirty mornings, thirty evenings, thirty noons, had gone by, and the measles still held its own, occasioning as much trouble as if it had been a majestic and dreaded scourge, instead of a trifling, undignified complaint, that when mentioned oftener than not provokes a smile.

With perverse ingenuity each child had taken it a fortnight behind the other, and now that Colin was in the convalescent stage, and Floss just beginning to sicken, Flora felt it to be something altogether beyond her philosophy that the baby should be chuckling and enjoying jokes all to himself, heartlessly indifferent to the woes of his sister and brethren.

Until this last scion of the house of Dundas had given up being jolly and taken to a hoarse whimper, half strangled in a dry, burning throat, abundant sneezing, and an irritable disinclination to be looked at, spoken to, or amused by anybody, it was idle to think of making a move for Glen-Luce.

"It is enough to drive one crazy!" said Flora, almost in tears, as she sank into the softest chair the nursery afforded, and surveyed her sick, convales-

" . . . afresh
The life she had so tangled in their mesh."

cent, and healthy offspring; "you deserve to be soundly whipped, every one of you, for I feel quite certain that you could *all* have taken it at the same time if you had chosen!"

Taffy, who sat on the floor enjoying a solitary game of marbles, raised his head at this, and looked about him with an air of complacency. *He* had taken it first and done *his* duty; but Colin, who sat up in bed looking rather miserable, and Floss, who lay tossing about restlessly, had not done theirs at all.

"Poor little souls!" said Mignon, who sat by Floss's side; "I don't suppose it is any pleasure to them to be shut up here for a month! Have you written to tell Colin Floss is ill?"

"He is coming," said Flora, carelessly; "I got a telegram from him just now, to say that he would be here late to-night; he only got my letter this morning—it is perfectly ridiculous!"

Mignon knelt down and whispered something to the child, who at intervals moaned "Papa!" and she sprang up radiant, but the girl softly pressed the little head back upon the pillow, and drew the clothes about her shoulders. She had grown quite experienced in nursing during this past month of illness, and that mother's instinct, which lies dormant in every good and true woman's breast, had awakened in hers. These children had grown to listen for the sound of her foot-fall as for music, to look for her coming as sunshine; and Flora, who was ill at ease in the sick-room, and indeed more rarely to be found in it than any other room in the house, was glad enough to find Mignon devoting herself to the task of tending and amusing them.

"It is always the way," she said, tapping her shapely foot impatiently against the floor; "as sure as ever there is any fun going on in that old barn, I am certain to be away, and, of course, because Colin has got a few presentable men this year, instead of the old frumps he generally brings together, I am planted here, dancing attendance on these provoking children! The McCloskys, too, have got a household, but, by the time I get back, all the shooting-parties will be broken up, and the glen will have returned to its usual state of flatness, staleness, and unprofitableness."

"You won't have to stay here so very much longer if baby takes it soon," said Mignon, encouragingly. She was tying the ribbons of her cloak preparatory to departure.

"Does he *look* as if he meant to take them?" said Flora, surveying her blooming infant with unqualified disapprobation. "No! no! He will wait until Floss is well, and then he will make a start, and I dare say October will find me expiating my sins here, without a *soul* to speak to."

And she sailed angrily away. A chorus of small voices was uplifted as Mignon, too, showed signs of departure.

"You're *coming* back, auntie?"

"You *never* told us the end of 'The Free Bears!'"

"Arty *tumming* back?" said Floss, in tones of

despair, and raising her little flushed face from the pillow.

"Yes, yes," she said, sighing, "I'm coming back; and I'll tell you the end of the story, Colin, by-and-by!"

Somebody who was standing on the other side of her own gate, in the act of lifting the latch, saw her coming quietly out of Mr. Montrose's house, and said to himself that no one would ever believe it possible that she had been something of a hoiden once, or gone riding in a wheelbarrow, so subdued and gentle was she now in all her ways. A step that lagged, a glance but seldom lifted, a voice but rarely heard—were these the tributes paid to him for the care and love with which he had so vowed to encompass her?

Putting out her hand to the latch, she started violently as it touched his; then, as he swung the gate back for her to enter, she recovered herself, and made a step or two forward.

"You are going to town?" she said, hesitatingly, as she glanced at the great book under his arm.

"No," he said, "I am going for a walk."

"In such heat as this?" she exclaimed. "Along these dusty roads? You will get a sunstroke!"

"But I am not going along the roads," he said, still holding the gate open. "I am going to a place that you would not believe it possible could be in or near Lilytown."

"Is it a *cool* place?" said Mignon, who had by this time unfurled her umbrella; "is it *green*, and could one get a real breath of good fresh air there, and perhaps see a daisy or two?"

"Yes," he said, showing signs of moving on, "one could do all that. I will show it you some day, and then you can go and sit there, whenever you please, with Prue!"

"With Prue!" Somehow the notion of thisylvan retreat in that estimable woman's company did not recommend itself to her favor.

"Could you not show it me *to-day*?" she said; then, seemingly alarmed at her own boldness, added: "I'll promise to be very quiet and not disturb you a bit in your reading, and I've got some work in my pocket—"

"Won't you find it very hot?" he said, wishing with all his heart that he had got away a few moments earlier.

It was no pleasure to him to be with her, to look at her; and if her mood were a kind one, why it tortured him even more than if it were cold.

She saw his hesitation, and, with a suddenly-heightened color and trembling lip, walked past him toward the house.

But she had not gone six paces when she was overtaken, and, without ceremony, made to wheel about, for he had put her hand under his arm, and away they went together, Darby and Joan fashion, each perhaps feeling a little foolish at the unusual propinquity.

She wondered whither he was taking her, as they went along the shady side of the road, and came by-and-by to such a lane as well might pass muster as a

country one. It was one of the least known and frequented alleys that led to the park of the great lady of the neighborhood, and whence the general public was rigorously excluded; but Adam, being privileged to enter, presently drew a key from his pocket, which he applied to a small door in the stonework of one of the great walls, and Mignon, stepping lightly through the opening, found herself ankle-deep in the verdure of a carpet that the shadows cast by the giant trees around had kept fresh as in early spring-time.

He led her on to where (and it was a curious sight to behold at so short a distance from London) there was a corner whence they could—

"... in deep dell below
See through the trees a little river go
All in its mid-day gold and glimmering."

"Oh!" said Mignon, clasping her hands, "to think of such a place as this not one mile from Lilytown, and that I should *never* have known of it until summer is gone and autumn almost here!"

"I did not know of it myself until lately," he said, stretching himself upon the grass and opening his book. "I have only been here three times in my life, including to-day."

Now that he had acceded to her request, and brought her to all that she most particularly desired—coolness, verdure, daisies, even a brook for which she had not bargained—he seemed to consider that she required no further care from him, and took no heed of her wanderings hither and thither, though indeed, if he forgot all about her, so did she about him, as she pursued her delighted search for such unsatisfactory wild-flowers as early September afforded. Dandelions she found in plenty, or rather those downy puff-balls that are steady as rocks when fine weather is assured, but, at the slightest sign of approaching rain, fly hither and thither, the sport of every wind that blows.

She discovered a slender Aaron's-rod, but feared to approach, much less gather it, since it was the swaying centre of a swarm of eager bees, who ruthlessly sucked the sweetness from out of its golden blossoms.

After all, she only got some late-tarrying knot-grass, a few flowers of the great, scentless bindweed, some ladies'-tresses, a stem of the awkward, straggling ragwort, and some nodding Quaker's-grass. Looking about her, she fancied that such grass as this might in spring-time grow cowslips, or Paigle, as the country-folks to this day call those graceful, golden-headed beauties, and hitherto she had believed that *real* cowslips could not be induced to grow within less than twenty miles of London town.

She at last came back to where Adam lay, and sat down a little apart from him, trying to weave her spoils into a nosegay, but they would not be so woven, so at last she laid them down on her lap and took out that everlasting piece of needlework that was as far from being concluded as ever. The pattern was in leaves, and when she had finished one she laid it down and looked at her husband. He was apparently immersed in his book, his brows were slightly

knitted, he had the air of a person struggling with some tough fact or legal problem, and book and effort alike seemed out of place in the soft, seductive warmth and splendor of this early September afternoon. She could not have learned a lesson to save her life, with those golden motes glancing hither and thither on the page, with an impertinent grasshopper playing at leap-frog over her back, and with the subdued chorus of Nature ringing faintly yet sweetly in her ears. Four stone-walls would be infinitely more conducive to absorbed study, she felt quite sure.

And he had only to lift his eyes from that dull page to see the great cool sweep of the velvet sward melting into the bracken, where the antler-heads of the deer glanced in the sunlight. But he saw nothing, not even a rabbit that came peeping out of its hole and looked at these two quiet people with its dark, bright eyes, as though in doubt as to whether or not they were part of the landscape, then, when he turned a page, scuttled away in its usual tell-tale fashion.

A sunbeam was playing at hide-and-seek on his hair; it had got to the page—surely he must close the book now? Not a bit of it! He didn't seem to know it was there. An emmet crawled up his hand, then, angry at its mistake, stung him; he shook it off, and went on reading as before. A grasshopper, its transparent green body glistening in the sun, weary of every other acrobatic feat, distinguished itself by jumping over his nose, whereat Mignon felt herself rapidly becoming as dangerous as a small boy in church, who, forbidden under awful penalties to laugh, is irresistibly tempted to break into acclamations long and loud.

For there was something about this man that awed her, in spite of herself.

As she looked at him, she found it difficult to believe that he had ever weeded her gravel-walks, or wished her good-morning three times running, or called her *miss*, or been anything but masterful and proud and self-contained—and that she had called him to his face a liar, a thief, and a spy; that she had presented him with a jam-tart, and recommended him to study English history, she never *could* believe. She must have dreamed it all; also that he had said he *loved* her—how was it possible, indeed, to associate love with anything so indifferent and cold as he?

He had grown much thinner of late; his features were sharp, and the lines about his mouth were firm and closely set; the expression of his face, too, had altered, the candid, bright look having given place to one that in its hardness sat strangely ill upon him. It was but rarely that she had a good view of him—in fact, she did not remember ever having really studied his face before, though of late she had got into a way of taking covert peeps at him when she thought herself unobserved.

She fell to studying his face intently, and, as he seemed perfectly unconscious of her scrutiny, was withheld by no fears that it might prove disagreeable to him.

She paused and frowned a little over her survey of that feature which is indifferently regarded as a vehicle for the conveyance of smells, good and bad, or as a convenient handle for a saucy fellow who wants to insult you, and made up her mind that it was by no means such a nose as would be likely to belong to a hero of romance; indeed, she and Lu-Lu had both made it a *sine qua non* in that great unfinished romance of theirs that the hero, and, for the matter of that, the villain, of the story should possess the most fiercely-aquiline nose ever visible on the face of man. They had selected that type because it was associated in their minds with a haughty and truculent bearing; but it is needless to say that of the science of nasology they knew nothing, and had by no means learned to regard that feature as the index to character that it is. Of passion and temper it professes no knowledge; but of taste, talent, energy, and the peculiar bent of the mind, it is an infallible guide, and one that may be better trusted than either the eyes or the lips.

Who will deny that a paltry-nosed man or woman is usually found to have a corresponding meanness of mind, or that the hitched-up, curled nose of arrogant conceit does not exactly reflect the purse-proud, vulgar spirit within? Or is a woman ever met with possessing the true celestial nose who is not endued with an astounding assurance and impudence that make one wink again with amazement? Napoleon was a firm nasologist, and used to select his men by the size and shape of their noses. "Give me," said he, "a man with a good allowance of nose. Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose." Perhaps by a long nose he meant a cogitative one, widening gradually toward the end, this width denoting power of concentrated thought and habits of close and absorbed meditation.

And this shape, that is neither Roman nor Greek, neither handsome nor unhandsome, and for that very reason did not, on Adam's countenance, find favor in Mignon's eyes, has been shared in common by almost all profound thinkers or men of especial excellence who have obtained eminence in the widely-different departments of war, theology, science, and art. Homer, Goethe, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Cromwell, Talleyrand, Usher, and Hume, are a few instances of the famous men in whom the nose cogitative is remarkably apparent.

Finally making up her mind that Adam's nose was too peaceable for a man, Mignon turned her eyes away from him to the green and swelling lines of the beautiful park.

Nevertheless, little madam, had he possessed the Roman or aquiline feature that you consider essential, and with it the determination, vigor, sternness, and pluck, that are almost invariably its attributes, together with a power of subduing all things to himself by sheer will, and an imperious disregard of the likings of all the world, himself included, then it may well have been that he would have brooked none of your fancies and scruples, but have mastered and

broken you to his will once and for all, leaving it in your own hands whether you struggled out your life as a slave or found comfort in your captivity in learning to kiss the rod that chastised you.

Lest, however, we excite laughter where we are fain to evoke admiration, let us not pause to speculate further as to the possible influence exercised by Adam's nose over his own and Mignon's destiny.

One thing only is certain, that if the time devoted by Mignon that afternoon to the study of that feature had been spent in arriving at a better understanding with her husband, then her story would not have been what it was, nor would her adventures ever have been chronicled in these pages.

For, though she knew it not, in that hour came to her the golden minute that comes to all and decides the weal or woe of countless human lives, came and passed; nor gave one warning whisper that said: "I come—I pass—I stand by your side. Stretch out your hand and stay me, for to you I come never again!"

Ay, the opportunity had passed, but in vanishing did it not unconsciously sweep some chord in her heart? Else why was it that across her memory came straying and fashioning itself in dumb music upon her lips a verse of that old matchless song, than which there is not one more exquisite written upon the hearts of men:

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I could be so loving, so tender and true,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?"

She had heard it drummed out scores and scores of times by the stiff, uninformed fingers of her school-mates, but until this moment the song had held no meaning for her. Out of what mystery of sky and earth had it then so suddenly come to her?

"Stretch out your arms to me, Douglas, Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

She wondered what the true story of that song was. She would like to have some notion of the man's face, the girl's. She fancied she could picture both, and she closed her eyes to the smiling landscape so long that Adam, glancing at her at last, thought she had fallen asleep. But when she opened her eyes he seemed just as much absorbed in his book as ever, only he had dropped his pencil, and it now lay on the grass between them. She stooped forward, picked it up, and tried to draw a face on her thumb-nail, schoolgirl fashion; but lead-pencil and pen-and-ink are very different matters, and she soon gave up the attempt in disgust. Then a thought seemed to strike her, and, diving hopefully into her pocket, her face brightened as she found and produced a letter. It was tumbled, and rather the worse for wear, but on one side there was no writing, and she was about to commence her portraits on a more satisfactory footing, when something seemed to arouse her attention, and, quickly unfolding the paper, her countenance became overspread with one of those

painful, stinging blushes that even communicate to the beholder some of their own miserable discomfort.

Adam had, carelessly enough, been aware of the failure of the thumb-nail portrait; he had seen her produce the letter; but with the extraordinary emotion she displayed his attention became arrested.

Hitherto that disease of little minds, suspicion, had found no place in Adam; but now, aware that there was only one person on earth whose letters could cause her such painful confusion, it occurred to him that this one was probably clandestine, and, if so, it behooved him to see it, that she might, if possible, be saved from the consequences of her own folly.

As he so thought, their eyes met. He thought he read defiance in hers, but it really was a species of fear, and fear was to her something strange and new, and accepted by her, as by all young, shy, untried creatures, fiercely. Altogether misunderstanding her glance, he received it as a challenge, and replied to it as such.

As every one knows, when a pitcher is filled to the brim, the slightest touch will cause it to run over. Even so may dissatisfaction accumulate for days, weeks, even months, until the last straw is added, the overtasked strength gives way, and we break out with a strength and passion that to the offender appear altogether disproportionate to the offense.

Thus Adam was carried away by a greater storm of rage than had ever swayed him, as he said, quietly:

"You will let me see that letter?"

She looked at him; but, save that her hand closed more tightly on the paper, she never moved.

"You will give me that letter?" he said, and held out his hand for it.

"And why should I do that?" she said, proudly; "it is written not to you, but to me, and it may be that he would not wish that I should give it to you to read."

When a man of the lower orders is maddened past endurance by the woman who is only a shade less rough and degraded than himself, it is not his wont to punish her with those sarcastic speeches and keen-edged words that are the weapons with which a gentleman stabs the wife or sweetheart who has angered him; he keeps all *his* witty, eloquent, or cutting speeches in his fists, and informs her with them until he has thoroughly conveyed their various meanings to her mind. The savage instinct that guides the two men is precisely similar; it does but take different forms of expression.

Fortunately for Mignon, this taint of cruelty that is the direct offspring of jealousy, and that debases its origin as much as it outrages its object, was entirely absent in Adam; therefore, exasperated though he was by her last speech, he merely held out his hand for the third time.

"Do not compel me to take it from you," he said.

At that her face flamed up, and with a passionate gesture she flung the letter from her.

It fell almost into his hands; and though he had a mind to compel her to present it in more respectful fashion, he thought he would let her off that time, and proceeded to unfold the paper. The date was June: it was the love-letter that he himself had stolen and afterward returned to her.

So she had religiously kept and carried it everywhere with her all these months; she could yet feel so freshly about it as to blush at its mere sight and touch.

"You value this letter?" he said, refolding it, without having seen one word of its contents.

"It was my first love-letter," she said, hanging down her head.

"And I deeply regret," he said, calmly, "that I should, by marrying you, have deprived you of the pleasure of receiving many more such epistles."

She looked at him in sudden horror; her lips parted, but no sound issued from them.

It had come at last, this thing that she had feared. All along she had been quite sure that he had married her out of kindness, but now he was going to tell her so.

For a long time past she had felt his constant care and attention to be withdrawn from her, and had grown chill and sad under their bereavement, for not until they had ceased did she discover how sweet and valuable they were to her, or how much her trouble concerning Muriel was soothed by the watchfulness and thought that so amply encompassed her.

Well, he had grown weary of doing his duty gracefully, and since he gave her shelter, and food, and clothing, considered he had done all that was necessary or to be expected of him.

She felt herself turning cold and sick with dread of what his next words would be. Yet, after all, it was she who spoke first, not Adam.

"You are sorry," she said, with trembling lips, "that you burdened yourself with me; and I have seen it, oh, yes! I have seen it for a long while past—and—and you cannot be more sorry for it than I am."

They had both risen; her carefully-gathered spoils lay scattered on the ground between them.

"Why did you do it?" she cried, smiting her hands passionately together; "you thought to do a very good and noble thing, but it was a fatal mistake, a mistake that we can *never* undo, for the longer we live the worse it will grow, and only *death* can stop our being sorry or set us free from one another."

"You are right," he said, quietly, "it was a mistake from first to last, and before God I swear that if such were possible I would undo that morning's work; but, as it is, and since our hopes of liberation must be far distant, we will try to make the best of a bad business, and go our different ways, neither considering nor thwarting one another. Had you any relative to whose care I might confide you—"

"If only *she* would come," broke in the girl, wringing her hands in a strange, piteous agony, "we would go away together, and you should be troubled

with me never any more—but, oh! it will never be the same, for go where I will I shall be bound to you always, and if it were not for that how happy we might have been!"

Unconsciously her hand tightened on Philip's letter that Adam had long ago returned to her; and Adam, perceiving that gesture, and believing it to express passionate regret that she was not free to marry the man she loved, felt himself all at once carried away by an impulse of uncontrollable fury, and snatching the letter from her, he tore it into a hundred pieces, ground them beneath his heel, then turned and strode rapidly away, leaving the girl standing in the midst of the soft woodland beauty, with chill and pallid lips, and heart that fluttered a while with fear, then sank in her breast cold and heavy as any stone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none."

It is a bad thing when a man, sitting soberly down to take account of the failures and successes (if any) of his life, is compelled to acknowledge to himself that in his choice of a wife he has made a terrible mistake.

We will suppose that he has not arrived at this conclusion all at once, that he has taken time to consider the matter from every point of view; consequently that the decision which is arrived at without heat or excitement is presumably a correct one.

There are men who will not acknowledge the false steps they have taken, even to their own hearts; it is intolerable to them to have their lack of shrewdness forced upon them, or to stand convicted of a fatal error of taste. But Adam was not one of those men, and had a way of facing his difficulties as he went that, while it required some strength of mind in the present, saved him from much trouble and mortification in the future.

It had been slowly growing upon him for some time past, the consciousness of this mistake of his, but he had not positively made up his mind to it till the morning that followed the walk which had begun with amity and ended in fury.

As he sat with folded arms at his table, his eyes fixed on the blank sheet of paper before him, there seemed to pass in array the different events that one by one had brought this conviction home to him. There flitted before him a series of tableaux, in the first of which he beheld his hour-old wife pillowing on her breast the head of her unconscious lover, by whose side she was frantically desirous of remaining, even when her husband bade her follow him; the second picture represented the same actors, but this time it was the woman who was unconscious, the man who gazed down upon her distracted by love, disappointment, and despair; anon the scene changed, and the gazer saw a slim young girl, who, with clasped hands and a passion of earnestness in her blue eyes, asked, "Do you think we shall ever see *him*

again?" And there yet rang in his ears the question put by her to Prue on a subsequent occasion, "If one got married at all, might it not be better to marry somebody that one *loved*?"

And, lastly, and freshest of all in his mind, since he had beheld it but yesterday, he saw the same girl sitting on the grass with her lap half full of wild-flowers, and in her hand a letter, fondly hoarded, closely cherished, while guilty blushes painted her cheeks, and angry defiance flashed from her eyes. Here the series ended; but doubtless there were plenty more in store for him, in which he would cut the same sorry, despicable figure that it had been his lot to do since his marriage.

The ridiculous position he filled was becoming absolutely intolerable to him. Once or twice lately he had said to himself that he would throw the whole thing up and go away; then the thought that by so doing he acknowledged himself beaten, acknowledged that the task he had set himself was one that he had neither skill nor strength to perform, stepped in and held him back. What! abandon with such haste a pursuit to which he had sworn to devote every energy he possessed, to which he had vowed to bring the most entire love, inexhaustible patience, and the practice of every delicate and gentle art that would be likely to woo the heart out of a woman's breast! Well, there are some things a proud man cannot do, there are positions that a man of self-respect cannot be expected to fill, and he was growing weary of striving to wear his cap and bells gracefully; and, while he would have moved heaven and earth to win her when he believed that her love was a treasure no man had yet won, the same efforts went terribly against the grain with him now that he thought he possessed damning evidence of her passion for Philip La Mert.

There is an enormous difference in men's fashion of loving. Some are better lovers when piqued and provoked by women; provocation attracts and contradiction fixes them; they are, indeed, only satisfactory and agreeable as lovers so long as they are kept hungry. But when a man is thorough, and demands an undivided love, moreover, having that within him which makes satiety impossible to him, then he will be satisfied with no half-gift, and, if he is not able to possess that which he covets in his integrity, he will reject it altogether.

Adam was one of these men, and he said to himself that he would no longer seek to bring back her wandering allegiance—nay, a something stiff and hard within him rose up and rebelled against the constant repulses he had met, and, alas! he was beginning to pass from the healthy, if tormenting, stage of suffering to the torpid disease of indifference. He found himself contemplating the possibility of her fancy for Philip fading away, to be gradually replaced by a liking for himself (for girls are heedless creatures, and apt to confound their fancies and their hearts), with positive aversion.

And the bitterest part of the whole thing was, that the fault lay with himself.

He had not behaved fairly toward her; he had

been absolutely cruel to her in the advantage he had taken of her youth and inexperience. He should have waited, should have given her time to learn her own mind before, instead of after, her marriage; have won or lost her in fair fight—instead of which he had hurried her, and, now that she had grown more wise, she despised him for it.

It had begun badly; it had ended worse. The deception he had practised on her was bringing forth bitter fruit, and, though good might sometimes appear to come out of evil, it really is not so. No edifice, however stately, can rest securely on a shifting foundation.

If it were not for the belief he entertained that Philip was the destroyer of Muriel (although of this he had no proof, and might be altogether mistaken), he thought it might have been better that Mignon should have married him, for of his love for her there could have been no doubt, and he had grown weary of wickedness, and, influenced by her, might have led a better life, especially as she loved him—

"Why, man alive!" said Colin, entering suddenly, "what on earth is the matter? Have you got a murder on your mind, or are you only meditating one?"

Adam's brow relaxed, his clinched hand straightened itself; but none the less honest Colin, as he sat down opposite his brother-in-law, shook his head with very real concern.

"You're all wrong, old fellow," he said; "look as if you meant going in for a fever, or something of that sort. What you really want is your feet on the stubble, and your favorite gun in your hand. It's your Highland air you're pining for, and it's my belief you'll be no better till you've had it."

"It's out of the question," said Adam, rising, and going to the window. "You see, I've work to do, and—"

"Ah, yes—well—too much work is bad for you"—here he looked keenly at Adam, then shook his head again, unobserved by the other—"and you're not used to it, and—and we miss you awfully at Glenluce; even your governor seems really vexed you're not there, and we have a very pleasant party of fellows; Phillis, too, is holding a small court, and I've never known the place more jolly. Come back with me to-morrow, stop a fortnight, and then return to your work, freshened up and better in every way."

"I can't leave my wife here alone," said Adam, but with a slight hesitation in his tone that Colin instantly detected.

"What harm can she possibly come to?" said Colin, quickly. "She is at our place from morning till night with the children; and I should think Prue would be a perfect dragon where she is concerned; and—you won't think me intrusive or taking a liberty, old fellow, but women are sometimes best left to themselves for a bit—they're full of fancies, poor souls! and often don't know what they want, or what is good for them, and—"

Here his flounderings came to an end, and Adam, turning from the window, in spite of himself burst out laughing.

"All right, old fellow," he said, "I'll think it over, and let you know this evening. How is Floss?"

"Not particularly bright, poor little soul! And don't *think* about coming, but come," he added, as he took his departure.

After all, thought Adam, he had a great mind to go. At that moment the temptation to get clear away from the carking worries that embittered his life was wellnigh irresistible.

And of late he had been suffering from a species of nostalgia, both his waking and dreaming thoughts being full of Strathsaye, for his love for his Highland home was very great. An intense longing was upon him for a great, free breath of air on his own hills, for the pleasant stir and bustle of his favorite sport; above all, for a complete change of air, scene, and companionship, that would restore the tone to his nerves, and shake the cobwebs from his weary brain.

And then, having almost decided that he would go, the thought of leaving Mignon entirely alone, and with no better guardians than Flora and Prue, caused him to ask himself if he were mad to think of thus abandoning her?

Philip La Mert might appear upon the scene, although that was scarcely probable, as only a week ago had he seen an announcement in some paper of the departure of that gentleman for the Continent, or Flora might by hook or crook obtain the society of one or another of those objectionable friends in whom her soul delighted, or bad news might come to Mignon of her sister, and there would be nobody by to soften the blow to her. And yet these objections rose one by one simply to be demolished. Of evil intent to Mignon, Adam firmly believed Philip to be guiltless, and for many reasons he was not likely to desire to place himself in her way. As to Flora's acquaintances, she would find it a difficult matter to discover one within fifty miles of London town; and as to her society, he had long ago perceived that it was not likely to corrupt Mignon.

"Our first and third thoughts," says Dugald Stewart, "will be found to coincide."

It was in accordance with this theory that Adam presently rang the bell, sent for Prue, and desired her to have everything in readiness for his departure early the following morning.

Returning to her mistress and acquainting her with the orders just received, that young lady received the intelligence without uttering a single word.

In the dead of the night Adam suddenly awoke with a start, and a conviction that something unusual had just happened or was happening. Had he heard the touch of a hand upon his door, or the sound of a foot-fall on the gravel without, or did some voice call upon him in that urgent, imperative whisper that suffices to awaken the deepest sleeper? He could not tell.

Springing from his bed he went to the open window and looked abroad. He could just make out

the outlines of the trees and bushes ; but in the garden nothing stirred, and the midnight silence was intense and unbroken. And yet he was certain that the sound by which he had been awakened was an unusual one. There is in us some vigilant quality that is only exercised when every other faculty is at rest, that permits all ordinary sounds to pass unheeded while we sleep, but that instantly sounds the alarm when anything unusual or fraught with danger to us is abroad ; and Adam never doubted that he had been awakened by some cause that it behooved him to at once ascertain.

He hastily threw on some clothes, and, softly unlatching his door, went out into the passage, which was in total darkness. Noiselessly proceeding along it, he came to Mignon's door, and, with a start of fear, found that it was a little way open ; usually it was closely shut.

Was she walking in her sleep, and, possessed by the thought of Muriel even in her dreams, had she wandered out of her room into the garden or road in search of her ?

He hesitated a moment, pushed the door open, and entered. His heart was beating violently ; he could have faced the most frightful danger with a cooler hand, a steadier pulse, than he now boasted ; the ugly feelings of the assassin or the thief seemed to be upon him as he advanced to the centre of the apartment and looked around him. Then, as he looked, he forgot himself in a keen sensation of relief. Whatever the sound might have been that awakened him, it was not caused by Mignon, who lay asleep on the bed, her face disclosed by the subdued light of a taper that burned on a little table by her side.

She was there, Adam had no occasion for uneasiness concerning her ; having assured himself, therefore, of the fact of her safety, why did he not then retire as noiselessly as he entered ?

Instead of which he stood, his feet rooted to the ground, absolutely without power to move, and had she opened her eyes at that moment he could not have made good his escape ; his whole being was merged in the rapture, the luxury of regarding her—

" . . . sideways her face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed
By tenderest pressure a faint damask mouth,
To slumbering pout ; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipped rose. . . . "

He had said to himself that very morning that he did not love her—nay, that he would not have her love if he could—but to-night the veil of deceit fell from his heart, and he knew that the choicest good that earth contained for him was bound up in that lovely, sleeping maiden yonder. How young she looked, how innocent ! no more than a child that was fallen asleep with a smile on its lips, and not a care or a thought for the morrow. He crept a pace or two nearer, nearer yet, knelt beside her, then saw with a pang how dark were the shadows under her eyes, how thin the little hand had grown—that slender,

blue-veined hand, with its mockery of a circlet shining upon it !

It was so near to him that his mustache actually brushed it, and as he looked, carried away by a wild, uncontrollable longing, he set his lips against it with a touch no rougher than that of a feather might be ; but, light as it was, the touch sufficed to scatter her dreams, to unseal her blue eyes ; and as, half waking, she stretched out her white arms toward him, he fell face downward on the ground, lying hidden in the shadow of the bed. "*Muriel !*" she murmured, "*Muriel !*" then, sighing, she sank into slumber again—

" . . . self-folding, like a flower
That fains into itself at evening hour." . . .

At the same moment that Mignon in her sleep uttered her sister's name, a woman, who stood without in the garden, her face turned upward to the window in which the faint light shone, stretched out her yearning arms toward the unconscious girl.

"Thou art safe, my beloved," she whispered—"in the keeping art thou of one who loves and will guard thee—safe !" She bowed her head upon her hands, shaken by an agony of longing, then stretched out her arms again, crying, "If I might come to thee—my heart—my heart—if I might come to thee—but to me—to me—" She shuddered, drew her cloak more closely about her, as though the night-winds chilled her to the bone, then, with a last look upward, and a voiceless prayer, faded away in the half-light like a shadow.

Thus, love's vigil kept over her from within, from without, Mignon slept, and they who watched knew not how powerless was the love of either to shield her from the fate that was creeping upon her, nor guessed that never had she stood in peril so dire as that which menaced her then.

Could Adam have known—could he have foreseen the future, he would have gathered her there and then to his breast, he would have braved her dislike, even her loathing, rather than have left her exposed to the fearful risks she afterward ran—ay, he would have forfeited the chance of that voluntary relinquishment of herself to him that he had all along vowed to be the only gift from her that could perfectly satisfy and content him.

A little longer, therefore, he knelt beside her ; then, lifting one of those long, bright tresses that flooded all the pillow with their sunshine, to his lips, he rose, and went quietly away. So, in the time to come, he saw her always, a child with the innocence of childhood on brow and lip ; nor could he ever picture her as any other than she looked that night, not even when he knew that he ought to think of her with the brand of shame upon her brow ; nay, this presentment of her as she had been was afterward to come between him and the likeness of her as she was, so that he should know not her features, nor recognize in the outcast the beautiful little child-wife that he had so deeply loved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH COUTURE THE PAINTER.

ABOUT a dozen miles from Paris, on the direct road to Calais, lies the little town of Villiers-le-Bel, a place of about seventeen hundred inhabitants. The traveler, in approaching it, first stops at Saint-Denis, and, after one more halt, finally descends at one of those little stations, or "*gares*," as they are termed in French, that come across the view so frequently, standing isolated from any other edifice, and surrounded by fields as far as the eye can reach. No sign of town or village greets the sight, and it is only by clumsy omnibuses standing in the white and dusty road that one guesses the vicinity of human habitations.

It was at one of these *gares* that we got out on a clear, hot day in June, and with a number of other people—villagers and pupils of Thomas Couture the painter—entered a shakily omnibus with a very low top close to our heads, and a floor between whose cracks the ground beneath was clearly visible. The road by which we were to gain the village stretched like a white ribbon across the broad fields, and no fence, and not even the tall poplar-trees, with their straight, stick-like trunks, so usual in France, marked its line where it dwindled into the distance.

Spreading about us on every hand lay broad fields of grain with a myriad of scarlet poppies glowing between the tall heads of wheat and oats, now nearly ripe for the harvest. Bright-green patches of potatoes and occasional broad stripes of purple beet-tops varied the sheeny gold and scarlet of the grain-fields, but not a fence nor any sort of boundary marked one farm from another, and scarcely a tree appeared except where they rose in clumps like little oases on the horizon, miles apart.

The sun and the hot, pale-blue sky lay in high summer over our heads, and a faint mist of heat quivered through the landscape. The omnibus, with its load of passengers, creaked and rolled along for two miles or more, now winding with a slight curve to the right and now to the left with the bend of the road; and still no house appeared, but only the tall heads of the grain and the fiery glory of the poppies intermingled with purple "bachelors'-buttons" and the light-colored flowers of the potato-patches. All at once, as white as the road itself—and, in fact, the stucco that covered it was made of the same clay—a low, white wall appeared at right angles with us, and through a break in it the omnibus drove into Villiers-le-Bel.

People who have traveled much in *diligences* in Europe will recollect how like magic the towns frequently burst upon the sight. The traveler goes up a low hill and down a slight declivity, when a few tree-tops, scarcely observed before, suddenly expand before him to fill quite a bit of the horizon; and of this character is the entrance to Villiers-le-Bel.

The land now became somewhat hilly, and the road, hitherto unpaved, gave place to a narrow street

close set with square blocks of stone, and lined on both sides with pale, stuccoed brick houses. Not a vehicle, and scarcely a human being, appeared in the street, but through the half-opened windows and the *porte-cochères* were seen groups of tanned women and children at their humble household occupations, such as paring potatoes or shelling peas; and besides, in the court-yards beneath the *porte-cochères*, glimpses were caught every minute of green gardens with shining vines, and poplars, and grape-leaves, and the flowers of the purple Wisteria.

Slowly the omnibus creaked along till it passed some little shops, that of the grocer, the tobacconist, and the butcher, and besides some high walls of villas, where the trees and vines made a background to chimneys and balconies that indistinctly appeared. We now reached a small, gray church, weather-beaten and moss-stained with age, whose Gothic arches and flying buttresses, tall spire and narrow windows, varied the architecture from the low, pointed-roof houses which clustered at its base. This church was built by one of the De Montmorencys in the fifteenth century, and was the centre of the village. From it, in three or four directions, branched various narrow streets like the one we have described, some up-hill, and others falling off slightly from the level of the small square in which the omnibus stopped, and we knew we were in the town that held the summer residence of the famous artist Couture, so familiar and so liked through his works by most cultivated Americans.

The inn of the village, which is close by the old church, is one of the series of low houses that mark the town everywhere, and its two stories of perpendicular wall and sloping, tiled roof were broken by small windows with leaves opening inward, where white-muslin curtains and pots of bright flowers fluttered in the soft summer air. The *porte-cochère* at the side of this inn gave entrance to a small courtyard, round which were ranged the chambers for guests; and down one of its lengths extended a long, green arbor shaded by Wisteria-vines, and in the arbor were set little tables for persons who preferred their meals *al fresco*. A great St. Bernard dog strolled out from his kennel and whined when we entered the courtyard, and we heard the fluttering wings of some white doves whirring as they descended to the pavement.

There are only one or two lodging-houses for guests at Villiers-le-Bel, and most of Couture's pupils were domiciled at the inn, though several had taken villas and kept house for themselves. But, as our great source of attraction was the home of the artist himself, we were glad when the next morning and nine o'clock brought us in front of a little postern-gate set in a high wall, which, with the close carriage-gate, formed the entrance to the Château Couture. In one of the narrowest of the lane-like streets of the town, and very near the old Gothic

church, this mansion stands, like most of its class, secluded entirely from outside observation.

We rang at the postern, and, after a slight delay, our approach, with that of three or four other of Couture's pupils, was recognized by a charming and *naïve* young girl of about fifteen, who came to let us in. This young demoiselle made a picture herself as she opened the gate, with her small, *retroussé* features. Her little, round mouth and crisp, reddish-black hair, which scintillated blue, and yellow, and gold, in the sunlight, and her rich brunette skin, pink at the cheeks, coral on her lips, and yellowish about the temples and the neck, with her white nose, made a splendid palette of color against the old walls and shining ivy-leaves, with their deep-green and black shadows that formed a background behind her.

One of the wisest and most observant men we ever met once said in our presence that the happiness of families was more affected by tones of voice than by anything else ; a fretful, a cross, a peevish voice do more to depress us than loss of fortune ; and we can all, perhaps, recall some one or two voices in our life whose kind softness has been more than all sounds in the world besides. The French as a nation have cheerful voices. Their early training has taught them, whatever their circumstances, never to whine and never to be morose in this respect. But this bit of philosophizing on voices has taken us far from our little portress, C—, who received us so gently, and spoke and smiled so sweetly, that life in the light of her pretty brown eyes at once took an aspect of rose-color and of pleasantness of which awe at the idea of an interview with the great French artist had partially deprived it.

C— bade us enter, and from this minute she was the presiding genius who attended to our wants ; she instinctively perceived if we could not find the canvas that belonged to us ; had a *couteau de palette* for the somewhat impatient old man, Couture ; flew to the gate when the bell rang ; closed or opened the windows ; soothed "De-de," the old cur-dog ; and smiled softly and sympathizingly when the eye of a new or a disconsolate pupil caught her own. C— was everywhere where she was wanted ; neat, gentle, pretty, deft, and affectionate—the little sunbeam of the studio. She was so good she would have served well as the model for a nun at the foot of a shrine. She always wore a string of pink-coral beads round her neck and a bit of a ribbon-bow in her hair ; but there was only the faintest glimmer of coquettishness dawning in her, and she was in all respects a pure child, useful and unselfish. In the pictures that formed themselves afterward in our mind connected with this household, and with Couture and his art, little C— is the flower of them all. On this morning of my first lesson, C— led us into the house, which was long, white, and stuccoed, of about a hundred feet front, two stories high, and with a concave, tiled roof partially covered with lichens. Big groups of chimneys rose from the roof at intervals, and the long, French windows opened low to the pavement in the first story. The grounds about

the house were very wild and picturesque ; for here were splendid masses of shining poplar-trees, and the richest and most luxuriant ivy draped and drooped from old wells framed in carved-stone coping, and it nearly hid the dormer-windows of mouldy, red-brick walls of stables and out-buildings, while superb mulleins and poppies clustered round stone fountains now dry, whose carved dolphins and mermaids had long since been "fish out of water ;" and terraces and little stone balconies besides constituted a portion of the accessories of the château. Many were the forest-trees that divided up the grounds in front of the château, and between them the visitor discerned espaliers and untrimmed grape-vines clinging to dilapidated walls. At the time of our coming the grass had been suffered to grow, and long lengths of its golden heads were bent down, pale by contrast with the dark forest-trees. At the back of the château a splendid vista opened down the length of the park, between a long line of magnificent forest for half a mile or more, to where a sunken wall suffered the eye to range over a broad and sunny plain quite to the edge of the horizon. It has been noticed as a peculiarity of Couture's that he has suffered the grounds of his place to relapse into such wildness ; but, to an artistic fancy, this "sunny spot of green-erie" recalls Coleridge's description in "Kubla Khan :

"So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were circled round ;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree,
And here were forests ancient as the hills," etc. ;

The place is more picturesque and attractive than the neatest cultivation and care could make it ; and we sympathized with the old painter who preferred his mulleins and his poppies in combination with his dryads and his water-nymphs to anything that a landscape-gardener or any other kind of human gardener could do for him, for he was accustomed to say that "God was the best gardener." Such were the outward surroundings of the great French artist, and within-doors the same impression of picturesque negligence and beauty prevailed.

On our entrance through a glass door at the end of the château, C— brought us into a square *salon* about sixteen feet each way, and this was the studio where we were to receive our lessons. Two big windows opened on the north side of the room, and looked into the front-yard ; and two others opposite them made a distracting "cross-light," according to artistic ideas, and faced the park. The Prussians, who had occupied this house during the late war, had used a large picture by Couture for a screen, and many were the bayonet-holes they had thrust through the canvas, which nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this damage was done, as Madame Couture afterward told me, by the private soldiers ; for the officers, as is nearly always the case in such circumstances, were particularly careful not to injure any of the works of art—nor, indeed, any of the property of Couture himself. Behind the picture with the bayonet-holes was a tall painting of a

bishop with his mitre on, closely resembling a fresco-painting. On the opposite wall was hung an immense and very fine old tapestry. The floor of the room was made of polished wood, and my steps slipped on it continually.

Like the pause that comes just before the rising of the curtain at a theatre, the pupils of Couture all stood back a little, and a slight start was observable when a door at the side of the big picture turned on its hinges, and the master entered and joined the group.

Some of our readers may have seen him, but, as he has led a life of great seclusion for the past ten years, the public generally are by no means acquainted with his appearance. A very short man, with short, round arms and legs, shook hands with us all with familiarity and kindliness, and, notwithstanding his stature, there was that in his presence which at once riveted attention to him as a person of dignity and consideration. His head was large, and a pair of very piercing black eyes, well set and expressive, gave brilliancy to his mobile face. His nose was straight, with singularly flexible nostrils that dilated as he spoke, while a heavy, gray mustache covered his full lips, and the thick, iron-gray hair of his head was on this occasion partially concealed by a broad-brimmed straw-hat, nearly as wide as his shoulders, and which he wore to screen his eyes from the light when he was painting. As he shook hands with us I observed that his hands were remarkably delicate in their structure, and, though now their stoutness partially concealed their small joints and the tapering fingers, they are of a class that indicate great sensibility of organization. Couture on this day wore a brown, knitted pea-jacket, and I was told that he usually had on *sabots* to protect his feet from the mud of Villiers-le-Bel, but on this occasion he wore boots.

"Good-morning, good-morning, good-morning," he said, all around. He made one or two polite speeches, inquired about the work the pupils had been engaged on, and then, with a heavy, full voice, rather imperiously demanded his "palette, palette," calling to C—.

Couture always began his courses of lessons by himself painting before his pupils, and this morning he resumed his ordinary habit in this respect. Half-way down his nose was a pair of shell-spectacles; and placing his model—a young girl—in the full glare of a window through which the sun was streaming, and without having either of the other windows more than partially closed, he seated himself not more than three or four feet from his model, and on the same level with herself, and began to sketch her head in charcoal before us. To persons who are accustomed to "block in" their forms, measure distances, etc., it may be of interest to know that Couture, after getting the curved direction of the side of the head, curved in his other important lines to match its main direction, and afterward touched in the rest of the lines, more in the relation of curve with curve than of angle with angle. His palette was now spread in half a dozen simple colors, and

he began to paint. At first he took a little notice of his pupils, but his attention soon drifted entirely into his work; and I, who sat where I could observe his face as well as his canvas, felt that serious respect which is always excited by witnessing intense study of a powerful nature such as his, who had already given ample proof of his imaginative ability to the world. His eyes dilated, and his fingers grew deft as a woman's, as he touched in the light upon the forehead, or examined his model, now through his spectacles, and now above them.

"My little model, my little model!" he said, encouraging his subject to sit still. Ever and again he called for bitumen or Naples yellow, his favorite colors; and, when a touch particularly pleased him, he gave a succession of little snorts to express his delight in them; but I am sure he was as unconscious that he did it as he was of anything in the outside world besides his model. Tenderly, and with wonderful touches, he dragged in his half-tints, and made the light of the eye and the curve of the lip; then he began a low, blithe whistle of a few notes, repeated over and over again, so happy and so careless, they seemed to come from a nature as simple and instinctive as that of some animal—a wood-creature, a chipmunk, a partridge, or a rabbit, might have answered his notes, thinking he was one of themselves; and, while he whistled his happy, tuneless tune, a nightingale outside the window was singing to himself and to the bright world in the garden.

Whistle, whistle, and occasionally a few grunts, then a call for "brown red;" and so the "sitting" went on in absolute silence, and every minute the portrait grew more beautiful.

In the present condition of art, when so little is positively settled, and so much speculation prevails as to its requirements, different types of mind and various kinds of intelligence are urged as its necessary basis by persons according to their own bent of intellect. It is not usually supposed that the French are an artistic people when compared to the Italians or some other nations of Southern Europe, but occasionally such a nature as George Sand or Couture appears which is so absolutely perceptive that their intellect seems to be merely a handmaid to furnish material for images that construct themselves in their brain as perfect and as complete as any of Nature's growths. The sense of beauty, both with Couture and George Sand, is paramount to any detail; and, though in the one the proportions of her stories may not be complete, or in the other a head may be too large, an arm too short, or a foot not quite well set—such a sense of grace, of life, and artistic unity, asserts itself, that one instinctively turns from academic studies, both literary and pictorial, for mental rest, in contemplating the creations of these two artists, whose work justifies its own right to exist.

We have spoken of Couture and George Sand together, because their natures seem to us singularly alike intellectually. Each possessed of a large element which compels them to sympathy with Nature, their temperament realizes the idea of the fauns of mythology, and birds, beasts, and the very smell of

the earth and the feel of a soft breeze, seem a part of themselves. But in them both is also mixed a wonderful refinement that belongs to the most subtle phases of intellect, and indicates in those who possess it great keenness and delicacy of perception. Both of them delight to consider the graces of composition and the peculiarities of language and of color. Beauty makes as large a part of Couture's artistic conception as his tints, which never jar upon the eye, and his grouping, which does not disturb the mind by any lack of completeness or artistic effect.

After an hour of work Couture pushed back his chair and turned his face to us for sympathy, and we all seemed to wake as from another world, and he himself the most of all. "Values, values!" he said, as he pointed with his finger to the difference between the light in the cheek and on the hair, and motioned us to observe how much grayer was the light upon the shoulder than that upon the background. He contemplated his work from far off, and then his mood, so rapt until this moment, changed to another of the most buoyant *abandon*.

Those who have read his book, "Entretiens d'Atelier," will remember the lively talks in it that are mingled with its serious lessons on art, and it appears that they are faithful transcripts of his usual habits. For, seating himself astride his chair, and resting his hands on the back of it, and still with his broad yellow straw-hat half shading his eyes, which nodded up and down when he moved his head, Couture now began a series of pantomime actings, accompanying them with descriptions full of wit and vivacity: changing his voice, altering his features, and posing his body, till we screamed with laughter, and I could not but think that, if the world had gained a painter in Couture, it had lost a great actor. His talk was full of witty anecdote and of racy allusions to the numerous celebrated men of his time with whom he has been acquainted. C—— had brought him a cigar and a match, and while he puffed at it he went on with his flow of stories, sometimes provoking answers from his pupils and now and then leading them to be nearly as funny as himself with their retorts and badinage. His eyes twinkled, his mustache twitched, and his large face beamed with good-natured pleasantry. At the end of about ten minutes the painting was resumed. The only interruption to the perfect quiet of the lesson was from the presence of "De-de," the house-dog, a large mongrel cur, partially a mastiff, of a brindled gray, buff, and white color, and whose name was really "Jeudi" —Thursday. Its particular meaning in the case of "De-de" I do not know, but I was told it was from Thursday being less black than Friday; and certainly De-de was not black. Next to Couture and little C——, De-de constituted the most positive feature of the family of Couture as it appeared to his pupils. De-de had been an inmate of it for nine years or more, and was fully at his ease in every situation. Whether he wagged his heavy, smooth tail against our easels, put his big, stupid, old, square face into ours, or leaped into the lap of C—— with his forty pounds of weight or more, he did it all as if perfect-

ly sure of a welcome, and that his clumsy, ungainly motions were like those of a fawn or a proper lap-dog.

It is related in Villiers-le-Bel as an anecdote of the family affection for this dog that, before the siege of Paris, they were just moving into town for the winter months, when, after they had crossed the enemy's lines, they discovered that they had left De-de behind them. To lose him was impossible, and they demanded to go back for De-de.

"Who is De-de; is he your brother?" asked a German guard of Couture.

"Yes, he is my brother," replied the painter.

"Then you may return for him," said the guard.

The Coutures went back for De-de; but when they again tried to cross the lines it was too late, and they were obliged to go back to Villiers-le-Bel, there to stay for a long while.

Couture's family consists of himself, his wife, and two daughters; and they inhabit the old château for seven or eight months each year, the rest of their time being spent at their house in Paris.

A big *salon* opens from the studio where we took our lessons, which contains a portrait of Couture's father, a piano, and several beautiful bronzes, besides the ordinary furniture of a drawing-room; and, beyond this apartment, the *salle-à-manger* has several of Couture's large works in different stages of progress. At times the class swarm into these two rooms to converse with Madame Couture, or to be more at liberty to copy some head or study by the master, to learn a little of his style before beginning to work from life. In the *salon* which I have mentioned, beside the fireplace, there is a long note written upon the wall in charcoal by the hand of Couture. This note is dated at the time of the occupation of Villiers-le-Bel by the Prussians, and it tells them who is the owner of the château, and that he has had many of the German painters for his pupils, and begs them to spare his home. This injunction the Prussians faithfully obeyed, and, with the exception of the bayonet-holes in the picture to which I have referred, no sign appears of violence in any way.

Until within the last two or three years, Couture had painted very little for a long while; but he has now resumed his palette with the greatest zeal, and is engaged on two or three pictures of large size, though it is improbable, we think, that he will again undertake any work so considerable as his famous "Decadence." One of his paintings now under way is of a female figure, called "Noblesse," and represents a woman seated upon a throne. At her feet stretch up from unseen forms the hands of the writer, the sculptor, the painter, the artisan, and the agriculturist, who each bear to the "hereditary noblesse" the fruits of their labor. Upon the wall behind the woman is inscribed some writing explanatory of the painting, and it says how, yielding to the power of the great, all persons of a lower grade prefer to increase the importance of their superiors rather than to remain independent in their own low estate. This picture savors very much of monarchy, and that of the most conservative kind; but the politics of Cou-

ture are somewhat uncertain. The composition of this picture, however, is very graceful both in line and *chiaro-oscuro*, and, with another symbolizing "Pleasure," are the largest on which he is now working. This latter represents Pleasure under the guise of a courtesan drawn in her car by men of diverse ages and occupations, who are all the slaves of this beautiful but vicious creature.

Couture does not have any regular studio, but paints all about his house in any room that he fancies; and as he is quite independent of the ordinary accessories of lights, or great distances for the observation of his painting, it is sometimes in his library and sometimes in an anteroom that his canvas is set up. Scattered everywhere are a great many of his sketches and finished pictures, and here are the original heads of Béranger and George Sand so familiar to the public by lithographs, and the former as the frontispiece of Béranger's works. There are also outlines and studies for some of his celebrated pictures, and little drawings for the paintings owned by the late Mr. Blodgett, of New York. Barbadienne, the great bronze-manufacturer, at the present time is the chief patron of Couture, and nearly every one of his canvases finds its way into Barbadienne's collection.

Many Americans at various times have been pupils of Couture, but about three years ago quite a party of young artists from the United States, attracted by the brilliancy and the grace of his work as well as by his long-established fame, sought to place themselves as a class under his instruction in his own house; and ever since that time each summer has seen the number a little larger than before, gathered in Villiers-le-Bel.

Couture begins his courses of lessons the first of every month, and for a week paints before his pupils, and has them work before himself. Each lesson is much like the one we have described, and at the end of the week every pupil goes to his own studio to prosecute his studies by himself. All day and every day they work from models, and three or four times a week, in the afternoon or evening, they carry their pictures to Couture for his criticism. These visits are often very pleasant, for the old artist, relaxed from the labors of his own painting at the end of the day, delights to chat and to speak of his ideas of art.

On one of these occasions, seated before the "Hereditary Noblesse" to which I have alluded, and after showing us what progress he had made, he went on to describe, in the most dramatic manner, a picture of the interior of a church during service, which he contemplated painting. He personated an old miser, occupied till he came to the church-door in counting over to himself his gains, his pecuniary hopes, and his possible losses; imitating at the same moment his mien, his looks, and his manner. Next Couture imitated a soldier, swaggering along the street, strong and self-satisfied, snapping his cane and knocking off the heads of the poppies with it, and twirling his mustache, till he in turn entered the church-door, when down on his knees he goes. Next

comes a young girl with her sweetheart, and Couture took on the coy looks, the nervous motion of the fingers twirling her kerchief, and the half-sentences of young miss, as she comes up the aisle and in turn kneels upon the pavement. The pert *gamin*, who has just imposed on a feeble and wealthy old man, and many more, were all in turn described to the life, and Couture seemed to enjoy his own fancy, as he pictured them in neat sentences, fully as much as we did.

I was struck in all my interviews with Couture by the essentially picturesque quality of his mind. In giving us our painting-lessons he always bade us look for the salient peculiarity of the models; and in his conversation describing men and women, his keen mind seized upon any peculiarity of manner, whether of class or of the individual, and he delineated with almost alarming penetration the marks of vanity, pride, meanness, or hypocrisy, or any of the qualities that human nature willingly conceals from itself. But he perceived as readily the gentler qualities also, and modesty, or shyness, and the timidity of women or of children, had in him an appreciative friend. While his face varied as he imitated different sorts of people, I felt that his fingers were but one set of the interpreters of his thoughts, which his tongue could as forcibly body forth in language as his hands on the canvas.

Some American critics have lately complained that persons should study with such men as Couture, rather than work out for themselves in great schools and from models their ideas of art. But to our view painting is like literature in respect of the necessity of learning certain important principles connected with its practice; and any one who can gain these ideas from intercourse with a man in whom they are so developed as in Couture may hope to have his mind opened and his road shortened to results of beauty, grace, color, and composition, that it would otherwise take a lifetime to secure.

As a teacher, Couture seems to us of the best; for it is not his peculiar feeling that he labors to reproduce in his pupils, but he tries to awaken in them a perception of the graceful, the refined, or the dignified, now so fatally absent from pictures whose chief object seems to be to resemble photographs as much as possible. Couture teaches a little color, and shows how a certain use of the brush will bring about results that all people acknowledge as good, but his most positive idea is to let all persons develop themselves within certain artistic limitations, and to study life as faithfully as they are able to do; then, after telling them the way in which he has found it convenient to make lights pure and shadows clear, he leaves them to be themselves, and not little Coutures.

At the present time the artist is about sixty years old; but his eyes are as bright, his skin as fair, and his strength as firm, as a man of forty.

Nearly every one has his little episode of summer, and at Newport, in Switzerland, at the White Mountains, or in Colorado, the vacation-time passes by; but in all our summer sojourns we can recall none more delightful or fuller of results than the time

we spent at Villiers-le-Bel, close to the great artist of the place ; in the pure air, vocal with swallows, larks, and nightingales, and surrounded by the quaint old town and its rustic inhabitants. No sound nor sign suggested that Paris was near : but the chil-

dren, in their little white caps, wandered in the streets ; old women, with their donkeys and vegetable-wagons, trundled about ; while not even a steam-whistle told that Villiers-le-Bel was within sight from its hilly elevations of the great metropolis of France.

BY CELIA'S ARBOR :

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

RECOLLECTIONS of childhood are vague as a whole, but vivid in episodes. The days pass away, and leave no footprints on the sands, one being like another. And then one comes, bringing with it a trivial incident, which somehow catches hold of the childish imagination, and so lives forever. There are two or three of these in my memory.

It is a sunshiny day, and, as the rooks are cawing all day in the elms, it must be spring. Sitting on the door-step of Mrs. Jeram's, I am only conscious of the harmonious blending of sounds from the dock-yard. Victory Row is quiet, save for the consumptive parrot, who walks in the shade of the wall coughing heavily, as if it was one of his worst days, and he had got a bronchial asthma on the top of his other complaints. With me is Leonard, dancing on the pavement to no music at all but the beating of his pulse, enough for him. Jem and Moses are always on the beach. I suppose, but I am not certain, that it is afternoon. And the reason why I suppose so is that the Row is quiet. The morning was more noisy on account of the multifarious house-duties which had to be got through. We hear a step which we know well, a heavy and limping step, which comes slowly along the pavement, and presently bears round the corner its owner, Wassielewski. Leonard stops dancing. Wassielewski pats his curly head. I hold up my arms ; he catches me up and kisses me, while I bury my face in his big beard. Then he puts me down again, lays aside the violin which he carries in one hand (it is by this instrument that Wassielewski earns a handsome addition to the daily tenpence, and, in fact, pays half my weekly allowance), and seeks in his coat-pocket for an orange. He does all this very gravely without smiling, only looking depths of care and love almost paternal out of his deep-set eyes. While Leonard holds the orange he places the violin in my hands. Ah ! what joy even to draw the bow across the strings, though my arms are not long enough yet to hold the instrument properly. Somehow this rugged old soldier taught me to *feel* music, and the rapture of producing music, before my fingers could handle notes or my hand could hold a bow. He leaves the orange for Leonard and my-

self, and disappears. Moses returns unexpectedly and demands a share. There is a fight.

Or it is another visitor, the captain. He wears his blue frock-coat with brass buttons and white ducks ; he carries his hands beside him and a stick in them, which drags at his heels as he walks. We do not see him till he is with us. We look up, and he beams upon us, smiling all over his rosy face.

"How is the little Pole?" asks the kindly captain, shaking hands with us. "How is the other young rascal?"

I have a distinct recollection once of his eyes wandering in the direction of our boots, which were certainly going, if not altogether gone, both soles and heels. And I remember that he shook his head. Also that in the evening new boots came for both of us. And that Mrs. Jeram said, nodding her head, that *he*—meaning, perhaps, the captain—was a good man.

Another recollection.

I am, somehow or other, in the street by myself. How I got there, what I proposed to myself when I set out on my journey, I cannot tell. But I was lost in the streets of the old seaport town. I was walking along the pavement feeling a good deal frightened, and wondering how I was to get back to Victory Row, or even to the Poles' Barrack, when I became aware of a procession. It was a long procession, consisting of sailors marching, every man with a lady on his arm, two-and-two, along the middle of the street, singing as they went. They wore long curls, these jolly tars, shining with grease, hanging down on either side below, or rather in front of, their hats. Curls were the fashion in those days. There were about thirty men in this rollicking train. At their head, limping along very fast, marched my poor old friend Wassielewski, his grave face and melancholy eyes a contrast to the careless and jovial crew who followed him. He was fiddling as he went one of those lively tunes that sailors love—a tune which puts their legs a-dancing and pours quicksilver into their feet. Some of them, indeed, were capering along the line, unable to wait till the "crib" was reached. Also, down the street I saw another exactly similar procession. How was I to know that the Royal Frederick had been paid off that morning, and that a thousand Jack Tars were all together chucking away the money in a few days which it had

taken them three years to earn? The old Pole would get some share of it, however, for that was the way in which he earned the money which mostly came to me.

He spied me presently standing alone on the curbstone, and, handing the fiddle to one of the men, hurried across the road, and took me in his arms.

"It is the son of my old master and lord," began Wassielewski, holding me in his arms helplessly.

"Bring along his lordship, then," said the man.

"I'll carry the noble heart!"

The Pole resumed the fiddle with a sigh, and took up his place as band and band-master in one.



"The oddest thing about this line of veterans was that they all seemed to have wooden legs."—Page 356.

"Ladislas!" he said, with his quaint, foreign accent. "What are you doing here? Why are you not at home?"

"Bring him over, Fiddler Ben," cried one of the men. "I'll carry the little chap. Lord! what's one boy? I've had a dozen of 'em at home, somewheres. —Now then, messmates—strike up, Fiddler Ben. With a will, my lad."

"Uncommon light in the arms is the noble duke. Many a fo'c's'le kid 'u'd weigh more.—Poll, our'n 'u'd weigh twice as much.—Come up, yer r'yal highness."

I suppose I must have been a very small boy, even for a five-years-old child. But the man carried me tenderly, as sailors always do. We came to a public-house, that one with the picture outside it of the Chinese War. There was a long, low sort of hall

within it, at the end of which Wassielewski took his place, and began to fiddle again. Dancing then set in, though it was still early in the morning, with great severity. With dancing, drink. With both, songs. With all three, Wassielewski's fiddle. I suppose it was the commencement of a drunken orgy, and that the whole thing was disgraceful. Remember, however, that it was more than thirty years ago, when the navy still retained its old traditions. Foremost among these was the tradition that being ashore meant drink as long as the money lasted. It sometimes lasted a week, or even a fortnight, and was sometimes got through in a day or two. There were harpies and pirates in every house which was open to Jack. Jack, indeed, was cheated wherever he went. Afloat he was robbed by the purser; he was ill fed and found, the government paying for good food and good stores; contractors and purveyors combined with the purser to defraud him. Ashore, he was horribly, shamefully cheated and robbed, when he was paid off by a navy-bill, and fell into the hands of the pay-agents. He was a rough-hided ruffian who could fight, had seen plenty of fighting, was tolerably inured to every kind of climate, and ready to laugh at any kind of danger, except, perhaps, Yellow Jack. He was also tender-hearted and sentimental. Sometimes he was away for five years at a stretch, and, if his captain chose to make it so, his life was a dog's life. Floggings were frequent; rum was the reward of good conduct; there were no sailors' homes, none of the many humanizing influences which have made the British sailor the quiet, decorous creature, generally a teetotaler, and often inclined to a Methodist way of thinking in religion, half-soldier, half-sailor, that he is at present.

It was an orgy, I suppose, at which no child should have been present. Fortunately, at half-past twelve, the landlord piped all hands for dinner, and Wassielewski carried me away. He would return after dinner to play on and on till night fell, and there was no one left to stand upon his legs. Then Wassielewski would put the fiddle away in its case, and go back to the barrack, where he sat in silence and brooded. The other Poles smoked and talked, but this one held himself apart. He was an irreconcilable, and he refused to accept defeat.

One more scene.

The Common Hard, which is still, after all the modern changes, a street with a distinct character of its own. The houses still look out upon the bright and busy harbor, though there is now a railway terminus and an ugly pier; though steam-launches run across the water; and though there are telegraph-posts, cabs, and omnibuses, all the outward signs of advanced civilization. But thirty years ago it was a place which seemed to belong to the previous century. There were no great houses and handsome shops, but in their place a picturesque row of irregular cottages, no two of which were exactly alike, but which resembled each other in certain particulars. They were two-storied houses; the upper story was very low, the ground-floor was below the level of the street. I do not know why,

but the fact remains that in my town the ground-floors of all the old houses were below the level of the pavement. You had to stoop, if you were tall, to get into the doorway, and then, unless you were experienced, you generally fell headlong down a step of a foot or so. Unless the houses were shops they had only one window below and one above, because the tax on windows obliged people to economize their light. The roofs were of red tiles, high-pitched, and generally broken-backed; stone-crop and houseleek grew upon them. The Hard existed then only for the sailors. There were one or two jewelers who bought as well as sold; many public-houses; and a plentiful supply of rascally pay-agents. That side had little interest for boys. In old times the high tide had washed right up to the foot of these houses, which then stood upon the beach itself. But they built a stone-wall, which kept back the water, and allowed a road to be made, protected by an iron railing. An open space gave access to what was called the "beach," being a narrow spit of land, along which were ranged on either side the wherries of the boatmen. A wooden bench was placed along the iron railing near the beach, on which sat every day, and all day long, old sailors in a row. It was their club, their daily rendezvous, the place where they discussed old battles, smoked pipes, and lamented by-gone days. They never seemed to walk about or to care much where they sat. They sat still, and sat steadily, in hot weather and in cold. The oddest thing about this line of veterans was that they all seemed to have wooden legs. There was, or there exists in my memory, which is the same thing, a row of wooden pegs which did duty for the lost legs, sticking out straight in front of the bench when they were on it. The effect of this was very remarkable. Some, of course, had lost other outlying bits of the human frame: a hand, the place supplied by a hook, like that of Cap'en Cuttle, whose acquaintance I formed later on; a whole arm, its absence marked by the empty sleeve sewed to the front of the jersey; and there were scars in plenty. Like my friends the Poles, these heroes had gained their scars and lost their limbs in action. Thirty years ago we were only a quarter of a century or so from the long and mighty struggle which lasted for a whole generation, and filled this seaport town with prosperity, self-satisfaction, and happiness. Oh, for the brave old days when week after week French, American, Spanish, and Dutch prizes were towed into harbor by their victors, or sailed in, the Union Jack flying at the peak, the original crew safe under hatches, in command of a middy and half a dozen British sailors told off to take her home! They talked, these old grizzle-heads, of fights and convoys, and perilous times afloat. I sat among them, or stood in front of them, and listened. Child as I was, my little heart glowed to hear how, yard-arm to yard-arm, they lay alongside the Frenchman; how a dozen times over the plucky little French beggars tried to board them; how she sheered off at last, and they followed, raking her fore and aft; how she sudden-

ly broke out into flame, and, before you could say "Jack Robinson," blew up with all that was left of a thousand men aboard; with merry yarns of Chinese pigtailed, made to be pulled by the British sailor, and niggers of Jamaica, and Dutchmen at the Cape. Also, what stories of slavers; of catching American skippers in the very act of chucking the niggers overboard; of cutting out Arab *dhow's*; of sailing in picturesque waters where the natives swim about in the deep like porpoises; of boat-expeditions up silent rivers in search of piratical Malays; of lying frozen for months in arctic regions, long before they thought of calling men heroes for passing a single winter on the ice with every modern appliance for making things comfortable!

Among these old salts was one—of course he had a wooden leg—with a queer, twisted-up sort of face. One eye was an independent revolving light, but the other obeyed his will, and once you knew which eye that was you were pretty safe with him. He had a very profound and melodious bass voice. When I passed he used to growl a greeting which was like the thunder of a distant salute. He never went further than the greeting, on account of certain family differences, which made us shy of becoming too intimate. I learned the fact from a curious ceremonial which happened regularly every Saturday night. At eight o'clock, or in summer at nine, Mrs. Jeram drew down her white blind, if it was not already drawn, placed one candle on the table, and herself between the candle and the window. The natural effect of this was to exhibit to the world a portrait in profile of herself. She sat bolt upright, and being a thin woman with plenty of bone—though the most kind-hearted of all creatures—the portrait thus presented was angular, stiff, and uncompromising.

Meanwhile, in the street outside sat my friend "timber-toed" Jack—the ancient mariner with the deep voice and the revolving eye. He was perched comfortably on a three-legged stool lent by a friend, his remaining limb tucked away snug and ship-shape among the legs of the tripod, and the peg sticking out as usual at right angles to his body. There he sat and smoked a pipe. From time to time he raised his voice, and in an utterance which shook the windows of every house in the row, he growled:

"Rachel! Come out and make it up."

There was no answer. Then the neighbors, who always congregated on this occasion, and took an intense interest in the progress of the family jar, murmured a soft chorus of persuasive and honeyed words, meant for Rachel too—who was Mrs. Jeram. But she never moved.

"Rachel! 'Twarn't my fault. 'Twas her as dragged me along in tow. Took prisoner, I was."

"Ah! the artful thing"—this was the chorus—"which well we know them; and they'll take in tow the best, at times; and a little in drink as well."

No answer again this time, but an angry toss of the head, which conveyed to the *silhouette* on the blind an expression of incredulity.

After half an hour's enjoyment of the pipe, the

old sailor would noisily beat out the ashes. Then we inside the house would hear him once more:

"Then, Rachel, God bless you, and good-night; and bless the boys. And, please the Lord, I'll be here again next Saturday. And hoping to find you in a forgivin' mood."

When he was gone, Mrs. Jeram would leave her seat and come to her own chair by the fireplace. But her hands always trembled, and sometimes her eyes were wet. For it was her husband, and she could not make up her mind to forgive him the old offense.

That was why, on the Hard, the wooden-legged sailor and I had little or no conversation together.

One day—I was between eight and nine at the time—we were all four on the logs. The logs were, to begin with, a forbidden place, and, if only on that account, delightful. But also on other accounts. There was a floating pier there, consisting of two or three square-hewed timbers laid alongside of each other, between posts stuck at intervals in the mud. They had a tendency to turn round beneath the tread of a heavy man, and when that happened, and the heavy man's feet fell in between two logs, it was apt to be bad for those feet. Men-of-war's boats used to land their officers and crew at the end of the logs; there was a constant running to and fro of sailors, officers, and harbor boatmen. Also, on the left-hand side as you went down this rough pile, there was a space of water some acres in extent, in which lay in orderly rows, one beside the other, a whole forest of timbers, waiting for time, the sun, and salt-water together, to season them. And if the logs were apt to turn under the tread of a heavy man, these timbers would turn under the foot of a light boy. Judge, therefore, of the joy of running backward and forward over their yielding and uncertain ground.

Leonard, who rejoiced beyond measure to run over the logs himself, would seldom let me come with him even down the pier, and never over the timbers. On this day, however, we had all four gone down to the very end of the logs; half a dozen ships' boats had touched, landed their men, and gone back again. Jem, the simple and foolish Jem, was gazing in admiration at the sailors, who looked picturesque in their blue shirts, straw-hats, and shiny curls. I even caught Jem in the act of feeling whether his own hair behind the ear would not curl if twisted between finger and thumb. Moses was sitting straddle-legged on a projecting log, his boots in his hands, and his bare feet and legs lapped by the water. Leonard and I stood on the pier, watching. Presently there came along a man-o'-war's gig, manned by twelve sailors sitting side by side, rowing their short, deep stroke, without any feathering, but in perfect time. In the stern sat a middy, the very smallest midddy I ever saw, no bigger than Leonard, dressed in the most becoming uniform in the world, and calmly conscious of his importance. He landed, gave a brief order, and strode as manfully as his years would allow down the logs. As he passed on, his eye rested on Leonard, and I saw the latter flush.

When the middy was gone, I turned to Leonard, and said, with the enthusiasm of admiration :

"Lenny, when I grow up I shall be a midddy, like that."

A small thing to say, and, indeed, the grandeur of the boy and his power overwhelmed me for a moment, else I ought to have known, at eight years of age, that children living with charwomen on charity are not the stuff out of which officers of the Royal Navy are generally manufactured.

"Ah! yah!" roared Moses, tossing up his legs.



"Leonard and I stood on the pier, watching."—Page 357.

"What are you laughing at?" cried Leonard, in a rage.

"Ah! yah!" he repeated. "Hunchback! Hunchey in a uniform, with a sword at his side!"

I declare that, up to that moment, I had no more consciousness of being deformed than I had of Hebrew. I suppose that in some dim way I knew that I was differently shaped—smaller than Leonard, that my clothes were not such as he could wear, but not a thought, not a rough suspicion that I was, by reason of this peculiarity, separated from my fellows. Then all of a sudden it burst upon me. Not in its full misery. A hunchback has to grow to manhood before he has drunk the whole of the bitter cup; he has to pass through the years of school-life when he cannot play like other boys, nor run, nor jump, nor fight, like them, when he is either tolerated or pitied. He has to become a young man among young men, to realize that he is not as they are; to look on envy-

ing while they rejoice in the strength and beauty of their youth; to hear their talk of girls and sweet looks, and love, while all girls look down upon him, he foolishly thinks, with contempt. I did not feel the whole misery at once. I only realized, all of a sudden, that I was *disgracé*, that the grandeurs which I envied were not for me, that I was to be despised for my misfortune—and I sat down in this sudden misery and cried aloud.

A moment afterward there was a fight. Leonard and Moses. They fought on the narrow logs. Leonard was the pluckier, but Moses was the stronger. The sailors in the gig looked on and laughed, and clapped their hands. Through my shameful tears I only saw half the duel. It was terminated by the fall of both into the water, one on either side of a log. The water was only two or three feet deep, and they came up face to face, and driving fists at each other across the eighteen-inch plank. It was Jem who stopped the battle, stepping in between the combatants, and ordering in his rough way that both should get out of the water and fight it out on dry land.

"He called me Hunchback, Leonard," I gasped, holding his hand as he ran, wet and dripping, through the streets.

"Yes, Laddy," he replied—"yes, Laddy, he's a cub, and a cur, and a thick-headed fool. But I'll let him know to-morrow."

"And you won't let him call me Hunchey, Leonard?"

"Not if I have to fight him all day long, Laddy. So there!"

But next day's fight, if it was begun, was never finished, because in the afternoon we both, Leonard and I, walked away with the captain, each holding one hand of his, Leonard carrying his stick.

And when we got to the captain's it was explained to us that we were to stay there.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG PRINCE.

TEN years of boyhood followed. In taking us both away from Mrs. Jeram the captain promised her on behalf of Leonard, and Wassielewski on behalf of myself, that we should be brought up, in his old-fashioned way of putting it, in the fear of God and the desire to do our duty. It was an uneventful time, which has left few recollections. I suppose that kind of time—it has been always mine—is the happiest which leaves the fewest memories. Yet its happiness, for the want of contrast, is not felt. Perhaps it is better not to be happy, and to lead the life

of action and peril such as has been granted to Leonard and denied to me. When the time arrives to lie down and go to sleep it must be good to leave behind the memory of by-gone great days big with issues dependent on your courage and self-possession. My life has had but one episode, and because it is not likely to have another I have sat down to tell it. In the end, I am like any rustic on a farm, any secluded dweller on a remote island, inasmuch as one day has followed and will follow another marked with no other change than from sunshine to rain, from summer to winter.

Of course we were soon sent to school. The fact that I was a Pole, coupled with my deformity, produced in my favor the mingled feeling of respect and curiosity with hardly-disguised contempt which boys always feel for a foreigner or a cripple. Of course, too, it immediately became known that we had been living in Victory Row under the care of a charwoman. Contumely was the first result of the knowledge. Leonard, however, then about eleven, showed himself so handy with his fists—one consequence of his many combats with Moses—with a disregard of superior weight and strength as complete as any one of Nelson's captains might have shown, that any further reference to charwomen or accidents of birth had to be made with bated breath, and went out of fashion in the school. New boys, it is true, were instigated, as if it was a joke, to ask Leonard for information as to the price of soap and the interests of washing. The miserable victim introduced the subject generally with a grin of superiority, as became a boy who had a father living in the flesh. It was very beautiful, then, to observe how that new boy, after the short fight which followed, became anxious ever after to avoid the subject of charring and charwomen; for, however big that boy was, Leonard went for him, and, however often Leonard was knocked down, he arose from Mother Earth bruised and bleeding, but fresh. The bigger the new boy, the more prolonged was the fight. The more resolute the new boy, the more delightful to spectators was Leonard's bull-dog tenacity. Once or twice the battle was drawn by foreign intervention. Never once was Leonard defeated.

After each battle we walked home proudly certain of receiving the captain's approbation when he learned the *casus belli*; for he always insisted on hearing the full details, and gloried in the prowess and pluck of the boy.

We led a frugal life, because the captain had little besides his half-pay and the house we lived in, which was his own and had been his father's before him. Sunday was the day of the weekly feast. On that day the captain wore his undress uniform, and we went to church in the morning. After church we walked round the walls, and at half-past one we came home to dinner. It was Leonard's privilege to pipe hands for the meal, which always consisted of roast beef and plum-duff, brought in by the captain's one servant, while Leonard played on the fife the "Roast Beef of Old England." After dinner there was a glass of port all round, with a double ration for the

chief and fruit for the boys. In the evening we read aloud, the captain acting as expositor and commenting as we went; we did not go to church, because the captain said that it was ridiculous to suppose there was any necessity for church oftener ashore than afloat. But, after I got a piano, I used to play and sing hymns till supper, when the captain told us yarns.

When Leonard was fourteen another change was made. We left the school, and went, he and I together, to the Rev. Mr. Verney Broughton as his private pupils. Mr. Broughton, the perpetual curate of St. Faith's, gave us, as I have since learned, these lessons at his own request, and gratuitously, though he was far from being a rich man.

Our tutor was a scholar of the old-fashioned school; he was an ex-fellow of Oriel, and openly held the opinion that nothing new had been written for about eighteen hundred years; he considered science, especially mechanical science, as unworthy the study of a scholar; he looked on Latin and Greek verse as the only safe means of educating the higher faculties; and he regarded the great writers of Rome and Athens as the only safe models of style, thought, and taste.

He was a stout, short man, with a red face—due, perhaps, to his fondness for port, his repugnance to physical exercise, and his habit of spending all the money he could spare on his dinners. A kind-hearted man, and a Christian up to his lights. His method of "working" his parish would hardly find favor in these days of activity—consisting, as it did, in nothing whatever except three services on Sunday and one on Wednesday and Friday evenings. No mothers'-meetings, no prayer-meetings, no societies, no early celebrations, no guilds. His sermons were learned and scholarly, with a leaning toward morality, and they inculcated the importance of holding Church doctrines. He was a Churchman high and dry of a kind now nearly extinct. Those who wanted emotional religion went to other places of worship; those who were content with the old paths sat in their square pews every Sunday, and "assisted" in silence at a service which was a comfortable duet between parson and clerk.

We were put through the classical mill by Mr. Broughton. The course made me, in a way, a scholar; it made Leonard a man of action. He read the Homeric battles, and rejoiced to follow the conquering Diomedes in the "way of war." He read the tragedies of Euripides, and, like all boys, espoused the cause of Troy the conquered.

He had, however, no inclination in the direction of scholarship, and persisted in looking on books as, on the whole, a rather disagreeable necessity in the training for after-life. For, with the knowledge of his first beginnings ever present in his mind, there grew up in him more and more strongly a resolution that he would make himself a gentleman. Somehow—he did not at all know how, but by some path or other open to lads who are penniless, alone in the world, and almost friendless—he would become a gentleman. Thus, when the captain proposed that he

should enter the navy as a master's assistant, Leonard scornfully refused on the ground that he could be nothing under the rank of combatant officer. Mr. Broughton suggested that the two universities are rich with endowments, and that fellowships await those who are strong enough to win them; but Leonard would not hear of the years of study before the prize was reached.

"In the old days, Laddy," he said, "I should have been put into a monastery, I suppose, and made my way by clinging to the skirts of a great ecclesiastical minister, like Richelieu and Mazarin. But I cannot go in for the modern substitute of university and fellowship. Fancy me in a black gown, when I should like to be in a uniform!"

"In the old days," I said, "men sometimes forced their way by joining the Free Companies."

"Ay," he replied, "that was a life worth having. Fancy riding through the country at the head of a thousand lances, gentleman-adventurers every one, a battle every other day, and an adventure the day between! What a pity the time is past for Free Companies! Let us go on the Common and see the soldiers."

That was his favorite resort. The march and movement of troops, the splendor of the array, the regimental bands, the drill of the awkward squad, delighted his soul. And here he would stand contentedly for half a day, watching the soldiers at their exercises.

"If one could only be a soldier, Laddy," he would say; "if there was any chance of rising, as there used to be in the French army—every drummer-boy with a marshal's *bâton* in his pocket!"

"And how many were able to take it out of their pocket?"

"One here and there. I should have tried to be that one."

One day, as he was talking in this strain, a soldier's funeral passed us—his comrades carried the coffin. Before it marched the fifes and muffled drums playing "The Dead March," behind it a file of men with arms reversed. We followed. After the short service the men fired a round over the nameless grave, and all marched off at quick-step.

"That one has failed, Leonard," I said.

"Ay, he has failed! Poor common soldier! He had but a slender chance. None of them have any real chance."

He was dejected for a few minutes. Then a thought struck him, and he brightened up.

"Perhaps he was only an ignorant, beer-drinking clod. No doubt that was all. Pah! What chance could he have? Such a soldier was not a failure, Laddy. He rose in the world. He became drilled, civilized, and useful. And, when he died, he was buried with military honors."

At sixteen he gave up his classical work altogether, arriving at the conclusion that it was not by Latin and Greek he would reach his aim. Other things, he discovered, would be of more use to him. Among them was French. He found in the Polish Barrack two or three men who knew French as well

as their own language, one of whom undertook, for a very small fee, to teach him. He worked at the new study almost feverishly, learning the language after his own way by reading French books all day, by talking with his tutor as much as possible, and by learning whole pages of the dictionary. As we had no French books in our little library, we picked up for nothing at a bookstall a packet of old French newspapers and pamphlets, dated about the year 1809, which probably once belonged to some French prisoner in the long wars, and these formed Leonard's introduction to the French language. His spare time he devoted to mathematics and to drawing. Here the Poles helped him again, many of the poor fellows being full of accomplishments and knowledge, so that, for the last year of his home-life, Leonard was almost wholly in the Polish Barrack. The exiles, to whom this bright and handsome lad was a godsend of sunshine, rejoiced to teach him what they could, if only as a break in the monotony of their idle lives. And while I was welcome among them for my name's sake, Leonard was welcome for his own sake. They taught him, besides French, mathematics and drawing, how to speak Russian, how to ride, with the aid of borrowed steeds, how to fence, and what was the meaning of fortification.

As Leonard approached manhood he assumed a prouder carriage, due partly to the resolution within his heart, and partly to the defiance natural to his position. Mrs. Jeram said he was a prince born. Certainly no one acted the character better. Everything that he did was princely; he spoke as one born to command. With his quick, keen eye, his curly locks, his head flung back, his tall and slender figure, full of grace and activity, he was my hero as well as my leader and protector.

He would not associate with any boys in the town—those boys whose society was open to him—nor would he suffer me to know them. "You are a gentleman of Poland," he said, grandly. "You may call yourself a count if that would help you. I am going to make myself a gentleman, whatever my father was. We must not hamper ourselves by early friendships which might afterward prove annoying."

It was not altogether boyish bounce, nor altogether self-conceit, because, full of sympathy in other things, in this he was inexorable, that nothing whatever should interfere with his determination to lift himself out of the ranks. And almost the only reading he permitted himself lay in any books he could find which showed how men have risen from small beginnings to great things. Not greatness in the way of authorship. He had no feeling for literary success. "I would like," he said, "to have my share in making history, let who will write it. Who would not rather be Hannibal than Livy, or Hector than Homer? If you were to offer me the choice between Sir Philip Sidney and Shakespeare, I would rather be Sidney. All the greatest men have been soldiers and sailors—fighting-men."

Then he would dilate on the lives of the French generals, and tell how Murat, Lannes, Kleber, Hoche,

Augereau, and Marmont, fought their way valiantly up the ladder from the very lowest round.

How his purpose was to be accomplished, by what means he was to rise, he never explained. Nor did he, I think, ever seriously consider. But we all believed in him. The captain, Celia, Mrs. Jeram, and I, looked forward confidently to the time when Leonard should rise, superior to all disadvantages, a leader of men. If he had told us that he was going to become Archbishop of Canterbury, lord-chancellor, or even his royal highness field-marshal commanding-in-chief, we should have believed that with the same confidence.

One day—it was Saturday, about Christmas-time—Leonard did not come home to dinner. The captain waited for no one, and we sat down without him. It was three o'clock when he returned, and it was evident that something had happened, for his face was flushed and his hands trembled.

"I have been with Mrs. Jeram, sir," he said, in reply to the captain's look of inquiry. "She has told me about my mother," his voice breaking into a sob, "about my poor mother."

He buried his face in his hands.

"Ay, ay. Poor boy. Natural to ask." The captain put out his hand and stroked Leonard's curls.

"Mrs. Jeram," Leonard lifted his head and went on, "gave me all she left. Only a wedding-ring. Nothing but a wedding-ring. See, and a message. A strange message. 'Tell my boy,' she said, when she died, 'that if ever he finds his father he must forgive him; but he had better not seek for him. And tell him, but not till he grows up, that his father is a gentleman and his mother was a lady.' That was the message, sir."

"Ay!" said the captain, clearing his throat. "I knew it long ago, Leonard. Mrs. Jeram told me, when you came here, you and Laddy—you were both alike—gentlemen born—"

"How shall I forgive him?" asked Leonard, springing to his feet, panting and trembling. "How shall I forgive the man who let my mother—his wife—die deserted and alone?"

"The rules are laid down," said the captain, gravely, "clear and distinct: 'Forgive us as we forgive;' likewise, 'Honor thy father.'"

Leonard was silent.

"And as for this wedding-ring," said the captain, taking it from the boy's hand, "I think, if I were you, I would wear it always." He opened a drawer and found a piece of black ribbon. "Uniforms," he went on, without my seeing the connection at first—"uniforms and badges are useful things. You *can't* do anything disgraceful in the queen's uniform. Clergymen wear black to show they are in mourning for the world's sins. Do you wear this ring as a badge only known to yourself, my boy. A wedding-ring—it's a pretty thing"—looking at the symbol lying in his hand—"it means purity and faith. If you wear it, boy, in that sense, your mother's memory will be honored. Purity and faith. Perhaps we've given the ring to the wrong sex."

The captain turned in his chair, and took up a book. It was his sign that he had no more to say on the subject.

Leonard touched my arm, and we stole out together. Then we took our hats and went into the street.

"I cannot bear myself, Laddy," he burst out. "I am half mad to think of it. She was deserted; she wandered about and came here. Mrs. Jeram picked her up, houseless, and crying in the street. She had a little money then, but the doctor took it all, because next day, before she could say who she was or where she came from, I was born, and my mother died. Not a line, not a letter, to say who she was. Mrs. Jeram took me, and promised her whose life—O my mother!—was passing swiftly from her—that she would bring me up"—he stopped here for a moment—"and then she died, and they buried her.—Do you know where the paupers are buried, Laddy? They buried my mother there."

Yes, I knew. Some of the Poles were buried there. The old parish church, with its broad churchyard, stood a mile and a half from the town. The God's Acre was so crowded with graves that its surface was raised six feet above the level of the road, and the tombstones stood side by side, almost touching each other. But in one corner there was a large open space on which there were no stones, where the grass grew thinly, and where the newly-turned clay, if you looked closely, was full of bits of wood, remains of old coffins. There was no shape to the graves in this corner, only rows of shapeless mounds and irregular unevenness in the ground. This was the paupers' corner, the place where they bestowed those for whose funeral the parish had to pay, so that the contempt of poverty followed after them, and rested on their very graves. I knew the place well, and shuddered when Leonard turned his steps to the road which led to the church. It was nearly four, and the early winter's day was drawing to a close. From a sky almost black poured down great flakes of snow, silently falling and giving an appearance of light after the hidden sun had gone down. As our heels echoed on the iron bridges beyond the gate, I looked round and saw the ramparts standing up white and smooth, like a great wedding-cake against the gloomy heavens. Down in the moat, the sluggish water lay between two banks of dazzling white, flanked with scarp and counterscarp. Leonard hurried on, and we passed in silence along the streets of the suburb, and so into the fields beyond, till we came to the church standing with its old tower among the dead.

It was growing dark now in spite of the snow.

The iron gates of the churchyard were open, and the church, where the choir were practising for next day's service, was partially lighted up. Leonard led the way to the far-off paupers' quarter.

It lay, a quarter of an acre in extent, quiet and peaceful, wrapped in the pall of the soft white snow. About the rest of the crowded churchyard there were paths among the graves, up and down which were the footsteps in the snow of those who came to visit

the dead. Here there were no paths and no footsteps. In the rest of the churchyard there was always some one to be seen—a widow leading her child to see the father's grave, an old man wandering among the monuments of those he had known in their youth, a sister weeping over a brother's grave, a mother over her son—always some one to connect the world of the dead with the world of the living. Here no one came to break the lonely silence of the forgotten graves. Elsewhere there were flowers in spring, cypresses and evergreens in and among the graves. Here there was nothing, not even a struggling brier, and even the grass was so often disturbed that it had not time to grow. For these were the graves, not of the poor, but of the very poor, of those hapless mortals who die in the misery of destitution, and have not even money enough left to buy them a separate resting-place. They lay there, thickly crowded, and every one forgotten. For among their own class death speedily brings oblivion. Who can remember those that are gone before when from hour to hour one has to think about the next meal? Whether they were buried ten years before or only yesterday, the hundreds who lay before us in that corner, covered over with a thin layer of mould and the sheet of snow, were everywhere as absolutely forgotten as if they had never even lived. Was it to rescue the dead from this ignoble oblivion that people once worshiped their ancestors?

And among them, somewhere, was Leonard's mother.

"Where is she?" he whispered. "Oh, in what spot did they lay her? A lady, born of gentle parents, the wife of a gentleman, to die neglected and be buried like a pauper! And not to know even where she is laid!"

"That does not matter, Leonard," I said, weakly. "Her spirit is not in her grave."

He made no answer, but flung his arms above his head.

"My poor dead mother," he prayed, "my poor lost mother! I believe that you can see and hear me, though you cannot come to me. If you can help me where you are, help me. If you can pray for your son, pray for me. If you can lift me upward, lift me. But how can I forgive my father?"

Within the church, close by, they were practising the responses to the Commandments. And, as Leonard concluded, they sang—

"Incline our hearts to keep this law!"

He heard the words and applied them, for he turned to me in that quick way of his—

"How can I honor my father, Laddy, when I don't know where he is, or what he is, and when my mother's last words were that I should forgive him?"

But his passion was over, and we walked away from the old churchyard.

CHAPTER VI.

CELIA.

I CAN hardly remember a time when I did not know Celia, but, as my memory of the life with Mrs. Jeram does not include her, our acquaintance must have sprung up some time after we went to the captain. It was formed, I suspect, upon the walls where we were sent to play, and was allowed or encouraged by Mrs. Tyrrell, Celia's mother, one of the captain's friends. Our play-ground was a quiet place, especially at our end, where the town-children, to whom the ramparts elsewhere were the chief place of recreation, seldom resorted. There were earthworks planted with trees and grass, and the meadows beneath were bright with buttercups and daisies. We were privileged children; we might run up and down the slopes or on the ramparts, or through the embrasures, or even clamber about the outer scarp down to the very edge of the moat, without rebuke from the "Johnnies," the official guardians of the walls, who went about all day armed with canes to keep boys from tearing down the earthworks. It was this privilege, as well as the general convenience of the place for children to play in, which took us nearly every day to the Queen's Bastion. There never was a more delightful retreat. In summer the trees afforded shade and in winter the rampart gave shelter. You were in a solitude almost unbroken, close to a great centre of life and busy work; you looked out upon the world beyond, where there were fields, gardens, and trees; there was our own round corner, with the stately elms above us; the banks of grass, all sorts of grass, as one finds where there is no cultivation, trembling-grass, foxtail-grass, and that soft, bushy grass for which we had no name; there was the gun mounted on its high carriage, gazing out upon the harbor, a one-eyed Polyphemus lounging for human food.

We walked and ran about the walls; we sat, read, and talked in Celia's Arbor. I was the principal reader, because Leonard used to act what I read, and Cis always wanted to do what Leonard did.

My usual seat was on the wheel of the gun-carriage, or in warm weather I would lie extended full length on the grass, while I read, in the high-pitched voice which Nature or my rounded back had given me, the narrative which stole us from ourselves. Why does no one write such books now? We were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; we were Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday; that is, Leonard was Don Quixote or Robinson, while Celia was Sancho or Man Friday. Up the harbor was a flat little island, a peninsula at low tide, on which was a farm-house. I dare say it must have been a dismal place to live upon, and by no means free from rats. But to us it was charming, for it was Robinson's Island. To this day I cannot look at the book without seeing the island again, and peopling it once more with the Solitary and his faithful Indian. When we read the "Pilgrim's Progress"

Leonard with a stick personated Christian's terrific combat with Apollyon. Or, if we chanced upon the second part, Celia was Mercy, and knocked very prettily at the gate while Leonard multiplied himself, and became in turns, or at the same time, the Dog, Beelzebub, and the Interpreter.

It was Leonard who called this place Celia's Arbor, after a glee which I found among Mrs. Tyrrell's music. The harmonies of the old four-part song lie in my heart associated with those early days, and with our own retreat. It is a tender glee, whose notes are yearnings and sighs, whose cadences are love's hypocrisies, breathing an almost arrogant confidence, while veiled behind a mask of pretended fear, assumed out of good manners, and certain to deceive no Celia that ever lived. We breathed no sighs, we hung no humid wreath by our Celia's Arbor, but it was a place where two boys learned to love one girl.

She was at first a willful and uncertain little maid, her moods like the April sky for fitfulness; her way for the moment the one right way; her will law. She would have been a despot of the fiercest kind, but for one thing which saved her. It was her gift of reading the hearts of those she knew. If by that power of hers she read mine, and so could say with unerring instinct the thing she had to say, always in the way it should be said, then, I suppose, she could read others. That willfulness wore off as she grew up, but the mysterious power remained. She felt, or seemed to feel, what others thought. It is quite certain that this power can belong to those who think little about themselves, and comes from long watchfulness in observing the connection between thought and expression, and learning how to read the lightest flash of the eye. She was an only child, and her father was the very greatest man in all the town. Not that he was greater than the governor commandant of the forces, or than the port-admiral, but he was the greatest man of the municipality. He held, or had held, all the offices; he was a borough magistrate, ex-mayor, chairman of everything, church-warden, past-master of the Masons' lodge, and leader in everything. In person he was tall and portly, bearing himself with an upright and solid carriage. When he passed down the street the shopkeepers came to their doors and bowed; mothers pointed him out to their boys as an object of emulation; all the town respected him. He deserved their respect for showing them what Leonard was so anxious to find out for himself, how a man may rise in the world. He had been errand-boy in a lawyer's office; he worked every evening, and so got learning, and he finally found himself at forty the leading solicitor and the most "prominent citizen" of the town.

He lived, after the fashion of the time, in the same house where he had his offices. It was a large red-brick house, the very last in Castle Street before you came to the town wall. It had the door in the middle, opening into a broad hall with a large room on either side. These were the offices, and in addition to them was a certain structure built

out at the side devoted to the clerks. The dining-rooms and Mrs. Tyrrell's habitual sitting-room, called the parlor, were at the back, overlooking a garden, large for a town-house, planted with standard apples and pears, and standing behind borders in which flourished the common old-fashioned flowers, Virginia stocks, candy-tuft, mouse-ear, London pride, double stocks, wallflowers, gillyflowers, and the rest, including big hollyhocks, round which bees swarmed all the summer, planted in the corners. A gate at the end of the wall was unlocked all day, so that Celia and I could pass in and out without seeing or disturbing the clients. On the first floor was Mrs. Tyrrell's drawing-room, a *salon* which impressed the visitor with a sense of really aristocratic magnificence, so cold, so prim, and so very comfortable was it. It was never used, except for a dinner-party, that is, once or twice in the year. For lighter entertainments, such as "a few friends to tea," the parlor was thought quite good enough. Celia's piano was in the parlor; there was a grand in the drawing-room; down-stairs you found comfort and ease; up-stairs splendor and cold.

The daily life of a professional man, thirty years ago, was a good deal simpler, though in many ways more conventional, than at present. He lived almost always, like Mr. Tyrrell, in the house where he had his office; he dined at one o'clock, and his dinners were extremely plain. At five he took tea, with bread-and-butter; at eight he finished work for the day, dismissed his clerks, and sat down at nine with his family to supper, the most cheerful meal of the day, going to bed at half-past ten.

There was no talk in those days of a month on the Continent, of the necessity for change, or an autumnal holiday; a dance for the young people might be looked for, in some quarter or other, three or four times in the year; to dance in the summer was unheard of; garden-parties were never dreamed of; lawn-tennis—even croquet—not yet invented; picnics things to imagine. There was a large garrison in the town, but the officers rarely appeared at the houses of the lawyers, and kept in their own sets; the best available society consisted of the numerous half-pay and retired naval officers, with the clergy and the professional men, and the maidens, who were far more "proper" than are their daughters of rinks and Badminton, looked on a friendly gathering to tea, with a little music afterward, or a round game, as the highest dissipation consistent with properly-brought-up young ladyhood. Yet they were perfectly happy. They did not read so much, they did not know so much, as their successors; their taste in art, dress, furniture, and decoration, had not been developed; they had not, like Ulysses, seen many men and many manners; they had no doubts on religion; they had not become strong-minded; they did not sit on school-boards, nor sigh for female suffrage; they had never heard of the subjection of the sex; they did not envy the wild delights open to rich young persons of their own sex in London, because they did not know them, except in terms too vague to be harmful.

Yet they were, I should think, happier than the girl of the present day, because their hearts were set on simple things. They dressed themselves as prettily as they knew how and could afford. I looked the other day in an old illustrated paper, and saw with a shudder the dresses of the girls whom I knew as a boy; the picture of female beauty adorned in the fashion of the day seemed a horrid caricature; but then the artist had not caught the sweet look of faces which not even a hair-dresser can disfigure, and failed in showing the graceful lines which no foolish fashion-copyist can wholly conceal. Pass over the dress. They flirted a little, in their quiet way, after church on Sunday morning, and over the tea-things in the evening. They read novels, of a decorous order, and not in the least like certain romances now in vogue, written by "ladies for ladies." In the course of time, one by one, they got married, and became good wives and good mothers with old-fashioned notions. It was peaceful, this *vie de province*, and would have been virtuous, but for the sin of gossip; it was calm, and might have been happy, but for the misfortune of monotony.

A certain conventionality hung about every act of family life which was, or might be, public. People pretended a great deal. If a visitor called—I speak from information received, and not from my own experience—the work which the young ladies were engaged upon was put aside hastily, and they were presented, on the rising of the curtain, so to speak, reading in graceful attitudes. There was a fiction that callers required refreshment, and the decanters were placed upon the table, with the choice of "red or white." I observed, at an early age, that Mr. Tyrrell, when he took wine, which was not every day, abstained from the decanters reserved for the use of visitors, and opened a fresh bottle for himself. I thought, in those days, that it was disinterested generosity on his part, so as to give his visitors the best, but I know better now. The duration of a visit was inversely proportionate to the rank of the caller. In the case of "carriage-company," a quarter of an hour at the outside was granted, so much at least being needed to impress the street. Humbler friends, in whose case the decanters might be speedily put away, and the needlework resumed, could stay a whole afternoon, if they pleased. On Wednesday and Friday evenings those ladies who could boast of having "experienced" religion went to church, and gave themselves little airs on account of superior spirituality. No one ever dreamed of inviting himself to any meal whatever, and, if anybody was invited, he was made to feel that he was the guest, being pressed to eat of things provided in his honor, and becoming, whether he liked it or not, the centre of conversation. There was, therefore, a good deal of ceremony in our social festivities. The handing of the muffins, the dexterous use of the kettle, the division of the cake at tea, the invitation to hot spirits-and-water after supper, the request to sing, the management of the album—all these things required grace and deportment; quite young men

went through the prescribed duties with manifest anxiety; young ladies were careful not to allow their natural happiness over a little social excitement to interfere with the exigencies of propriety; middle-aged men took a pride in saying and doing exactly the right thing in the right way. Everything in *bourgeois* society of that time had a right way. It is true that this anxiety to keep in the groove prevented originality of conversation; but then we all knew what to expect, were able to criticise the performances, afterward, of a well-known rôle, and to congratulate ourselves on the very proper way in which everybody had behaved.

Pretense is vulgar, but, when it is custom, it somehow ceases to vulgarize. We have our customs still, but they are not quite so binding on us. There were plenty of vulgar people among us, but we were not necessarily vulgar because we dined at one, supped at nine, gave few parties, never went abroad, and observed little fashions, with little pretenses which deceived nobody. So far we were only simple. Celia at least, who was brought up in the lap of this conventionality, could never have been vulgar.

On Sunday we went to St. Faith's Church, which stands in St. Faith's Square. The building belonged to the reign of the third George, and was, externally, a great barn of red brick, set in a court-yard, surrounded by a red-brick wall, and with a roof of red tiles. Inside it was a large, white-painted edifice, resting on four pillars. There was a great gallery running all round, and, because the church was crowded, a second gallery higher up at the west end contained the organ and choir. The pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's desk, forming between them a giant staircase, stood in the middle of the church; all three were broad and roomy; round the altars sat a school of charity-children, who pinched each other during the service. In the aisles were placed, between the pew-doors, little triangular brackets, on each of which sat, in evident discomfort, an aged lady, clad in black. They used to rise, courtesy, and open the doors for the gentlefolk when they came and when they went away. I used to wonder why these ancient dames came to church at all, considering the profound misery of those three-cornered brackets. But I believe there was a dole of some kind for them, and once a month they had the satisfaction of finishing the sacramental wine. The arrangement of the pews was irregular, the better sort among them being square. In those you sat upon high, narrow seats of rough baize, with your feet on large hassocks, which made your flesh creep to touch. The square pews were a great stumbling-block to children, because they were convenient for making faces at each other, and this often led to subsequent tears. The Tyrrells had a square pew, in which little Celia sat always as demure as a nun. During the communion service, while the Epistle and Gospel were read, we all faced to the east out of politeness to the clergyman. Social distinctions were observed in getting up and sitting down. Poor people obeyed the summons of the organ promptly; those who had a position to illustrate got up in the

grand style—that is, slowly, and with deliberation. They were well on their feet at about the middle of the second line in the hymn, and they held their hymn-books with an air of condescending criticism, as if there might, after all, be something in the words of the poet. At the close of the hymn they sat down as slowly as they had got up, long after the organ had finished, even some moments after the last of the old ladies in the triangular seats had ended her final squawk. And, as they sat down, they looked about the church as if to see that everybody was behaving properly. The captain's pew, a long one, was behind Mr. Tyrrell's. Leonard often tried, but never succeeded in making Celia laugh. Not a single glance of her eye did she permit toward the pew where her two friends sat. Not a single smile when, Sunday after Sunday, the captain lugged a key out of his pocket when the hymn was given out, and audibly instructed Leonard to "get out the tools," meaning the hymn-books. During the sermon the seats were so high that there was no one to be seen except the preacher and the clerk—the latter was always asleep. And, when we came out, we walked away with much solemnity, the elders discussing the sermon.

Time that is long past appears to have been so much longer than any period of the present. In twenty years or so I suppose I, for one, shall have finished my earthly career—perhaps before then. But it does not seem so long to me now, looking forward to the end, as it does looking back on those years of school and early life, on which I have dwelt, perhaps, at too great length. Being a lonely man, without wife, kith, or kin, I like to think of the days when I had a brother and a sister. To be sure, I have them still, unaltered in affection, but they are not here. In the long winter evenings, when I am tired of pupils and melancholy, so tired sometimes that even Mendelssohn cannot bring me comfort, I sit by the fire and see little Celia once more as she was, wayward and fitful, restless as a

sprite, bright as a sunbeam, rosy-fingered as Aurora, dancing in and out among our hours, making them gay as a bright June morning; or, standing as Minerva might have done, had that most unfortunate goddess ever known childhood, pensively looking out on the sunlit harbor; or, when she grew older, declaiming with passion against the wrongs she read of and the miseries she saw. For, as in every town where soldiers and sailors congregate, and drink is provided, there were many wrongs and much misery; wicked things which obtruded themselves upon even childish eyes. All evil seems to the young so easy to prevent and cure.

Sitting now by the winter fire, and gazing into the coals, it is always Celia that I see. She runs through my life like a scarlet thread in silk. And for five years—the five years of Leonard's "wander-time"—we were always together, for I was her tutor.

I forgot to mention that I am a musician. Music is my profession. I am a music-master—"Mr. L. Pulaski" is on the brass door-plate, with, underneath, "Lessons in Music and Singing." Music has been my joy and solace, as well as my profession. I believe I could play as soon as I was born; at all events, I had no difficulty in learning; and, when Mr. Tyrrell heard of my great gift, and generously presented me with a piano, I made myself, almost unassisted, a musician of skill as well as of feeling. For I played at every spare moment, and therefore I learned to play well. It was natural that I should help Cis in her music, and when I left school it was natural also that I should become not only her music-master, but her tutor in other things, and her companion. It was good of Mrs. Tyrrell to trust her to me; it was an education for me to have the charge. No brother and sister could have been drawn more closely together than we two. And I am quite sure that no man could love a girl more than I at all times loved Celia.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NIGHT IN THE GARDEN.

INSOMNIA has become a common, hence a vulgar, malady among us Americans—at least, to us who breathe the oxygen which the great waste of wood and water has been garnering up for us for centuries. Heretofore the malady has been confined to the few, they who sleep on pillows of down, to those who have too much brain, or to those who have a guilty conscience—so the poets have said.

Now, however, we who have no such distinction, we who have adopted hair mattresses instead of hair shirts, who cannot claim any flattering preponderance of brain, and who have not had originality or boldness enough, perhaps, to earn a particularly guilty conscience, we too are sleepless, we toss on fevered pillows, we are haunted by midnight assassins of sleep—hours of unearned remorse, spectres of people we have not murdered, vengeance for sins we

have not had the pleasure of committing! We start like guilty creatures from the commonplace linen sheet as if it were the poisoned mantle of Dejanira; Macbeth saw no such daggers in the air as we see; Cain felt no such gloomy ostracism; Peter wept not such burning tears, nor is our martyrdom less complete than his—for, if our dreams may be believed, we are nightly crucified with the head downward.

From such visions we awake at two o'clock in the morning, to pass the rest of the night in gloomy reveries. How all our wasted opportunities rise up and walk before us in their grave-clothes! How many sins, committed and uncommitted, find us out! The naked human soul—always a terrible object, with no drapery of circumstance, no apology of affection, no sweet and soothing balm of sympathy—our own unshriven soul stands before us!

Night after night we meet this object, we contemplate ourselves, and get wofully tired of the subject. We try philosophy—it proves unavailing; we try memory, and, so far as we can govern that recalcitrant slave, he serves us well. We summon visions of Switzerland, look again upon the snowy wonders of Mont Blanc, enjoy the bride-like beauty of the Jungfrau, once more count the statues on the pinnacles of Milan Cathedral! These joys of travel last us one, two, many nights; then memory grows restive, and will not obey, but brings us rather all that we wish to forget—the slights, the disappointments, the failures, the falseness, the poorness, of life.

It is no wonder that, in the frequency of this universal misery, so many people resort to opium, and to chloral—that most fearful antagonist of the brain, which simply takes a club and knocks its enemy over. The sleep of chloral is not a natural or a restful sleep. It is rather a removal of the battered and bruised brain into another room, where it recovers at leisure, to become more frightfully active than before. Opium takes a more deliberate revenge. It gives halcyon slumbers, that it may strike its fangs deep into the moral sense; woo its victim from honesty and truth and decency, then throw back a poor and worthless weed on the shores of time, like the poppy whence it springs: showy and beautiful while it lasts, but fading quickly into a disorganized heap.

"Oh, that one could take his pen to bed with him!" said a witty preacher. Oh, that one could be as sleepy in the night as in the day when tasks press and the book waits to be finished, and the sick require to be nursed, and the poor to be fed! What heavy lids descend, too, in the parlor, listening to some well-bred bore—the boa-constrictor of conversation who winds his heavy coils about your reluctant but dazed senses!

We remember dinner-parties, too, where a little slumber between the fifth and sixth courses would have been very gratifying; and Sunday afternoons in city churches—but this is chloral and opium combined.

The physicians smile now when weary women come to them, wiping heavy dews from pale brows, and say:

"I cannot sleep."

"Who can?" says the physician, wiping his brow.

"It is a clot of blood too much about the heart, or it is a drop too little on the brain," says another.

"No matter what it is; but can you make us sleep?" they cry.

"Alas, no, unless you go to Europe!"

Yes; but can we all go to Europe? One sleepless gentleman who can says he always sleeps well in Paris, "because the air is bad and the water is bad and the people are bad," he adds, satirically, thinking of his own lovely country-place where he wants to be, but where, amid choicest air, flowers, green trees, gushing fountains, wife, children, friends, and a favorite industry, he sits up all night staring at the wall like a well-bred maniac. When he gets worn to a skeleton with sleeplessness, he goes to Europe

and "sleeps like a top." Sarcasm of destiny! he does not want to go to Europe.

In joining the great regiment of insomniacs (the first part of whose curse is solitude, for none but a wretch would invade the peaceful realm of the snorers to ask them to come and join our restless misery!) I have sought many cures, but have at last hit upon a new remedy, which has been to me a balm in Gilead.

Having tried everything—turning night into day with books and work, cold baths, a private supper eaten all alone by the rays of one candle (and this has proved very efficacious with some wakers)—I remembered Dickens's remedy for sleeplessness, a walk around the slums of London with a policeman. Now, there is not a slum within a hundred miles of me, nor a policeman either, I am happy to say—the absence of the one procuring for us the absence of the other; but there is a beautiful, old-fashioned garden near me, with long walks and shady trellis-work and stone-walls, and it is buried deep amid everlasting mountains, and shaded here and there by lofty trees. At its foot runs a murmuring river, and down the sides of the mountain rush here and there feathery cascades as white as Undine's bridal-veil; and there are avenues of phlox and processions of hollyhocks; old-fashioned flowers and herbs, even to the hyssop on the wall.

It lay very sweet and peaceful in the moonlight as I looked out from a bedroom full of phantoms. I had been awake many nights. My remorse had become chronic; I began, like the old Presbyterian, to regret the uncommitted sins of my youth. The awful thought that perhaps it was too late to begin to be wicked appalled me, for I had heard that murderers slept soundly the night before execution. How would a little poisoning agree with me? Unfortunately, there is no one in the world that I wish out of it. There are many, alas! out of it who I wish were in it. I cannot do any Lucretia-Borgiaism. No genteel crime occurs to me—no, I must woo sleep innocently or not at all!

Supposing I go down and walk in the garden by moonlight? It is an eccentric thing to do, but harmless. Let me try.

It does not require much costume, for I shall meet no friends and acquaintances except the two dogs, the cat, and some squirrels—delightful advantage over ordinary promenades! An Ulster overcoat, and a Nubia tied round my head in the Beatrice Cenci style—these suffice. I must get by the dogs, not let them out to bay the moon. All this is accomplished safely. I leave the friendly shadow of the back piazza with its artistic lumber of the young painter's easel, with a half-finished water-color of a Scotch thistle, which looks Gothic and pre-Raphaelite in the moonlight, on the stand waiting for his "clever touch"; the book of poetry open at "In a Gondola," the last thing we had read aloud in the hot afternoon air; the lady's embroidery, pale and meaningless in this spectral light; and the chairs, each suggestive of its late occupant, all standing as they left them—they, fortunate group, now all fast

asleep. I alone am awake and abroad like an evil shape! What is this? What! a malignant and a turbaned Turk! I am frightened as I step into the moonlight—am I pursued? This is not Aleppo! “Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?”

It is my own shadow. The Ulster and the Nubia have made me into a very tolerable Turk, as the moonlight defines me on the garden-walk. I must not be afraid of shadows if I walk in the garden at two in the morning; and what is this shadow of my palpable self compared to those dreadful visions of my impalpable self which I have been enduring all these wretched nights?

The garden is full of fragrance; the mignonette-bed is industriously sending up a thousand messengers to Jupiter, who is so splendid and so near that I have a momentary fear that he is contemplating a call upon us. Don't come, dear planet; we have no best bedroom for you! You would be a mere inconvenient guest, a whiter elephant than the Shah of Persia! I hasten to write this, and have it put in print, so that Jupiter can see it and not come, for he is—how many times bigger than we are? And we should be sent to eternal smash, and why not? That would be a magnificent way to escape sleepless nights. We should become a disfranchised atom, perhaps able to travel, and see the red planet Mars, who is also very radiant over the eastern hill, return Jupiter's call, be feasted on Saturn's silver ring, partake of hot suppers in Sirius; and yet we do not want Jupiter to come! We might dissolve into several sleepless atoms, and—dreadful thought—endure myriads of wakeful nights!

However miserable our estate, we hesitate to change it. The more useless our life becomes to others, the more hateful to ourselves, the more we fear to lose it. “I have suffered everything else,” said a hopeless invalid; “now the dread of death is added on.” I do not wish to be annihilated.

But those sweet-peas, “on tiptoe for a flight,” are very self-possessed and serene, and seem to be fulfilling all the delightful conditions of their being without any fear of Jupiter. I suspect if he only knows how well he looks where he is, he will stay there.

Truly, a glorious night! The moon is abroad in state, with her two gallants in attendance. How respectfully they stand behind her throne, lords-in-waiting, like Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester behind Queen Elizabeth!

Comparing lesser stars to greater stars is always “bad form”—to borrow the slang of the period—and I apologize to Luna, to Jupiter, to Mars. Indeed, I make a votive offering of you, white lily, the moon's own flower, as my atonement. Thou shalt have her, Luna! She is thine already by the divine right of affinity; although I have planted her bulb in the earth, have watered and cared for her, she belongs to thee, with thine own silver whiteness, thine own immaculate purity, which can look on all things impure and not be stained; with thy simplicity and beauty of outline, whether thou art crescent, full, or gibbous, or she is bud, blossom, or

fading flower, thou art alike. The lily is the moon of the garden.

Ah! dear lily, as I approach to pluck thee, I see that thou hast a lover! A splendid moth, most original, most beautiful. Two inches across from tip of wing, two shades of brown happily toned, two peacock's-eyes in green and blue on the nether wings—four isinglass windows let in neatly by some celestial glazier, in the four corners of thy beautifully-shaped outlines. I forget all about votive offerings, and must catch my moth. Alas for all heavenly-mindedness! how soon it disappears before the greed of gain!

To bring the butterfly-net from the back piazza, to catch my moth, to dispatch him, æsthetically and anæsthetically, with the smelling-salts which fortunately belong in the pocket of my Ulster, is the work of a moment; I pin him, with a shawl-pin, to the leaf of a hollyhock, and examine him. Beautiful creature! if I were Signor Castellani I would make a superb enamel breastpin of you, and sell you to a duchess for a thousand ducats. How you would light up her white throat with your dusky brown, the color of twilight; how your peacock's-eyes, copied from the most exquisite object in the feathery tribe, the blue and green painting on the tail-feathers of Juno's bird, would light up her delicate bloom!

I feel relieved; I have committed my murder! I have taken out of life the most exquisite, happy creature, the lover of a lily (and, perhaps, beloved by her), one to whom this summer night was one long rapture. I have left him stony, motionless, with a shawl-pin through his innocent diaphragm, and now I have appeased the deities who envied me my unstained career. They can now leave me in peace. Lucretia Borgia, Brinvilliers, Catherine de' Medici, Christina of Sweden—I join thy murderous troupe!

Undoubtedly they slept well, so shall I, but not yet. I must go and see the clove-pinks by moonlight. How they remind me of Motley and the Dutch Republic!—and why? because nothing is so subtle a mnemonic as a scent, an odor; and he said in his striking way of a clove, that “the clove has been the cause of oceans of bloodshed; *that fragrant pistil*, that aromatic spice, has caused half the wars of Holland.” Never do I see a clove, or inhale this rare odor of the clove-pink, but I think of that *résumé* of Holland's struggle for her spice-bearing islands, her reckless burning up of stores of cinnamon and cloves, lest the price should go down. Would that I had such a fragrant fire at this moment! for the night waxes cold.

And Motley has just gone, with his rare and gentle gifts; and his noble and dear friend, the Queen of Holland, has also gone—most thoughtful woman in Europe! It was she who consoled him when his own country, blind to his merits, his patriotism, his purity, cast him off. There is something very charming in the picture of that friendship—her inviting him to one of her own palaces at The Hague, that he might study her country from the best coign of vantage, that he might sit at the foot of the

throne he had so faithfully served, and himself pass into the picture-gallery of William the Silent.

Silent, did I say? This garden is not silent. I thought it was when I first came into it, but now I hear "how the water comes down at Lodore," and, if I walk to the end of the hollyhock avenue, I shall see that waterfall which yesterday's rain improvised, a mountain-torrent—fierce, sudden, and fugitive, like a child's grief—which rushes down to the already overflowing river!

The gladioli stand like scarlet sentinels with sword in hand to let me pass. Defend me, gallant cohorts, against the spectres and the phantoms! There goes a spotted toad, and here glides a silent, slimy snake; I hate him, the handsome, evil thing, and give him a wide berth. Here hops across the path something brown and sleek—what is he? a mole? true child of the night; and ever and anon a bat flits across between me and the moon.

I am alone with the universe, and never have felt less alone. A thousand liveried lackeys in the way of moths, not so beautiful as he I have murdered, and who now lies like Monaldeschi in his bloody cloak on the palace-floor—no, on the hollyhock-leaf—but still very beautiful, are flying about. Shall I catch more? I have heard that molasses on trees is an admirable idea; I will go and get some molasses.

Do not think, dear reader, that Luna has made me lunatic! The moon is dangerous, I know, but I am not yet mad. No; it is a common feat of the insectivorous to smirch trees with molasses, and thus catch unwary moths.

I go on, and look for a moment at the waterfall—it is like Henry of Navarre's white plume—and then retrace my steps to the kitchen.

Yes, that "brown buttery-hatch" is the kitchen-window, a commonplace article by the garish light of day; but, if "thou wouldst view fair Melrose right," or the kitchen-window, go view it by the pale moonlight. It is really pretty, with its straggling vines, at this hour—as what is not?

I find it a burglarious effort to reach my own kitchen. If it is half as hard to the suspicious tramp who passed yesterday and asked for food, and looked at the cellar-door inquiringly, I shall be glad. I must pass the two dogs—not a difficult operation, for they are selfish, pampered voluptuaries, and are not troubled with sleepless nights. I must regain my candle; I must undo unexpected bolts and bars; I shall not meet the cook, that fearful tyrant—this is one encouraging circumstance! I reach the deserted village. Its inhabitants are now only two ants walking over the brown sugar. Shall I mention them to the cook in the morning? No! It would be wiser not to mention them to that melancholy and tearful and irascible being, who threatens to leave by every possible and impossible train, but who still remains, which is the most melancholy thing for the rest of us—no, silence is golden! She is an excellent cook, and a neat; let us drop a tear on those ants, and blot them out forever!

Besides, what right have I in my own kitchen at two in the morning? Three, the clock says. Three!

There is the clock ticking away, counting the unnecessary moments as a miser his unemployed coins; for of what use is time in this deserted temple of industry at three in the morning? The clock keeps it up as a matter of habit, nor minds a sleepless night. Where is the molasses-jug? The pepper-box has a spectral look, and is at hand. I can find the vinegar-cruet and the flour-barrel, but the molasses-jug evades me. Is it full of the slave-spirit of concealment? does it yet bear in its sluggish current the groans of those West Indian negroes who have expressed it from the sugar-cane with sighs and tears? No; it rebukes my romantic reveries by standing right before me—square, unpoetical, unimaginative, unideal molasses-jug! I pour a small quantity into a cup and depart.

To smear the rugged trunk of an ancient apple-tree with molasses by aid of a rhubarb-leaf is a difficult operation, and a new one. Performed in my present dress, it has an insane look; and I cannot forbear giving a sort of eldritch laugh, which has a very bad sound. Fortunately, no one hears me but a pair of squirrels, who are having a very decided flirtation, and so probably do not hear or see me. People engaged in that world-renowned business rarely see anything but themselves; and the squirrels are up and down one tree, and over a fence and a field, and up another, and then into a very dark hole in the chestnut, before I can inquire how my laugh affected them.

And now the moon sleeps with Endymion. She has disappeared behind the mountain, and Jupiter and Mars are going, too. I feel the air more chilly. The flowers are becoming ghostly; I will go down toward the kitchen-garden, and see spirits amid the corn-stalks. People have seen them among the rye and barley often enough! What do they distill from corn-stalks? "The bright side of Nature" is toward me. How possible to imagine a real murderer beyond yonder elm-tree! It looks as if, like England's royal oak, it could hide a fugitive. The wind is tossing the long branches in a melancholy and mysterious way. Orpheus is playing on his immortal instrument. It is easy to understand the story of the dryads and the hamadryads at such an hour, and the worship of the Druids becomes a matter of fact and probable religion.

An hour ago I was a star-worshiper, and sought, like the monks of old, a message from the planets. I could understand those visionaries of the East who in the silence of the desert and in the dry, warm, clear air became the readers of men's destinies through the conjunctions of the stars. Now I am a Druid on Salisbury Plain, and offer up my sacrifice to the gods of the wood and the earth. Then I traveled with Mohammed, and we turned our camels away from the caravan, to lose ourselves in the desert, that we might commune with our own hearts and yonder heavens. Now I am with wretched Norma under the greenwood-tree, waiting for that sad Druid chorus as she walks under the eternal shadow toward the dark oblivion!

It is always the darkest, the hour before day. I

begin to think of returning to my friendly candle, to the shelter of the phantom-filled bedroom, when suddenly a friendly "Peep!" reaches me from the branch of an evergreen. That is followed by a chorus of high sopranos, and a hundred robin-redbreasts begin the business of waking up. The woodpeckers, who have been tapping about at the trunks of trees all night, join in; then come the thrushes, clear and musical, the choristers of the morning, joyous harbingers, always in tune. These birds cannot sing false; it is only we who could do that.

Then a great chorus of wood-robins, full of business and work, but who do not forget to ask a blessing on their work. Then a chipping and a chirping, so prolonged, shrill, monotonous, and pertinacious, that it offends me, did I not see a new light, a roseate streak in the east. Morning is coming! It will be a good opportunity. I will stay and see the sunrise, of which I have often heard, although I begin to feel as if bed, after all, were not such a bad thing, and as if I might, if I should try, possibly sleep in one.

I have struggled hard all night not to quote Shakespeare; I have resisted bravely all allusions to *Titania*, and musk-roses, and patines of bright gold, and all that he has said about midsummer nights and sleep; for, whenever you rush into a new experience, you suddenly find that he has been there before you, and all his miraculous words stamp themselves on your brain with a new illumination; but now I give way, and remark:

"Night's candles are put out, and jocund Day
Stands laughing on the misty mountain-tops!"

For every word of these wonderful lines is a picture; you seem, as the first rosy flush kisses the mountain-top, to see the gay fellow, an image of youth and immortal beauty, poised amid the mists which rise, and dissolve, and fly away before him.

All night long, I remember now, I have been admiring the mists in the moonlight. What pale, spectral, tall, winding-sheet forms they were! Down in the valley, how they followed each other along the river-bank! White Ladies of Avenel, with clinging robes; Maids of the Mist, throwing out slender arms to capture unwary lovers; pale ghosts, creeping up the mountain-sides, recalling Vathek and all his unholy crew—a graceful, sweeping, unhealthful thing, mist, strangely beautiful and pathetic! Phædras, Francescas, Guineveres, doomed to a cold grave in the realms of restless air; no stay for their shadowy feet, poor things! no bed for their sleepless nights!

But day has come—sunrise, before which all ghosts disappear. Old religions die away; the star-

worshippers are gone; the pagans are buried; the great god Pan is dead; the Druids lie under their oaks; and the sun, which once gilded the hills of Judea with a glorious rising, is chasing away the mists of old mistakes, old legends, and strange dreams!

I start to seek the forsaken room once more which had held such impatient and dreary experiences. As I do so, I look at my molasses-coated tree; it is variegated with captured moths. More terrible than the sunken ditch which the Flemish burghers dug for the French gentlemen at Coutrai, my plumed warriors have become fixed in inextricable confusion on the slimy surface. "Horse and plume, sword and spear," an avalanche of beauty, rewards me. Impetuous, thoughtless valor has fallen before a vulgar subterfuge. To-morrow or to-day—what time is it?—I will come and gather in my golden spurs; more crimes, more murders. Ten thousand moths rise to accuse me! I shall sleep the sleep of the just.

Instead of seeing only the four walls of my room, what a journey I have had! How every flower, every stray breeze, each phantom of mist, each new shadow, each evanescent perfume, each dryad's arm, each Undine's song, has brought me consolation and calm! It was not far to walk; and yet it has taken me a thousand miles from myself. A thousand, did I say? Tens of thousands, into the realms of infinite space—to Jupiter and back; and, farther still, into the lands of creeds outworn, and into Nature's fastnesses, where she keeps her dearest secrets. Now for a longer journey to the land of Nod! Now draw the curtains tight; shut out the day, jocund as he is; let sleep, well spoken of by priest and poet, come to my rescue! For a healthy fatigue, so different from that fatigue which sharpens up and distracts the nerves, has touched my eyelids with a judicious balm. Out, brief candle! thy work is done for the present; vanish, like the mists! There, I have forgotten to bring in my moth, my peacock-eye! He is pinned to some unknown holly-hock-leaf. No matter; let him remain there. I go to a land where there are many more beautiful than he. I am indifferent to everything but an extra blanket; how welcome is its soft embrace! No tocsin but the breakfast-bell can rouse me further; and, when I hear *that*, I shall dally with the sound, and woo one more delicious unconsciousness. It was but half-past four when I came past the clock, and nine—ten—are reasonable hours.

"'Tis twenty years till then!" I say, sleepily, in far different mood from *Juliet's*—wishing it were a hundred—and so, good-night!

A WORD WITH MANY.

WOULD you ascend the heavens? Climb if you can: The heavens were dusty if they were not high. Know, Christ will lead, not lift, the soul of man Into the pleasant places of the sky.

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Ah! languid hand, safe in some scented glove,

Drop that bright prayer-book, catch at rock and thorn;
Give alms of bread, give truer alms of love,

To other hands, whose stains and scars you scorn!

POETRY AS A FINE ART.

IT is undoubtedly true that, of what have so long been known as the four sister arts, poetry, all things considered, enjoys the most limited kind of popularity. Its devotees are still passionate and enthusiastic enough, but, between extreme affection and cold indifference, it has scarcely any intermediate degrees of regard bestowed upon it. Painting has not only her zealous artists to support her cause, but she also possesses what might be called an immense purchasing constituency. Music is not alone loved by those for whom the mysteries of creative harmony and brilliant instrumentation are more or less conquered difficulties, but she counts by the thousands and tens of thousands, in every civilized country of the globe, such worshipers as are able to serve her through no other means than those of respectful attention. Even sculpture, though she has been declared a lost art, appeals as directly at this time to those observers for whom even the rudiments of drawing are a complete realm of ignorance, as she may be said to have done in the most palmy Athenian days; her position as an art (and here is the point for which consideration is especially asked in each of the cases under review) does not suffer because of any languor in the popular taste, but rather because of a marked inability among modern sculptors to more than remotely imitate ancient methods. A fine statue in a public square is stared at, commented upon, and admired with zest by the passing populace, if at all worthy of admiration. In like manner, it might be added, is a striking picture eagerly gazed at by crowds if exhibited in a shop-window of some great thoroughfare; while the throngs that people our gardens and parks whenever, on summer afternoons, a brass-band is expected to contribute its enlivening influence, well attest the powers of musical sound over the mind and heart of the multitude.

But with poetry it is quite another matter. Many centuries have passed since the poet has won any broad recognition amid the general community. Even the greatest poets have addressed small audiences both before and after their deaths, the audience in the former case being usually restricted by very narrow limitations. The apparently exceptional instance of Robert Burns is not to be cited here, for that poet reached his wide public through the medium of his songs and ballads, music being able to accomplish what his simple vernacular might doubtless have tried in vain. The Panathenæan festivals, with their attendant recitations of epic poems, are as old as Athens herself. Only among the Greek race has poetry ever been an art to whose beauties the great mass of the people were sensitively alive. Throughout the civilized world to-day she addresses, in all countries, a circle of appreciative listeners that must be called an extremely small one. To be "without poetical taste" is a mental condition which we very frequently find co-

existent with excellent culture in other directions. And yet it is undoubtedly true that poetry, in our own English tongue at least, has to-day reached a higher condition of artistic development than it has ever before held. Writers of English verse have a keener sense of the grace, adaptability, and suggestiveness to be found in mere words alone; their management of the subtler rhythmical effects noticeably has improved in facile ease; they have employed less monotonous metres; they have not infrequently dealt in novelty as regards certain hitherto unemployed rhymes; now and then, though rarely, as might be supposed, they have invented absolutely new rhythms, like those in the case of Mr. Tennyson's "Daisy," and Mr. Swinburne's solemnly magnificent "Super Flumina Babylonis." That the refinement of an art should make it less intelligible to the unlearned is easily supposable; but correspondent to any decrease in popularity on the one side there might be expected to take place a certain deepening of esteem on the other. And yet we find that the most literate classes at the present period, though they throng concert-rooms and picture-galleries, are, if anything, less given to the reading of poetry than of old—surely less so than in the age of Raleigh and Lovelace, when sonneteering among educated people was held as an almost indispensable part of education itself.

What, then, is the cause of this somewhat curious æsthetic torpor in modern times, manifested so pointedly with relation to a single art, and exerting its ungenial influence upon some of the most noble minds? Is it, as many would declare, explainable by the stimulated activity of scientific thought throughout the present century? That would seem hardly probable, for Science, so long as she performs her proper office, deals with a domain of inquiry widely remote from all imaginative culture, and seeks her warmest supporters among intellects and temperaments of a distinctly practical tendency. Fiction, appealing strongly as it does to a wholly opposite sort of mental receptiveness, and often lying, so to speak, upon the border-land of poetry, is perhaps in greater demand at present than ever before at any known literary period; and while the love for beauty in other forms widely manifests itself, such evidence would alone go to prove that what is called the poetical temperament has suffered from no real diminution.

The assumption was recently made, it will be remembered, that modern English poetry had reached, in this century, a noteworthy condition of technical and artistic improvement. It will be well to add, also, that to a close and unprejudiced investigator the living heirs of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, have shown themselves well worthy of their ancestral honors. Be this as it may, however, the fact that our poetry is by no means in danger of becoming "a lost art" can suffer denial from none

except the most narrow-sighted commentators. It is believed, indeed, by the present writer, that our poetry was never in so prosperous and promising a state as now, both in the matter of thought and workmanship. If this be true, why should not its effect upon the large body of well-educated people, no less in England than here, possess more of breadth and depth? Why is it that the average young man of our day reads the poetry, both of these and of other times, with far more reluctance than he would visit a sale of French paintings or spend an hour in listening to some accomplished pianist?

Is it not because, while he intuitively may understand enough about painting and music to afford him pleasure, the necessity of previous instruction puts forward, in the case of poetry, an almost imperative claim? He may be born without what is termed an ear for music, yet delicate melodies and fine harmonizations may act upon him soothingly or exaltingly; he may be ignorant of drawing or coloring, and yet take delight in admirable specimens of both; but it is a different matter for one not possessed of a strong native taste in the direction of rhythmic forms to acquire, through the mere process of ordinary reading, any lucid insight into their beauties and charms. It is an astonishing fact that, while our schools and colleges spend months of tuition upon the consideration of Greek and Latin prosodic rules, scarcely any attention whatever is bestowed upon so apparently despicable a question as English "longs and shorts." There is no doubt that an extremely prevalent ignorance of the simplest matters connected with versification exists in consequence of this neglect. After all, in spite of those conflicting definitions of poetry which have been given for centuries, the one practical difference between prose and it is of purely structural character. Not to be conversant with the laws governing this structure of necessity makes the poet address his hearers in an uncomprehended tongue. It is useless to say that the thought in a poem may delight or thrill readers to whom all measures are a *terra incognita*, for in such cases this thought confronts the intelligence as poetical prose, and as that only. There are pages in the writings of George Sand and Turgénieff that are absolutely drenched with the poetical spirit; but these are not poetry, for the blunt and despotic reason that they are—prose. Metrical arrangement is as inseparably a portion of all poetry as its fibrous groundwork of a leaf. The one cannot exist without the other, no matter how many grades of worth and worthlessness versified compositions may be capable of occupying.

In most cases, it would be safe to say, versification is wholly scorned as a study, except where the classics are used as a sort of gracious excuse for its consideration. Those who do not learn that Horace wrote many of his odes in Sapphics and Alcaics are consequently often left to be informed by accident alone on the subject of Milton having written in iambic pentameter. There seems a kind of cruelty in the bald statement that scarcely one out of ten

well-educated American girls could at the present moment define the word "iambus" if requested to do so; and yet this is a truth whose corroboration possesses a melancholy facility for all.

It is by no means suggested that poetry should be read with any distinct consciousness on the reader's part that he is now dealing with a measure of this sort and now with one of that; the only point urged is, in a large majority of instances, his complete inability to tell dactyl from trochee. Without a certain metrical sympathy on his reader's part—a sympathy that can be reputably cultivated when it is not warmly spontaneous—the poet labors under massive difficulties indeed. A noticeable example of a poetical volume which it would be almost folly and waste of time to read without this sort of easy familiarity is Mr. Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise." Here the metre and its wonderful management on the part of the poet constitute an ever-varying yet incessant beauty. The thought has a kind of fervid lyrical monotony; it is a book written altogether in the grand manner, and consequently not a little wearisome in its heroic passionateness if viewed merely as an intellectual product. To read this book without thoroughly feeling its magnificent rhythmic swing and pulsation would be more than stripping the fragrance from a rose; it would, indeed, be to spoil half of the rose's petals as well.

The usual amount of poetical instruction received by young men and women—of this country at least—is in any case strikingly meagre. They frequently make their first acquaintance with Milton's great epic as something to be "parsed," substantive by substantive and verb by verb. If possessed of any genuine taste for poetry, they are, it is true, usually directed toward works of classic excellence, though rarely instructed regarding the shades of merit which such works may contain. How often, for example, are the beauties and vulgarities of "Don Juan" devoured by young lovers of poetry with a most indiscriminating eagerness! Nothing is more easy than to have our literary appreciativeness set in a low critical key by the errors of early neglect; and, if this be true of the substance of poetry, it is equally true with regard to versification, that element of poetry which, as before has been said, constitutes one of its inalienable characteristics. There is no reason why the art of versification should not be taught in our schools and colleges. It is a legitimate portion of belles-lettres, and daily or weekly exercises in it would be of unquestionable advantage to the student. The necessity of ultimately becoming a Longfellow is quite separable from the accomplishment of writing respectable iambs. The great point gained from this sort of knowledge is, that he who possesses it has learned the language in which he shall be addressed by all the poetry, good or bad, which he reads hereafter. When he meets with such a passage as—

" . . . him the Almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal height,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition "—

he will understand by just what special variation of the ordinary measure Milton has produced that precipitously breakneck effect which these lines convey almost on the instant to nearly every reader; and his admiration, instead of being the sort of dumb thrill which in similar cases so often makes itself felt, will take the definite colors of a rational judgment. If he be a person naturally unimpressionable by rhythms of any sort whatever, the mere unusualness of the metrical arrangement must strike him, provided previous instruction has prepared the way for it to do so; and, in either case, it would seem that he were by no means the loser for past study. This study, too, is in no sense a hard one. Technical perfection may be difficult of acquirement, but that is wholly another thing from the power to readily recognize such perfection in others. We ourselves may speak

the poet's language with stumbling slowness, yet have gained enough knowledge of it to easily comprehend its differing cadences, its degrees and variations of sweetness, profundity, and power. And such knowledge cannot fail to be a precious gain enough for those whom it dowers. It must aid all æsthetically; it would be to many a delightful intellectual novelty; and to many more there is little doubt that it would prove of inestimable service. Without much danger of appearing dogmatic, any one might to-day very insistently make the statement that, because versification as an art is so narrowly and so ill understood, all modern poetry fights against a most adverse environment, and fails, for this reason alone, to hold that majestic position in popular esteem which the ancient world so reverently gave it.

THE RIBBON OF HONOR.

THE night was very cold, and we had drawn up around the fire—an open fire of sea-coal, which the size of the room rendered necessary, even when the furnace was, according to Patrick, “at the top of its hate.” We were a small party—my cousin, and my cousin's wife, her sister, Patty Emerson—a dark-eyed, Castilian-looking girl, whom you were constantly naming, in your imagination, Señora Inez, or Dolores; anything but the commonplace “Patty,” to which she really responded—and Major Howith, an English friend of my cousin's and a charming person, easy, jovial, and sympathetic, and with a background of personal history which dated from the Crimea.

With myself we made just five, a group unequal as to whist, but quite equal to a much livelier pastime—story-telling. The major, good fellow, had “opened the ball” with a “thrilling tale” or two from his Crimean experiences, and then for the first time we discovered that he was one of those heroes who had won the Victoria cross. Patty's eyes glistered.

“Oh, to think,” she cried out, “that we here in America have gone through such a war, have had such splendid heroes, and not a national badge or a ribbon of honor to crown and specialize *our* special heroes!”

My cousin—who was himself something of a hero in the war, and whom we all called the colonel, when we did not more affectionately and irreverently style him “Cousin Jim”—at this point gave utterance to an exclamation which at once aroused our interest.

“What is it, colonel?—there's a bee buzzing in your bonnet, that's certain; and, as I've told all my stories for to-night, you might as well open up your budget,” put in Major Howith. We all joined in this invitation, or suggestion, and, after a minute or two, my cousin's pleasant voice was telling the story of the evening—the story of “THE RIBBON OF HONOR.”

“You remember Melroe?” he began, glancing at

us three ladies. “He was the brightest, gayest little fellow, this Melroe,” addressing himself to Major Howith, “the life of my regiment, and he had won his captaincy though he was but three-and-twenty. The night before his last battle, I recollect, was a specially merry evening all round, owing to Melroe's wit and humor and drollery. Dalzell, of the Fifteenth, and Melroe, had a tent together, and Hoyle and the two brothers Archy and Cam Browne, together with myself, were invited in that night to a little supper of Mel's giving. I recollect perfectly, as I went in, seeing Melroe bending over the oysters which he was cooking upon a spirit-lamp. He was great at all those things, and Cam Browne was running him as only Cam Browne could. ‘You've missed your vocation, Mel; you should have been apprenticed to Soyer,’ Cam was saying. ‘You always had a knack at that kind of messing; and I remember,’ turning to the rest of us, ‘when he came a little urchin to school; and he actually, at that tender age, had furnished himself with sundry tin cups and various conveniences for brewing messes; and he was forever at it.’ As I heard this I recalled the first time I met the youngster myself. I was at the same school, one of the seniors, and he was a little chap not yet turned into his teens, very fond of play, very fond of his tin-cup business, and very much afraid of ghosts. I used to meet him running down the corridors after dark. And once I remember very well, when we were all in our rooms and the lights were being put out, how a little white face looked in, and a little, shaky voice cried, ‘King, will you lend me your toothache-drops?’ I questioned the boy: ‘Got the toothache, Mel?’ ‘No,’ he answered, ‘but Morty has.’ ‘So you braved the ghosts for Morty's toothache,’ I returned, viciously; ‘and what's more, to my thinking, the cold.’ I told him I didn't think I should crawl out of my warm bed on such an errand, and that Jack Frost, the very whitest ghost he ever saw, was waiting for him in that entry. The little chap flared up like

a rocket. 'Do you think I'd let a chap have a toothache for all the ghosts in the world?' he cried out, passionately, winding up with, 'Oh, I hate you big boys; you're all so selfish!' I tried to mollify him by offering to light him back, but he snatched the drops and banged the door in my face; and I heard him running down the dark corridor, gasping every inch of the way for fear of the ghosts, and all for Morty Richmond his room-mate's toothache; and I know of this little man's lying awake for hours one night with his own toothache, which he bore rather than brave the dark corridors! I told this story just as I am telling it now to the fellows that night in the tent, as we all stood and watched Melroe at his oysters. I had a special reason for telling it. I knew very well that not a man in all the regiment was so little understood as Holland Melroe—perhaps so little appreciated. His estimate there that night, with those who liked him heartily too, was of a gay, good-humored fellow, who took his soldier's life as easily as was consistent with a good deal of laziness, and a little shrinking from any active service. I felt sure that I read him better than this, and that beneath this exterior of laziness and shrinking there lay noble qualities of courage and valor. As I finished my story that night, Dalzell called out, 'You ought to have had a medal for overcoming your dragon, Mel.' 'Or a *cordon bleu*,' Cam Browne suggested. From that they all fell to talking of the foreign system of badges and medals of honor, and one of the young men pulled out of his pocket, I recollect, a *Cornhill Magazine*, and read to us Thackeray's Roundabout paper 'On Ribbons.' The final summing up of the talk was in great agreement with Thackeray, and the general conclusion that we ought to have a 'ribbon of honor,' 'not simply a Kearny cross, but a grand *cordon bleu*, or a medal coming straight from the heart and hand of that grand old fellow Abraham Lincoln,' Dalzell burst out. 'Of course we're all too modest to ever expect to be decked in that way, but how many of us would disdain it?' he concluded.

"As the talk deepened, Melroe's face had lost its gayety, I noticed. He drew a deep sigh as Dalzell spoke, and a wistful look came into his eyes. I could guess pretty well how it was with him. What was *he*, beside them? What brilliant, or courageous, or soldierly, or spirited qualities had he? These men would easily win their *cordon bleu*, for they were *without fear*. Without fear! That was what was in his mind, as he very shortly confessed, by a blundering, honest question bearing directly upon the subject. How did it feel to be without fear? Every man of them knew of this little white ghost of Melroe's, yet every one of them knew that he never had failed to do his duty. They had laughed quietly together over it, and said: 'Mel is a good fellow; he never will run away, but he will never distinguish himself—that is certain.' And now suddenly with his question arose another with them: How came he here into this voluntary service with this characteristic? But before asking it they answered his query, one and another smiling, yet serious and truthful.

"At their first battle? yes, it had been a shock, and then it was over. Various emotions assailed them now, but none of fear. But how was it with him? they asked. They all knew something how it was, as I have said, but not wholly, until he burst out impulsively:

"'Well, to tell the truth, boys, I will own that I am awfully afraid every time, to this day, and I can't get over it.'

"'But how came you here, anyway, with that feeling, and being here why do you stay?' asked Cam Browne.

"For a moment there was a look of surprise on Melroe's face, a look as if he doubted whether he had heard aright.

"'How came I?' he uttered, slowly; 'how could I stay at home? A man can't choose at such a time. If I saw an assassin enter my friend's house, while he lay sleeping, I might be very much afraid of the assassin, but I couldn't very well go on my way in safety, and tell some other man to go forward to the rescue. I might recoil from the encounter, but I should recoil ten times more from the skulking away from it. No,' he went on, 'I thought this all over; I knew it would hurt—this kind of life—but I concluded it would hurt a great deal more to turn my back upon it. Why, believing as I do, you know, a fellow couldn't.' I can see Hoyle, and Dalzell, and the two Brownes, exchange glances here. They two, ay, and every one of them there, I knew, thought of the story of the boy at school, even then manfully fighting his ghosts for his principle. Those of us who had smiled at this ghost and said, 'Mel is a good fellow; he never will run away, but he never will distinguish himself—that is certain,' now, in contemplation of this courageous cowardice, felt inclined to doff our hats to the simple, manly fellow we had underrated, and to ask his pardon. But there was little said in acknowledgment or praise; it was a tender subject, involving this foregone lighter estimate; but there were warmth and friendliness in the 'good-nights,' which conveyed to him a sense of sympathy, an assurance to his modest mind that he had not spoken too freely. I remember Cam Browne said laughingly as he left the tent, 'After all, captain, you may win your *cordon bleu* before any of us yet.'

"They were light words spoken hastily, out of the warm, kind heart of the young officer, as a good-natured remark to evince his belief in that moral courage that he admired. Light words, and even while they were being spoken, perhaps Fate was weaving that destiny which should make them no longer light words in the memory of us who listened to them.

"The next day we fought the battle of Chancellorsville. Toward the latter part of the day, when defeat was beginning to stare us in the face, after the earlier promise of victory, which combined and splendid action and the most untiring gallantry had given, I received a message from Major Dalzell to send a reinforcement to the left wing, where Captain Melroe and himself were endeavoring to hold

their ground and save their colors. I had only a handful of men that I could ill spare, but I sent them immediately, for I knew that Dalzell would not have applied for help unless he had great need. Immediate action being suspended for a time on my right, I had a brief opportunity to observe the movements of the left. As I looked through my glass, I saw Dalzell advance with his column, not a large body of men, but compact and in order. A heavy roar of musketry met them; still they kept on, though I could see that the raking fire had told. The next charge was more fatal. As the smoke cleared, the lamentable effect was obvious. More than one gallant fellow had fallen; among them their leader, Dalzell. The column began to waver. The consequence at this particular point of a panic and a rout would be especially disastrous. I rose in my saddle with my excitement. 'Ah,' I thought, 'if I could only dash forward to the rescue!'

"At that moment I saw that a new leader had arisen. I saw him rush forward, I saw him glance back to the broken, wavering ranks, I saw him beckon them on with his sword, and, more than all, by a look of command that impressed me even then. At sight of him the wavering ranks closed in, and dashed forward, with a shout that reached me where I watched, and which I knew meant victory or death. A few moments later the Sixteenth came up to reinforce the right wing, and I had the liberty to ride forward. Melroe—for you have guessed that he was the leader who took Dalzell's place—Melroe, by his magnetic leadership, his dash and spirit, had saved his colors, and won, for his men at least, a famous victory, one of those side-issues of success which go far to ameliorate the greater defeat.

"But it was a victory I didn't feel much like rejoicing in, as I saw Melroe himself lying on a little hillock, shot through the heart. The color-sergeant—a little Irish fellow—had dragged him to the upland where he lay, and as I approached, he took off his cap, more in honor to the dead than to me, and said chokingly:

"See that, colonel, he seized 'em out of my hand as I was tuk, dizzy-like, with this scratch on my forehead, and when I came to myself, he had got his death a-saving of me and the flag, sir."

"The little sergeant had laid the colors upon the dead breast of his officer as tenderly as a mother might strew flowers upon her child. Cam Browne just then joining me, I pointed to the sad spectacle. Cam bent over and touched the tattered remnants that meant so much, and had cost so much. 'He has won his *cordon bleu*!' he said, significantly. Yes, he had won his *cordon bleu*, the brave little fellow, fighting a double enemy every inch of the way." The colonel paused a moment, and took out an old memorandum-book; opening it, he drew forth something that seemed of many colors, a strip either of paper or silk, only a few inches in length and breadth. "This," he resumed, "is a piece of that *cordon bleu*. It was wet with his blood when I took it, and I have kept it ever since, for I knew no one else who was nearer to Melroe than myself, for

he was an orphan, and without brothers or sisters. If he had had a sweetheart, I would have sent it to her, that she might have known what a hero she had lost in this young fellow, whose delicate, sensitive nature shrank from the conflicts which his great soul urged him into. I have seen many brave charges, many forlorn hopes carried, since that day, Howith, but I never saw a braver charge or a more forlorn hope carried than this that led Melroe to his death. We mourned Dalzell, good fellow, but there was something in the loss of Melroe that went beyond every other loss. We loved him better than we knew, and when we buried him there every one of us recalled that sentence of his, 'I might recoil from the encounter, but I should recoil ten times more from the skulking away from it.'"

A momentary silence fell upon us all as the colonel ceased. But as he closed his memorandum-book, shutting in the strip of blood-stained, faded silk, a voice broke the silence:

"James, give it to me—Holland Melroe's *cordon bleu*!"

"You, Patty?"

"Yes, to me, James," Patty answered, quite steadily, though white as the dead.

Mechanically, perhaps instinctively, the colonel held out the sacred memento without a word. But the colonel's wife had no such delicate instinct of the truth.

"What do you mean, Patty?" she exclaimed.

"I mean," returned Patty, with great dignity, "that I have a better right to Holland Melroe's *cordon bleu* than any one else!"

"O Patty! and all the time you were—" But Mrs. King's discretion at this point came back to her; it was too late, however, to serve her purpose.

"Yes, Emily; all the time I was engaged to Morton Eames! But you know who brought me into that. It was scarcely my own doing, and Holland Melroe never sought me after he discovered that my word was passed to another. But, before he discovered this, I knew his heart and mine. When I got news of his death I broke my engagement to Morton, but I could not go talking about Holland then. I had no right to tell the truth then who could not tell it before—who had to be told by death what the whole truth meant even to myself."

By this time we had all been brought up, as it were, to Patty's revelation—all but Mrs. King. I noticed vaguely that she looked disturbed, and glanced uneasily at Major Howith. But for that I should have forgotten his presence, yet even then he did not seem an intruder, stranger though he was. The colonel, always fond of his little sister Patty, as he called her, found new cause for tenderness now. She had been Melroe's sweetheart—Melroe, whom he had loved! And, leaning forward, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

The next morning I got the meaning of Mrs. King's disturbance. She came into my room, with the words—

"Just think of Patty's making such a mess of it!"

"What do you mean?" I inquired, thoroughly amazed.

"Oh, dear! what do I mean? Don't you see that Major Howith was immensely pleased with Patty? And now, just for that old sentimental nonsense being dragged up, it will fall through, for he is not the man to play second-fiddle to any other man, dead or alive. And it would have been such a match for Patty!" wound up the fascinating but worldly Mrs. King.

I turned upon her all the vials of my wrath. Patty had come out most nobly, and she ought to be ashamed if she couldn't appreciate such nobility, I declared. But I did no good; she only reiterated her regrets at Patty's "mess," not a whit disturbed by my vials of wrath. But in this iteration she was cut short by her husband's voice, as he came in from the little library which communicated with the room we occupied:

"Emily, you don't know men quite as well as you think you do, my dear. When I went into the smoking-room last night Major Howith joined me; and what do you think he said to me?"

"Well, what?" inquired Mrs. Emily, making a little impatient movement.

"He said that if Patty was to be won by any living man he should try his best to win her. You see, my dear, your way of looking upon things doesn't always fit the case and the people. Howith is a man to appreciate just such silent endurance and faithfulness as Patty revealed, and he doesn't believe that her heart is forever buried in Melroe's grave any more than I do. It was my story of Mel that made everything fresh and living to her again. And now, Mrs. Emily, don't you talk this over to Patty—not a word, mind, or you may never have Major Howith for a brother-in-law!"

Mrs. Emily laughed.

"Oh, I can keep a secret when I like as well as Patty, and I'll keep this; and I'm glad your sentiment has turned out better than my sense this time, sir!" she retorted, gayly.

Her husband laughed, too; but he looked at her, I thought, a little sadly, as he replied:

"Ah, Em! perhaps you'll see some time that our sentiment, as you call it, is better than your sense."

But she never will!

Seven years ago this conversation took place, seven years ago this very day; and this morning I went down to the St. Denis to call upon Mrs. Felix Lundy Howith, who has just arrived from England on a three months' visit. Before I left her a sweet-faced English girl came bringing in a sweet-faced half-English and half-American baby of two years, though he looked for all the world as much like a young Castilian as his dark-eyed mother.

"And what is his name?" I asked.

"Holland—Holland Melroe Howith. Felix named him, and he would have it so. Wasn't it superb of him? But Felix is superb—you never saw such a man, dear, as Felix!"

I told my cousin, the colonel, of this conversation. He looked at his wife, that pretty, light-natured, fascinating little Emily.

"Here's our sentiment against your sense, Mrs. Emily. You see how well it works."

"Yes, I see," she answered; "but"—laughing in our faces—"I was right in one thing: I told you the major wasn't the man to play second-fiddle, and he isn't. He assigns that part to his son, you see!"

THE COMIC MUSE.

I.

A COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

IT was a night in harvest-time;
The full soft moon was gleamin'
With light that leads a fellow straight
To where bright eyes are beamin';
And earth and air were bathed all round
In just such milky splendor
As soaks a fellow through and through,
And makes him soft and tender.
You'll see young lovers on such nights,
Paired like the lights and shadows,
And hear low voices on the paths
That lead across the meadows.

The hands had both gone up to bed,
Tired out with all day sweepin'
Their cradles through the heavy grain,
And you could *hear* them sleepin';
But, somehow, Cousin Jake hung round
As restless as a swallow,

Till I slunk by to leave him free
And watch a chance to follow;
Then off he struck across the fields
To see the parson's darter—
He thought he scooted mighty sly,
But I was right straight arter.
Well, now, you'd ought to see him go,
Down by the old stone-quarry,
And out through Deacon Jones's lot—
Like a Shanghai in a hurry!
At last I saw the parson's house
A-peepin' through the maples,
While dark behind the orchard lay,
All loaden down with apples.
There wa'n't a light about the place,
Save one in the back kitchen,
And by it sat the parson's wife,
A-stitchin' and a-stitchin'.

Jake he stole round into the yard,
All this here time supposin'
That I was safe at home in dad's,
And snug in bed a-snoozin';

I crawled along close by the fence,
 And through the rails kept peekin',
 While he went dodgin' round the barn;
 And through the garden sneakin' :
 You see the parson drove his folks
 With a patent pious snaffle,
 And was the sort of parent
 That a fellow's got to baffle.
 Just then Jake whistled low and clear,
 And then a little louder :
 Thinks I, "If you wake up the dog,
 He'll chaw you into chowder !"
 I knew he was a surly brute ;
 One night he bit our Barney,
 Who come to tip the hired girl
 A little Irish blarney ;
 Another time when Gridley's steer
 Broke in the parson's clover,
 He jumped and ketched him by the nose
 And keeled him right square over.
 I heard a growl so awful deep,
 I knowed at once 'twas Towser's,
 And waited just to see him rush
 And grab Jake by the trousers ;
 But no such thing : he wagged his tail
 When Jake said, "Poor old fellow,"
 And clapped him on his shaggy back,
 All striped with black and yellow.
 He nosed around a little while,
 Pronounced the cuss all right,
 And just a kind o' doggedly
 Wished him a pleasant night.

I watched Jake all this time, and saw
 His eyeballs both a-glistenin',
 And by the way his ears stuck up
 I knew he was a-listenin'.
 At last I heard the shed-door creak
 Upon its rusty hinges,
 And saw two little bright eyes peep
 From out their silken fringes—
 I heard him snicker as he took
 Her little hand in his ;
 She tried to draw it out, but no—
 Seemed though 'twas in State's-pris'n.
 The moonlight was a-streamin' down
 Too bright for Libbie's blushes,
 And so they turned and took the seat
 Beside the lilac-bushes ;
 Where sitting safely in the shade,
 Among the moon-paled posies,
 They got their heads so mighty close
 I thought they'd bunk their noses ;
 And there they whispered for a while,
 As soft as kittens purrin' :
 Thinks I, "It's just about the time
 For me to be a-stirrin'."

I stepped right back among the corn,
 And got a rousin' punkin,
 All rosy ripe, but soft in spots :
 "By gum !" says I, "that's bunkin !
 You'll never keep for cattle-feed
 Nor makin' pies ; but, gosh,
 Although you're spoiled for punkin,
 You're exactly right for squash !"
 I crept just as I've seen our cat
 A-huntin' of a squirrel,
 Until I come to where he sat
 A-talkin' to his girl.

He had his head a-kind o' down,
 A-sayin' suthin' tender :
 I saw there wa'n't no time to lose—
Now was the time to send her !
 I heaved her up, and let her zip,
 Right square atween his shoulders :
 The way that punkin smashed and flew
 Would terrify beholders !
 I guess he thought 'twas his own head
 That fell around him shattered,
 And that 'twas surely his own brains
 By which he was bespattered—
 (A very natural mistake,
 Both heads were of one color,
 If anything the punkin's was
 A leetle mite the duller)—
 And though Jake always went well dressed, /
 And wa'n't by no means needy,
 I never saw one in my life
 Look so confounded seedy !
 Jemima ! what a yell he let !
 And then he made a bound,
 And cleared that seven-rail fence,
 While Lib she screamed and swound !

Great Cæsar ! what a fearful mess
 I'd made on't with my larkin' !
 I thought I heard the side-door slam,
 The dog began a-barkin'.
 I knew if ketched in such a scrape,
 I'd look almighty silly ;
 But Lib—I couldn't leave her there,
 Stretched like a wilted lily !
 So down I bent, more scared than Jake,
 A-thinkin' every minit
 That such a fuss would rouse the house
 With every critter in it.
 And there she lay as still as death,
 Her face all set and white ;
 I raised her in my arms—and, George !
 My heart did beat with fright ;
 It made me tremble just to see
 Her look as pale as starlight,
 And find her forehead and her lips,
 As cold, too, as that far light.
 But soon I noticed, as I watched,
 Her color grow less pallid,
 As one by one, back to their homes,
 Her scattered senses rallied—
 And then—you'd ought to seen her blush,
 And stare in blank surprise,
 At seein' me instead of Jake,
 On openin' her eyes !
 Till, all at once, she tried to rise,
 And bu'sted out a-cryin',
 And, gosh, I felt most *awful* mean,
 That 'ere there's no denyin'.
 And "Lib," says I, still holdin' her,
 "You're dreadful mad, I know ;
 Now, do forgive me, won't you, come ?"
 She sobbed out, "Let me go !"
 I said she must forgive me first,
 My arm around her tightened—
 She didn't struggle very hard,
 She was so weak and frightened.
 And then I told her how, for fun,
 I'd watched and followed Jake up,
 And lammed him with the punkin just
 • To see him kind o' wake up ;

And when I pictured how he jumped
And bellowed like a calf,
And how the punkin smashed and flew,
You'd ought to seen her laugh !

Now, though I ain't by no means soft,
I didn't know how tryin'
'Twould be to have Lib in my arms,
A-laughin' and a-cryin' ;
And though I felt 'twas rather rough,
The way she chanced to come there,
I fairly longed to hold her clasped
Until she'd grown to home there.
Sometimes, mayhap, afore that night,
At singin'-school or meetin',
I'd dreamed of more 'twixt her and me
Than cold and distant greetin' ;
But now I wished her all my own,
The precious little beauty,
And still the shyer she become,
The more I thought her poorty !
I didn't hurry home that night,
And guess I'd caught the fever
I tried to cure in Cousin Jake,
Before I turned to leave her.

II.

THE AMATEUR SPELLING-MATCH.

SINCE spelling-matches everywhere
O'er all the land abound,
Why should not we, too, "do and dare ?"
I will the words propound,
And you, the "favored scholar" be,
As Rogers' group suggests.
With what a wealth of poetry
The subject he invests !

Spell "spoons." "What ! such a word !" you say ?
"But fit for kitchen-school ?

Or, in New Orleans, far away,
When under Butler's rule ?"
Fie ! fie ! should social science come,
Or scurvy politics,
To mar our peace with brutal bomb ?
Away with all such tricks !

There ! please go on. "S"—oh ! the sound
Through lips that sweetly smile,
Like sibilant waters unprofound,
That aimless hours beguile
On pebbly beaches ! "P"—more staid
The smile now on the lips,
As though love's sun that warmed the maid
Was partly 'neath eclipse.

"Double o"—through parting lips that breaks,
Like gurgling rill half held
'Tween walling rocks and tent-like brakes,
And wonder semi-knelled
Through circling lips. "N"—here again
The semi-smile that played
Athwart your lips so sweetly when
The "s" you first essayed.

"S"—ah ! the smile is here again !
Oh, sweet thou letter "s !"
You 'mind me of that moment when
A tremulous little "Yes"
From self-same lips a day in eld
My being thrilled with joy—
When clouds of doubt were quick dispelled,
And life lost all alloy.

"Quite right," I said ; "but why this waste
Of letters, since with two
It can be spelled with greater haste,
More truth, and less ado ?"
"Oh, fie ! S, p, double o, n, s,
Spells 'spoons : ' you needn't try
To spell the word with any less."
"Yes, dear ; two—'u and I.'"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE world knows Mr. Edward A. Freeman as the able historian of the Norman Conquest and of other eras more or less important in history. Latterly he has become eminent in the writing of some very trenchant books and articles on the "unspeakable Turk." He is a Russophile of the most pronounced and anathematical sort ; and to him the Turk is an utter *bête noire* and skeleton in the European closet. In a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Freeman seeks, in rather odd fashion, to account for English friendliness for the Ottoman. With the Turk, in his hearty detestation, he has coupled the present Prime-Minister of England. The real cause, he says, why the present English Government "shows such zeal in behalf of the Ottoman oppression" is "the Hebrew sympathies of Lord Beaconsfield ;" the reason why the English are called upon to uphold the Turk is, "that we have at the head of the English cabinet a man of a nation (the Jewish) which has always found its interest in supporting the dominion of that in-

vading horde." The historian goes on to characterize Lord Beaconsfield in terms anything but measured or judicial. He intimates that there are good Jews and bad Jews ; and that Lord Beaconsfield does not belong to the former category. He talks of his "Semitic instinct," and of his "policy of old clo'," declaring that the greater part of his career has been occupied with stealing the old clothes of the Liberals. Now, aside from the bad taste of taunting Lord Beaconsfield with his Jewish descent, Mr. Freeman puts forth a very singular theory when he asserts that the pro-Turkish policy of England is the creation of a premier whose grandfather was a Hebrew, but who is himself not only an English squire, but a devoted member and ardent supporter of the English Church. It seems to be too late to reproach Benjamin Disraeli with his Hebrew descent ; besides, in order to make out his case, Mr. Freeman must prove that the "Semitic instinct" has ruled British policy for a century and a half. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Can-

ning, certainly could not be accused of being born to this "Semitic instinct;" yet all three were far more outspoken Turkophiles than Disraeli has ever shown himself to be. Nay, even Mr. Gladstone and Lord Russell, neither of whom in these days can say anything too bitter about the Turks, were the very men who, in the Crimean War, sent British soldiers to fight side by side with the Turk against the Russian. On the other hand, no one has been more outspoken in his condemnation of the Bulgarian atrocities than Lord Beaconsfield, or more cautious in giving encouragement to the Turks that England would aid them. We do not like Mr. Freeman's strictures mainly because we think it grossly unjust that the present premier, who has won his high place and power by sheer genius and temper and labor, against obstacles which Gladstone and Russell never dreamed of; who has been described by one of his political foes as "the greatest member of Parliament who ever sat in Westminster;" and who is only now carrying out the policy adopted by Gladstone and his bitterest denouncers—should be taunted with his Hebrew origin in a country which, like England, professes to give an equal chance to rise to all. Disraeli's faults are historic, but we have never learned that among them was any treason to the traditions, prejudices, and aims, of his native country. If his present policy is Jewish, it is only saying that that of every Premier of England, from Robert Walpole down, has been Jewish. The fact is, that his policy is as English as it is possible to be; for it consists in using the Turks as an obstacle to the progress of Russia; it means not so much the preservation of Turkey as an Ottoman dominion as that of a second-class power which shall conveniently hold the Dardanelles and Constantinople in English interests. Besides, does Mr. Freeman really think that proud and anciently-descended peers, like the Duke of Richmond, Lord Derby, and the Marquis of Salisbury, would be content to use England as the vehicle and exponent of "Asiatic feelings," merely for the sake of holding office?

MR. WILLIAM BLACK having brought the principal characters in his charming tale, "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," to America, is, after the manner of Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit," limning the peculiarities of our places and our people. Mr. Black's hand is skillful, his touch delicate, his satire keen as the point of a rapier, his observation accurate, and if he bears us any real malice he scarcely reveals it. Nothing could be more adroitly or artistically done than the description of the arrival of his characters in New York, and their impressions of it; it is fresh, it is amusing, it is captivating. In the bit subjoined, the laugh is on our side. The travelers are taking their first luncheon at a New York hotel:

"We were happily allowed to examine the characteristics of the American family at the next table—the first distinctive group of natives we had seen on shore. They fully bore out all we had heard about this country. The eldest daughter was rather pretty but sallow and unhealthy; and she drank a frightful quantity of iced-

water. The mamma was shrunken and shriveled—all eyes, like a young crow—and seemed afflicted with a profound melancholy. The papa devoted himself to his newspaper and his toothpick. And there were one or two younger children, noisy, turbulent, petted, and impertinent. All these well-known characteristics we perceived at a glance. *It is true we afterward discovered that the family was English;* but that was of little account."

The travelers insist upon believing they are in Paris, so many things seem to them to bear resemblance to the great French capital, and the idea is carried out in the following pleasant fashion:

"We went for a drive in the hot, clear, brilliant afternoon. Paris—Paris—Paris everywhere. Look at the *cafés*, with their small marble tables; look at the young men in straw hats who are continually chewing the end of a damp cigar that won't keep alight; look at the showy nettings of the small, wiry, long-tailed horses, and the spider-wheeled vehicles that spin along to the Bois de—to the Central Park, that is. Of course when we meet one of those vehicles we keep to the right hand—anybody could have foretold that. And here is the park itself—a very beautiful park, indeed, with green foliage, winding roads, ornamental waters, statues, fountains. There is a band playing down there in the shade of the trees. And here is a broad, paved thoroughfare—a promenade—with a murmur of talking, and a prevailing odor of cigarettes. Of course it is Offenbach the band is playing; and it is pleasant enough to take a seat at this point of the Bois and look at the people, and listen to the music, and observe the glare of the sunlight on the greensward beyond, and on the crystal shoots of the fountains. And the plashing drops of the fountains have a music of their own.

"How do you like being in Paris?" says Lady Sylvia, with a gentle smile, to her companion, the German ex-lieutenant.

"I do not like thinking of Paris at all," said he, gravely. "I have not seen Paris since I saw it from Versailles. And there are two of my friends buried at Versailles."

"And what was making our glad-faced Bell so serious too? She had not at all expressed that admiration of the thoroughfares we had driven through which was fairly demanded by their handsome buildings. Was she rather disappointed by the French look of New York? Would she rather have had the good honest squalor, and dirt, and smoke, of an English city?"

They go up the Hudson—the Rhine, as the travelers try to fancy it; "the beauty of this Paris is that the Rhine flows down to its very wharves"—and the description of all they see is told in terms so new, and with fancies so fresh, that it is all like a new scene to us, with unfamiliar enchantments. Saratoga, too, is painted in these same delicate and fresh tints; but what traveler does not find people and incidents that the native born searches in vain for? And hence, even if not quite in keeping with the delicate art that marks the descriptions generally, we need not be surprised to find a conversation, alleged to have been overheard at Saratoga, that reads as if stolen bodily from the pages of Captain Basil Hall or "American Notes:"

"But was it not kind of those two gentlemen, both of whom wore ample frock-coats and straw hats, to

place their chairs just before us on the lawn, so that we could not but overhear their conversation? And what was it all about?

"'Pennsylvania's alive—just alive,' said the elder of the two. 'The miners are red-hot—yes, *sir!* You should have heard me at Mauch Chunk—twenty thousand people, and a barbecue in the woods, and a whole ox roasted—biggest thing since 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too'—when I told 'em that the bloated bondholders robbed 'em of their hard-earned wages, to roll in wealth, and dress in purple and fine linen, like Solomon in all his glory, and the lilies of the valley, you should have heard 'em shout—I thought they would tear their shirts. The bond is the sharp-pinted stick, to poke up the people.'

"'And how about Philadelphia?' says the other.

"'Well, I was not quite so hefty there. There's a heap of bonds in Philadelphia; and there's no use in arousing prejudices—painful feelings—misunderstandings. It ain't politics. What's good for one sile ain't good for another sile. You sow your seed as the land lays—that's politics. Where people hain't got no bonds, there's where to go in heavy on the bondholders. But in Philadelphia I give it to 'em on reform, and corruption, and the days of the Revolution that tried men's souls, and that sort o' thing—and wishin' we had Washington back again. That's always a tremendous pint, about Washington; and when people are skittish on great questions, you fall back on the Father of his Country. You see—'

"'But Washington's dead,' objected the disciple.

"'Of course he's dead,' said the other, triumphantly, 'and that's why he's a living issue in a canvass. In politics, the deader a man is, the more you can do with him. He can't talk back.'

"'And about Massachusetts, now?' the humble inquirer asked.

"'Well, those Yankees don't take too much stock in talk. You can't do much with the bonds and corruption in Massachusetts. There you touch 'em up on whiskey and the nigger. The evils of intemperance and the oppressions of the colored brother—those are the two bawlers in Massachusetts.'

"'Rhode Island?'

"'Oh, well, Rhode Island is a one-horse State where everybody pays taxes and goes to church; and all you've got to do is to worry 'em about the pope. Say the pope's comin' to run the machine.'

"'Then these two also relapse into silence; and we are left free to pursue our own speculations.'

This is capital in its way; and we suppose it was inevitable—it being long since established that it is impossible to write about the United States without a greater or less spice of burlesque.

A COMPLAINT was lately made by an American writer, that the art of conversation—an art peculiarly dear to a gregarious and social race—is in a state of decline. The complainer seemed to think that our life is too hurried and money-seeking for the proper culture of an art which is leisurely and deliberate; and took pains to compare the conversation heard in our drawing-rooms unfavorably with that the flavor of which we catch from books of English reminiscence. We suspect that he is too despondent. It is probably true that to some degree our institutions and habits interfere with the free growth of that polished

conversation which is made up of a certain amount of polished learning, of trained yet ready wit, and of omnipresent tact. We have very few professional conversers, who "get themselves up" to talk, like Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and "Conversation Sharpe." Symposia such as those of Holland House, and even of the Mitre in the Temple, are somewhat rare with us. The long existence of a rich aristocracy, which has always rather prided itself on literary taste, has no doubt given to English upper society the advantage and fame of brilliant conversation. Yet Americans certainly have the talent of conversation in no common degree, though—and this is perhaps rather a merit than a detriment—it does not follow any prototype. We know that there are more good stump-speakers, more good parliamentary orators, and lyceum-lecturers, and eloquent preachers, in this country than in England. We are credited with "the gift of gab" in a superior degree. The conversation of our best drawing-rooms, therefore, may be less pleasantly pedantic, less elaborately epigrammatic and witty; but what it lacks in these qualities it gains, it seems to us, in vigor, and force, and native humor. We meet with many absorbingly interesting talkers who are independent of the poets, and have no carefully indited list of jokes in their waistcoat-pockets, to be peeped at and shot off on occasion. We talk more of practical things and individual experiences; and our talk is better suited to our audiences. It may be added that conversation in good American circles is more delicate and more free from the stings of witty satire than in England in the reign of Hook, Smith, and Croker. Everything is not, as it ought not to be, sacrificed to a sparkling epigram. The great English talkers rarely restrained themselves because ladies were present; their refining influence has an obvious effect upon polite conversation among us. There are circles, too, in which all the ornaments of the English art appear; only, as in England, they are inner circles, within which but a few choice spirits are admitted. The chatty "diner-out," while he is not so ubiquitous and conspicuous here as he was in England thirty years ago, who lived in lodgings and depended upon the skill of his tongue for his dinners, is by no means an unknown animal in our great cities.

"I HAVE seen a gallery of many pictures," said one who had been sitting on the sea-shore watching the sunset. There had been fleeting clouds, ships that came and went, and varying skies that now shrouded the scene in gray, now flooded it with yellow or rosy tints; and the sails of the vessels, as they continually formed into new groups, at one moment became superb foci of light, at another shadowy phantoms. Those who have eyes to see need not go in search of new landscapes; there is always a succession of changes coming to him if he will but attentively watch the gallery that Nature keeps always open to those who can see. One of our best landscape-painters declares that landscape-painting is *air-painting*; that a veil hangs over every scene, which is different at different times, and it is this veil, this medium

of atmosphere, that gives to every picture its true quality. "One day," he says, "we go out in the morning, and, looking up and down the street, take no note of the sight; we are not impressed; but another day there is a slight change in the density or clarity of the atmosphere, and lo! what before was a commonplace view has become extremely beautiful. It is the change in the air that has made the change in the object." There ought to be a great deal of philosophical comfort in this theory to all who have to stay at home. Every one has observed how a distant mountain changes its aspect during different hours of the day, and noted similar transformations on the sea; but few, perhaps, have fully realized how every view, however apparently ordinary in character, has its succession of changes; how completely it proves to the studious observer an ever-varying gallery of pictures, each of which has its peculiar quality, and all their own subtle beauties. Every man, with the intelligence to observe, has thus perpetual change of scene: he can see the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc piled up in the clouds; he can watch the hill-tops shift from green to purple; he can note how an expanse of sea is now gray, now darkly green, now sparkling blue; he can study how the air paints the scene in luminous haze of ever-changing tints—in short, if he only knows how, he can satisfy his art-taste and his love of change without the strain and fret of travel.

THE current assertion that the American people have no special gift for public holiday-making is perhaps true; but the deduction from this, that they have no talent for pleasure, seems to us quite wrong. Our popular places of summer resort give ample evidence that Americans have a very keen zest for recreation; they may not fall very readily into prescribed methods of pleasure-making, but in their own way, and at times of their own selection, they do give themselves up to enjoyment with as much heartiness as almost any other people, although perhaps with less picturesque effect. If any one doubts this, he should have visited, at the height of the season, the seaside resorts near our principal Atlantic cities. Those in the vicinity of New York, of which we can speak with greater certainty, have never been so largely visited as during the season just closing; and some of the facts pertaining to these places are worth noting. Two excursion-steamers of really grand proportions make daily trips to Rockaway beach; in addition, some five or six other boats, only a little less capacious, go to the same place; and the Long Island Railroad sends hourly trains there. We should say that fully twenty thousand persons are every fair summer day gathered along this sandy shore, and probably an equal number resort to the nearer beach at Coney Island. Moving among and watching the holiday-crowd at the former place, we were glad to see that, although liquor-bars were more numerous than we could easily count, the principal beverage, after harmless concoctions of lemon and soda-water, was lager-beer; and not one person in the slightest degree intoxicated fell under our observation. The surf was full of bathers

of both sexes, and the shore crowded with amused spectators; but we saw no open act of impropriety. It is true, as might be expected, the conduct of the bathers was not in every instance marked by good taste, but nothing really wrong or specially censurable occurred. There was an abundance of hilarity; good-humor and mirth prevailed, without friction or collision of any kind. The brilliant sky, the tumbling surf, the glittering sand, where marshaled the army of pleasure-seekers; the many booths and refreshment-places; the distant ships; the laughing bathers, as they frolicked in the waves—all made up a gay and, in its way, charming picture. But to us the significant circumstance was the fact everywhere exhibited that our people know how to give themselves up to pleasure without excesses, and have the faculty of enduring the friction of large crowds without losing their good-nature.

WHILE Mr. Grant White, in accusing the American people of "constraint and conscious effort" in their pronunciation, is largely right, he is wrong, we think, in attributing this habit to the influence of the dictionaries. The dictionaries, with a few exceptions in Webster, instead of sanctioning a syllabic utterance, distinctly, as a rule, indicate the correct usage; and hence those who diligently study these volumes will not say "extra-ordinary," "of-ten," "cas-tle," "be-lieve," "con-vention," "gal-lows," "bel-lows," etc. But the very speakers who speak with this undue emphasis are very apt in other instances to clip their words, and send them forth "half-made up." We may hear a person speak of "extra-ordinary singin'," "I b'lieve that is a cas-tel," "han' me the bel-lows," and so on. These instances exhibit ignorance of accepted usage all round, and the dictionaries would set the blunderers right. The spelling-book, as it is used in our public schools, has something to do with the instances of syllabic utterance that we hear; but class-reading aloud, we imagine, is peculiarly the offending cause. Distinctness is the one thing taught in school-reading; an easy, flexible, natural utterance is fairly rendered impossible by the stress laid by the teacher on precision. How and when to *stut*, as well as how and when to give fullness of utterance, is never or rarely taught; and, as a consequence, the boy or girl retains through life a notion of correct speaking as something rigid, syllabic, and pedantically precise. It is a wonder that Mr. White did not cite *Hamlet's* well-known direction to the player, as embodying exactly the just mean in utterance: "Speak the speech, I pray you, *trippingly* on the tongue." This is the charm of all good delivery, and it is much to be wished that public speakers of all kinds, as well as private persons, would act on the Shakespearean hint.

THE hard times seem to have put all the world in a merry mood if we may judge by the class of books that are most read and the plays that have had possession of our theatres. Lydia Thompson's gay burlesque troupe at Wallack's; Mr. Sothorn in a new, laugh-convulsing

part under the serio-comic designation of "The Crushed Tragedian;" at the Union Square a very witty, nicely played, but naughty comic comedy—all comedies are not strictly comic, and *farce* is not the word—called "Pink Dominos"—these with Chinese extravaganzas and domestic absurdities (such as "Our Baby") make up an histrionic catalogue in which all is hilarity and roaring fun. And in literature, instead of essays on political economy, or studies likely to lead us out of our present industrial slough, a series of effusions erudite in baby-lore and baby-funniments, and such merry trifles as "That Husband of Mine," have taken possession of the majority of readers. We will not vex the reader by repeating the oft-quoted comment about the French theatres during the Reign of Terror; and, if we did introduce this well-worn moral, it would be wrongfully applied. The public mirth, we imagine, is in no sense feverish or abnormal; it is not a reaction from despair; it is not a wild desire to drown suffering or memories of horrors in an intoxicating whirl of pleasure—but is simply that natural activity of the sense of humor that is always sure to occur when a new school of wits arise, and which is always more marked in summer than at other seasons. The vacations are not times for study, and hence people on the sea-shore and among the hills are apt to fill up their unoccupied hours with lively books; and those who stay at home in town can naturally be seduced to the theatres only when some light and cheerful play has power to make them forget the heat and fatigues of the day. And it is all well that it is so. So long as people retain their sense of mirth the hardships of life will be shorn of half their evils. We should dislike to see literature or the stage too largely given over to humor, but doubtless there are enough serious tastes and serious interests to maintain in the long-run a healthful balance.

HARLEM RIVER is noted for athletic displays of an aquatic character. Here are the houses of a number of boat-clubs; it is the field where oarsmen come to show their skill, and swimmers to prove their endurance. The river, on a summer afternoon, is thronged with boats in picturesque confusion, and groups of bathers

disport on the shores. There is one feature of the scene that is worthy of note, and one's judgment of it will depend very much upon the spirit with which he looks at it: this is, the liberal exhibit of the human figure. Many of the oarsmen wear the recognized training uniform—a gauze shirt with neck, arms, and shoulders bare; but others are clothed only at the loins, making a classic display of muscular arms and stalwart shoulders and breast. We call this display classic, because it is eminently artistic in character, if one chooses to look at it with the old Greek love for the human form, the pagan admiration for the graceful and the strong. Many of the boat-crews in the animated picture seem to the imagination like Greek athletes transported from the ancient shores of the Ægean Sea. Along the shore, however, are groups of young bathers, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who discard all covering, and pose in their nakedness within close view of the passing steamboats, with a superiority to all embarrassment that may be considered philosophical if one can sufficiently induce himself with the Greek spirit, or gratuitously immodest if he insists upon retaining the spectacles of the nineteenth century. The scene to the uninitiated is not a little startling; but, just as we have shown elsewhere that a landscape depends upon the atmospheric veil through which it is looked, so does the significance of these scenes depend upon whether for the time we are ancient Greeks or Christians. They unmistakably have, apart from questions of their propriety, a certain value: they encourage athletic sports; they promote the development and vigor of the human figure, and, aside from muscular exercise, out-of-door sun-baths are eminently health-giving; and hence this revival of the ancient Greek gymnasium (for such it may be called), wherein grace, beauty, strength, physical perfection, become objects of admiration, has its claims for public approval. It would be easy to restrict it by police regulations to proper limits, and let this be done; but let us be sure that the interposition of the police does not repress the love for athletic activity, for out-of-door sports, for manly competition, which are involved in and developed by these displays.

Books of the Day.

HAVING expounded, in the two previous volumes of his "Problems of Life and Mind," those general principles which should constitute, in his opinion, the foundations of a creed, Mr. George Henry Lewes has now reached that stage in his work which calls for the consideration of "The Physical Basis of Mind."¹ Under this head, in the third volume, are discussed four of the most important problems that can engage the attention of the thinker—the crucial tests, indeed, of any system of philosophy—namely, the Nature of Life, the Mechanism of the Nervous System, Animal Automatism, and the Re-

flex Theory. Each of the essays devoted to these several topics is extremely painstaking and elaborate, and, taken together, they furnish what is, perhaps, the best exposition of the relations between body and mind in the human organism that has yet been offered—or, at least, the most trustworthy *résumé* of the light thrown upon the subject by the latest researches in physiology and psychology. The first essay, on the Nature of Life, "deals with the specialty of organic phenomena as distinguished from the inorganic," and sets forth the physiological principles which psychology must constantly invoke. The great subject of Evolution naturally comes up for consideration in connection with this theme, and it is noteworthy that while Mr. Lewes cordially accepts the general doctrine and also the special Darwinian form of it, he suggests a modifi-

¹ The Physical Basis of Mind. With Illustrations. Being the Second Series of Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 8vo, pp. 556.

cation of the hypothesis of Natural Selection by extending to the *tissues and organs* that principle of competition which Mr. Darwin has so luminously applied to *organisms*; in other words, he argues that not only is there a "struggle for existence" on the part of the individual organism in competition with other organisms, but also a similar struggle within the organism itself between the tissues and organs constituting it. This generalization and extension of the struggle for existence is in full accord, as Mr. Lewes thinks, with the ascertained phenomena of organic life, and, at the same time, answers many of the hitherto unanswered objections to the Darwinian theory.

The second essay, on the Nervous Mechanism, sets forth, with the aid of illustrations and diagrams, all that is known and all that can be legitimately inferred respecting the structure and properties of that all-important system. Those who have read Mr. Lewes's "Physiology of Common Life" know how skillfully and lucidly and helpfully he expounds such matters, how well he appreciates and smooths the difficulties of the non-scientific reader, and what a picturesque interest he imparts to what in inferior hands are likely to be mere accumulations of dry facts and learned lumber; and these qualities are exhibited in a not inferior degree in the present essay. The author, indeed, feels called upon to apologize for his skeptical and revolutionary attitude in presence of opinions commonly held to be established truths, and it certainly is surprising to see peremptory challenges thrown down to so many of the hoary commonplaces of physiology and psychology; but, while very few are competent to pronounce upon the issues raised, it will prove a serviceable lesson to the general reader to have it thus brought home to him how easy it is even for men of scientific training to substitute plausible inference for demonstrated fact, and how purely speculative and delusive is much of our so-called "exact knowledge." Nothing, for example, has figured more largely in the current and accepted expositions of the nervous mechanism than what is called the nerve-cell—it lies at the very basis of the established theory of the nervous system; yet Mr. Lewes presents what appears to a layman conclusive evidence that it is a mere "superstition," generated by fanciful inferences from the supposed data of an imaginary anatomy. The two remaining essays discuss cognate topics (Animal Automatism and the Reflex Theory), and are notable for their elaborate refutation of the Materialistic interpretation of life toward which, as it was supposed, Mr. Lewes's earlier arguments were leading him. Constant insistence on "the biological point of view," as he calls it, while it causes a rejection of the mechanical theory in so far as it pretends to be an adequate explanation of *all* the phenomena of life, admits the fullest recognition of the mechanical relations involved in animal movements, and thus endeavors to reconcile the contending schools. In the third essay he attempts to furnish a satisfactory solution of that much-debated question—the relation between Body and Mind. "This solution explains why physical and mental phenomena must necessarily present to our apprehension such profoundly diverse characters; and shows that Materialism, in attempting to deduce the mental from the physical, puts into the conclusion what the very terms have excluded from the premises; whereas, on the hypothesis of a physical process being only the objective aspect of a mental process, the attempt to interpret the one by the other is as legitimate as the solution of a geometrical problem by algebra."

It must be confessed that the progress of the exposition and the gradual revelation of the full proportions of Mr. Lewes's philosophical system do not remove the

impression which we derived from the earlier volumes that the value of his work will lie rather on its critical than on its constructive side. Few thinkers have approached the complex problems of life and mind—of Nature and human nature, as the old theologians used to phrase it—with a more consistent attitude of skeptical inquiry; and his equal mastery of the data accumulated by science, and of the speculative determinations of all schools of metaphysicians, render him a more formidable antagonist of loose or one-sided thinking and of imperfectly-buttressed theories than often enters the field of philosophical controversy. His keen and trenchant criticisms will almost certainly compel the modification and restatement if not the total abandonment of many theories and opinions which have been long held to be beyond the reach of dispute; but there is a tentativeness, so to speak, about essential parts of his own system which is eminently creditable to his candor, but which necessarily abates our confidence in the validity of his conclusions. The truth is, that Mr. Lewes's criticism is so destructive that it implants in the reader's mind a fixed distrust of anything that partakes of a speculative, theoretic, or inferential character, Mr. Lewes's own speculations, theories, and inferences, included.

ONE of the "Americana," which has recently become so scarce as to bring excessive prices at the book-auctions, is once more brought within reach of the general reading public by the publication of a new edition of the Rev. Samuel Peters's "History of Connecticut," originally published in London in 1781. The chief interest attaching to this curious book arises from the fact that in it were first published the famous Connecticut "Blue-Laws;" and the appearance of the present edition is due to the doubts thrown upon their authenticity, and consequently upon the *bona fides* of Dr. Peters, by Mr. James Hammond Trumbull and others, who have declared them to be a fiction and a calumny upon the early settlers of Connecticut. Mr. Samuel Jarvis McCormick, the editor of the new edition, is a descendant of Dr. Peters, and he endeavors to fortify the latter's statements by confirmatory evidence drawn from official documents, contemporary writings, and unpublished manuscripts. This evidence is embodied in the form of notes, which add greatly to the value of the work, but which, it must be confessed, confute the statements of the reverend author quite as often as they establish them. On the crucial question of the "Blue-Laws" no new light whatever is thrown, and the controversy concerning them remains where it was, except that the point is brought out that Dr. Peters himself does not claim that these laws were promulgated and authorized in the usual manner, and, consequently, that they had the force rather of custom and usage than of formal statutory enactment. The question of their authenticity still depends largely upon the amount of credence we consider Dr. Peters's assertion entitled to; and it is only fair to say that his statements in this particular case derive considerable support from the character of the history as a whole. On the one side is the fact that the tone of the work throughout is extremely hostile and caustic, and shows that the doctor would willingly set down everything that could tend to the disadvantage of the colonists; but, on the other hand, the manner in which the obnoxious laws are intro-

¹ Dr. Samuel Peters's LL. D. General History of Connecticut, from its First Settlement under George Fenwick to its Latest Period of Amity with Great Britain prior to the Revolution. By a Gentleman of the Province. Edited, with Notes and Additions, by Samuel Jarvis McCormick. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 285.

duced into the narrative, and everything connected with them, give evidence, at least, of good faith on the part of the author. The book, in short, shows clearly enough that it was the work of an angry and embittered man, but not of a dishonest one, though it is quite possible, of course, that Dr. Peters should be mistaken in matters of detail. That the early Connecticut settlers were intolerant, arbitrary, and tyrannical in the extreme, is one of the indisputable truths of history; and it is comparatively an unimportant matter whether they went to the length of prohibiting by law a mother from kissing her child on Sunday.

The interest of the work, however, is not confined to the controversy about the Blue-Laws. The geographical descriptions, and the long analyses of the claims of title to the territory brought forward by different colonies, will probably be skipped by most readers; but the picture of manners and customs and modes of life is a very animated one, and gives us a lively idea of the circumstances of colonial society just prior to the Revolution. The doctor has an evident liking for good stories and an aptitude for telling them, and, besides many curious details about "bundling" and other local usages, we find here a goodly number of personal anecdotes, among them the earliest version of General Putnam's adventure with the wolf (here transformed into a bear with two cubs). The following episode in the history of the town of Windham, narrated by the doctor with perfect seriousness, combines with other things to show that he wrote before the fear of captious critics had sharpened the perceptions of historians:

"Strangers in Windham are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings by the vast number of frogs in the brooks and ponds. There are about thirty different voices among them, some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whip-poor-wills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles. Persons accustomed to such serenades are not disturbed by them at their proper stations; but one night in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, toward Winnomantic River. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull-frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled the road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours in passing through the town unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened: some expected to find an army of French and Indians; others feared an earthquake and dissolution of Nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemy in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children, when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words: 'Wight, Hilderkin, Dier, Tete.' This last, they thought, meant treaty, and, plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These the men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear: at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs going to the river for a little water."

The doctor closes his narrative by observing that the people of Windham have been ridiculed for their timidity on that occasion, but expresses his conviction that "an army under the Duke of Marlborough would, under the like circumstances, have acted no better than they did." This is doubtless an extreme instance of the author's gull-

ibility, if that is not too harsh a name for it, but the piquancy of the book is enhanced throughout by a certain quaint combination of native intellectual shrewdness and keen insight with an almost childlike credulity.

A COMPREHENSIVE and systematic treatise on the application of art to industry would undoubtedly be of great service just now, when the attention of our artisans and manufacturers has been drawn to our deficiencies in this matter by the great competitive displays of the Centennial Exposition; but Mr. George Ward Nichols has failed to fully meet the want in the work which the Messrs. Harpers have issued for him.¹ Mr. Nichols is favorably known as a writer on art, and his book contains material of the highest interest and value; but the material is utterly undigested, it is badly arranged and poorly classified, and the force of the author's arguments is dissipated by reason of their being imbedded in a mass of irrelevant and incongruous matter. A natural inference from the book itself is that the author had carefully collected data for such a treatise as we have spoken of, that he could not find time to assort and reduce them to shape, and that he finally decided to publish them as they stood, trusting to their intrinsic value to compensate for any defects of composition.

The object of the work, as defined by Mr. Nichols, is "to show the need of art-education in the United States; to relate something of its history in Europe; to explain what is meant by its application to industry, and to propose a method of instruction best adapted to our people and institutions." The thesis mainly insisted upon is that, in order to enable our countrymen to hold their own in the future competitions of commerce, we must follow the example of the leading European nations and provide in a scientific manner and on a liberal scale—1. For the universal instruction of youth in the elements of art (the principles and methods of both the fine and industrial arts being the same up to a certain point); and, 2. For the special technical training of those whose pursuits offer opportunities for the application of wider and more thorough knowledge. The necessity of this appears so obvious to the author that he assumes that sooner or later it will be universally recognized by our educational authorities, and addresses himself more particularly to what may be called the second branch of his subject, namely, the discovery of the best method of training and instruction. In order to find this he examines in detail all that has been accomplished in this direction by public and private enterprise in the various countries of Europe; and then, selecting those principles and methods which common experience has fixed upon as most essential, he constructs an elaborate and systematic scheme of art-instruction, which, falling in with the mathematical studies of our primary schools, adapts itself to the several ascending grades of the school system, until it diverges into the more advanced curriculum of art academies and institutes of technology. Of course, practical experiment must furnish the only satisfactory test of this scheme, but it seems practicable and adequate, and there can be no doubt that it contains many valuable suggestions for any State, school district, or private teacher, that proposes to make a trial of scientific instruction in art.

The most useful portion of the book are the chapters describing the plans of art-education and of stimulating industrial skill that have been adopted in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Austria, Prussia, and

¹ Art-Education applied to Industry. By George Ward Nichols. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4to, pp. 211.

Spain. The most interesting portion, perhaps, is the supplementary chapter on the Centennial Exposition, where Mr. Nichols was a member of the corps of judges, and of which he was evidently a close and well-informed student. But most enjoyable of all are the numerous pictures, which illustrate every important department of industrial art, and are engraved and printed in the most exquisite manner.

ONE of the complaints commonly made by believers in spiritualism and other correlated mysteries is that scientific men refuse to give the same sort of attention to its manifestations as they give to all the other phenomena which Nature presents. They say that scientists have made up their minds on a subject which they have not investigated, and profess to believe that thorough and impartial investigation would in every case lead to the acknowledgment of the reality of the spiritualistic phenomena if not to acceptance of the interpretation which spiritualists put upon them. This complaint, though not without some justification, has never been wholly true—individual scientists having over and over again tried to apply the ordinary tests of science; and the works of Dr. W. B. Carpenter show that he, at least, has neither been afraid nor unwilling to study the subject in all its bearings. The methods he has pursued, and the conclusions he has reached in the matter, are plainly enough indicated in certain chapters of his "Mental Physiology," but he has now presented his views in more precise and consecutive form in two lectures which he delivered a few months ago at the London Institution.¹ In these lectures, just issued with copious addenda and *pièces justificatives*, he discusses historically and scientifically the whole subject of mesmerism, odylism, clairvoyance, thought-reading, table-turning, and spiritualism; and he speaks as one who is thoroughly familiar with all its phases, and whose mind is fully made up. Many of the so-called mesmeric and spiritualistic phenomena he refers to conscious fraud and imposition, others to ignorance and unintentional self-deception, while for the small residuum of strange *facts* which have so puzzled and misled honest observers he finds an adequate explanation in sense-deceptions brought about by "the subjection of the mind to a dominant idea." Spiritualism in its modern manifestations he regards as one of those strange epidemic delusions which at various periods have swept over large portions of the world, and he maintains that science can put it down by proving, as it can readily do, that the really authentic data on which the delusion is based are the result of those abnormal conditions of the human mind and body with which physiologists and psychologists are already familiar. "Expectant Attention" plays the same crucial part as in Dr. Hammond's treatise, which we had occasion to notice a year or so ago, and "Fallacies of Memory" dispose of whatever this fails to explain.

Of course the question as to the adequacy of Dr. Carpenter's interpretation is preëminently one with which scientific experts must deal; but we may call attention, as we have already done in our notice of Dr. Hammond's book, to what appears to be the special weakness of his argument. The very structure of science, the entire fabric of human knowledge, rests upon our assumption

of the substantial trustworthiness of the testimony of our senses regarding the external world. The testimony may be misleading, as Berkeley has demonstrated, but it is all we have, and Natural Science at least commits suicide in discrediting it. Now Dr. Carpenter's argument is wholly dependent for its validity upon the proposition that our senses are liable to deceive us, and he summarizes his doctrine in the sentence that "we should rather trust to the evidence of our *sense* than to that of our *senses*." He admits that the evidence of the senses under the usual conditions is sufficient for all *ordinary* matters, but argues that it is not admissible when *extraordinary* matters are dealt with. But just here begins the real difficulty—What is ordinary and what extraordinary? Each age and each period would return a different answer, for, as some one has well said, "the miracles of one generation are the commonplaces of the next."

Inconclusive in some respects though the book may be, however, there can be no doubt as to its great interest and suggestiveness. It is written with remarkable animation and vigor, and it abounds in "cases" quite as wonderful as any which the spiritualists have brought forward.

EXPERIENCE has shown that the study of the natural sciences cannot be pursued to advantage by beginners any more than by advanced scholars, save through the medium of practical experiments; and a very important gap in existing means of instruction will be filled by Mayer and Barnard's "Experimental Science Series for Beginners."¹ The initial volume of the series has just been issued, and its design, as explained in the preface, is "to furnish a number of simple and easy experiments in the phenomena of light, that anyone can perform with materials that may be found in any dwelling-house, or that may be bought for a small sum in any town or city." Nearly all the experiments are new, all have been thoroughly tested, the whole of them can be performed at a total cost of less than fifteen dollars, and they make familiar to the most childish intelligence the salient facts concerning the sources, action, reflection, refraction, and decomposition of light, the laws of colors, and the teachings of the solar spectrum. The plan of the book differs from that of any of its predecessors in this, that the experiments are not subordinate to and merely illustrative of the text, but, in fact, constitute the essence of the instruction; the method is to give first minute directions for performing the experiment, then to describe its results, and then to point out, as the natural outcome of the performance, the particular fact or law which it illustrates. The experiment is the lesson; the idea of the authors being that "the experimenter who questions Nature himself, who constructs his own apparatus, and who performs his own experiments, learns past forgetting—he knows because he has observed." Though all are simple and easily performed, many of the experiments are exceedingly beautiful, and children would delight in them precisely as in the mysterious shows of the magic lantern. In schools the pupils might take turns in performing them, and the time devoted to the lesson would doubtless be looked forward to with eagerness and back upon with regret. Similar volumes will deal with sound, heat, optics, magnetism, electricity, and mechanics.

¹ Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., Historically and Scientifically Considered. Being Two Lectures delivered at the London Institution, with Preface and Appendix, by W. B. Carpenter, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 158.

¹ Experimental Science Series for Beginners. Light: A Series of Simple, Entertaining, and Inexpensive Experiments in the Phenomena of Light, for the Use of Students of Every Age. By Alfred M. Mayer and Charles Barnard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 113.

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"Check!" cried the page, and sealed the fate
Of her beleaguered king, with—"mate!"

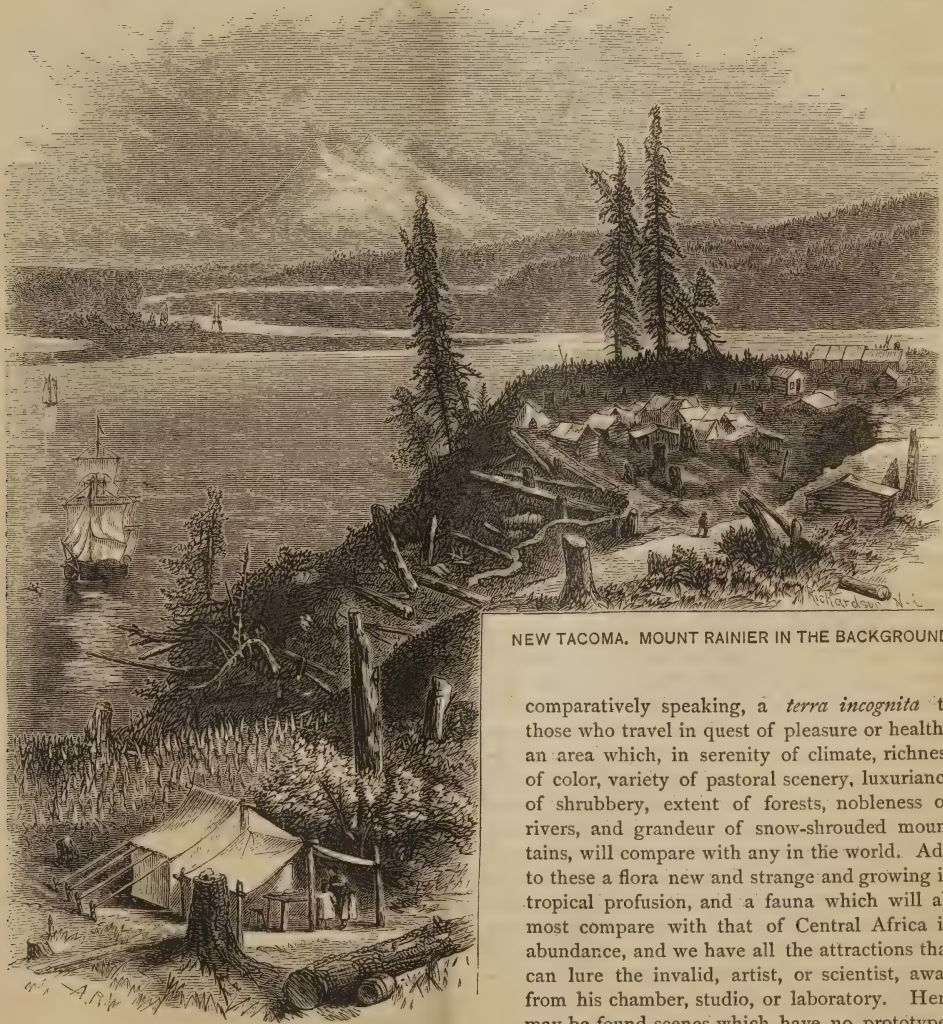
"The Game Knut played," page 405.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

SUMMER RAMBLINGS IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THE tourist to whom the fashionable haunts of the Atlantic States and the charming scenery of Europe are familiar, and who presumes from this

Pacific Ocean which is now known as the "North west." Here is an area larger than the whole of Europe combined, Russia excepted, which remains,



NEW TACOMA. MOUNT RAINIER IN THE BACKGROUND.

comparatively speaking, a *terra incognita* to those who travel in quest of pleasure or health; an area which, in serenity of climate, richness of color, variety of pastoral scenery, luxuriance of shrubbery, extent of forests, nobleness of rivers, and grandeur of snow-shrouded mountains, will compare with any in the world. Add to these a flora new and strange and growing in tropical profusion, and a fauna which will almost compare with that of Central Africa in abundance, and we have all the attractions that can lure the invalid, artist, or scientist, away from his chamber, studio, or laboratory. Here may be found scenes which have no prototypes in any portion of the globe, and all on that

scale of magnificence so peculiar to the Pacific coast. Nature seems to have showered her bounteous blessings with lavish hand throughout the entire domain, for she yields no less her rich and

varied scenic treasures than she does her nodding fields of golden grain and extensive parks oppressed by their weight of graminaceous verdure. It would be no exaggeration to state that the Northwest presents the combined landscapes of Switzerland and Italy, the Highlands of Scotland and the English lake-region—the whole forming a panorama capable of expressing every type and emotion of scenic beauty. Of the entire area, none excels Washington Territory in variety and grandeur; for its undulating surface displays the rolling prairie and the elevated plateau, the picturesque dingle and the dense forest, the murmuring brooklet and the mighty river, the ribbon-like fall and the seething cascade, the sloping, motion-giving hill and the towering mountain-range whose crest is inwreathed in garlands of perpetual snow.

I entered that grand Territory at Kalama, a hamlet situated on the Columbia River about one hundred miles from its mouth. This place, which was laid out as a town-site in 1870 by the directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was at one time supposed to be the foundation for the great metropolis which prophets, with land to sell, had predicted would spring up somewhere on the northwest coast of the Pacific as a rival to San Francisco; and the consequence was, that everybody who had a dollar to spare began to invest it in Kalama lots, expecting that it was to be the city of the prophets, and an El Dorado for investors. Everybody who was anybody was wild about the place, and speculators thronged there from all portions of the continent in hopes of being able to purchase at least a foot or two of the precious soil. The result was, that houses sprung up like magic, and parcels of land that could now be bought for a very poor song brought from five hundred to two thousand dollars. One year after the establishment of the place it had a population exceeding one thousand, and assumed the dignity of a municipal government, but to-day I doubt if it contains one-tenth that number of permanent residents. As soon as Jay Cooke failed it received a *coup-de-grace* from which it cannot recover; so its probable fate is to stand as a monument of false prophecy and the mutability of financial hopes. The architectural appearance of the city was never prepossessing, it being composed almost entirely of rude wooden structures, the majority of which were devoted to the sale of that "strong tea" without which no pioneer town is supposed to thrive. It is a Western proverb that wherever you see numerous saloons you will find money plentiful, and, by applying this to Kalama, we must infer that it once in its career boasted of wealth; but its deserted aspect at present, and the rueful countenances of those who cling to it in adversity, would prove that it had long since vanished.

Being the southern terminus of the Puget Sound Railroad, the tourist is booked here for a trip to the north. I left the place by the noon train, and was soon dashing through the dense forests of evergreens so characteristic of Western Washington. The train, which consisted of only one car and a locomotive,

was occupied by a Chinaman, an Indian half-breed, an ugly Flathead squaw, and a German immigrant family, whose greenish-yellow hair and skim-milk eyes contrasted most forcibly with the coarse, dark hair and tawny faces of their companions. The company, which was strongly suggestive of the cosmopolitan character of the population of the Northwest, recalled the assertion about the lion and the lamb, for here were the very opposites of each other in every way quietly seated in the same compartment without manifesting any ill-feeling toward one another—though, to be literally correct, I might say that the squaw eyed the Chinaman in such a manner as to lead one to infer that she would not object to adorning her person with his long and well-braided queue.

The run through the forest was exceedingly interesting to me, as it displayed luxuriant Nature in her primeval condition, and proved the effect of humidity on plant-life. The towering firs with their tapering forms, that often loomed upward to a height of four hundred feet, presented a funereal aspect in their garb of gloomy green; but a dingle of white-blossomed cornel, umbrageous, bright-green maple or graceful ash appeared occasionally, and did much to relieve the monotonous hue of the coniferæ. A pretty glimpse of a rapid stream, over which glided Indian canoes filled with dusky Masaniellos, presented itself occasionally, and gave a variety to the landscape as pleasing as it was picturesque.

One fact in relation to the botany of the country attracted my attention, and that was that the flowers seen were of the most gaudy hues, generally a brilliant red or a glaring yellow, and that the firs and pines, in opposition to the general rule, grew close to the streams as if they had no fear of water. One of the most peculiar shrubs encountered was the "devil's walking-stick" (*Epinanox horridum*), a most disagreeable opponent to wanderers unacquainted with its characteristics. It has an altitude of from three to five feet, broad, smooth leaves, reddish flowers, and is covered with long, stout thorns capable of giving a disagreeable wound should one collide with them. I also noted that each plant guarded its own ground with a combativeness worthy of the buffalo-grass of the Wyoming plains, and resented the unwelcome intrusion of disagreeable visitors.

After traveling forty miles, we emerged on an open, sandy prairie, covered with a short, thin grass, which affords a meagre pabulum to sheep and mustangs for three or four months in the year. This was the first settlement I had seen since leaving Kalama, and pleasant it seemed to be near the abode of man. This is called Mound Prairie, from a large mound some fifty or sixty feet high, and containing several acres of land, which rises at its western terminus. It is also densely covered with smaller mounds, varying from a few inches to two feet in height, and having a circumference of from ten to one hundred feet. Their origin has been the cause of much speculation among scientists, but nearly all differ in their deductions. The late Professor Agassiz stated that they were the nests of a species of fish, now ex-

inct, which inhabited the region when it was covered with water; while others attribute them to the uprooting of trees. A little more careful study and examination would have caused the theorists to have changed their opinion, for they were evidently formed by whirlpools in, probably, the Miocene epoch, when the Puget Sound basin formed a portion of that great inland sea which extended from British Columbia to California. That they were not formed by fish is evident from the fact that they are confined to a small area, and that they differ in form, extent, and

of a charming little fall known by the euphonious Indian name of *Tumchuck*, or sounding water. It comes bounding down a rocky ledge green with mosses and brilliant with wild-flowers, and tumbles into a basin filled with soughing miniature waves of foam. It is not allowed to rest in picturesque idleness, however, for the enterprising villagers have erected factories along its course, and its liquid sound is mingled with the sharp buzz of lumber-saws, and the ponderous splashing of mill-wheels engaged in preparing house-comforts for materialistic man.



OLYMPIA.

altitude; and that they are not the result of the uprooting of trees would be deduced from the manner in which the forest grows; while in contradistinction to these theories the evidence of their being the result of eddies is quite apparent in their distribution, the material of which they are composed—rounded pebbles of shales, schists, and sedimentary fragments—and their paucity of vegetation, for nothing thrives upon them but that curse of the country, the fern called *Pteris aquilina*, and that symbol of meagre nutrition, the *Pycnanthemum lanceolatum*. It therefore follows that, if they could support the economical fir in the past, they could at present; but that they do not carries its own lesson, and proves that they could not have been produced by the mere uprooting of trees.

I left the railroad at this point, and took the stage to Olympia, some fifteen miles distant. The route thither led over fern-clad prairies, incapable of supporting even sheep, and through forests of plutonian darkness; and, after a ride of three hours, the coach dashed down a steep declivity, in which nestled the picturesque and thriving village of Tumwater.

This pretty spot has a local fame as the possessor

A mile beyond this lies the city of Olympia, and through its broad thoroughfare the stage rattled at a pace that brought the loungers and idling merchants to the shop-doors, to gaze upon a scene of daily occurrence, or perhaps to see who were the newcomers. This place has a population of two thousand; and, being the capital of the Territory, is the most important town in Western Washington. It is situated on Budd's Inlet, the most southerly arm of Puget Sound, and is almost surrounded with water, while forests guard it on every side. It occupies, undoubtedly, one of the most charming spots that could be selected for a city, for, so far as landscape is concerned, nothing is absent that could please the eye. Directly in front lies the placid water of Puget Sound, its bosom covered with handsome steamers,

wheezing tugs, and a large number of swift, white-sailed boats, above which looms occasionally the stately form of a full-rigged lumber-ship, bound in or out; on both sides of the Sound dense forests, that extend to the horizon in every direction, greet the vision; while far to the north towers the Olympic Range, whose snowy crest competes with the heavy masses of fleecy cumulus clouds for supremacy. This grand scene, illumined by the mellow light of the evening sun, produces a picture which cannot be excelled in color, breadth, or motion. It presents, at a *coup-d'œil*, contrasts of light and shade, tranquillity and energy, action and repose; yet all blend harmoniously together. At night the pictorial effect is somewhat enhanced, for at high tide the water forms several canals through portions of the suburbs, and this reflects, with the most minute accuracy, the scintillating lights of the city; even persons passing along its shores are seen in the mirrored sea as if they were walking on the star-dotted sky. On moonlit nights the heavy forests, changed into spiral wreaths of foliage, and the snowy range, nearly two hundred miles to the north, are reflected with photographic minuteness, so that a person need scarcely move from his piazza to behold one of the grandest scenes imaginable.

This city, so rich in scenic treasures, possesses a most agreeable climate also, for during the hottest days of July and August—and they are nothing to the torrid climate of the Atlantic States—cooling breezes from the snow-clad mountains and the frigid waters of the Sound fan it to a most delicious temperature, that leaves the traveler nothing to wish for in that direction. The nights are always cool enough to enable one to sleep soundly beneath a fair quantity of bed-clothing; and the twilight lasts so long that even those with poor sight can read a book as late as nine or ten o'clock without any other light than that furnished by Nature. If I wished to revel in a season of *dolce far niente*, I know of no other place on the continent that I would prefer to this charming spot, for none seems to possess a tithe of its manifold attractions. Here may be enjoyed all the pleasures of the rod and gun in a most unusual degree, for one need scarcely move three miles from town to try his powers on bear or deer, while grouse and other game-birds are so numerous in July and August that they can be killed with revolvers, or even sticks and stones. The Sound affords a great variety of fishing, and every stream abounds with trout, and furnishes ample scope for the fly-fisher to test his skill.

Civilization and barbarism can also be contrasted at a glance, as Indian villages are scattered about in various places along the beach, and large numbers of their occupants may be encountered along-shore digging for clams, or selling them and other piscatorial commodities to the white inhabitants. It is certainly amusing to watch the red lords sit quietly in their canoes, while their spouses ply a sharp stick in search of the bivalves, and, when they have gathered a boat-load, lazily paddle ashore to receive it.

It seems to me, judging from the actions of the

Flatheads, that it requires more laziness to kill an Indian than any creature living. The noble red-man condescends sometimes to sell the products of his squaw's industry, but, that done, he hies to some spot where the so-called "missionary whiskey" is sold, and invests his money in this fiery liquid, which, according to local tradition, is said to be "able to kill at three hundred yards on sight." The result of the investment, is that the demoniacal yelling of drunken savages often disturbs the silence of the night, and keeps many a pale-face engaged in hurling imprecations at them when they should be soundly sleeping.

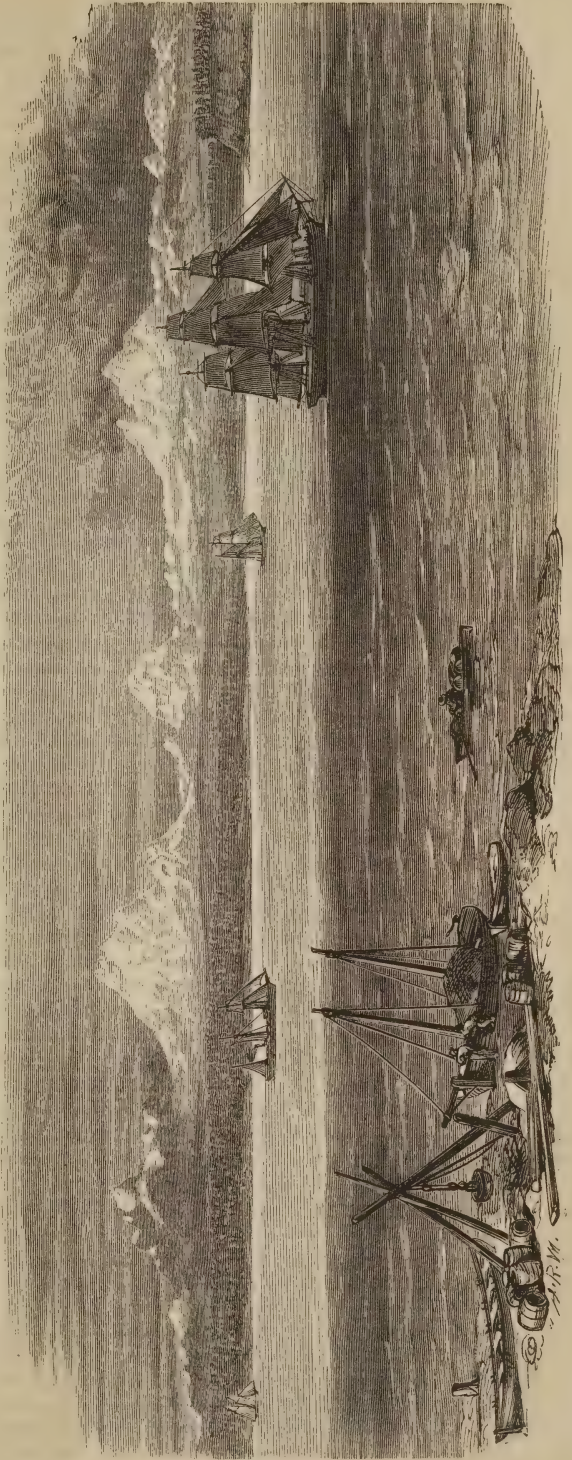
The presence of the *siwashes* in this locality has affected the conversation of the whites to such an extent that the uninitiated stranger would be at a loss to understand many of their terms. It is not unusual, for instance, to hear a young lady, who patters her French glibly, say that *hiyou* persons attended the last sociable; that Mr. Smith is a great *tyee*, or chief, in society; that the Browns are *elip tillicums*, or of the first families; that a certain spot is a good picnicking *illahee*; or that the last concert was a *closh* musical *wa-wa*—a good concert. The word *chuck* was the most frequent term I heard for water among the pioneers, and *tyee* for some local celebrity. All the old citizens speak the Indian tongue, known as the Chinook, as fluently as the natives themselves. This language, which is formed of Indian, English, and French words, was originated by the Hudson Bay Fur Company in order that the coast tribes might have one language, which traders could understand. The result of their linguistic efforts is, that any person now who speaks the Chinook can travel among the Northwestern tribes with facility, as all, except the very old people, will readily understand him. The missionaries have also found it very useful in giving instruction in Christian doctrines, and nearly all their sermons are now delivered in that vernacular.

The most popular hymns have been translated into metrical Chinook, so we find every red-man indulging in psalms when he is seized with a fit of devotion. They render them somewhat incongruous, if not ridiculous, however, quite frequently, by uniting with them an erotic or bacchanalian ditty, composed by some poetical white scapegrace whose ideas of propriety might be considered open to criticism. I heard a young warrior, for instance, who was quite proud of the numerous hymns which he had committed to memory, commence one by stating how little he cared for only one bottle of whiskey, then suddenly plunge into a petition to the Omnipotence to give him his daily bread and a seat in Zion after death. I could not help laughing at the sudden transition, and this act of mine so incensed him that he broke off suddenly, and no amount of persuasion could again induce him to try his vocal power. The red-men who frequent Olympia do not indulge much in such devotional exercises, however, they being too much absorbed in hunting for fire-water to have any time to spare for pious purposes. I bade adieu to this classical city with feelings of regret, as I found its inhabi-

tants kind, genial, and hospitable, and devotedly attached to their charming abodes.

Going aboard the handsome steamer that plies between Olympia and British Columbia, a run of twenty-four miles placed me at Steilacoom, a hamlet having a population of about three hundred. The scenery around this is very charming, owing to the long stretches of flower-clad prairies which extend from it in every direction; the numerous groves that deck them, as if they were planted by a skillful landscape-gardener; and the magnificent view which the Cascade Range, with its heavy masses of snow, presents at all times. Pretty tarns are also quite numerous, and one, American Lake, is famous for the clearness of its water, and the fact that it rises and falls as if it were governed by the action of the tides in the Sound. These lakes are always the scene of an animated bird-life, as large flocks of wild-geese, ducks, and other *nata-tores*, may be found riding their pellucid waters at all seasons. Steilacoom itself, though unknown to general fame, has some historical importance. It was from it that General Harney dispatched Lieutenant Pickett, since famous as a Confederate commander, to seize San Juan Island, which the British Columbians claimed for themselves.

Many stirring anecdotes of those days are related by the enthusiastic pioneers, and with honest pride they dwell upon the integrity, spirit, and bravery of that fine type of the American soldier, the veteran general, and the gallant nonchalance of his young officer, who, when told by the pompous British commander that if he did not quit the island the English fleet would land its soldiers and capture his miserable excuse of a fortification, replied that the threats could in all probability be enforced, but that many a red-coat would deck its bastion ere they were fulfilled. His careless bearing, easy indifference, and genial hospitality, prevented, undoubtedly, the angry Britons from overcoming a prudent inactivity, and this led to our late quiet possession of the place through the gracious assent of his Germanic majesty. When the island was occupied conjointly by British and American troops, and magistrates were appointed by both nations to mete out justice to all, the judicial dignity of



CASCADE RANGE FROM PUGET SOUND.

the Britons was so shocked by the action of their American contemporaries on the bench that they were compelled to retire from the association through fear of ridicule. The English magistrate appointed to the island circuit being impressed with his own importance appeared in court in faultless attire, and wearing the most fashionable gloves. His Yankee *confrère*, who was appointed apparently for the special purpose of contrast, appeared in an old suit of rusty gray, a collarless flannel shirt, and his large and horny hands never knew any covering other than a coating of clay. British dignity could scarcely stand such company, and it was only a severe sense of duty that made the English justice bear with the association. The last straw, however, was heaped on one day, when the American judicial came into court with unkempt hair and beard and the inevitable old suit, but arrayed, ye gods! in a brand-new pair of glaring-yellow kid-gloves, through which the hands seemed to have sprawled. When he took his seat on the bench, to the disgust of the other, and held up his hands, with fingers outstretched, the audience in the court roared with laughter to such an extent that no business could be transacted. This attempt at imitation or mockery was so evident that even the Britons could not suppress their laughter; and the result was, that the English magistrate retreated from the bench in a fit of disgusted anger, and vowed he would never again sit with such a boor. He kept his word; so the American residents were tried thereafter before their rude though just and fun-loving justice of the peace. This was what they aimed at; so American diplomacy had gained another victory.

Tales of this sort, and many others of a kindred class, are related with great gusto and native flavor by the Steilacoomers, as they consider that their town had no small share in the action that led to the capture of San Juan. Taking the train four miles back of this hamlet, I next halted at Tacoma, the northern terminus of the railroad. The route led through the same omnipresent forests that characterize the entire area west of the Cascade Range—an area embracing some thirty thousand square miles. The embryo city of Tacoma occupies a charming location on Puget Sound, from which fine views of Mounts Rainier, St. Helen's, Olympus, and other famous snow-peaks, are visible. Avenues, parks, and public squares are laid out among burnt stumps, felled trees, and piles of dirt; but, as the city does not boast any population worth mentioning, it will be at least a year or two before these high-sounding boulevards are ready for occupation. Half a mile below it is old Tacoma, a rudely-built hamlet possessing three hundred inhabitants, and boasting a daily newspaper. Being devoted to lumbering, the residents look with envy upon their new rival farther up, as they fear that it will capture their trade and leave them financial wrecks at some indefinite future time. This village, which is old in name but young in existence, gives one an excellent idea of the amount of patience and energy required to build a town in the wilderness, and its most unromantic aspect when

streets are indicated solely by charred stumps, and the houses have no more regularity of arrangement than if they were dropped in a shower of rain. All lumbering-marts have a certain air of picturesqueness and activity unusual to places of their size, and Tacoma is no exception to the rule, for, though its avenues may exist only on paper, yet its miles of logs scattered along the beach, its piles of sawed lumber, and the number of ships in the harbor, prove that it will at some future day have the importance for which its people sigh.

The trees used for the manufacture of lumber are confined to two principal species, the *Picea Douglasii* or red, and the *P. grandis* or yellow, fir. These forest giants stand preëminent in utility and profusion, and are excelled in dimension only by the *Sequoias* of California. The first-mentioned species often attains a height of four hundred and a diameter of fifteen feet, and one has been known to yield eighty thousand feet of lumber! The second is not considered to be as useful for general purposes as the first; but for special objects it is without a rival. It is the tree usually selected for the enormous ship-spars which the Territory exports to all portions of the world; and so much are its qualities appreciated that the principal European governments have agents there to purchase the quantity they may desire. The wood is fine-grained and elastic, and capable of standing a very heavy pressure before yielding. There are some thirty lumber-mills along the Sound, which cut about four million feet per year; but that is only a fraction of what they can do, for they can supply the whole world with timber if necessary. This region must, therefore, become in the future the great ship-building and the lumber mart of the world, its resources in woods being apparently unlimited.

From Tacoma all travel to the northward, except by Indian trails, is by water, roads not having been opened up yet between the various points. This causes steamboats to flourish, and their heavy smoke may be seen curling upward in all directions throughout the Sound. Every variety, whether engaged in the passenger-traffic or not, seems anxious to secure a fare, and this propensity on the part of the captains was the means of enabling me to get away from Tacoma a day in advance of the departure of the regular steamer. I was fortunate enough to secure a passage for Seattle, some thirty miles to the north, on a craft so small that a waggish friend on shore advised me in case I chewed tobacco not to move it in my mouth for fear of upsetting her; but notwithstanding her diminutive proportions she possessed speed, and soon landed me at my destination.

The scenery down the Sound was made more than usually interesting by the frequent sight of fishing-hamlets and the presence of large fleets of Indian canoes bound for the fishing-grounds. The adulations bestowed upon this splendid inland sea have been glowing indeed, yet to me its great charm lies more in its own magnitude and the calm grandeur of its surroundings than in brilliant effects. During the day, if the weather be fine, the colors



SCENERY OF PUGET SOUND.

visible are confined to three, namely, the glistening white of the snow-peaks, the deep, sombre green of the forests, and the blue of the sky and water. To find brilliant effects one must wait until the roseate hues of the evening sun illumine the scene, and then colors which the eye cannot even recognize, so soft and delicate are they, greet the vision in such numbers as to be compared only to the kaleidoscope. Strong contrasts of color, magnitude of area, and cold sublimity may, therefore, be said to form the characteristics of the Puget Sound scenery.

At Seattle the tourist will find a most interesting body of water in Lake Washington, it being the largest tarn in the Territory. It has a length of twenty-five miles, and a width of from three to five; and as a representative of lakes buried in wooded regions is one of the best on the continent. It is surrounded by heavy forests, which extend in unbroken lines up the many-ridged hills which always surround such bodies of water in the Northwest; while high above all looms Mount Rainier, a snow-peak estimated to be over fourteen thousand feet in height. It was supposed at one time that the Federal Government would use this lake as a fresh-water naval station for the building of vessels. The selection would be an excellent one, as it could be connected with the Sound by a channel that would not cost over one million dollars, owing to its having an altitude of eighteen feet above the sea-level, and being distant only one mile, by way of Lake Union, from Duwamish Bay. Its banks yield coal, iron, and lumber, and the water is deep enough to float the heaviest ships; and from these facts it is pre-

sumed that when the Territory becomes more populous the great navy-yard of the country will be established there.

The city of Seattle, which is now supposed to be the future metropolis of the Territory, has a population of about three thousand, and, being the centre of a large area of country, does a very heavy business compared with its size. It boasts the honor of being the seat of the Territorial University, a large wooden structure, having pretensions to the Ionic school of architecture, which sits perched on a piece of elevated ground that commands a fine view of the bay in front and portions of Puget Sound proper. As a seat of learning it is, of course, far below what its high-sounding name indicates; academy would, perhaps, be more appropriate, but that name would never do for the ambitious Westerners, who like sonorous terms, even though they are but the shadows of the substance. It is open to both sexes; but its advantages are not, evidently, much appreciated, judging by the number of pupils on the rolls, the average yearly attendance not exceeding one hundred and sixty. The corps of professors—amounting, I believe, to something like two, or perhaps one—is supported by a tuition-fee, as the land-grant which the institution owns is not yet sufficiently valuable to yield funds enough to pay expenses. The common schools are very well attended; for, according to law, every child between the age of eight and sixteen must attend school at least three months in the year. There are about one hundred and eighty schools in the Territory, attended by nearly six thousand children, and this, out of a total population of

perhaps thirty-six thousand, is certainly a good showing, and speaks well for the people. Seattle is justly proud of its prosperity, delightful situation, and the fertile country about it; but its greatest boast is its institutions of learning. The city was formerly called New York, but in a fit of generosity the inhabitants changed the name to that which it now bears in honor of Seattle, chief of the Duwamish tribe of Indians, who proved himself the steadfast friend of the whites during the dark days of 1855-'56, when they could not move out of the town without risking their lives. It was he who sent word to his pale-faced brethren that they would be attacked by a large body of warriors on a certain day; and this timely information prevented not only a massacre, but was the means of driving the warlike savages out of that section of country; for, when they attacked the settlement, they were received so warmly by the little garrison, and shelled so vigorously by the sloop-of-war Decatur, that they never again attempted the capture of any village along the Sound. The old chief, who possessed a face unusually kind and expressive for one of his race, lived to a ripe old age, revered by all who knew him.

From Seattle I made an excursion to the Cascade Range, several miles distant. My journey proved only that some of the richest alluvial land on the continent was to be found deeply buried in the woods; that mountain-valleys, as pretty as any scene the mind could portray, were hidden amid rocky pinnacles; and that streams, unsurpassed in vigor and pleasant accessories, burst from their snowy couches only to steal as gentle brooks through meadows far below their origin. The country was so new that I felt as if I were alone with Nature; and, in thinking of my situation, I felt as if it would be pleasant to fall back into primitiveness, provided the vision presented was always as agreeable. It is wonderful how soon one forgets civilization amid such scenes, and how very easy it is to relapse into that errant life peculiar to the red-man, which is so free, yet so uncertain. If that alone constitutes barbarism, then I can say that barbarism, for a time at least, is very agreeable.

One of the pleasantest excursions about Seattle is a visit to Snoqualmie Falls, called by some genius of a poetical temperament the "Niagara of the Northwest." These have a height of two hundred and seventy feet, and a width of from twenty to eighty, according to the condition of the river from which they receive their name. Being hemmed in by dense woods, enveloped at the base by huge crags of augitic basalt, dark as the shadows of night, and fed by a rapid stream, they possess in a large degree all the elements of the best scenes produced by falling water. They are more than picturesque; they are grand, and have an air of solitude and isolation which one feels the moment he enters their presence. They are carefully avoided by the Indians, they believing that the roar of the water is the wailing of the dead who are lamenting their sins, and that any intrusion on their ground would be resented with death.

One of the traditions about the falls is that a large party of mountain-warriors, who were at war with a coast-tribe, attempted to surprise a band of the latter one dark night while they were encamped near the base of the cascade. Being unacquainted with the river, their canoes were hurled onward by the turbulent current, and, despite their frantic efforts to get into placid waters or reach the shore, they were carried over the falls and dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Their death-shout was the first intimation the sleeping encampment received of the proximity of its foes; but, after the first fear was over, the suddenly-aroused braves lighted fires, and went searching for their enemies, scalping all they found, and mutilating the remains in such a manner that any tribe who might discover them would be certain to know that it was the bravery of the Snoqualmie warriors that had sent so many foes to the spirit-land. Having completed their work, the proud band set out for their own village, and entered it with shouts and songs of joy, the envy of every man and the pride of every woman who had not been present at the successful catastrophe. The young chief who had controlled the party was admired so much for his good-fortune that he was appointed to the supreme command of the village, and from that day forth success attended the standard of the tribe. The fame of its warriors had become so great that they were deemed invincible, and few foes dared to measure spears with them. The descendants of these invincibles must have deteriorated sadly of late; for to-day they are as poor and plebeian a throng as ever wore moccasins, and the last in the world to be taken for the descendants of high-spirited sires. As Indians are without any exception the best human representatives of "Much Ado about Nothing," I fear their tales of great deeds are founded more in fiction than fact, and that they exalt petty actions unworthy the consideration of children into symbols of heroism. Whatever the race may be, it is certainly very interesting to have such legends attached to places, as they identify them more closely with the life of man.

On the prairies back of Seattle may be found a little animal of curious traits and ungainly form, about which scarcely anything is known, and which is never mentioned in any works of natural history that I have read. It is called the *sewellel* or *showwl* by the natives, but it is known to science as the *Aplodontia leporina*, Sir John Richardson having thus denominated it on account of its peculiar dental formation. It is a rodent, yet has toothless molars; and the post-orbital process is entirely absent. It has many of the habits of the spermophiles, or ground-squirrels, yet resembles the beaver also in several traits, but principally in the manner in which it cuts the roots and shrubs on which it lives. Being very cautious, and, as a rule, deeply buried in the earth, the eyes are exceedingly small, as if they were not required for a broad range of vision. The ears, which are not unlike those of a human being in contour, lie close to the head. The claws, which are strong and sharp, are powerful mining-imple-

ments ; so, when pursued, the animal digs a burrow to secure safety for itself—or attempts one, at least—if its own is not convenient. Being the only species and genus of its family yet found, it possesses much interest for naturalists, as it is a rare occurrence for Nature to be so stinted in her production of variety in animals. Its purpose in the economy of creation, unless it is to keep up the harmonious chain, and connect the squirrel and beaver families by gentle

their own race. For this reason they pretend to entertain some reverence for it, but they take excellent care to feast on its flesh whenever they get an opportunity, they considering it a delicious *bonne bouche*, and unsurpassed in gastronomic qualities.

Having visited all places of interest around Seattle, I took passage on a steamer whose course led among the islands of the Washington Archipelago and the hamlets along Possession Sound. The



SNOQUALMIE FALLS.

gradation, is a matter of conjecture which has not yet been solved. Being only about thirteen inches long, and from five to seven high, it is preyed upon by prairie-wolves, foxes, and badgers, the latter being its most determined foe. A brace of badgers will destroy a showtl-colony in a few minutes, as they follow the defenseless occupants into their burrows, and kill them with the same spirit and ease that a terrier would a house-rat. The Indians have a tradition that this little creature was the first animal endowed with life, and the source whence sprung

route to the north revealed the same apparently limitless sea of foliage and towering snow-peaks, whose solitude seemed unbroken by the presence of man, which I had passed farther south. After a run of a few miles, however, the heavy, curling smoke which loitered above the tree-tops in several places proved that we were approaching the celebrated lumbering-towns for which Puget Sound is famous. These are occupied only by those engaged in the mills, outsiders being tabooed for fear they might undertake some mercantile transactions which would

injure the business of the companies owning the factories and town-sites.

The most important of those that we passed was Port Gamble, which boasts the largest lumbering-

Like all places possessing an alluvial soil, esculents, tuberous roots, and grasses thrive admirably, and are unsurpassed in size and quality. I loitered there several days, thence proceeded by way of Possession



SAW-MILL, PORT GAMBLE.

mill in the world, its capacity being estimated at one hundred thousand feet per day. This is situated on Hood's Canal, a branch of the Sound, specially remarkable for its pretty harbors and charming scenery. Its bluffs are so bold that a ship could be ranged alongside and fastened to a tree on shore without incurring any danger of getting aground. This assertion might also be made about the whole of Puget Sound with few exceptions, and it is this fact that makes it the finest and safest harbor in the world.

Having passed these places, the next object to attract attention was Skaget Head, a bold promontory which forms the southern limit of Whidby Island. This island is remarkable for the peculiarity of its cervidæ, nearly every deer upon it being handsomely mottled, while some are a pure white. This effect is undoubtedly due to climate, as the animals belong to the white-tailed species (*Cervus leucurus*) indigenous to the region bordering the Pacific Ocean. It also contains several vagrant plants, which, according to botanical lore, should remain farther south; the principal species being the *Lathyrus maritima*, *Potentilla anserina*, *Plantago maritima*, *Glarix maritima*, the *Ruppia* and *Zostera*.

It is also famous for its lakes and the fertility of its soil, it being no unusual thing to produce twenty tons of cabbages or carrots from an acre of land.

Sound to the Snohomish River. A canoe-trip up this stream proved the difficulty of forcing a passage through rapid currents and heavy jams of trees with the power of only two Indians, so I relinquished my tour the second day, and turned my face toward the Indian Reservation of Tulalip, where half a dozen coast tribes live together in peace.

Here I was received kindly by the acting superintendent, Father Chirouise, a missionary who has spent his life in trying to civilize and Christianize the Indians of the Northwest. He has been more than successful; and not an Indian is there on the reservation who does not bless him for his zeal in their behalf. He has two schools under his charge, one being devoted to the girls, the other to the boys. The Sisters have charge of the first, and a priest of the Oblate Order and two Christian Brothers of the other. The boys devote the forenoon to study in the schoolroom, and the afternoon to instruction in farming and gardening. They are now such adepts at the latter business that they raise all the fruits and vegetables needed for their own food. The girls are taught plain cooking, how to make their own dresses and repair the clothing of the boys, and are well grounded in rudimentary education. They are, besides, taught true politeness, and few young ladies who attend the most fashionable academies could instruct them in etiquette. When I entered the school-

room all the pupils arose without a signal, and bowed as politely as if they had graduated from Mrs. Grundy's fashionable establishment, and remained standing until ordered to be seated by their teacher. Several of them read aloud, and answered questions in mathematics and geography with a readiness most surprising. They also sang patriotic songs in English, and hymns in French and Latin, with a precision one would not expect from the children of untutored savages. I was so pleased with their proficiency, and the cleanliness and tidiness of their persons, that I felt free to say they were the most comfortably-dressed, well-bred Indian children I had ever seen. I found on investigation that the pure-blooded girls were equally as intelligent as the half-breeds, of which there were many—the majority, in fact—and excelled them in many respects. If all teachers took the same pains with their charges that these humble, holy women do, we should hear very little about Indian wars.

During my stay on the reservation I witnessed one of the most interesting burial ceremonies it was ever my fortune to behold. The child of a young man, a graduate of the school, having died, Father Chirouse was asked to read the service for the dead over it. With his permission I accompanied him to the hamlet where the child lay, some two miles distant. On debarking from our canoe the entire village turned out, and escorted the priest to a cabin where the corpse rested in its humble casket of pine-boards, covered with white cloth. Arrived there, the holy man donned a few simple vestments; the father of the deceased lighted two candles, and gave one each to two men who stood at the head and foot of the coffin; the priest read the prayers for the dead, and, sprinkling the bier with holy-water, ordered the auditors to move close to him. He then explained the purport of the ceremony in their native tongue, and gave them to understand that, inasmuch as the child was free from sin, it had gone to its heavenly home. This finished, the coffin was taken up by four men; a procession of the villagers formed behind them, and, with the opening of the solemn chant of the Litany for the Dead, marched to the grave. A boy at the head of the column rung a weird-sounding bell every few seconds; the priest sung in Gregorian voice the "Laudate Domine" in Latin, and the processionists answered in their own guttural language. When the casket was lowered into its humble receptacle amid the dripping shrubbery, a final prayer was read, the grave was sprinkled with holy-water, and the ceremony was finished. The mourners on their return homeward sung in a most plaintive manner the "Pater Noster" and "Ave Maria," an old chief, in deep, sonorous tones, chanting the first part, and the responses being made by

the remainder. After reaching the cabin several of the men delivered orations, calling upon their auditors to do good, and that they would all rejoice the loved one departed in the land of eternal bliss. Many an affirmative "Ugh!" was grunted out by the listeners to express their approbation of the rude oratory; but the squaws, who sat perched on their heels around the room, had not a word to say. This ceremony impressed me as most poetical, for the previous Indian burial I had seen was among the Diggers of California, and they not only burned the body of the deceased, but kept up a most fearful howling around the pyre all night long. The contrast between both was so great that I could not help comparing them, and deducing that Christianity had benefited the savages in one way at least.

Bidding good-by to my hospitable hosts on the reservation, I took passage on a steamer for Port Townsend, formerly notorious as the home of the "beach-combers," made famous—or rather infamous—by Ross Browne and other writers of the early days of the Pacific coast. They have long since departed to another land by the same means which they used to gain a livelihood, so the place has now become a quiet, pleasant abode for decent people. Its greatest human attraction at present is the Duke of York, chief of the Chemicum Indians, who enjoys the proud honor of being married to two spouses named Jenny Lind and Queen Victoria, while his sons rejoice in the names of Napoleon, Andrew Jackson, and Thomas H. Benton. He is a very important personage in his own estimation, while the county authorities consider him a nuisance, owing to his bibulous propensity. The country around Port Townsend is famous for the esculents it produces and its immense parks of rhododendrons, which in size of stalk and brilliancy of colors are unsurpassed. The city—every hamlet in the West is a city—has a population of eight hundred, contains the custom-house for the Sound district, and a good marine hospital. Some fine views are visible from its bluffs, the most notable being the volcanic snow-peak of Mount Baker, which frequently emits heavy volumes of smoke. Leaving this place again by steamer, I went on a tour among the islands of the Washington Archipelago, and wandered about them for two weeks, making my excursions both on foot and by canoe. Many of these are still unoccupied, although they are exceedingly fertile, well adapted for grazing purposes, and stocked to repletion with game, both fur and feather, while every stream and tarn abounds with delicious trout. Were it not for their distance from a market, they would be one of the pleasantest abodes farmers could wish; but to tourists they afford one of the finest roaming-grounds on the continent at all times.

BY CELIA'S ARBOR :

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

AUGUSTUS IN THE LEGAL.

I HAD one short experience of the way in which other people work for money. It lasted three months, and happened when Mr. Tyrrell, out of pure kindness, proposed that I should enter his office. He said many handsome things about me in making this offer, especially in reference to his daughter, and pledged himself to give me my articles if I took to the work.

I accepted, on the condition that I kept my afternoons free for Celia, and began the study of the law.

Well, suffice it to say that after three months the captain became my ambassador to convey my resignation. And the only good thing I got out of my legal experience was the friendship of the Bramblers.

Augustus Brambler, the head of the family, was one of Mr. Tyrrell's clerks. Not the head-clerk, who was a man of consideration, and had an office to himself, but one of half a dozen who sat in the room built for them at the side of the house, and drove the quill, for very slender wage, from nine in the morning to eight at night. Augustus was no longer young when I first met him, being then past forty years of age. And, although the other clerks were little more than boys, Augustus sat among them with cheerful countenance and contented heart. He was short of stature, and his face was innocent of whisker and as smooth as any woman's; his features were sketchy, his eyes were large and bright, but his expression, in office-hours, was maintained at a high pressure of unrelenting zeal. Nature intended him to be stout, but, with that curious disregard for her colleague which Fate often shows, his income prevented the carrying out of Nature's intention. So that he remained thin, and, perhaps, in consequence, preserved his physical activity, which was that of a schoolboy. I was placed under his charge, and received papers to copy, while the chief clerk gave me books to read. I did copy the papers, to my infinite disgust, and I tried to read the books, but here I failed.

Augustus Brambler, I soon discovered, did the least responsible work in the office, enjoying a certain consideration by reason of the enormous enthusiasm which he brought into the service. He magnified his humble office; saw in it something great and splendid; beheld in himself the spring of the whole machine; and identified himself with the success of the house. You would think, to listen to him, that he had achieved the highest ambition of his life in becoming a clerk to Mr. Tyrrell, that his weekly

stipend of thirty shillings was a large and magnificent income, and that the firm was maintained by his own personal exertions.

Certainly, these were not wanting. He was in the office first in the morning, and left it the last in the evening. He kept the other clerks to their work, not only by example but by precept, admonishing them by scraps of proverbial philosophy, such as—in the case of one who longed to finish and be gone—

"Hurry and haste are worsen than waste;"

or of one who was prone to scamp the work in order to talk—

"Sure and slow is the way to go;"

while in the case—too common among lawyers' clerks—of one who came too late to office, he had a verse as apt as if it had been a Shakespearean quotation, though I have never seen it in Shakespeare.

"What," he would say, "do we learn from the poet?—

'Get up betimes, and at the dawn of day
For health and strength to serve your master pray.
Sharp at clock-striking, at the point of eight,
Present yourself before the office-gate.'

"It should have been nine," he would add, "but for the sake of the rhyme."

His eagerness to work was partly counterbalanced by his inability to do anything. He knew nothing whatever, after years of law-work, of the most ordinary legal procedure; he could not even be trusted to copy a document correctly. And yet he was never idle, never wasting his employer's time. Mostly he seemed to be ruling lines laboriously in red ink, and I often wondered what became of the many reams beautified by Augustus with such painful assiduity. At other times he would take down old office-books, ledgers, and so forth, and, after dusting them tenderly, would turn over the leaves, brows bent, pencil in hand, as if he was engaged in a research of the most vital importance. At all events, he did not allow the juniors to waste their time, and, as I afterward found out, was only continued in the service of Mr. Tyrrell because he earned his weekly stipend by keeping the youngsters at their work, carrying with him wherever he went an atmosphere of zeal.

He had not been always in the present profession.

"I have been," he would say, grandly, "in the Clerical, in the Scholastic, and in the Legal. Noble professions, all three! I began in the Clerical—was a clerk at Grant & Gumption's, where we had—ah!—a royal business, and turned over our cool thousands. Thought nothing of thousands in that wholesale house. Mr. Gumption, the junior partner—he

was an affable and kind-spoken man—once took me aside, after I had been there two years or so, and spoke to me confidentially. 'Brambler,' he said, 'the fact is, this work is not good enough for you. That's where it is; you're too good for the work we give you. I should say you ought to change it for something superior—say in the commercial-academy line, where your abilities would have full scope—full scope.' I thought that advice was very kindly meant, and I took it, though it really was a blow to give up sharing in those enormous profits. However, he seemed to know best what was to my advantage, and so I retired from Grant & Gumption's with the best of recommendations, and joined Mr. Hezekiah Ryler, B. A., in his select academy for young gentlemen. Perhaps the salary was not so good as might have been desired, but the work—there was the great advantage—the work was splendid. There you are, you know, that's what it is, in that line—there you are. Dozens of possible Shakespeares learning their Latin grammar under your direction; posterity safe to read about you. 'This great man,' the biographer will say, 'was educated at the select academy of Mr. Hezekiah Ryler, B. A., one of whose assistants was the zealous Augustus Brambler.' That thought was enough to reconcile me to much that was disagreeable, for there are things about the work of an ush—I mean the assistant of a commercial academy—which some men might not like. I was with Mr. Ryler, B. A., for a year, I think, when he suggested—his manner was kindness itself—that perhaps I should find a more congenial sphere for my talents. I gave up the Scholastic and tried some other line. He was so good as to suggest the Legal, and so I tried it. That was twenty years ago. Since then I've been going backward and forward between the Scholastic, the Legal, and the Clerical. It's a very remarkable thing, if you come to think of it, to be born with a genius fit for all three professions!"

He firmly believed himself endowed by Nature with exceptional qualities, which fitted him equally for the positions of commercial clerk, legal clerk, or schoolmaster, and regarded the numerous dismissals which rewarded his labors as so many compliments to his energy and worth. In the sense I have already explained he was invaluable; his honesty and enthusiasm were contagious, and he never, I am sure, understood that, owing to some strange fogging of his enthusiastic brain, he could do nothing at all in the way in which it ought to have been done. When he was in the employment of a merchant his figures always came out wrong; when he was a teacher the boys never learned anything; and, when he was a lawyer's clerk, he could only be trusted to rule lines in red ink, copy letters in the press, serve a writ, and make a show, with a pile of paper, of doing important work. Yet, because the man was well known in the town for his breezy enthusiasm, for his integrity, and for the honesty which characterized all he did,

Augustus Brambler had never been long without a place. He was now, however, a fixture at Mr. Tyrrell's.

One evening, after I had been a month or so in the office, he invited me, in the finest manner, to take supper at his house. Had he bidden me to a lordly banquet the invitation could not have been conveyed more grandly. I accepted, and walked home with him, presently finding myself in a back-parlor lighted by a single candle, multiplied by two on our arrival. The cloth was laid for supper, and half a dozen children, from ten or twelve downward, crowded round the bread-winner, and noisily welcomed him home. They were all absurdly like their father: their eyes were as twinkling; their faces as full of eager enthusiasm. And there was exactly the



"Would turn over the leaves, brows bent," etc.—Page 396.

same regularity of diminution in their size that may be remarked in a set of Pandean pipes.

The mother, on the other hand, was thin and anxious-looking. It was easy to see that this poor, wan-cheeked, and careworn creature shared none of her husband's golden joy in the present.

We sat down at once to the meal, Augustus Brambler saying grace in an impressive manner. It was a rich and even an unctuous grace—such a grace as might be pronounced before a City dinner, thanking the Lord for the many and various good things he had provided for his creatures. And then, the hearts of all attuned to the solemnity of the occasion, he seized the knife, and looked round him with the air of one who is about to commence an important work. "Bread, my children. Bread-and-cheese. Your mother will carve the cheese.—Mr. Pulaski—I should say, perhaps, Count Pulaski? No.—My dear,

Mr. Pulaski takes supper with us *incognito*, like a foreign prince. It is not often that we receive a nobleman at our simple table. Pray assist Mr. Pulaski from the green corner, which is more tasty.—Crust, Mr. Pulaski?—Forty-seven, your elbows are on the table.—Forty-six, calm your impatience.—That boy, Mr. Pulaski, will carry through life the effects of the fatal year in which he was born."

While he talked he went on distributing crust and crumb with the same vigor with which he was wont to rule the red-ink lines.

I ventured to ask if the children had no Christian names.

"It is only their father's way," said the mother. "They *have* names like any other Christians, but I don't think they know them themselves."

Augustus—the children being now all helped—sat back in his chair, and waved his hand with importance.

"My own theory," he explained; "formed even before I married, while I was in the Clerical. Matured while in the Scholastic, where I had access to works of philosophy, including the first book of Euclid; and to works of biography, including Cornelius Nepos. Published, if I may use the expression, while in the Legal. It is this, Mr. Pulaski. Childhood catches measles and whooping-cough, and shakes them off; but a child never shakes off the influences—Forty-eight, if you do not obey your sister you shall go to bed—of the year in which it was born. My eldest," he said, pointing to the tallest of his family, a girl, "was born in '44. She is therefore predisposed to poetry."

I did not ask why, but the girl, a pretty child of twelve, blushed, and looked pleased.

"Her brother, Forty-five," Augustus continued, "is restless and discontented. That is easily explained if you think of the events of that year.—A tendency, my boy, which you will have to combat during life. Like asthma."

"When we come to Forty-six," he went on, "what can we expect? The famine year. The appetite of that boy would strain the finances of a Rothschild."

Forty-six, who was a healthy, rosy-cheeked boy, with no outward marks of the great famine upon his fat little figure, was working his way diligently through a great crust of bread-and-cheese. He looked up, laughed, and went on eating.

"Forty-seven"—pointing to a little girl—"the year of calm. The calm before the storm. The next boy is Forty-eight. Ah, the year of rebellion! He is a boy who questions authority. If that boy does not take care to struggle with his tendency, I should not be surprised, when he grows up, to find him throwing doubt upon the Thirty-nine Articles—"

"O Augustus!" cried his wife.

"I should not, indeed, my dear. Forty-nine is gone to bed. So is Fifty. So is Fifty-two."

I was afraid to ask after Fifty-one for fear there had been a loss, but I suppose the question showed in my face, because the family faces instantly clouded over.

"We never had a Fifty-one," said Augustus, sorrowfully.

His wife sighed, and the little girls put their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Forty-six took advantage of the general emotion to help himself to another piece of bread.

"No Fifty-one," Augustus sighed. "It was our unlucky fate. What a boy that Fifty-one would have been! All the wealth and genius of the world came to the front that year. I even wish, sometimes, that he had been twins."

We were all deeply touched, nor did it occur to me till afterward that we were lamenting over a mere solution in the chain of annual continuity.

"But talking is dry work," resumed Augustus, taking up a brown jug, one of those jolly old jugs with a hunt upon them in relief that are now only to be seen in the National Club, and bestowing an Anacreontic smile upon his family. "What have we here, boys and girls, eh? What have we?"—as if there were an infinite choice of drinks in that house. He poured out a glass, holding it up to the light, turning it about, and critically catching the color at the proper angle. "Clear as a bell—sparkling as champagne. Let us taste it. Toast-and-water, my children—aha! Toast-and-water—and—the—very—best—I ever tasted."

We had glasses round, and all smacked our lips over the nasty concoction, and he went on in his enthusiastic strain.

"It is a splendid business, the Legal. We are making—not to betray the confidence of the house, only we are here all friends—we are actually making more than two hundred pounds a month; think of that, children, Two—Hundred—Pounds a month. Fifty pounds a week—eight pounds, six shillings, and eightpence, every working-day. Nearly fifteen shillings an hour—threepence a minute!"

All the children gave a great gasp. At the moment they firmly believed their father to be personally in receipt of this fine income. Poor little shabby boys and girls, with their darned and patched clothes, their bread-and-cheese banquets, and their toast-and-water! It was, indeed, a splendid income that their father enjoyed.

Supper ended, the children went off to bed. Then we put out the candles, not to waste light, and sat round the open window for half an hour, for it was a warm night, talking.

At least Augustus Brambler talked. And I began to see in what an atmosphere of imaginary ease the man lived and moved. His social position was, in his own eyes, an enviable one; his abilities were recognized; his future was one of steady advance; his children were well fed, well dressed, and well educated; his poor wife as happy as himself.

From time to time I heard a footstep overhead.

"It is Herr Räumer. We allow him to occupy our first floor," Augustus explained, grandly. He was not by any means anxious to hide the fact that he had a lodger who paid the whole of the rent, but it was his way of putting it.

I knew Herr Räumer by sight, because he came

a good deal to Mr. Tyrrell's office. He was a German—a very big man, tall and stout, with a white mustache—a great mass of perfectly white hair, of the creamy whiteness which does not convey the impression of age or decay—and had a tread like a cat for lightness. He walked as upright as a soldier, wore blue spectacles out-of-doors, and had a curious voice, very deep, with a rasp in it. But as yet I had never spoken to him.

"He is our lodger," said Mrs. Brambler. "And he gives us a deal of trouble with his veal-cutlets."

"Eats them with prunes," said Augustus.

"And complains of his tea. But he pays his bill every week, and what we should do without him I am sure I do not know. He is a very regular man. He has dinner at six, and smokes his pipe till half-past ten. Then he goes to bed.—Where is Ferdinand, my dear?"

"At work in his room. But it is almost his time."

As he spoke the door opened, and Ferdinand Brambler came in. It was almost too dark to see him, but I knew his face, having seen it about the streets as long as I could remember. He was very much like his brother, being short, smooth-cheeked, and inclined to be stout, but he had not the same look of eager zeal. That was replaced by an expression of the most profound wisdom. And he had a habit of throwing his head backward, and gazing into the sky, which I understood later on.

I rose to go, because it was past ten. As Augustus led me out of the room I heard Mrs. Brambler ask anxiously:

"What have you done to-day, Ferdinand?"

"A leg of mutton," he replied, in a sepulchral voice. "And I think heeling and soling for one of the children's boots, besides."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNFORTUNATE YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

I CONTINUED my acquaintance with Augustus Brambler after I left Mr. Tyrrell's office. The atmosphere of that place very soon, as I have explained, became unbearable to me. The tips of my fingers began to feel as if they were made of parchment, which, as Cis confessed, would be bad for playing. In those days, too, clerks always stuck their pens behind their ears, a practice to which I could never reconcile myself. The association of that beautiful and delicate organization, the ear, the only avenue of the sixth sense, the appreciation of music, with quills and legal forms, was revolting. Then what harmonies can be got out of the scraping of pens upon paper? The wind in the trees one can understand; and the waves by the shore; and the purling of a brook; but the scratching of steel, which you hardly perceive at first, but which makes itself heard with a strident noise that after a time becomes out of all proportion to the size of the instrument, who is to become reconciled to that? As

an instrument of torture, I can conceive nothing worse than a room full of pens all at work together.

Old Wassielewski, who after nearly effacing himself during the school-days was beginning to take a new interest in my proceedings, approved of my giving up the law. That a Pulaski should be a clerk in a lawyer's office was a blot upon the scutcheon; that he should become an actual practising lawyer was an abandonment of everything. When my destiny came to me in the shape of music-lessons, he was good enough to signify approval, on the ground that it would do for the short time I should want to work for money. I paid small attention to his parenthetical way of looking at life—all the Poles lived in this kind of parenthesis, waiting for the downfall of Russia, carrying on their little occupations, which lasted them till death allowed their souls to return to Poland, under the belief that it was only for a time. The captain, however, deserved more respectful attention. He had small admiration for writing in any form; was accustomed to confound the highest works of genius with the commonest quill-driving; quoted an old acquaintance of the ward-room who once wrote a novel, and never held his head up afterward: "Sad business, Laddy. Half-pay at forty."

As for giving music-lessons, the captain was perplexed. To play on any instrument whatever seemed to him a waste of a man—at the same time there was no doubt in his own mind that I was only half a man. And when he clearly understood that I did not propose to lead a procession of drunken sailors like poor old Wassielewski, or to play the fiddle at a soldiers' free-and-easy, he gave in.

"Have your own way, Laddy. Jingle the keys, and make other people jingle. There's sense in a song like 'The Death of Nelson' or 'Wapping Old Stairs'—and those you never care to play. But have your own way."

Gradually, the captain came to see some of the advantages of the profession. "You give your lesson, take your money, and go. So much work and so much pay. No obligation on either side. And your time to yourself."

It was evident to me, as soon as I began to give lessons, that I was engaging myself for the rest of my life to become a music-master. I became a music-master because there was really nothing else for me at which I could earn my bread. Teaching of any other kind would have been intolerable, if only for the fact of my unlucky figure. Æsop, himself the most philosophical of hunchbacks, would have trembled at the thought of facing a class of boys—that age which La Fontaine says is without pity. But to sit for an hour beside a girl playing exercises, while the mild-eyed governess played propriety, was different. So I gave up everything except the piano and the organ, and started in practice as a teacher of the piano-forte. As Nature had given me a reasonably good pipe, I engaged myself at the same time to teach singing.

I was eighteen then, perhaps too young to take upon myself the responsibility of teaching. But pu-

pils came to me, and in a few months I was happily beyond the want of any further help from the captain. People invited me to give lessons from different motives: some because they thought that a Pole would take their girls at half the price of ordinary

brows with a black ribbon, as if to compress and control the gigantic intellect beneath—engaged my services, as I afterward learned, in order that she might announce on her cards that music was taught at Cape St. Vincent House (established 1780) by the



"Sometimes, after playing one of my own studies, it would please us to see Mrs. Tyrrell waking up out of her doze."—Page 401.

professors (in the same way, after the Commune of 1871, the friends of the exiles got them pupils on the ground that they would teach French for a shilling an hour); some came to me because I was young, and they wanted to boast that they were encouraging rising genius; a few, no doubt, because they really thought I could play well and teach their daughters. One lady who had a select boarding and day school—she dressed in black-cotton velvet, and bound her

"young, unfortunate, and talented Polish nobleman, Count Ladislas Pulaski." But as there is no possible romance about a lad of five feet nothing, with long arms, crooked back, and round shoulders, parents who came from a distance, allured by the "unfortunate foreign nobleman," were not allowed to see me. I found out the thing after a time, and was foolish enough, being then quite young, to throw up the engagement in a rage quite befitting my illustrious

descent. Afterward I learned to behave with patience when I was received, as always happened, with a certain deference; but I really think that English people did *not* grovel before a title so abjectly twenty years ago as they do now—and I grew accustomed to overhear the familiar whisper—

"A count, my dear, in his own country, and here, too, if he chooses to enjoy the title, of most distinguished Polish family."

"Enjoy the title." What a wonderful expression! Does a duke awake in the morning and begin to smack his lips when a valet says "your grace?" Does he stand before his title as before a picture, catching it in different lights? Does he turn the name about as a jewel of many facets, pleasing his eyes with the lustre? I have tried to imagine all the sensual delights possible to be got out of an acknowledged countship, were one independent enough to bear it openly, and I have always failed.

My lessons were given in the morning, so that I had the more time for Celia. Long before this I had become a son of the house at the Tyrrells. I came and went unnoticed; it was not thought necessary to improve the family tea or supper on my account; no cakes and muffins were provided, and the decanters were not produced in my honor. That was very pleasant. Also it was an understood thing that I was Celia's companion, guardian, duenna, watch-dog—anything. "It is a great comfort," said her mother, "to feel that she is with Ladislás. He is so steady."

In those days there were no choral societies, mad-rigal unions, or part-singing, in our town. Girls sang duets, but young men seldom took any trouble to cultivate their voices, and unless sometimes when, under pressure, they attempted ambitious things set for high tenor voices, like "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" or "Ever of Thee," wreaking a wicked will upon time and tune, they never sang at all. Musical young men, as they were called, were looked upon with a little disfavor as likely to turn out badly. Therefore it was a novelty in our small circle when Celia and I sang duets.

She learned to play, not brilliantly—perhaps from some defect in my teaching power—but softly and delicately, as if she loved what she played. She had the power of bringing out fresh sweetnesses, such as I had never felt in my own playing of the same piece. It is so always in the highest music. Play it a hundred times, exhaust, as you think, every chord of passion, yearning, faith, prayer, and hope, teach yourself to believe that it is a landscape which you have studied under a thousand effects of light and shade, until you know its every possible aspect. Another plays it. Lo! on every side you discern hitherto undiscovered glades of sweet greenery arched by great cathedral-aisles in which birds sing endless songs of praise; and clear before you, erewhile so dark and doubtful, lies the path which leads to the higher world, a sunny lane planted by loving hands with flowers, bordered with honeysuckle and meadow-sweet, stretching broad and bright to the gates of emerald. The best thing about being a musician is that you can understand the music of others.

I encouraged Celia to play only from the best composers, because, while we have the best music to teach us, and the best poetry to speak our thoughts for us, it seems so great a sin to waste ourselves upon lower and ignoble things.

In course of time I began to essay little things of my own—feeble flights, imitations, echoes of the masters. Celia played them, praised them, and then went back to the masters. This showed me what a mere apprentice I was. For that matter I am not yet out of my articles.

Sometimes, after playing one of my own studies, it would please us to see Mrs. Tyrrell waking up out of the doze in which she spent most of her afternoons, and nod her head placidly.

"That is a very pretty piece of Mozart, Celia. I always liked that movement."

Or, "That has always been my favorite in Mendelssohn."

Why is it that people should take shame to themselves for not understanding music, and cover themselves with ignominy by the pretense? No one is ashamed to say that he does not know Hebrew or mathematics. And yet, unless one goes through the regular mill, how can music be known any more than mathematics?

Mrs. Tyrrell reminded me of those fakirs, or *yogis*, who attain to heaven by perpetually gazing upon a particular toe. She spent her afternoons in a motionless contemplation of the work which she held in her hands. From time to time her eyes closed, but only for a few moments, when the lazy eyelids lifted, and her limpid eyes, which were like those of fallow-deer for absence of care, rested again upon the work. A gentle, easy, emotionless woman, who could not understand her bright and eager daughter. A good woman, too, and a kind mother, always careful that her Celia had the best.

We were at that age when the soul is charged with uncertain longings. Youth is the time when poetry has the greatest power over us. There are so many things we have to say; our thoughts fly here and there like a young bird in early summer, not aimlessly, but without control; the brain has not been forced into a single groove, and hardened by long continuance in that groove; the ways of the world are all open. There is no relief in speech, because, for such thoughts, the tongue is powerless. Therefore one falls back upon poetry. It makes me sad now to think of the days when our minds, saturated with the winged words of Keats, Byron, or Wordsworth, were as full of clouded visions, sunlit, mist-colored, crossed with gleams of glory, as any picture by Turner. Where are they gone, the dreams of youth? "*Où est la neige d'antan?*" For if, in the after-years, one such vision comes, evoked for a few moments by the breath of some mighty music, it is but a passing gleam. The fierce noontide light of mid-day soon disperses the clouds, and gathers up the mists. Perhaps, when evening falls upon us, they will come again, those glimpses of the better world.

We wandered hand-in-hand, a pair of dreaming

children, or sat in Celia's Arbor, gazing out upon the broad bosom of the harbor. From the moat below us, which was the practice-ground of young buglers, trumpeters, and drummers, there came, blown about by the breeze, the reveille, the call to retreat, the charge, and the eager rub-dub of the drum which somehow acts so strongly upon the fighting nerves of the soldier. And every day in that busy port there was the firing of salutes, the solemn Dead March for a regimental funeral, with the quick rattle of muskets over his grave, the band of a regiment marching through the streets, and the booming of artillery practice—sounds to remind us of the world outside, to which we did not belong, but which fired our imagination.

And many kinds of life. At the end of the grassy meadow before our feet was a gate leading into the upper end of the dock-yard. Through the gate streamed the Liberty men, like schoolboys at play. And after them, going along as slowly as they possibly could, would be sometimes driven a file of wretched convicts, spade in hand, to dig and intrench in some of the government works. There was a horrible fascination in looking at the convicts. What crimes had they committed? Why were they unhappy above other men who had sinned and not been found out? What miserable mothers and sisters mourned somewhere their degradation? How could they bear the gray uniform of disgrace, the horrible companionship of criminals, the wretched life on the hulks? Which were the men whose time was almost up, and how would they meet their release, and the return to a world which forever afterwards would scorn them?

Sentiment, all this, perhaps; it is the unhappy thing about us all when we pass into the work-time, and youth's brief holiday is over, that we have no more sentiment, which is often but another name for sympathy. Men try to crystallize themselves into critics, and therefore put themselves as much as they can outside the emotions. That is what makes poets, novelists, and painters, hate and detest the *métier* of critic.

Meantime, no news of Leonard. We knew that there could be none, and yet we hoped. Leonard, of course, would keep his word. He would not write for five years; but yet, perhaps, in some indirect way, there might come news about him.

"I wonder in what way, Laddy? Of course he will be successful. Sometimes I think he is in London, writing poetry. Suppose he is already a great poet, everybody buying his wonderful verses?"

This was an extreme view to take, but then we were quite ignorant of publishing, and thought, perhaps, that a poet sprang ready-made into existence and popularity. However, on cooler thoughts, the idea of Leonard taking to poetry did not commend itself to me.

"He may have gone to the bar, Laddy, and be a great advocate."

It certainly did occur to me that advocates are seldom great at one or two and twenty.

"Or perhaps he may have become a merchant

prince. Not a small trader, you know, but a great man, with fleets of ships and armies of clerks."

We breathed faster and looked at each other with flushed cheeks. What success was too great for our hero?

"Laddy," Celia went on, sagely, "we must not choose, because we might be disappointed. Then Leonard would see the disappointment in our faces, and that would hurt him. We must wait—and hope. Patience, Laddy."

"Patience, Cis."

It was some proof of the strength of Leonard's character that everybody believed in his success. This young hero had gone forth to conquer the world. There would be no difficulties for him. Celia and I naturally looked upon him, our elder playfellow, with the respect of those who had been children with him, and younger than himself. This kind of feeling never dies out. The opinions of childhood throw out roots which spread all through the after-years, and cling round the heart of eighty as much as round the heart of ten. And to this day I regard Leonard, just as I used to, as a being quite superior to myself.

The captain openly spoke of him as one who had gone into the world to show what a man might do in it. Mr. Tyrrell, who was not naturally an enthusiastic man, would congratulate the captain on the success of the boy. And Mrs. Tyrrell—how that good lady managed to be infected by the general enthusiasm I do not know—quoted Leonard as an example, when she felt inclined to moralize, of what religion and industry will effect for young people. What she thought they had done for Leonard I do not know. Perhaps she pictured him in a bishop's apron. As for Mrs. Jeram, who also fell into the popular delusion, she openly thanked Providence for bringing such a boy into the world. She always knew, she said, by those infallible signs which only experienced persons can detect, that the baby—meaning Leonard—was going to be a great man.

There were others, too. The Rev. Mr. Broughton, when he met the captain or myself, would invite us to go home with him and drink Leonard's health in a glass of curious brown sherry, adding that he always knew that boy would get on. And Mrs. Pontifex once warned us solemnly against the pride that comes of worldly success.

All this was very delightful, and helped to keep us in a glow of pride and pleasure which made the long five years pass away quickly. There was only one discordant voice. It came from Herr Rümer, who lodged with the Bramblers, whose acquaintance I had now made.

"You think," he said, in his German accent, "that this—what do you call him?—this boy has become a great man. What do you know about it? Nothing. What can a boy do without money and without friends? Nothing. He is some poor clerk in a merchant's office; he is a shopman behind a counter; he is an usher in a school; he has gone to Australia, and is a wretched shepherd. What

else can a poor boy become? Great man! Bah! you are all fools together, Ladislas Pulaski. But go on, go on, if it will make you happy, go on till you find out the truth."

CHAPTER IX.

HERR RÄUMER.

IN the year 1854 began the Russian War. To me, because in those days I read few papers and took small interest in politics, the first signs of the impending struggle came from the Polish Barrack. Here, from the autumn of 1853, there reigned an unwonted animation. Letters and foreign newspapers were received daily; secret information was whispered about; strangers came down from London; the men gathered themselves into little knots and whispered. The most eager of them all was Wassielewski. He was transformed; he bore himself erect, with head thrown back; those deep-set eyes of his lost their look of expectant melancholy, and were bright with hope; he even seemed to have lost his limp. It was easy for me to understand that all this preliminary joy meant another rising in Poland. The weakness of Russia was to be the opportunity of my compatriots. In this quiet retreat they were plotting and conspiring. I came and went among them as I pleased, known to every one. They did not tell me their plans, but I observed that as they talked their eyes from time to time turned to me, and I discerned that they were discussing whether I should be made a conspirator with the rest and a sharer in their visions. I understood—it was only part of the general humiliation of a hunchback—that they were undecided whether one so useless physically could not be of use in the way of his name—whether, in fact, it was worth while to sacrifice my life, as well as their own, because I was Ladislas Pulaski. For the first time I felt a Pole, indeed, in the strange thought that perhaps, after all, I too might be called upon to strike my blow, such as it was, for Polish freedom.

I had been kept strangely ignorant up to this time, and even later, of my own family history and of the circumstances under which I was brought to England. I knew that I was the son of a Polish noble, that my father perished in one of the obscure and hopeless village risings which took place some years after the great insurrection of 1831, and were too local to be recorded in contemporary history; also, that it was old Wassielewski who brought me, a mere infant, in his own arms safely to England. When I asked the captain for further information, he put off the question. When, as a boy, I asked Wassielewski, he patted my head kindly and bade me wait. I understood, therefore, very early, that there was more to be told in somebody's good time.

I believe that it was by the captain's wish that I was kept from the knowledge of things which might have maddened my boyish brain, because I can hard-

ly give Wassielewski credit for an act of forbearance which lasted twenty years.

In the spring of 1854, when it became quite certain that Russia would have to face the strongest combination of allies ever formed, the day of deliverance seemed to be dawning for Poland. It was a delusive hope, as we know, because Prussia and Austria, *participes criminis*, could not look on in silence while the Russian part of the divided land freed itself and set a bad example to their own Poles. I have sometimes dreamed an impossible thing—that Germany, which pretends to be the most advanced outpost of civilization, and Austria, which boasts of her easy rule, might some day join together and restore their share in the unholy partition to liberty. What madness possessed them ever to dismember that ancient kingdom of independent Slavs, which could never threaten Germany, and stood as a bulwark against the barbaric Muscovite? But it was a foolish dream. Nations never voluntarily make reparation. Unto the fourth, and even the fifth generation, they pay for crimes in their children's blood; but they do not make atonement for the sin.

While the hopes of the exiles were highest, Wassielewski began to tell me tales of Polish daring and Russian cruelty.

"You are a Pole," he used to finish his narrative; "remember always that you are a Pole. You owe yourself to your country. It may be your duty, as well as mine, to die in her cause. The day is coming when you will have to act."

But, as yet, nothing of my father.

In those days, too, Herr Räumer first began to talk to me. I met him at Mr. Tyrrell's office, and he invited me to visit him at his lodgings, which were, as I have explained, the first floor of Augustus Brambler's house.

Here he received me with great cordiality. Indoors he removed the blue spectacles, which he habitually wore in the streets, and showed a pair of keen, bright eyes, which certainly did not look as if they required any shelter from the light. His room was furnished with great simplicity, like the quarters of an officer on active service: a table, a sideboard, one or two chairs—his own being a wooden arm-chair—a slip of carpet before the fire, a piano-forte, constituted all that his simple wants required. On the wall hung one or two weapons, a pair of rapiers crossed, a rifle, and a brace of pistols. On the mantel-shelf were two or three pipes and a cigar-case. In the open sideboard I observed a goodly row of bottles, which I rightly judged from their shape and color of the glass to contain German wine. Herr Räumer drank every day a bottle of this for dinner and another bottle before going to bed. He had one of those heads which are never the worse for wine, however much they swallow.

I felt very small sitting opposite this big man with the keen eyes, which looked straight through me, his great head crowned with a mass of gray hair, his face, which looked like the face of one who commanded men habitually, adorned with the heavy white mustache and the long white eyebrows, the strong

and resolute chin, the upright pose, the very strength in the man's fingers as they rested on the table—all this impressed me.

He saw that I was impressed, and, I think, it pleased him.

He began at once to talk about Poland. He had long, he said, felt deeply for the sorrows and sufferings of my unfortunate country. Unhappily, as I knew, he was a German, and in Germany there were some sympathies which were not to be openly expressed. If a German gentleman, he said, desired liberty of the press, freedom of discussion, elevation of the masses, liberal institutions, the restoration of Poland, or any kindred thing, it behooved him to be silent and possess his soul in patience. Here in England, and the doors closed, alone with a Polish gentleman, he could speak his mind. The fact was, the condition of things not only in Russia, but also in Austria and Prussia, was deplorable. He saw before him one who had suffered in the cause. —I thought afterward that my own exertions in the cause as a year-old baby hardly entitled me to speak as a martyr. He could tell me cases of Russian cruelty which would make my blood boil.

"There is," he said, "thank Heaven, left to mankind the sacred duty of rebellion. The czar knows of this, and trembles on his throne. From generation to generation the duty is handed down. Even now"—his voice sank to a whisper—"even at this very moment, it is whispered that the Poles are meditating another insurrection. Russia's weakness is Poland's opportunity. While her energies are all bent upon the war the Poles will rise again, and proclaim the republic of Warsaw. But, of course, your friends in the Polish Barrack tell you all that is going on."

"Indeed they do not," I replied, with a jealous feeling that if they did I should hardly be justified in retailing their information to one who, however much he might sympathize with the cause, was certainly not a Pole.

"I imagine," he said, "but, of course, I know nothing, that an attempt will be made this very year. It seems a favorable moment. The Polish exiles will return to join in the movement. It is devoutly to be hoped that they might succeed. And so Wassielewski tells you nothing? It seems hardly fair."

"Nothing." It did not strike me till afterward that it was strange that Herr Räumer should know anything of Wassielewski.

"Ah! he thinks the time has not yet come. And yet you are seventeen, you are strong, and can handle a gun. It is not well of Wassielewski. Courage, my boy. I prophesy that many a Russian shall fall by your hand yet."

He always spoke on the assumption that another outbreak was to come, that I was to take part in it, and that the Poles were keeping the knowledge of my own past back from me. The prospect had its charm, even to me, the peaceful musician. I do believe that, hunchback as I was, I should have played the part of a man had Fate willed that I was to revisit my native country.

He changed the subject, and presently began talking about music. Then he sat at the piano-forte and began to run his fingers up and down the keys. He could not play, but he possessed—many men do—an almost instinctive power of picking out melodies and filling them with simple chords. He asked me if I knew the German national airs, and then he began to sing them. We all know them now, these simple *Lieder* with the tears in every bar—but twenty years ago they were not so well known. He sung them sentimentally, and, if it had not been for that strange rasp in the voice, musically. The tears came into his eyes as he sang.

"The sorrows," he said, "of other people are so very sad—at a distance. Seen close, they annoy."

But the weeks passed on, and nothing was done. As hope changed to doubt, the faces of the Poles grew despondent; Wassielewski left off telling his stories of Polish valor; he lost his look of eager expectation, and hung his head, as before, with dejected air and mournful, deep-set eyes.

"It is all over," said Herr Räumer, one evening. "Your life is safe, friend Ladislas. For so much you ought to be thankful. And the Russians need not fear your rifle for another year or two. No doubt," he added, with a gentle sneer, "they are thankful, too."

"Why is it all over?"

"Because Austria and Prussia will not permit revolt. Have they not got Poles of their own?"

I began to declaim about the wickedness of governments and statesmen.

Herr Räumer heard me politely.

Then he filled another pipe, leaving the old one to cool, drank two glasses of hock, and replied slowly:

"Quite true, Ladislas Pulaski. No doubt, at your age, I should have thought, and perhaps said, the same thing. The wickedness of diplomatists is a reproach to modern civilization. Yet, if you consider the matter, you will acknowledge that, without their wickedness, there would be really very little in life worth having. No indignation, no sermons, no speakers at meetings, no societies. What a loss to Great Britain!"

"We could do without societies," I said.

"A great deal more would go if political and other wickedness are to go. There would be no armies, no officers, no lawyers, no doctors, no clergymen. The newspapers would have nothing to say, because the course of the world could be safely predicted by any one. All your learned professions would be gone at a blow."

I laughed.

"Music and painting would remain."

"But what would the painters do for subjects? You can't create any interest in the picture of a fat and happy family. There would be no materials for pathos. No one would die under a hundred; and, as he would be a good man, there would be no doubt about his after-fate. No one would be ill. All alike would be virtuous, contented, happy—and dull."

"Why dull?"

"Why dull? Because there would be nothing left to fight, to fear, to guard against. Dull?" He took his pipe from his mouth and yawned. "Dull? The human brain cannot conceive of a more appalling, of a more sleepy dullness than that of the world gone good."

"At least the rulers of the world are supposed to be always trying to bring that end about."

"Supposed, my young friend? Yes, by you, and enthusiastic young gentlemen like yourself. Dull? Why, if you think of it, you would not even have your virtues left, because there would be no need for them. Bravery, self-denial, patience, resignation, patriotism, thrift, these would all vanish, because there would be no longer any occasion for them. No, Ladislas Pulaski, the wickedness of diplomatists keeps the world alive. There are always plenty of fools to shout, fling up their caps, believe everything they are told, and go away to get killed. The world go good! Much as I deplore the wickedness of wicked man, I trust that general goodness may not happen in my time."

Herr Räumer was right. There was no Polish rising. But our little colony was broken up and thinned by the departure of many of the exiles. Some went out on secret service; some fought in the Turkish lines; a few volunteered in the English and French armies; some joined the German Legion.

But Wassielewski staid on, sadder, more hollow-eyed than ever.

One day, about the beginning of the war, I was saluted in the street—it was on the Hard—by a tall and good-looking young sailor in his naval rig, the handiest ever invented.

"Hope you're well, sir?"

It was Jem Hex.

I shook hands with him. He told me that he was going aboard the *Impérieuse* for the Baltic Sea fleet, and that they hoped to have a lively time.

The Baltic fleet! The war was a real thing, then. And good-natured Jem was going to have the honor of fighting for his country.

He seemed to take it very easily; and he had all the old sea-dog's confidence in thrashing the enemy.

I asked him after Moses.

"Moses," he replied, in a hesitating way—"Moses—well—Mr. Pulaski—if I were you, sir—I don't think I'd ask about Moses. He hasn't turned out—not what you might call a credit."

One figure I missed, among others, from the row of wooden-legged veterans on the beach.

It was that of Mrs. Jeram's erring husband. The old man fell off his stool one night outside his wife's house in a fit. She took him in and nursed him till he died. So they were reconciled. And then Mrs. Jeram came to be housekeeper to the captain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GAME KNUT PLAYED.

A PAGE who seemed of low degree,
And bore the name of Knut, was he;
The high-born Princess Hilga she.

And that the youth had served her long,
Being quick at errands, skilled in song,
To jest with him she thought no wrong.

And so it chanced one summer day,
At chess, to while the time away,
The page and princess sat at play.

At length she said, "To play for naught
Is only sport to labor brought,
So let a wager guerdon thought."

He answered, "Lady, naught have I
Whose worth might tempt a princess high
Her uttermost of skill to try."

"And yet this ruby ring," she said,
"I'll risk against the bonnet red
With snow-white plume that crowns thy head.

"And should I win, do not forget,
Or should I lose, whichever yet,
I'll take my due, or pay my debt."

And so they played, as sank the sun;
But when the game they played was done,
The page's cap the princess won.

"My diamond necklace," then she cried,
"I'll match against thy greatest pride,
The brand held pendent at thy side."

"Not so," he said; "that tempered glaive,
Borne oft by noble hands and brave,
To me my dying father gave.

"Fit only for a true man's touch,
I hold it dear and prize it much—
No diamond necklace mates with such.

"But, though my father's ghost be wroth,
I'll risk the weapon, nothing loth,
Against thy love and virgin troth."

Reddened her cheeks at this in ire,
This daughter of a royal sire,
And flashed those eyes of hers like fire.

"Thy words, bold youth, shall work thee ill:
Thou canst not win against my skill,
But I can punish at my will.

"Begin the game; that hilt so fine
Shall nevermore kiss hand of thine,
Nor thou again be page of mine!"

Answered the page: "Do not forget,
Or win or lose, whichever yet,
I'll take my due, or pay my debt.

"And let this truth the end record :
I risk to-day my father's sword
To be no more thy page, but lord."

Down sat the pair to play once more,
Hope in his bosom brimming o'er,
And hers with pride and anger sore.

From square to square the bishops crept,
The agile knights eccentric leapt,
The castles onward stately swept.

Pawns fell in combat one by one ;
Knights, rooks, and bishops, could not shun
Their fate before that game was done.

Well fought the battle was, I ween,
Until two castles and a queen
Guarding the kings alone were seen.

"Check !" cried the princess, all elate ;
"Check !" cried the page, and sealed the fate
Of her beleaguered king, with—"mate !"

The princess smiled, and said : "I lose,

Nor can I well to pay refuse—
From my possessions pick and choose.

"Or diamonds bright, or chests of gold,
Or strings of pearls of worth untold,
These may be thine to have and hold :

"Or costly robes to feed thy pride,
Or coursers such as monarchs ride,
Or castles tall, or manors wide—

"Any or all of such be thine ;
But, save he spring from royal line,
No husband ever can be mine."

"Nor jewels rich, nor lands in fee,
Steeds, robes, nor castles, pleasure me ;
Thy love and troth be mine," said he.

"Nor shalt thou lack of state and pride
When seated crowned thy lord beside,
As Knut the King of Denmark's bride !

"Ring marriage-bells from sun to sun,
And tell the gossips, as they run,
How Sweden's princess has been won."

DEAD MAGAZINES.

WHEN an incipiently successful man of letters feels the Persian conqueror's need of a reminder that he is still mortal, he cannot do better than to take up a judicious course of reading in old magazines. The bright fellows of a generation ago—many of them not dead yet, to anything but literature—the men who wrote the telling things, and over whose "promise" the critics rejoiced with more or less sincerity, sleep there by scores in dense oblivion. The men of exceptional careers, of course, may also be traced back to these beginnings ; but the law of the survival of the fittest works relentlessly, and in the deserted fields of the old periodicals the noteworthy tombs outnumber the famous birthplaces a hundred times.

It is for this very reason, chiefly, that a history of American magazine-literature, if it were written as it ought to be, would be a rarely interesting book. Why does not some one write it—some one of the older school of men of letters, whose memory covers the literary life of three or four decades ? There are those to whom the work might well be one of love, and who would do it in the spirit just suggested—not making it a mere tracing of the rise of the familiar reputations, but telling us something also of the men whose names were "writ in water"—in the most shifting, quickly-running stream that flows. We of the younger generation know enough of the men that have succeeded ; but certainly more than one of us would like to know something more of those who promised and failed, or who made their successes of such light material that the current of a few years has swept them out of sight. In the last two generations of these transient writers, there have been personal and literary histories as singular, sometimes as sad, as any that are told. Now and then

you will hear from the veterans, in an "Alas ! poor Yorick" fashion, of old comrades who were types as well worth study as half the heroes of biography ; but the knowledge of them will die out with their fellow-workers, and—to speak in rather cold blood—our records will miss a characteristic chapter.

But, apart from this aspect of the matter altogether, we, more than any other nation, have bound up our literary history, such as it is, between the covers of our magazines. Elsewhere they have followed more permanent work ; in America they have led it, or, at all events, preceded it. We had magazines before we were old enough to have any literature that would last ; and to this day we make all our attempts in new directions through the magazine rather than the volume. Our periodicals are less a commentary on what we have done than a collection of the beginnings of the work itself. It will be said that, if this is so, they form their own best history—and in the broadest sense they do, of course ; but it is a history as unwieldy as the great Chinese cyclopædia, in twenty-two thousand volumes. It contains material for a very different kind of record ; and a skillful sifting would leave the characteristic part of the century's performance in a shape in which he who runs might study it.

Not one man in ten thousand remembers how old we are as a magazine-writing nation. Before England had any periodicals to speak of besides *The Gentleman's* (be it observed that we do not consider the *Spectator* and *Tatler*—much less the *Rambler*—magazines in the true sense), there were magazines in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—*Franklin's Monthly*, and a rapid succession of short-lived *American Magazines*, and a grave little *Boston Weekly Museum*. In 1752 Governor Livingston and the

elder Aaron Burr began the *Independent Reflector* in New York; and from this time there is a running fire of periodicals which have dropped out of memory as completely as if they had never been born. For half a century there is not a name of them all that would be recognized by or have a single association for a reader of to-day—except Tom Paine's *Pennsylvania Magazine*, perhaps. But at the end of the fifty years there are titles which we begin dimly to recognize.

Who now ever looks into the old volumes of Dennie's *Port Folio*? Yet it ran for nearly twenty-five years, and is a perfect treasury of queer, recondite things: verses that have supplied quotations that everybody knows and that nobody knows the source of; sketches vivid enough to furnish the complete material for anybody who chuses to reproduce the life of the time; capital letters to "Oliver Old-school" (Dennie's *nom de plume*); and even a quantity of matter of real value to literary history—like a collection of letters found in Smollett's trunks after his death, and brought to America in some way to see their first publication here—"notwithstanding," as the editor writes with pardonable exultation, "the eagerness of England to preserve every relique of genius."

The Monthly Anthology, too, is all forgotten—and worthily, for it was probably the heaviest periodical ever brought into being by mortal man. Yet Tudor, Buckminster, John Quincy Adams, and Ticknor, wrote for and managed it, and it endured for eight years, and left eight solid volumes of the densest reading to the flippant races of the future. Its value must have been chiefly as a *soporific*; yet there are things in it over which one may still keep awake, and its ponderous existence once quickened into wit. In January, 1809, it began its sixth volume; and its ordinary business of converting "The Dirge in Cymbeline" into Latin verse, or commenting on "The Absurdity of some Popular Opinions in Harvard College" (opinions, by-the-way, in defense of the study of the lighter literatures), was varied by an address from the editors, which began thus suggestively: "*The Monthly Anthology* has at last completed a *lustrum*—an age which few of the magazines in this country have reached. We do not use this word because it is Latin, but because it tempts us to remind our subscribers that a period of five years was so called by the Romans because at the end of it the taxes were all paid in to the censors. This derivation (*a luendo*, i. e., *solvendo*) our readers will excuse us for suggesting, since we always wish to preserve, as far as we can, the original and classical meaning of words." No doubt *The Anthology's* subscription-lists showed no deficiencies after this number reached its patrons.

There was a rapid growth of short-lived magazines during the first twenty years of the century; their name is legion—*The Literary Miscellany*, at Cambridge; *The Monthly Register*, at Charleston; *The Lady's Weekly Miscellany*—first of its race—at New York; Carpenter's *Mirror of Taste*, at Philadelphia; two or three *American Registers* at different times;

and a host of other unsubstantial bantlings. *The Analectic Magazine*, which Washington Irving edited at its beginning, lived through the seven years from 1813 to 1820; and Philadelphia produced Atkinson's *Casket* and an eclectic, *The Museum of Foreign Literature*, both of which grew to be seventeen years old, yet hardly held one contribution that makes it worth a modern reader's while to search their pages. Indeed, the weakness of the mental food with which that early time was satisfied would be amazing, were it not for the one fact that among these frail and barren slips there sprang up in 1815 the sturdy form of the old *North American Review*—thirteen years only after the first appearance of the blue-and-yellow covers of *The Edinburgh*, and six years after the founding of *The Quarterly*. It may be properly objected that it is not a magazine, nor is it dead—having, indeed, just taken a new lease of vigorous life; but it is impossible to turn to the old periodicals without recalling it—the one unbroken record that leads back to that somewhat inchoate period in our short literary annals.

No longer than three years ago the writer sat with the older Richard Henry Dana on the veranda of his country-house upon the bluff at Manchester, and realized for the first time that it was still possible to talk face to face with a man whose life covers the whole history of American letters. This veteran of ninety years—with all his faculties still vigorous, with eyes so quick and keen that he could point out to a person sixty years his junior the sails of ships barely visible on the horizon, and call his attention to the beauty of the shifting cloud-shadows cast upon the water—gave one a feeling which it would be folly to try to reproduce in words. That long retrospect which his light words of every-day talk seemed to open was not to be fully comprehended until after one had left him; in his presence the crowd of his unspoken recollections—the numberless names that are mere names to us, and must be living personalities to him—came upon one in a way that was hardly less than overwhelming; that enforced silence, at all events, and made his younger visitors singularly mute.

It was he who was one of the founders of the *North American*; who accepted Mr. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" as a contribution to its pages; who wrote for its early volumes essays such as were published in his own series of papers called "The Idle Man." His colleagues, Tudor and Channing, seem to us of the younger generation almost to belong to a past age. Everett and Sparks, who followed him, are dead; he and the poet whose first work he published are perhaps the only men now living who wrote for the first numbers of the oldest existing American periodical. They cannot be called the oldest of our living magazine-writers, only because the work they did was as far removed as possible from what that name suggests to modern ears.

In fact, in the days of the foundation of the *North American*, the true modern magazine was not yet born. When it came at last, it was of a type utterly distinct from its stilted and decorous prede-

cessors, which, in their most hilarious moments, never forgot the canons which bound their writers to imitation of Addison and Steele, and made it treason for them to write according to their own unregenerate instincts—naturally, and in the spirit of their time. The day when authors disported themselves in the minuet-like recreations of "Lines to Chloe on her wounding her Finger with a Thorn," or couched their papers in a style which they fondly imagined reproduced the fine old period of the early English essay, long outlasted the old *Port Folio* and the *Anthology*, and had not entirely ended even when men like Irving and Bryant were already in the field. *The Portico*, at Baltimore; the first *American Monthly Magazine*, and the *Literary and Scientific Repository*, in New York, kept up the old-school theories at intervals down to 1821, or later. As to what magazine was really the first representative of the new race, there may be some dispute.

Possibly the old *New York Mirror*, begun as a weekly in 1823, has the best claim. For several years, under the sole management of its founder, George P. Morris, it is true that it kept to the most rigid tenets of the early school. Its very title at the first—*The New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette*—is an indication of its original ideal; and for a while it imitated its predecessors and contemporaries in collecting the most jejune and milk-and-watery literature imaginable. It was divided into departments, such as "Moral Tales," "Original Manuscripts," "Interesting Selections," "The Minstrel" (including its poetical contributions), and so on in great variety; while at the head of its columns, running across the page below the title, stood the pious motto or announcement—

"Here shall young Genius wing his eagle flight,
Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of light."

"Geneviève d'Floris [*sic*], a Mournful Tale but True," by "Beatrice," and a review of Anne Radcliffe's "Gaston de Blondville," extremely elevated in tone, are random specimens, from the number before us, of the aerial exploits thus executed by young genius for the *Mirror's* benefit; but in the first four volumes there are enough collected dew-drops to furnish inexhaustible "richness" to the irreverent lover of good things.

But, if this was the *Mirror's* character under Morris alone, and under the subsequent association of Morris and Woodworth ("Old-Oaken-Bucket" Woodworth, of course, who, by-the-way, had previously edited a now forgotten periodical with the formidable title of the *Belles-Lettres Repository*)—if such was the *Mirror's* character under these editors, it changed rapidly when a new literary firm was formed, and the weekly appeared in 1830 under the charge of Morris, Theodore Sedgwick Fay, and N. P. Willis. The partnership had from the beginning the elements of success; and it produced for the first time something like a really *living* magazine—not to be judged by our severer standards, of course, but still deserving the credit of first acting on the idea that a periodical might address a public outside the

two classes—pedants and school-girls—to whom this kind of literature had appealed before.

Morris was essentially a journalist—of the old, crude school, before the profession had reached the dignity of to-day; yet with no little ability of the kind that makes the conductor of a modern newspaper—always with an instinct for the popular thing, and a perfect willingness to sacrifice other things to it. Fay was the quiet, scholarly man of letters, with a great deal of sound taste and discrimination, the unobtrusive member of the trio, yet an admirable balance to the others. But Willis was the strength and spirit of the combination, and in a sense the true forerunner of the professional magazine-writer of the present. Condemn as we may his superficiality and the tawdriness of his brilliancy; despise as we may his unscrupulousness in the use of his materials; and pronounce him, as we must, unworthy of any real dignity among honest literary reputations—it is still true that he caught in perfection what may be called the magazine idea. The papers that he now began to publish in the *Mirror* were real magazine-papers—timely, alive, saying something that the public wanted to hear, quick in movement, pleasant and unlabored in style, bright and sparkling, and with an effort, at least, to be natural—an effort, perhaps, as successful as an essential egoist could make. They were feeble and inadequate precursors, but still they *were* precursors, of the kind of magazine-papers that were brought to their perfection years later by really great hands; they indicated a transition to the kind of writing that culminates in England in some things of Thackeray's; that has reached a high point here in some of Holmes's magazine-work. Let it be constantly borne in mind that we are not disposed to overrate Willis in any way; only to state a fact in saying that he was clever enough to appreciate the possibilities of this kind of writing; his own inherent faults and absurdities stopped him before he could begin to realize them in any worthy way; and when he stopped the work was taken up by better men.

The *Mirror* never became a very remarkable periodical. But after the new firm of editors was formed—Willis bringing to it, by-the-way, *The American Monthly*, which for two years previously he had edited alone with some success—"young Genius" took down his sophomoric motto from its title, and it began to contain things like Willis's letters from Europe (afterward published as "Pencilings by the Way"), contributions by Fanny Kemble, by Halleck, Poe, Kennedy (we open an old volume or two purely at random), and articles from a host of young *littérateurs*, which, if not in the least extraordinary, were certainly of sufficient freshness and naturalness to prove that the old school of magazine pedantry and feebleness was near its end. Fay left the trio early; in 1837 he was made secretary of legation at Berlin, and held the post for sixteen years, until, in 1853, he was appointed minister to Switzerland, to remain there till the beginning of the civil war. Germany and its life had strong attractions for him; his diplomatic service over, he went back

to Berlin again, and the writer, sometime a student there, is one of many who pleasantly remember the kindness and the genial talk of the veteran writer, then still at work among his books. Willis and Morris carried the *Mirror* on for five years longer—Willis most of the time in Europe—till, in 1842, the magazine ceased publication.

While the *Mirror* was yet in prosperous middle age, and only two years after Fay and Willis had given it new life, the first of the really great American magazines had been begun. Between 1823 and 1832 there had been the usual crop of short-lived periodicals: Sands's *Atlantic Magazine* (one year) and *New York Review* (two years); *The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*, begun by Mr. Bryant, but living only through 1825 and 1826; *The United States Review and Literary Gazette* (two years); three or four quarterlies, of which the *American Quarterly* survived twelve years, yet made but slight impression, while Elliott and Legaré's *Southern Review*, a far better publication, lived but four; and, finally, *Buckingham's New England Magazine* (four years), and the first of Western periodicals, *The Illinois Monthly*, at Vandalia. But when, in 1833, Charles Fenno Hoffman published the first number of the *Knickerbocker*, it became evident that the want was met at last. This was the magazine that furnished, in great part, the model to many of its successors, and for years easily held the field against its few noteworthy rivals.

The prospectus or introductory address that ushered in the first of the brown-covered numbers, with their black-letter title and the portrait of Peter Stuyvesant below, belonged in its style to the old school rather than the new—to the compositions in which "quaintness" was a quality supposed to be attained by many "thous" and "thees," and a frequent use of "gentle reader." But its fantastic shape was well filled out with excellent sense and discriminating promises; and for the first time it told some home truths about American literary work. It purports to repeat an interview with the rubicund ghost of Diedrich Knickerbocker, which appears to the editor as he sits meditating in his study over the plan of the new magazine. The two hold wise converse on the tendencies of the day; on the wants and shortcomings of Americans as writers, and the need of a new stimulus; on the follies of the current fashions and beliefs. "Sir," pronounces the editor, with sound good sense (as any one may satisfy himself by a course of reading in some utterly-forgotten books), "in literature, young, fresh, and unhackneyed as we are, we are already, by some strange fatuity, grievously given to twaddle. . . . Our writings and our approval of writings are both second-hand. We imitate the most flimsy productions which appear abroad, and then approve of these imitations as 'American'; while critics, afraid to be accused of a want of patriotism, sanction where they despise, and approve where they ought to condemn. . . . Now, sir, dangerous as the attempt may be, and difficult as its execution necessarily is, we design in this publication to assume and sustain a system of rigid and un-

compromising criticism, unbiased by any feeling of national prejudice, any consideration of personal popularity, by the partiality of private circles, or the favor of general society. It shall also be our aim, when recommending works of merit, to exercise as much discrimination as possible, in so relatively estimating and classing them that injustice may not be done to those of rare merit by sharing the praise which is only their due with writings that have a feebleness claim to favor. And this in defiance of the economical custom of having but one standard of praise among us, and dubbing every clever writer 'a Bryant' or 'an Irving.'"

If for no other reason, this is worth quoting—trite as it all seems now when we apply it to the past—because it is the first exact description of the literary vices which had, before the *Knickerbocker's* day, made any really strong work practically impossible. It required a certain courage to say, in that wonderful period when all our geese were swans and we could not bear the slightest scratch from any foreign quill, that we wrote "twaddle," and praised our authors in phrases that are almost literally reproduced in "Martin Chuzzlewit." But when Hoffman had once said it, the thinking men hailed his magazine as the *point d'appui* for a new effort to raise American work on to a higher plane. For a time the *Knickerbocker* itself was compelled to bear with a certain amount of the very twaddle it complained of; but gradually it attracted enough men of real force to crowd its columns; and, after its first few numbers, it had collected in its staff of writers the best strength of the country, and justified its vigorous prospectus by a freshness and variety that a magazine of the more prolific present might be proud of.

Hoffman kept the editorship for only a few months, and gave it up for some reason that we have never seen explained. As early as October of the year in which the *Knickerbocker* was begun he was away on one of those long, roving expeditions in which he most delighted. Leaving New York on horseback in the pleasantest month of the American year, he kept on through the coming winter into the Western States, and reached the Mississippi in the bitterest of weather; then going southward he traveled over the Southwestern region, came northward to Kentucky, and through Virginia to the East, and reached New York again about the middle of the spring. It was this lonely journey that he described in his now-forgotten book, "A Winter in the West"—made up of letters he had written; but he did not again become connected with the *Knickerbocker's* management, which in the mean time had passed into the hands of Lewis Gaylord Clark.

If the story of Hoffman's life shall ever be more fully told, as we hope it may be before its memory has altogether passed away, it will be not the least valuable of those unremembered histories of which we spoke a little while ago. It may not now be touched upon, even by the most friendly hand; the thought of the old writer, still alive, yet lost to active life for more than a quarter of a century, and under the shadow of long illness, warns away from

any effort at biography ; and yet it is hard that the writer of the cheery lyrics of not more than a generation ago should slip so quickly from the minds of men. His songs are not yet all forgotten, and one of them is still familiar :

" Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting,
As the bubbles that swim at the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting ! "

That has the swing of a true Anacreontic, and might almost be sung with old Captain Morris's " Jolly Muse " or Stoddard's capital " Wine-Cup ; " yet half the people who know it could not tell its author, or, if they could, would have nothing else with which to associate it.

It is said, though with how much truth it is hard to tell after the lapse of all these years, that Hoffman's chief ambition was to write a really great romance—"the American novel" of which writers of those and later days were wont to dream—and that, having worked long over what he believed to be the realization of his idea, he finally finished the manuscript of his intended book, and took it with him away from the city to a country inn to finally revise it. There he was taken ill—too ill to know what went on about him—and when he recovered the manuscript, which he had left lying on his table, had disappeared. Inquiry proved that an ignorant servant had destroyed it. The work and its inspiration had been destroyed together : Hoffman abandoned his attempt. The only novel he ever wrote was " Greyslaer," which attracted little notice ; but who shall say what was in the vanished book—the one work or the one delusion of his literary life ?

Under Lewis Gaylord Clark the *Knickerbocker* made the best of headway. It was, indeed, in steadier and more practical hands, perhaps, than Hoffman's would have been. Clark had the talent of the editor in its perfection ; and the talent of the editor is something by which the general public profits most, and which it least appreciates or understands. For twenty-five years, or nearly that, Clark wrote, month after month, the " Editor's Table " and the " Gossip," which were perpetual pleasures to the *Knickerbocker's* readers ; and never failed to bring to them freshness, purpose, and vivacity—a fact that indicates what it is hardly an exaggeration to call the rarest ability in the world.

It is worth while to think of this a moment ; and the writer of our supposititious history of magazines will be in error if he does not make his reader pause to appreciate it fully. There is no man whose light is hidden from the public at large under so opaque a bushel as covers that of the editor of a monthly periodical. Occasionally an outside reputation makes his name generally familiar, as in the case of Mr. Curtis ; but, as a rule, he is unknown beyond the circle of his craft. And yet month after month he needs to draw upon his resources of thought, and

powers of pertinent and unhackneyed statement, drafts which would bankrupt many a writer with a thousand times his fame and his rewards. The journalist has his ever-ready source of inspiration and subject of comment in the moment's news. The magazine editor, generally half debarred from politics, and knowing that his comment on some nine days' topic, going to the press ten days before it meets the public eye, will seem a flat and unprofitable thing even to himself before that time—is yet faced by the relentless necessity for saying something which shall interest in not too abstract a way ; shall not be twaddle ; yet shall not be so dependent on any one event that its reader shall be able to say with justice, " This has been done too late—it is a useless blow upon cold iron."

Clark was the first American editor who had this task to do ; for the *Knickerbocker* was the first magazine of any permanence that had an editor's table of the modern fashion. And it was excellently done. Readers of the old monthly will remember well what a feature of the magazine it used to be ; how bright, and pertinent, and unwearying ; and how Clark seemed to have a talent for saying what one had been thinking of. It is not as a brilliant writer that he calls for some remembrance—many people, indeed, will tell you that his twin-brother Willis more deserved the adjective—but as an unflagging and always entertaining master of the art of conversation with the public.

No small part of the story of the formative period of our literature is told in the fifty-odd volumes of the *Knickerbocker*. Paulding wrote for the first of them ; Howells, and Aldrich, and the men of their generation, for the last. Between the essayists of *Salmagundi* and the authors of to-day there is hardly a remembered writer unrepresented in the monthly's pages ; and the forgotten ones are legion. Run your eye over the tables of contents between 1840 and 1860—not a generation ago, by any means—and see how easy it is to slip into the limbo that lies between a real life in the public mind and absolute oblivion ; a state wherein a name still has a kind of phantom existence, while the work which gave it body is completely dead. Who now reads Mr. Richard B. Kimball's " St. Leger," which when it was republished from the *Knickerbocker* ran through eight American and two English editions in four years ? It would be safe to say that it is an almost unknown book, except by title, to the younger novel-readers of to-day. But at the time of its appearance Mr. Kimball was one of the pillars of the *Knickerbocker's* strength. So was Henry T. Tuckerman, whose countless essays bookbinding could not make other than ephemeral. The light work of the monthly had an even shorter life, as was natural enough ; yet some of it was capital, and running through it is not by any means the worst way to spend an evening. There was a series of papers by Willis Gaylord Clark, signed Ollapod, and collected afterward under the title of " Ollapodiana ; " there is bright work in them ; but it is doubtful if a careful canvass could bring to light any one under thirty-

five who ever read them, or any one of middle age who remembers them otherwise than dimly. There was a similar series by Frederick Cozzens, called "Prismatics," and published under the *nom de plume* of Richard Haywarde. And there were stories without number, utterly forgotten now, to which we nevertheless turn back now and then with a positive affection; a few of them are as good as those the "Tales from Blackwood" have taken from magazine pages and preserved as classics in their way.

It may be imagined that the *Knickerbocker* was not suffered long to occupy the new field without a rival. Almost at the same moment with it was begun the *American Monthly Magazine*, with which, from its beginning, was associated one of the oddest characters ever numbered among the list of American Bohemians, Henry William Herbert. Herbert was an Englishman by birth, and of good family and education—a son of the then Dean of Manchester, and a graduate of Cambridge; but three years after he had taken his degree, and when he was but twenty-four years old, he came to America and made his home here; at first as a teacher of the classics in a private school. His leading passion was an ardent love for field-sports of all kinds; but he had strong literary tastes, a great deal of thorough scholarship, and a vigorous imagination; and the want of a larger income joined with his natural tendencies to lead him early to the periodicals. He was a scholar in top-boots and spurs; a hunter with the pen; he quoted Greek over his dogs; and his dogs and horses, in turn, were always intruding themselves into his literary work. More than one of his contemporaries, perhaps, remembers him entering an editor's room with a huge hound slouching at his heels, or coming booted and spurred with a shot-pouch and an article in the same pocket. He was an uncompromising monarchist; and brought with him a full set of the Tory opinions which would have befitted the career that Nature had planned him for—that of a hard-riding English squire of rather the Guy Livingstone order. His historical novels, of which a whole series came rapidly from his most restless pen, were full of stirring matter—fighting and heroic turmoil without end. "Sherwood Forest, or Wager of Battle;" "The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde;" "Marmaduke Wyvil;" "The Miller of Martigny"—who reads them now? Yet they are not bad reading, for any one who has the time and a somewhat stout literary digestion. And his books on field-sports are still classics of their kind; his *nom de plume* in this department—"Frank Forester"—outlives his proper patronymic.

The *American Monthly* was from the beginning very unevenly edited, as might, perhaps, have been expected; there were excellent things in it, but it had no standard for its work, and the old numbers are an odd jumble of good with entirely hopeless literature. It gathered no strong staff of writers, and therefore had but little staying quality in itself—while such a quality could certainly not be supplied by its erratic founder or his colleague. Their management continued but a year or two, and then the magazine

passed into the more practical and experienced hands of Park Benjamin—too late to save it. After five years of life it ceased publication with the end of '38; and, on the whole, its fate calls for but little mourning. As for "Frank Forester," his changeful life and restless Bohemian activity are hard to follow to their characteristic end. For years he taught and wrote; his articles are scattered through the periodicals of two decades; his endless sporting-books and novels would have given him a competence if he had chosen or had known how to keep it. He bought or hired a place not far out in New Jersey, which he called "The Cedars," and devoted to a kind of life that oddly realized some scenes in his own fictions; but he remained essentially a nomad in his tastes and habits. His last protracted work was on the old edition of *The American Cyclopædia*: and it was just after he had been engaged in writing some historical articles for this that the difficulties involved him, or the morbid fancies seized him, which brought his curious career to its unlooked-for close. He gave a dinner at the Brandreth House one day in 1858, and, leaving his friends over their wine and fruit, went into an adjoining room and shot himself. There was a rush from the dinner-table, but only to find him lying dead, without an explanation. It was a scene out of one of his own novels—a true "Guy Livingstone" effect.

It was about two years after the foundation of the *American Monthly*, and while the *Knickerbocker* was still in a decided infancy, that *The Southern Literary Messenger* was begun at Richmond by T. W. White, a liberal and ambitious publisher, and apparently a capable and efficient manager, but not in any sense a man of letters. He had a wide acquaintance in the South, and hoped to find material to sustain a really high-class periodical among the numerous race of local celebrities whom that sanguine region was then, as now, somewhat too quick to recognize as geniuses. At first he edited his magazine himself—a fact of which its earliest numbers show most obvious traces; but it had only been a few months in existence when chance brought him into contact with the man whose name was to give the *Messenger* its first real importance in our literary history.

It is an old story how Mr. Kennedy (of "Horse-shoe Robinson" and "Swallow Barn") first gained an interest in Edgar Poe through the prize-story sent by him to a Baltimore newspaper, and how the writer of the "Manuscript found in a Bottle" was commended by the novelist to Mr. White. "I have no doubt," wrote Kennedy to the founder of the *Messenger*, "he can be made very useful to you. And, poor fellow! he is very poor. . . . This young fellow is highly imaginative, and a little given to the terrific. He is at work upon a tragedy, but I have turned him to drudging upon whatever may make money, and I have no doubt you and he will find your account in each other." The hope proved true; and, although Poe remained in Baltimore, he seems to have taken the chief editorial charge of the

new magazine from the second number following this correspondence.

The rather melancholy history of his attempt need hardly be repeated. That he was no editor, in the proper sense, was obvious from the beginning; yet the first of his own writings that he published—notably "Hans Pfaal"—attracted much attention; and the good management of Mr. White replaced his want of system and his carelessness. But in the fall of 1835 he went to Richmond, and from this time forth his connection with the magazine was almost worthless, excepting as it served to draw attention to the undertaking. His short career as editor is henceforth only noticeable for its failures, and for exhibitions of a patience and consideration on the part of White that ought to keep the memory of the kindly publisher alive as none of his well-meaning efforts in behalf of literature could do. The letter that he wrote when Poe was first discharged from his employment is better testimony for a man to leave behind him than a reputation for keen discrimination or the best of editorial skill. The *Literary Messenger* waited for a man of greater literary talent to assume its management before it took the high place it occupied for long years afterward among the periodicals; but the liberality and personal magnetism of its founder seem to have been not the least contributions to the possibilities of its success.

For a few years beyond this Poe's career gives us a glimpse at the new enterprises of the time; for in almost all of them his hand is to be found at the beginning—and at the beginning only. He returned to Baltimore after his Richmond failure, and, when he did not succeed in keeping any but the most precarious work there, he went to Philadelphia, and a year or so later to New York. He had one article in the *New York Review*, a rather dignified and heavy publication, which in 1837 Dr. Hawks had founded in the last-named city; and this, as his biographer assures us, was his only contribution to a strictly critical periodical. For a short time his activity ceased almost altogether; the *Knickerbocker* seems either not to have attracted him, or not to have succeeded in obtaining from him anything worthy of its columns; and he busied himself, when he busied himself at all, in other work than magazine-writing until late in 1838. By that time he had wandered aimlessly back again to the Quaker capital, to happen there upon the next literary enterprise that calls for note.

At the same moment Dr. Hawks had chosen for the appearance of his grave *Review*, Burton, the comedian, had made arrangements for the issue of his *Gentleman's Magazine* in Philadelphia. From its beginning it was fairly successful in its contents, though by no means so financially; and in it Poe began again to do some admirable work. At first contributing occasionally or writing such reviews as were assigned him, he became, by the year's end, associated with it as a regular editor, and early in the spring of 1839 he took the chief charge, Burton turning over to him a nearly complete supervision

of its literary side, and keeping only the full business management and general superintendence. For a short time—though a much longer one than he had passed at Richmond—Poe worked faithfully, and, on the whole, with much ability, in his new office; but, before quite three months had passed—three months that saw the writing of some of his strongest tales and poems—he was again in the old shackles; and from this time forth the miserable story was repeated. The months that followed were as exhausting to the temper of the generous actor as those in Richmond were to the more simple soul of Mr. White; but the final scene was postponed until June of 1840. How it came about—the treachery Poe added to his now complete incapability and recklessness—the ultimate explosion and its consequences—all this is to be read in Griswold's bitter memoir; this part of which, at least, is too explicit for denial. The *Gentleman's* fared very well without him for the short six months remaining in its life; and when, in November, it was merged in Graham's *Casket* (an interrupted continuance of the old *Atkinson's*), it certainly deserved more mourning than perhaps it got, as far the best of the ephemeral monthlies of its little day.

It was at this time that the absurd title of the *Casket* changed to the more sensible and modern *Graham's Magazine*—or rather that a new periodical, with the added force and prestige of the *Gentleman's*, displaced the feeble struggles of the ancient monthly, and began a life of such unprecedented popular success as to enable it to offer higher inducements to authors than had yet been thought of; to incorporate all manner of popular devices—such as illustrations, that to-day provoke a smile. It is asserted that its circulation rose to thirty thousand—in those days amazing figures. It was a singular and sudden growth, the now consolidated *Graham*; apparently it found a special race of authors just ripe for expression, served them as a means of publication, and, when they grew silent, did not continue into the hands of any newer race, but quietly died. It is the most characteristic of the older magazines; its time might almost be called the "*Graham* period;" its columns are so typical of the peculiar thought and manner of that one decade that it is like a literary history; and the great majority of its regular contributors did not write much elsewhere; or, at all events, seldom had an independent fame. It is impossible to name any great number of them in an article like this; but nearly all their names are faintly remembered by any who are old enough to call to mind what one of our more recent men of letters likes to call "that Laura-Matilda age." They are the characters whose flattering portraits hang around the *Ruhmhalle* of the optimistic Dr. Griswold; and nearly all whose work is the most characteristic of the time are women. "The proportion of female writers at this moment in America," remarked the worthy doctor, in commenting upon this very period, "far exceeds that which the present or any other age in England exhibits. It is in the West, too, where we look for what is most thoroughly native and essential in American character, that we are principally struck

with the number of youthful female voices that soften and enrich the tumult of enterprise and action by the interblended music of a calmer and loftier sphere." It was such "female voices," which the reader of to-day would hardly listen to with the complacency of their well-known historian, that filled the columns of *Graham* with most gushing strains of verse, and with prose hardly less eloquent. A flood of feminine literature descended on the land; and, though not by any means unmixed with work of real desert, it is still something to look back upon with wonder. Of course, the monthly, with its liberal payments and continual enterprise, also secured much matter that was really capital from the established authors and the best class of the magazine-writers of its day; but, as one reads the volumes over, it is not the occasional story or poem by a stronger hand that gives them character, but the extraordinary quantity of this one kind of gushing commonplace that could be inflicted with success upon the readers of that epoch. Not only *Graham*, but another monthly, *Sartain's*, which succeeded it in Philadelphia in 1849-'53, under the charge of John S. Hart, seems to have gained its chief support from its purveyal of a never-ending store of "sentiment."

Strange to say, Poe, after all his more than faults, was the first editor of *Graham's* in the new shape; and, stranger still, he plucked up more or less of energy and persistency again, and for a year was once more at his best. He wrote some articles on ciphers in these early numbers, and much of his most ingenious and most creditable original work, besides attending with a new ability to the reviews and contributions; but all this was too good to last, and by-and-by the end came after the old fashion. He was discharged, and Dr. Griswold himself succeeded to the helm. No man was ever better fitted for a place. With all his optimism and lack of literary discrimination, he had a quick invention and a ready apprehension of the popular wants. Under his rule the monthly rapidly advanced toward its feeblest and its most financially successful point.

The whole decade while *Graham* flourished had been a fruitful one in other and in very different magazines. In 1840 Mathews and E. A. Duyckinck had established in New York *Arcturus*, still remembered for its criticism—its founders called it a gazette of "Books and Opinions"—but destined to a short life of little more than a single twelvemonth. In the same year, in Boston, Margaret Fuller, Mr. Emerson, and Dr. Ripley, had begun the famous *Dial*, the organ of New England transcendentalism, but noteworthy beyond it as a special motive for the excellence of its criticism and its thorough scholarship. In 1841 *The Boston Miscellany*, a new monthly, began a rather promising life under the charge of Nathan Hale, but lasted only a few months; and in that year also began *The Lowell Offering*, the mill-girls' magazine, notable for the circumstances of its publication—certainly not for the articles it held, save in a few and very exceptional cases. The year 1842

Quarterly Review, at Charleston; and at the same time a new monthly, *The Magnolia*, began a year's career in the same city. Of vastly more importance than the *Southern Quarterly* were two semi-political reviews, founded about this time, O'Sullivan's *Democratic Review*, transferred (after a four years' life) from Washington to New York in 1841; and Colton's *American Magazine and Whig Review*, begun in the latter city in 1845, and lasting seven years—supported by a great deal of good political writing; among other things, by articles by Parke Godwin. The literary departments of these two were also excellent; if we are not mistaken, the *American* was the place of publication of Poe's "Raven."

But two or three outside the list just given deserve to have their names called back from their oblivion. *The Pioneer*, begun in 1843 at Boston by Professor Lowell and Robert Carter, seemed to promise a success beyond the common, for among its writers were such names as Longfellow's and Hawthorne's; but its founders were unfortunate in their choice of publishers, for it had issued but three numbers when the firm that printed it went into bankruptcy from other causes, and the magazine was never afterward revived. *The Literary World*, by Hoffman and the Duyckinck brothers, ran from 1847 to 1853 with fair success; and in it Hoffman did the last work before his illness came upon him, writing tales and sketches, some of which, like "The Man in the Reservoir," are not forgotten yet. It was in 1847, too, that Mrs. Kirkland issued her extremely short-lived *Union Magazine*, the predecessor of the already-mentioned *Sartain's*. The same fertility in unsuccessful periodicals seemed to begin again that had been noticeable just a quarter of a century before—but with this difference, that those of the later period were rarely, even in their brief careers, without some article of note by which they may still be remembered; while those of the old time were meaningless as well as transient.

Poe was at last to found a periodical of his own—or, rather, he was to come into full possession of a periodical already founded by a steadier hand, and launched for him before he took the helm. He had come back to the metropolis in 1844; and, after spending something like a year in desultory writing and in association with Morris and Willis on *The Mirror*, he had joined, in 1845, with Mr. Charles F. Briggs in establishing *The Broadway Journal*, from which, a few months later, Mr. Briggs retired. It was an opportunity for Poe such as he might have used to excellent advantage, had it not been for him impossible to work in peace, to keep from senseless quarrels with his fellows, and to restrain himself within the bounds of reason in his bitterness toward almost all other writers. Neither his most besetting vice nor his irregularity in industry seems to have injured this attempt of his so much as his intolerable pugnacity; and any one who takes up the old files of his gazette is sure to light upon him in the midst of some interminable feud, conducted on his side with an almost childish spite and rancor.

"As we infringe upon no man's quarter-section,"

had said the prospectus of the *Journal*, "but have squatted upon unoccupied ground, we hope to be allowed to sow our dragon's teeth in peace; but, if we are attacked, the enemy may expect an army of armed sentences falling upon his flank and rear at all manner of unseasonable periods." The paragraph sounds more like "Harry Franco" (Briggs) than Poe, and might go for a humorous bit of figurative threatening; but the combative poet made it more than true: he sallied out upon the unoffending at all moments, and assailed them with the invective of a new Thersites. It was in *The Broadway Journal* that his famous attacks on Mr. Longfellow were made, and all his onslaughts upon the Bostonians; while everybody nearer him came in for a still hotter share of his ill-temper. Helped as he was by new associates from time to time, Poe could not lengthen out the *Journal's* life beyond the year. The volumes that contain its score or so of weekly numbers after he took charge of it hold little that is worth the saving.

The period this article may treat is nearly at an end. We have come down to the beginnings of those living magazines with which we have here no concern. *Harper's* runs back for nearly thirty years; and the *Atlantic* has piled up two score of semi-annual volumes since John Winthrop first appeared upon its cover. But there is still one more dead periodical to be remembered; "and, last of all, the greatest" of these rapidly-forgotten names, there is one of which even the younger generation have most pleasant recollection.

In January, 1853, after considerable preparation, the first number of *Putnam's Monthly* appeared, under the charge of Mr. Charles F. Briggs—the first, we think, to be associated with the project—and of Messrs. George William Curtis and Parke Godwin. "Astronomers assert," began the announcement of the undertaking, "that the nebulous mist with which the ether is charged is perpetually taking form—that the regions of space are but a celestial dairy, in which the milky-way is forever churned into stars. Nor do the new stars extinguish the old; for, as the thirteenth man in the omnibus always says, 'There is room for one more.' It will not, therefore, surprise the public to see a new magazine. The reader, like the astronomer cognizant of infinite star-dust, knows very well that in the rapid life of this country there is a constant scintillation of talent, which needs only a nucleus to be combined into beams of light and heat. . . . A magazine, like a poet, we know must be born and not made—that is, it must be founded upon fact. No theory of what a good magazine should be will make a magazine good, if it be not genuine in itself and genuinely related to the time. And it has been already announced in our prospectus that we have no desire to try an experiment. Are we, then, so sure? Has not the long and dreary history of magazines opened our eyes? Is there some siren seduction in theatres and periodicals that forever woos managers and publishers to a certain destruction? Why do we propose another twelve-month voyage in pea-green covers toward obscurity

and the chaos of failures? These are fair and friendly questions, while we stand chatting at the portal. With the obstinacy of Columbus—if you please—we incredulously hear you, and still believe in the West."

This confidence had more behind it than had been the case in any other instance. The magazine began its journey under the convoy, and, indeed, under the partial leadership, of one of the most intelligent and liberal publishers that ever honored his profession by bringing to it the same genuine love of letters which he hoped to aid in spreading. The friend, rather than the business agent, of a large number of most prominent literary men, he had easily assured himself, by a preliminary correspondence, of their real coöperation in a work which he had much at heart. The editors alone were very strong; their influence would have commanded, probably, the aid of all the already well-established names; but Mr. Putnam's reputation with both authors and the public was a factor of almost inestimable value in securing confidence for the new undertaking. Recruits came to it from every side; it seemed as though the rising writers recognized by instinct that here was really a genuine "nucleus," and the early numbers more than kept the editorial pledges. The *Knickerbocker*, in its twentieth year, had passed its zenith, and was rapidly descending toward that series of hazy changes both of publishers and name which came before its final setting—when the new luminary rose. A rival which could print in its first issue two such poems as Lowell's "Fountain of Youth" and Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque Ports"—which could show a list of such contributors as Mr. Putnam's announcements promised—might well quicken the veteran's decline. The dark-brown covers gradually yielded place to the "pea-green;" and for a few years it seemed as though the rising *Monthly* were the permanent magazine at last—based on a solid and continuous support, such as had hardly existed when its predecessors taught for the first time the possibilities of an American periodical.

Excepting the *Atlantic*—which in its admirable earlier volumes really shared in the same field—no American magazine has ever contained so much that will bear rereading a score of years afterward as *Putnam's*; no one, that is to say, has ever held so much that had real literary worth, independent of "timeliness" or transient interests. It caught a generation of magazine-writers at the beginning of its time of best activity; and, besides the work of the already well-known authors, published a multitude of those telling, strongly-marked sketches and tales that, without really taking a lasting place in literature, still gain a certain permanence by lingering in the minds of many readers long after their place of publication and their authors are forgotten. There is a plot, a telling situation, a capital conception, outlined in our memory—the skeleton of a story somewhere heard or read—where was it? It is wonderful how many hazy questions of this sort these volumes of the *Monthly* answer. It is a proof how good—at all events, how fresh and striking—much

of their contents was ; that, turning back to the old pages after twenty years, one becomes conscious that he has never rid himself of the impressions made by this avowedly ephemeral literature—only forgotten whence they came.

Perhaps it is their age that lends them some attraction ; but, after all, are there any magazine-stories now better than those in the old *Putnam* ? William O'Connor's "Ghost ;" "The Bell-Tower," by Herman Melville ; Mr. Perkins's "Conversations with Miss Chester ;" or those wonderful fantasies of Fitz James O'Brien ?—though most of these last, by-the-way, were of somewhat later date. It is hard that O'Brien's weird tales should die so soon—almost before the memory of their author—half scholar, half Bohemian—had vanished from men's minds. He is a very type of those of whom we spoke in the beginning—characters of whom some trace should be preserved—whose wandering lives, too often cut as short as his, should not be utterly forgotten. The fixed tradition among publishers, that collections of short stories "never sell," is seldom violated ; but would it not be possible to reprint that famous succession of imaginings, "The Diamond Lens," "The Hand and the Ear," and all the rest ? Or, why not "Tales from *Putnam*," like the old "Tales from Blackwood," which have run through many an edition ? There is enough material in the old *Monthly* to tempt the modern taste withal.

It is impossible to linger over these old numbers longer ; and, besides, they are too near the present to need much revival at our hands. But, as we put the volumes aside, we open at a title that provokes a smile. Who does not remember the *Monthly's* one "sensation"—the Rev. John H. Hanson's famous article under the startling heading, "Have we a Bourbon among us ?"—the great attempt to prove that "the Rev. Eleazer Williams, of Green Bay, Wisconsin," was the ill-fated Louis XVII. of France ? In reading over this amazing rubbish now, it is impossible to understand the attention it attracted at the time, or the contest it excited. It is a revelation of the capacity of human credulity of the same character as the Tichborne case ; nor is there any doubt that the Reverend Hanson—not to speak of many others—believed in Eleazer Williams with all the sincere and unquestioning faith that is so largely given in England to the false Sir Roger. A little circle of undoubting souls may still exist, for aught we know, who yet believe that Louis XVII. was smuggled to America apparently a hopeless idiot ; that he regained his senses through an accident ; and

that, after he had grown up as the supposed son of a St. Regis Indian and a white man, and had developed into a commonplace Western clergyman, the Prince de Joinville sought him out and unfolded to him, with vast solemnity and a parade of parchment and gold seals, "the secret of his birth." At all events, such was the story that served for a while to amuse half the people of the United States—who treated Mr. Hanson's query with characteristic irreverence, until it passed into a catchword not yet quite forgotten.

The *Monthly* was in the high-tide of prosperity when it passed from Mr. Putnam's hands into those of Dix, Edwards and Company—a firm in which Mr. Curtis was a special partner, though he confined his participation in its business to the continued management of the magazine, with which he had now become more completely identified in the public mind than either of his early colleagues. The transfer proved to be a fatal step. From several causes, which it is not necessary to rehearse, the new firm went into bankruptcy in the spring of 1857, and the *Monthly* ceased publication in the midst of its best days. The failure was disastrous, but it fell upon none so heavily as upon those who were not in the least responsible for what had caused it ; and first among the innocent sufferers were the chief editor and his friends. Assuming a load of debt that had been incurred without his agency or knowledge, and refusing to take the legitimate advantage of privileges and exemptions which not only the law but the opinion of scrupulously honorable men everywhere allowed him, Mr. Curtis devoted his own fortune and much of the labor of years to saving the firm's creditors from any loss ; and in 1873 accomplished the long task that he had set himself. Thackeray speaks, in one of his "Roundabout Papers," of the *esprit du corps* of men of letters, and the effect throughout that little army of an act that adds an "honor to the flag" of the profession. Is not this act—so quietly done that only previous publication of the facts warrants a reference to it—a case in point ?

In 1867 the old *Monthly* was revived, again in Mr. Putnam's hands ; but the history of its brief three years of life, till it was merged in the rapidly-successful *Scribner*, is rather a matter of the present than the past—too dangerously near for comment, and involving the same names that fill the magazines to-day. The older series was the last of the long list of really historic periodicals—and closed it worthily.

LADY'S-TRESSES.

(SPIRANTHES.)

WHEN summer flowers have shut their pretty eyes,
And summer birds to southern lands have flown ;
When crickets chant their drowsy monotone,
And sadly, through the pines, the south wind sighs ;
When over hill and plain, in lavish tides,
The golden-rod its garnered sunshine sheds,
And asters, white and purple, nod their heads,

And seem to say, "Naught that is fair abides"—
Ah ! then, in shaded lane and grassy field,
What new delight thy slender spires to find
With tress of hyacinthine bells entwined !
Fragrance like thine no rose of June can yield,
No lily can eclipse thy snow, dear prize,
Flung backward from sweet Summer as she flies !

ENGLISH HOLIDAYS.

WIMBLEDON.

MILITARY picnics of the Wimbledon-volunteer-meeting type are always popular in England; and now, when wars and rumors of wars are in all men's mouths and ears, people attend them, it may be supposed, not for pleasure merely, but also to find out how their warlike conceptions appear in the concrete. The individual Englishman is apt to consider himself largely responsible for the goings-on of the nation whereof he is a part; and just at present he feels that the Eastern question is a matter to which duty bids him be specially attentive. The army and navy must be looked into. Concerning the latter, indeed, one may feel tolerably at ease: the English iron-clads are better than any others, in spite of all this talk in the papers about inefficient management, and the danger of torpedoes revolutionizing maritime warfare. But, as regards the army, it is necessary to be more inquisitive. There may be some grounds of truth in the assertion that England cannot put quite so many men into the field, at a week's notice, as Germany, France, and Russia, combined; nay, it may be not wholly false that even such men as she has are not all of the best quality, or equipped in the most efficient manner, or commanded by a corps of Von Moltkes. Let us, therefore, use the opportunities afforded us for personal investigation. Here is the volunteer-meeting, for instance: we have always been proud of our volunteers; they are drawn from the better classes of society, and drill very well, considering that they do not devote their lives to practising the goose-step and bayonet-exercise. Suppose we inspect them. Not that we anticipate an invasion, for which contingency alone the volunteers were called into existence; but it would be satisfactory to know that good men and true are there, who, if the worst should ever come to the worst, could defend our hearths and homes. Of course, the worst never will come to the worst; still, we shall have a holiday!

The above is not written from notes taken of a soliloquy, or of a confidential dialogue between two typical Englishmen. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the mass of the people are beginning—and only just beginning—to peep forth from the fool's paradise as to their warlike efficiency, in which they have dwelt for twelve or fifteen years past. The Balkan Hills are some distance from London, yet the rattle and boom of cannon and rifle there have caused John Bull's tympanum to vibrate more than all the volumes of criticism and warning poured into his ears at shorter range and in friendly tones. He had been calling himself the friend of humanity and the guardian of civilization so long, that the absurdity was actually become earnest to him; and it may be a fact in morality worth noting that he will himself be the worst sufferer from his imposition. England has not at this moment a friend in the world—unless it be ourselves—and not even, so far as appears, any such

temporary friend as community of interest can create. It is within the possibilities that she finds herself, within the next few months, obliged either to fight Europe or to retreat from her present position regarding the Eastern question. She calls the Russians barbarians; but which one of the great powers is not barbarian compared with the Japanese, and the Buddhists and Brahmans of India? And if Russia is more barbarian than England, as in a sense she no doubt is, so much the worse for Britannia. Barbarian invasions are no new thing in the world's history, nor is it safe to count upon their failure.

On the whole, therefore, our worthy Briton betakes himself to Wimbledon this year with somewhat more concern and in considerably larger numbers than usual. I went with him; but, if I had formed any vivid expectations of a spectacle stirring with the glamour of war's more attractive side, I should have been disappointed. There never was anything so like a big fair, carried on in a rather listless and desultory manner, and with an excessive tendency to tents and target-shooting, as this camp at Wimbledon. In the first place, after having ridden up from Putney on the top of a 'bus, and paid ninepence to the conductor of that vehicle, you find yourself upon the outskirts of a huge, ungainly heath, rugged, unkempt, and gorse-grown—all, in short, that a heath should be, except lonely. It is populous with human beings, more than half of whom are women, and of the remainder all save a small fraction are in civilian's dress. Where are the soldiers? Never, surely, was a military camp so apparently destitute of the military element. The very tents seem more numerous than those who should inhabit them. One explanation of this anomaly is, that the men are allowed to wear civilian's dress much of the time; another, that the volunteer uniform, being of anything but conspicuous colors, does not, at a short distance, look like a uniform at all. Still another may be that the volunteers are so hospitable, that in the multitude of their guests they themselves are extinguished. Nevertheless, one gazes about and murmurs wonderingly, "What can have become of them?" And, as touching hospitality, it must be stated that although, when you are once through the entrance, you are liable to any amount of kindly and generous attention—the entrance-fee is one shilling. This struck me oddly, and did not tend to weaken the impression of being at a fair, to which I have already alluded. Here is a great arched gateway of painted woodwork, with placards pasted on it, "Pay here," and "No change given." But, close at hand, to provide against the contingency of your money being all in half-crowns and sovereigns, is a little booth, painted to match the gateway, and labeled, "Change given here." So far, you feel half as if you were entering the Cremorne Gardens and half as if you were at the portals of the Royal Acad-

emy. You get your change, pay your shilling, rattle through the turnstiles, and involuntarily begin to look about for the performing elephant, the thimble-riggers, and the merry-go-rounds. No!—you are in camp—in a camp which has so far yielded to the gentle influences of civilization that the sentry's challenge has been metamorphosed into a clamped turnstile, the password into a silver coin, and the army into yonder scattered loungers in knickerbockers, who are making themselves agreeable to the ladies. By keeping your eyes fixed upon the tents, your ears alert to that intermittent noise of rifle-firing, and your imagination universally and abnormally active, you may contrive to over-persuade yourself that you are not at a fair.

"Wimbledon's what you Yankees call a permanent institution," replied my English companion, answering these reflections of mine. "The fellows come here every year, you know. You wouldn't expect it to be like ordinary camps. If they didn't charge at the gates the place would be overrun—besides, the thing doesn't pay for itself."

"It doesn't pay anyway," was in my thoughts a good deal during the day. A great amount of money is spent upon it, and upon the magnificent prizes which are yearly shot for, which, I should think—were England less fabulously wealthy than she is—might better go to the regular army. These men are only play-soldiers, not because they might not be made efficient in a war, but because war scarcely enters into their expectations. No Englishman really believes that England will ever be invaded, yet invasion is the volunteer's *raison d'être*. No doubt it is well, on general principles, that every citizen should know how to hit a target and sleep under canvas; but would it not be better were the time and money devoted to this amusement used for the men who are really meant to face the enemy, and who, with all reverence be it said, are very far from being what they should and might be, in any respect? My English companion only rubs his chin and smiles. Bar partisanship, whatever in England is, is good. And, as for Wimbledon, that foreigner would be a churlish fellow indeed who, after an evening's entertainment there, could find anything disagreeable to say of the institution—so far as his foreign self was concerned.

Between the entrance and the tented portion of the field intervenes a breadth of waste ground, over which jolt errant cabs, empty and otherwise (though their drivers were invariably full), and wander all sorts of people. It was a nondescript region, best designated as nowhere in particular; and yet there was an obscure influence about it that better suggested the idea of a camp than did the camp itself. It somehow brought to mind the barrenness, the dreariness, the repulsiveness, which underlie all that appertains to war. A camp is a little world, with plenty of order and energy and brilliance in it, perhaps, but yet lacking in every element which makes the real world endurable and possible. The object of life in the real world is reproductiveness, moral, mental, and material; that of camp-life is destruction. A camp must always be a blight—albeit a picturesque one—on the

face of the earth. The longer one contemplates it the more patent does this fact appear, emerging from beneath all veils and disguises; and even in so amateurish a camp as Wimbledon it is perceptible enough. If this had been a town, the public-spirited ones among the inhabitants would have made it their business to keep this breadth of waste ground in some sort of order; being a camp, there was no public spirit, but only an *esprit de corps*, which may give heed to the trimness of its own particular inclosure, but could by no possibility care how things looked outside.

When we got amid the city of tents, we found it to consist of many small villages, each one squared around a central open space, and partitioned off from its neighbors by wired fences. These fences take the place of sentries—at least, I saw no others at Wimbledon. In the centre of each inclosure floated the banner of the corps, on a tall flag-staff; and its name was inscribed on the front of each tent. The tents were neat and taut, but I never saw such a bewildering network of tent-ropes and pegs as everywhere beset the steps of the unwary pedestrian. Were any one by some accident to become inebriated within the camp boundaries, and try to find his way about after dusk, only a miracle could save him from breaking his neck once or twice every minute. With due caution, therefore, we picked our way along the devious lanes, and, passing through the breadth of the canvas city, found ourselves near the brink of an irregular ravine. A roadway extended along this verge, having the tents on one side and a fenced-off space about twenty feet in width on the side of the ravine. This fenced-off strip was reserved for the riflemen, who lay flat along the turf, and aimed at the rifle-butts on the opposite slope of the little valley, the ranges varying from two hundred to a thousand yards. The roadway, and all the camp behind it, was alive with spectators of the shooting, stationary or in motion; but the valley across which the bullets flew was significantly empty; it was a valley of death. After pondering over this a while, and noting the sharp contrast between the populous vivacity here and the lifeless desertion there, I began to realize that this pastime was after all a deadly one. Each crack of a rifle, echoed back so pleasantly from the opposing bluffs, might have sounded the knell of a human life. That stretch of vacant heath between the riflemen and the butts was more fatal to him who should traverse it than had it been the most poisonous of tropical swamps. Little placards were posted up here and there—"Danger"—but they were unnecessary; the swift, invisible passage of the bullets was warning enough. It only needed that those opposing bluffs should suddenly send forth an answering fire—and we should have known how the Balkans felt!

Nothing of the kind occurred, however. But at every shot a mystical change would take place in the butt aimed at. It would seem to vanish, or sink into the earth, and in its place would arise another disk, not plain like the other, but either crossed

with black, or with red, or having a black border—signs whereby was indicated the approximation of the bullet to the bull's-eye. And once in a while an immediate white disk would appear, and then a murmur would go round, "Another bull's-eye, by Jove!"

It did not seem to me that there were quite as many of these last as there might have been; but upon inquiry I found that no regular match was being contested, but that the gentlemen upon their stomachs were merely amusing themselves with "pool-shooting." They were improving the shining hour by using their skill in deadly weapons to earn a little money—or even a great deal—sometimes as much as ten pounds sterling a day. Certainly, the Wimbledon fortnight must be a precious two weeks to a good marksman, especially if the accuracy of his shooting is much in advance of his ordinary ability to—in vernacular phrase—pay the shot. A hundred to a hundred and forty pounds, with a chance for prizes thrown in, cannot but make an enormous difference in the income of, say, a volunteer private who, as a civilian, keeps a little huckster-shop, perhaps, or mends shoes. One cannot but admire the wealth and liberality of England; nevertheless, it seemed to me a little odd that even amateur warriors should wield their arms for lucre; nor did the knowledge of the fact tend to diminish that absurd impression of mine about its all being a fair.

We moved along the roadway, the rifles popping on our right, until we got to the eastern end of the camp, where or whereabouts was a large house-like tent, within the inclosure in front of which a band was performing; and crowded outside the inclosure, in carriages or on foot, were a good many fashionable-looking people, listening. The music was good music, but even more admirable were the calves of a young fellow in knickerbockers. They were larger round than the waist of many a fashionable lady, and I could not but wonder whether any other than the knickerbocker costume could possibly accommodate such titanic development. The tight trousers in vogue some years ago must have been quite impracticable for him; and how could such a leg ever hope to get on a hunting-boot? If all England stands upon such limbs as these, she stands firm indeed. But Providence seems envious when one reflects what an incomparable footman was lost to the world when that young man was born a gentleman. Nothing short of white-silk stockings and pumps could do him justice.

The calves sauntered away together, and we betook ourselves in the direction of a long, low, fantastic edifice, which somehow brought to mind a dwarf Crystal Palace made of wood, but painted blue-and-white in imitation of glass. It was the camp restaurant; not, apparently, intended for the use of the volunteers themselves, but for the camp-followers. At the doorway (or at one of them, for there were several, opening on a veranda which ran along the front of the building) we met three gentlemen, reporters on the London daily press, and my

companion stopped to exchange a few words with one of them. Now, as it was the business of these three personages to describe whatever they saw, whether things or men, and to send telegrams thereof to their respective papers, headed, it may be, "From our Special War Correspondent at Wimbledon;" and since none of them happened to be aware that the unobtrusive foreigner, standing apart, had any sort of connection with their own line of business: for these reasons it gives me pleasure to offer a personal description of each one of them. The first, then, was a tallish, solidly-made young fellow of about six-and-twenty, with a beard dark but juvenile, and a countenance browned by, I presume, the burning suns of the campaign. His manner was affable, even smiling; his hands large and warm, and not rigorously clean; and there emanated from his person and bearing an atmosphere as of one who had plenteously partaken of both solid and liquid refreshment. He affably declined an invitation to take a drink, remarking that he must go and work; but I have reason to believe that he subsequently found cause to alter his intention in this regard. Of his associates, one was an unreasonably tall man, with a countenance of really romantic beauty, adorned with a light-brown mustache, the graceful sweep of which was prolonged to such a degree that it came near making his amazing stature appear stunted. He looked an ideal captain of grenadiers, and it was a shame that, instead of a splendid uniform, he wore a very unpretending civilian costume, and that his trousers were scarcely able to reach the shoes at the ends of his endless and rather insecure legs. The third gentleman was a trifle under the middle size, thick-set, with an aquiline nose, and a pair of the most opaque gray eyes that your reporter ever beheld. How he saw through them was a mystery; perhaps he was secretly blind; but, be that as it may, he was the one of the three by whom I would least willingly have been interviewed—and that not merely because he represented the most widely-circulated newspaper in the world.

We went into the restaurant, and found that the prevailing viands there were bread-and-butter and milk, instead of raw beef and brandy, as might have been expected. Beer, however, could be obtained; and at one section of the long counter, which extended from one end to the other of the long room, tobacco was on sale. A series of tables and benches was ranged along the body of the hall; but there were no waiters, still less *vivandières*; and the guests were obliged to wait upon themselves, after having paid their reckoning to the array of harassed-looking persons in shirt-sleeves who stood behind the counter to see that nothing was stolen. My English friend grumbled here for the first time that day, and carried me off very shortly, remarking that this was not the way fellows lived at Wimbledon, but that I should see how they did live before the day was over. And so I did.

In leaving the restaurant we passed down what seemed to be the commercial thoroughfare of the camp; the tents were shops, pitched there by enter-

prising London tradesmen, and stocked with all things that a campaigner, or, indeed, any reasonable person whatever, could desire. And there was a newspaper-repository, where the camp might go and read twenty different versions of what the outside world thought of it from day to day. But the most popular feature in this quarter was the prize-tent, where were exhibited the prizes which the best marksmen were destined to take home with them at the end of the fortnight. Very costly some of those great pieces of plate must have been; but the design which pleased me most was not that in which a silver gentleman, of the best English type, and in volunteer uniform, stands in a modest attitude with his cap off and his rifle leaning against his shoulder—his good-breeding preventing him from betraying surprise at the close proximity to him of a Roman centurion in full armor, with one sandaled foot resting upon a dismounted cannon; or from attempting to dodge the impending descent upon his shoulders of a well-fed and strongly-built goddess of victory. I liked better a vast silver urn from China, almost big enough to take a bath in, though intended only to hold punch; it was climbed over by a number of horribly grotesque and impossible monsters, who incidentally served as handles, and was further covered with a maze of indescribable and—so far as I know—meaningless figures in low-relief. That punch-bowl was too good for kings or emperors to drink out of; but it might fittingly have been placed before a select party of such men as Anacreon, Hafiz, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, Ben Jonson, Heine, and Charles Lamb. If those congenial spirits could be gotten together for a night, and Hebe be recalled from Olympus to fill the goblets, I know who would like to lean behind the silken curtain, in the marble shadow of the doorway, and gaze and give ear! But I fear no periodical outside of Paris could be found indiscreet enough to publish a full report of their conversation.

No matter—since there is no such symposium to describe. But the Chinese punch-bowl, although I quaffed no drop of wine from it, so went to my head, filling it with all sorts of fantastic and futile notions, that I scarcely again took note of outward things until I found myself walking within the "Victoria" encampment. This is, I believe, a crack corps, as it is certainly an aristocratic one—if that be a recommendation. Around the flag-staff in the centre of the little inclosure were flower-beds full of overpoweringly brilliant geraniums; half a dozen big cooking-stoves were planted in a dip of the ground a few rods to the south; and, as if to complete the round of sensuous gratifications, an horizontal and a pair of parallel bars were set up near at hand, and a couple of young athletes were going through rival evolutions upon them. As we passed along the front of the tents, and glanced through the open door-flaps, glimpses of cozy interiors were revealed—the greatest amount of comfort packed into the smallest possible space. All the resources of civilization, developed during the course of ages, have not succeeded in evolving anything in the way of a dwelling

which can compare for comfortable snugness with a well-pitched tent. In the first place, it is delightful to feel that you are so near being in the open air, while yet you are completely protected from it. You hear the rain patter on the canvas an inch from your head, but it does not wet you; sunshine and shadow pass visibly across your semi-translucent walls, yet your eyes are not dazzled, though it is true that the former can make the atmosphere too sultry. You have stolen a march upon Nature; you nestle close to her heart, yet are sheltered from her brusque caprices. Then, what command over her resources does he feel who, sitting in his bedroom, cannot only behold at a glance his dining-room, parlor, and antechamber, but can stretch forth his arm and reach to the remotest limits of them all! He enjoys all the advantages of giantship, without its drawbacks in the way of clumsiness and singularity, and the risk of being snapped up by enterprising showmen. The tendency of late years has been toward expansion in all things, under the mistaken idea that bigness and luxury have necessarily anything in common. But a better culture will perhaps show that the essence of true refinement lies in the direction of condensation; and then the upper ten will pull down their huge palaces, and take a leaf from the book of the Arabs. If the population goes on increasing, economy in space will become as much of a necessity as of a virtue; but, at all events, the wealthiest and best-educated man of the future will be he who comes nearest to keeping house in his own pocket.

Meanwhile the "Victorias" did what they could toward promoting this consummation. The tents were charmingly fitted up, and showed good reason why Wimbledon should continue in spite of logic and political economy. Most of them had baskets of flowers on the little tables in the centre, or suspended from the ridge-pole. Now and then a stalwart youth was seen outstretched on his pallet with a cigarette in his mouth and a two-shilling novel in his hand. At the doorway of one tent lay a superb Russian greyhound, lean, keen, and tall, with long, clinging hair. He was the only Muscovite captive in camp. At several places visitors were being entertained, amid chat and laughter, and the *frou-frou* of ladies' dresses, and the sparkle of champagne and claret-cup.

"This is more the sort of thing, you know," observed my English friend.

A prominent feature of all the tents was the large, round bath-tubs which stood beside every door, like so many shields of Grecian warriors in the camp before Troy. Upon the bottom of each was inscribed, in white figures, the number of the tent to which it appertained. Remembering that it was a custom of chivalry for the warrior who wished to challenge another to approach his tent and smite with his spear the buckler which hung outside, I was not surprised to see my companion walk up to one of these warlike-looking tubs, and strike two or three resounding blows upon it with the point of his umbrella. Nor did the challenge go unanswered,

Forth from the dim interior—for it was by this time past sunset, and the sky was cloudy—issued an athletic figure, who, on seeing my friend, made up to him with so much vivacity that a warm encounter might have been expected. But the meeting, though warm, was anything but hostile in its character: and in a few moments, conducted in by hospitable hands, we found ourselves amid a circle of genial friends, seated on pallets, trunks, and camp-stools, with an aroma of flowers and Turkish cigarettes in the air, and, circulating amicably from hand to hand, the gladness of a huge silver tankard, with three handles, to each of which was tied a damask napkin, while within bubbled a cool, golden well of champagne-punch. This was more the sort of thing, indeed. Our two gallant young hosts were delicately attentive, and the ladies seemed fairer and more gracious even than the generality of their countrywomen. The narrow sphere of canvas within which we sat seemed to draw us into closer bonds of mutual regard. When, after a while, the lamp was lighted, we seemed complete unto ourselves—a genial little microcosm. As for that silver tankard—it seemed impossible that we should ever get to the bottom of it; nevertheless, I believe we did, at last; and in sweet contentment did we sit and watch the smoke of our cigarettes eddy through the light, and whisk through the pointed doorway into the outer darkness. At last our hosts said: “If you will come with us to the mess-tent, we can get a bit of supper. Afraid it will be awfully crowded—hope you won’t mind—better get our places early, you know.”

Crowded it was, but such a crowd as impels one to say, “The more the merrier.” Everybody pleased, good-natured, and jolly. More ladies than gentlemen—as had been the case everywhere all day—and a charming mutual affability on the part of both sexes. Could they all have been drinking champagne-cup, I wonder; and were they viewing one another through the golden glamour of its medium? We sat packed along narrow benches, at rough wooden tables, and ate homely but substantial rations off metal dishes; yet seldom has a meal tasted more savory; we fancied ourselves soldiers of a brilliant campaign, eating our rude banquet after a day under arms, with victory for sauce. Good-humor and appetite reigned supreme.

“Are you Mr. Smith?” inquired one of the attendant squires, of a gentleman very near me who had not yet been served.

“No,” replied the person questioned, with a sigh, and casting a wistful glance at the well-furnished platter which the other carried, “but I wish I was!”

When, before now, was a hungry man ever known to be so sweet-tempered? Could the champagne-cup have had anything to do with it, after all?

Supper over, we trooped out again into the soft, cloudy night and wandered for half an hour about the camp, which looked incomparably picturesque, each tent “lamp-lit from the inner,” glow-worm-like. We caught our feet in tent-ropes, and stumbled up and down hillocks and hollows, and pricked ourselves with gorse, and walked against invisible wire fences—each fresh mishap amusing us more than the last; and at every turn we met other wandering groups, who were enjoying like mishaps to our own. After having twice or thrice irremediably lost ourselves, and each time delightedly congratulated one another on the adventure, we brought up at what we already felt pride in calling “our own tents” once more. We were just in time for the music and the singing in the mess-tent, and also (as we discovered ere we had long been seated) for the “hot Scotch,” smoky and aromatic, in battered tin cups, which seemed—but that may have been imagination, or anything—to greatly improve the flavor of the liquor. As for the singing, it produced an impression of sound lungs and merry hearts, if not of finished musical training. The most modest and retiring of the performers, who colored visibly and smiled in a foolish manner whenever he was applauded, was a gentleman fresh from Central Africa, where he had killed lions and elephants enough to furnish half his audience with hides and ivory. Then there was a funny man . . . but perhaps I am laying too much stress upon a phase of Wimbledon life which, however enjoyable in itself, is not of the highest ethical or historical importance. Moreover, as the evening waxed late, so many people sang, or tried to sing; so many amusing events happened, or seemed to happen; and such an astonishing multiplication took place, or appeared to take place, in the number of the battered tin cups—that it might prove difficult to make a straightforward record of the closing scenes. Let it suffice to add, therefore, that when we had staid as long as the rules of the camp allowed, and had been escorted to the boundaries, with fraternal solicitude, by our hosts; and had then and there agreed to come again the next day and the next after that, and also next year, were England in existence at that time; and had taken the address of a certain cigarette-manufacturer (as well as a dozen or so of his cigarettes, for samples); and had said a hearty good-by to each other after every one of these episodes—we did finally clamber into an open-work sort of omnibus, with whose occupants (not one of whom we had ever seen before, or could see then, for that matter) we found ourselves instantly on a most friendly and even hilarious footing; and so with much jollity we trundled back to Putney. If I owned a country-house on the Putney and Wimbledon road, I should make arrangements to let it during the camp-fortnight.

A WHIP OF SCORPIONS.

NEARLY the first thing which Mark Trafford did, on returning from Europe in 1872, was to look up the whereabouts of his friend Lionel Mayne. Trafford had been quite intimate with him three years before, on leaving America, but their correspondence, at first mutually frequent, had dwindled into irregularities for which Lionel had been alone blamable. After a year of separation, matters had so arranged themselves that they no longer wrote to one another. Trafford regretted this turn of affairs, for Lionel's letters were always pleasant reading, and fragrant with a most agreeable personality.

Trafford found his friend in his old quarters, a pair of rooms that addressed you in a mute dialect of bachelorhood the moment you made their acquaintance. But it was bachelorhood that keeps well within the limits of careful refinement. Indeed, Lionel was always a man of the daintiest personal tastes. While Trafford grasped his friend's right hand, on the day of their meeting, he observed that Lionel's left held a luxuriously-carved meerschau; a smoke-bronzed bacchanal head, very characteristic, in a general sense, of the owner. Scattered about the room were a hundred proofs of artistic culture, from the famed armless Venus in plaster to a photographed segment of Venice.

Lionel wrung his friend's hand with a look of real delight. He was a magnificent creature, physically speaking, and Trafford, whose general effect might be described as one of unnoticeable bronzed leanness, no doubt felt, after this long absence, a sudden humbling sense of personal contrast. Lionel was heavy-framed, and yet a lightsome grace played flexibly, so to speak, over his muscular girth, something after the fashion of a close-fitting silken garment. His head, with its blond, Greek look, was superbly set on a pair of massive shoulders. His blue eyes were full of a sunny frankness, and shadowed by dark lashes of unwonted length. His yellow beard and mustache grew lightly enough to show the fine chiseling of throat and lips behind their curly sparseness.

"That it should be you, Mark, of all people!" he exclaimed, with his large, soft hand still grasping Trafford's. "I honestly believed, old fellow, that you were never coming back."

"And acted as if you deeply cared," Trafford replied, in a dry way peculiar to himself. It was not his choice, however, to reproach Lionel for any neglected epistolary duties. "You're looking admirably well," he at once proceeded.

"Thanks for telling me so," said Lionel, putting forward a chair. His tones were so genially grateful that they somehow quite excused his omission to touch at all upon the question of how Trafford was looking. There is probability that he did not specially observe, or that Mark's mention of himself had wholly driven any such thought away. Lionel's

egotism was an intense though rarely an ugly fact. Not ugly, it should be explained, because he incessantly wrapped it up in the flowery graces of his own easy pleasantry and warm picturesqueness. Almost any gardener knows the effect of a few vine-sprays about some jagged, uncouth stump.

"I never was better in my life," Lionel now went on, as the two friends seated themselves. "It isn't only physical health, Mark, it's mental. I write so much better than I did! You must see the last few chapters of my new book, and I'm sure you will say so."

Trafford execrated his friend's books. He saw the extreme cleverness of their occasional passages, but as novels they were, to his thinking, merely grotesque libels upon human nature. Lionel plumed himself upon his deep "insight into character," as the phrase goes; and it must be allowed that certain critics supported this opinion; yet Trafford had long ago told himself with decision that it was in his friend's power to use words with a certain half-artistic showiness when he described any of the louder phenomena, such as a thunder-storm, or a fractious horse, or a flashily-handsome woman, but that Lionel, on the whole, knew as much about the mystic ways of human souls as he knew about the planets of remote systems. Trafford, however, was himself grossly unliterary, it is but just to add; he even wrote ordinary notes quite ill, and with a fair amount of trouble.

"Let us talk of your doings and not of your writings, Lionel. It is the privilege of your friends, remember, that they can add occasional glimpses of the first to admiring studies of the second."

Rivers sometimes run underground, and, if sarcasm chooses to flow beneath a solid outwork of rhetoric, the harm inflicted is certainly slight. Trafford paid his pretty compliment with a face like a hickory-nut for stolidity.

It was charming to see the smile that now lit the other's face.

"Doings, Mark?" he said, reflectively. "What have my principal doings been? Oh, I recollect, now that you haven't heard. It's been my chief reason, by-the-way, for having neglected to write you of late." These latter words Lionel said with a downward look and a hesitant voice. He now lifted his clear eyes and steadily regarded Trafford. "I have been getting engaged," he said. "I am going to be married next week."

Such news was a bomb-shell to Trafford. Of all men Lionel had seemed to him the most irredeemable of celibates. He had seen him seated with a half-lounging grace in women's society, and noted the magnetic power of his presence upon more than a single female temperament. That Lionel's beauty and mental brilliancy should attract almost any woman seemed to enter neatly enough amid the general fitness of things; but that he should place an

unsuspecting wife under the tyranny of his charm-hidden selfishness—that he should hang her, so to speak, upon his wall, like a newly-bought print, or deposit her on his chiffonier among other ornamental luxuries—this seemed a sacrilege which Trafford, if he had at all meditated on the subject, doubtless felt Lionel incapable of committing.

It might almost be said that Trafford now controlled a shudder from making itself visible as he proceeded to ask certain questions regarding Lionel's *fiancée*. She was a Miss Eleanor Lathrop, he soon learned, a young lady whom he had himself met in New York society during previous years. He remembered her rather ill; but it now occurred to him that she had been somewhat courted of old, though less so than an elder sister, much more sprightly in style and pronounced in deportment.

Lionel discussed his engagement with an unreserved diffuseness.

"I don't doubt you have met her," he told Trafford. "Sybil is the gay one, you know, but Eleanor is quiet and very gentle. Fashionable places used to bore her, and she only went to please her sister. We had known each other since she first came out, but I never really got to know her till we met at a kind of literary party not long ago. It seemed so odd to find her there; she had usually confronted me at the swell entertainments, you know, dressed in the customary ballroom splendors, and talking industriously about nothing to some peripatetic shirt-bosom in her immediate neighborhood. But here were only tranquil, well-bred people, nearly all of them intellectual, some even famous for genius, and (it must be conceded) a good many of them both awkward and shockingly dressed. Miss Lathrop's general style of high-bred grace stood out in such an assembly; the new framework brought forth new points in the picture. I went up and asked her, rather flippantly, what she was doing among the blue-stockings. Very soon I discovered that she was a blue-stocking herself, but of a different sort from any I had ever met before." After a brief pause Lionel went on: "About a month later we were engaged. I suppose it was her father's sudden death that brought it about." Lionel now looked down at a certain cameo-ring on his finger, and, while intently scrutinizing the jewel, proceeded: "Marriage had seemed immensely out of the question with me. Eleanor's father, as I said, died suddenly. She is now an orphan, and of age. She has a handsome property." He raised his eyes again. "You will hear people say everywhere, Mark, that I am marrying for money. But, of course, you must not believe this nonsense."

Trafford did not believe it, either then or afterward, when Lionel's prophecy came actually to pass. But his opinions regarding his friend's chief matrimonial motive at once took a most clear-cut positiveness. Lionel, he decided, was gracefully permitting Miss Lathrop to marry him, with that felicitous look of conferring a rather generous favor that possessed, like many of his actions, a reverse side of pure selfishness. He was a little pressed in money-matters,

after the fate of many literary men. Miss Lathrop represented pecuniary amelioration on a somewhat spacious plan. If the operation of selling one's self was an ignoble one, it could still be made a fact upon whose uncanny basis was built up some concealing structure of rosy sentimentality, durable enough at least to deceive a few observers.

"But," Trafford proceeded to reflect, after leaving his friend that day, "how does any such ornate subterfuge deceive Miss Lathrop? Is she sufficiently in love to be blessed with the proverbial blindness, or is she simply a rather stupid young person?"

A day later Trafford had opportunities of discovering that she was by no means a stupid person. Like Lionel, he had never made one of Miss Lathrop's devotees at the fashionable balls; for Trafford had a style, indeed, of dropping in very late when he went to this sort of entertainments, and of standing in doorways while the German progressed, his hard, bronze-colored face seeming almost anomalous in that odor-loaded atmosphere. Repeatedly he had seen debonair creatures pin pretty favors on Lionel's coat, and afterward be whirled round by him to the measures of waltz-music. It occurred to Trafford, when he now saw Miss Lathrop and Lionel together, that she had an air of perpetually doing some such gracious act as this, and that Lionel had a reciprocal air of receiving the gift with handsome gallantry.

"But she believes that she will get more than a mere waltz in return," Trafford told himself, while he closely scanned Eleanor Lathrop's face. It seemed the face of a woman who would prefer walking to waltzing through life. Lionel had brought him there that evening, and Miss Lathrop had received him with sweet graciousness. She was a slender girl, willowy in figure, with candid, brown eyes that looked at you from under strongly-arched eyebrows, and masses of flaxen hair worn in silky, shining bands about a small head of markedly high-bred carriage. Trafford talked with her for a little while in low tones, while Lionel sat beside the elder sister, Sybil Lathrop, an apple-cheeked and somewhat buxom young lady, the absolute opposite of Eleanor. Trafford found the affianced wife of his friend very agreeable company, and of a much more serious turn than he had imagined her. She put forward no obtrusive love-signs when referring to Lionel, and mentioned her coming marriage once or twice with a gentle solemnity of tone and manner that made the subject seem like a wayside shrine before which one bows momentarily without any ceremonious kneeling. But a little later, when Lionel and his apple-cheeked companion joined them, Trafford, always quickly perceptive, saw in Eleanor's manner toward her betrothed evidence of how that which we sometimes call a grand passion can affect a nature full of orderly quietudes and spiritual self-restraints. It was adoration on Miss Lathrop's part, he told himself. "Alas! what is it," he mentally added, "on the part of Lionel?"

A few days later the marriage took place. It was a very quiet performance, because of Mr. La-

throp's recent death. Trafford and the buxom Miss Sybil were the principal personages of the occasion, next to the bride and groom. Miss Sybil, who had always rather liked Trafford, made certain confidential disclosures to him after the ceremony was over, and the new-wedded pair had disappeared into that sacred obscurity with whose romantic nimbus it is conventional to encircle the honeymoon.

"So," said Sybil, "Eleanor is married and done for. You're a friend of Lionel's, Mr. Trafford, but I can't help telling you that I'm sorry Eleanor ever cared for him. He is a Bohemian, and I dislike Bohemians. It does seem so odd that Eleanor and I should differ in so remarkable a degree. And then we are both wrongly put together, besides, for I am the most out-and-out aristocrat, you know, notwithstanding my red cheeks and my stoutness; while Eleanor, who looks and walks like a Marie Stuart, sees very little difference, I verily believe, between a banker and a baker. It is so sad to feel that one has the soul of a *Récamier*," proceeded Sybil, with plump melancholy, "inside the body of a bouncing milk-maid."

Trafford used his social tact in consoling this ill-used victim of circumstances, though he felt scarcely equal to any such office, just now, being filled with a kind of saturnine regret for the inevitable. Lionel and his bride filled this man's thoughts with considerable persistence during the next fortnight. The pair returned to New York after an absence of two weeks, and Trafford, without being sent for, called upon them at the old family mansion. A placid radiance seemed to touch young Mrs. Mayne, both in a physical and mental sense. It occurred to Trafford that she had greatly gained in looks, and the fitful smile lighting her usually serious lips made him think of a bud that sheathes and unsheathes some delightful flower in a jealous economy of its own beauty. A day or two later some important business called Trafford away from New York, and an enforced residence of two months in another city was the result of this sudden departure. When he returned to New York again the summer had set in. Calling at the Lathrop house, he discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Mayne had left, with Miss Lathrop, for the country.

It was not until the following autumn that Trafford met his friends. Not knowing of their return to town, he was surprised one day to receive an invitation to a small party at their house, written in Mrs. Mayne's name. The invitation was worded informally, and the hour mentioned was an early one. He reached the house on the evening in question at about eight o'clock. He had scarcely entered the scantily-filled rooms before Sybil Lathrop met him, looking healthier than ever but extremely woe-begone.

"You're asked solely on my account," she began, in a saddened whisper, offering Trafford a fat little hand. "This is one of their intellectual parties. They met a number of these people at Saratoga this summer, but many of them are old stock. Isn't it dreadful? Not a familiar face, you know. And such dressing! Do you see that creat-

ure in blue spectacles? Lionel says that she is trying to regenerate her sex, whatever that may mean; but as if she could do anything except degrade it in that frightful head-dress! You want to see Eleanor, of course, don't you? She isn't very well this evening; it's only one of her headaches, I believe. Ah! there she is now, talking to that bearded object, who went to some country where nobody else had ever been, and then wrote a book about it that they say is half humbug."

A little later Trafford took Mrs. Mayne's attention away from this irreverently-described explorer. She was pale, and her usual placidity appeared touched with a kind of fitful nervousness, that reminded Trafford of a statue bathed in some flickering light.

"I suppose you have seen Lionel?" she said, as they stood together.

"No," Trafford answered. A moment later it seemed to him that Mrs. Mayne's brown eyes looked at him with a sort of wistful stare in the depths of each. Then she said, with a careless voice, half averting her look:

"He is, no doubt, doing the agreeable somewhere. You will meet him presently."

"He is very well?" asked Trafford.

"Oh, yes."

"And writing diligently nowadays?"

Mrs. Mayne's eyes resought Trafford's face. There was now no mistaking the sadness of their warm, brown glimmer. She shook her head.

"He never writes any longer."

"Never writes?"

"No; he talks instead." A current of satirical yet half-unconscious melancholy seemed to flow beneath her words now. "He has taken a great liking for Browning's poetry; he has been deciphering '*Sordello*' line by line, and getting delighted with it."

Trafford smiled.

"You ought to be glad that he has given up novel-writing," he said. "Now his time is more your own, doubtless; and then, too, less of his sentiment must go into the books."

A sudden smile, very bitter and strange, lit Eleanor Mayne's lips. But she gave no response to this adroit sounding-process of Trafford's, for some freshly-arrived guests just then claimed her notice. Trafford moved away. Very soon afterward he came across Lionel.

The host's greeting was bright and cordial as ever. On seeing Trafford he rose from a certain sofa where he had been seated beside a lady. It so chanced, while Trafford and Lionel stood speaking together, that the look of the former was able closely to scrutinize this lady had he so chosen. But, without anything like close scrutiny, Trafford could observe that she was a person of large-moulded figure, black eyes, and a profusion of black hair that seemed to defy all restrictions of the toilet in curly rebellion. Her lips were full and of a striking redness. Her complexion was brilliant, almost dazzling. It at once occurred to Trafford that she was vulgar to the

tips of her handsome pink finger-nails ; a very few moments of observation made him conceive against her a pronounced prejudice.

"You must wait till this is over, old fellow, and we'll have a cigar together," said Lionel, his hand on Trafford's shoulder. "They will all be gone by about ten ; it's an early affair, you know." Lionel shot a covert look toward the sofa. "Have you seen Sybil?" he asked, with one of his most charming smiles. "She was only induced to come downstairs because we asked you."

The delivery of this sugared little hint was at once followed by the sudden appearance of Miss Sybil herself. Her cheeks had grown an excited scarlet. "I've just been asked if I know any Hebrew," she murmured, and during the laugh which followed on Trafford's part Lionel slipped back to the sofa.

"With whom is Lionel talking?" Trafford now asked of his companion.

"That?" exclaimed Sybil, glancing toward the sofa, and then fixing a surprised look on Trafford's face. "Why, don't you know Mrs. Cardigan by sight? Oh, I forget that you were abroad last winter, do I not? It's very hard to say precisely who Mrs. Cardigan is. Her own family were Southern, I believe, and excellent people, it is said. She married an Englishman some time in the remote past, who is connected rather closely, they say, with the Earl of Ilmington. I suppose that in this way she got recognized by everybody here — or, perhaps, through her Southern birth. Some people say that Cardigan is a myth, others that he is really the earl's first-cousin, but ignored and despised as a dreadful reprobate. One never knows quite what to believe, does one? Mrs. Cardigan is nice enough. She affects literary people and adores some poet—who is it? Eleanor could tell you—oh, Browning, that is the favored bard. I like her quite well ; I really think her good blood tells ; but then, you know, Mr. Trafford, it is actual crime for one to wear one's hair in that fluffy way."

"Are she and Mrs. Mayne at all intimate?"

"Oh, dear, no! Eleanor is polite, and all that. Lionel is very attentive to her. They met at Saratoga this last summer. I consider it perfectly horrid the way he attaches himself to her, but Eleanor takes it in the most composed, matter-of-course style. She is so queer about things. Now, I have so much more real feeling."

"Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works," quoted Trafford, inaudibly.—"And so you think," he said, aloud, "that Mrs. Mayne does not at all mind how Lionel dispenses his amiabilities?"

"Not a particle. I suppose she is so *sure* of him, you know. But that is, of course, an absurd view to take." Miss Sybil gave a little sigh. "Some natures are so much deeper than others."

Trafford assented to this in a dry yet convinced way. A little later on, while he had fresh opportunities of scanning Mrs. Mayne's face as she performed her offices of hostess, he still further agreed with Sybil that natures certainly differed as regarded depth.

Either he was vastly wrong, or else this woman bore beneath her present dispassionate calm a wound that both ached and bled.

"It is a great shame that she should go on loving him," thought Trafford ; "but that is so many women's way. I suppose nothing is to be done. She is only one of thousands."

Trafford staid for the cigar, as Lionel had suggested that he should do. The rooms were quite vacant of guests by ten o'clock. Mrs. Cardigan was somehow the last to go. Lionel put her into her carriage, and lingered for a slight while at the carriage-door before it drove away ; but Trafford did not see these gallant courtesies ; he was talking with Sybil and Mrs. Mayne. The latter now seemed dreamy and absorbed in manner. All her vivacity had gone.

"I know your headache is worse, Eleanor," said Sybil. "You ought never to have appeared among these bookish people. I'm sure they are enough to make a perfectly well head spin."

Before the reappearance of Lionel, Mrs. Mayne, excusing herself, bade Trafford good-night. A little later Sybil, who was really the best of sisters, declared that she believed Eleanor to be suffering, and that perhaps a few kindly attentions on her own part would not seem out of place.

"You said something about a cigar with Lionel, I believe," Sybil added. "You won't think it rude, then, if I say good-night and leave you to wait all alone for Lionel? I suppose he is outside, telling Mrs. Cardigan not to catch cold on her way home."

Trafford was alone, a few minutes later, in the deserted drawing-rooms. He left them, and walked into the dining-room. Feeling sure that Lionel would probably smoke here, he seated himself, and it so chanced that, in the position which he chose, nearly all of the adjacent room was now entirely hidden from view. Quite a little time elapsed. In silent irony Trafford was reflecting that it took his friend a long while to put Mrs. Cardigan into her carriage, when he heard the outside door sharply closed, and soon afterward Lionel's elastic step sounded in one of the adjoining rooms.

But the step suddenly stopped. He heard Lionel now say, "Ah, Eleanor!" and then there came a little silence. From what afterward followed, Trafford was led to the explanatory conclusion that Mrs. Mayne had declined her sister's services, gone downstairs to meet her husband, and, knowing nothing about any subsequent engagement between Lionel and himself, had supposed the whole lower floor to be now vacant.

Mrs. Mayne's voice now sounded clear, though somewhat tremulous.

"I am driven," she said, "to speak of your attentions toward a certain person, whom it is needless to specify. You must understand that it hurts my pride very deeply, if it hurts me in no other way, to believe you the object of scandalous comments, and myself, perhaps, of ridicule. I have suffered for some time, Lionel, but I have not spoken, as you know, until now. I—"

Perhaps surprise prevented Lionel from interrupting, until this moment, the rapid clearness of these words. But now he did interrupt sternly, and perhaps very brutally:

"You are acting with great silliness. Remember that we are not alone. Trafford is somewhere about."

"A man of the world" is a very general definition; but we nearly always infer by it the possession of ready, abundant, and flexible tact. Tact, however, is to a higher kind of self-possession what mere rashness is to cool-reasoning bravery. Perhaps it may be said that Trafford, in adopting the course which he now instantly took, showed a fine combination of both qualities. He at once rose from his seat, and, while unhesitatingly advancing toward the next room, called out in a well-loudened tone:

"Ah, Lionel, you have turned up at last! Or is not that your voice which I hear?"

He found Eleanor with a crimsoning face, but he used so much quiet skill in ignoring both this circumstance and the evident embarrassment of Lionel, that there is little doubt of his being successful in deceiving both to precisely the desired extent. Mrs. Mayne very soon afterward excused herself and retired. Then followed an hour of smoking between Trafford and Lionel, during which many subjects were touched upon. In the course of conversation Trafford mentioned the fact of his friend's present literary idleness.

"Your wife tells me that you don't write any more, Lionel," he said.

"No," answered Lionel, slowly. "I am afraid prosperity is spoiling me. I am getting to be a— a sort of patron, don't you know? It's this sleek, easy life, I don't doubt. All my *afflatus* has gone from me somehow."

Trafford went home that night in a mood of dreary disgust. Never had the baffling problems, the satirical inconsistencies of life appeared more dishearteningly evident to him than now.

"I am thankful that no real passion has ever touched me," ran his thought while he walked homeward through the still, autumn darkness. But even then the face of Eleanor Mayne rose in his memory as he had last seen it, pale with a kind of controlled agony. Trafford felt a strong pang somehow. He quickened his pace like one spurred by a sudden impulse of escape. A good many weeks elapsed before he again visited at the Maynes' house.

And then he found Lionel alone at home. There seemed a marked change in the man, which at once struck Trafford with peculiar force. Perhaps Lionel had grown slightly less stout; perhaps it was a new shade of pallor, or an unfamiliar look of care. Trafford could ill discover what it was. He thought of some often-seen tree whose inner branches have been lopped away since one has last watched it.

"My wife and Sybil have gone to the theatre," Lionel said. "It is a little party gotten up by Sybil. I promised to drop into their box later. Do you care about joining me?"

Trafford assented. The two men talked together for a little while before they left the house.

"What has been going on of late?" asked Lionel, with a touch of absence in his manner. "I have been very quiet myself."

"You can scarcely have been more so than I," returned Trafford. A sort of irritable impulse attacked him a moment later. Yielding to it, he said, with lazy coolness, "Has the lovely Mrs. Cardigan been monopolizing you?"

Lionel gave a very perceptible start. He looked hard at his friend for a second, and Trafford actually feared some explosive discourtesy. But a smile soon lit his face. He thrust both hands into his pockets, and shook his head with a mock melancholy that struck Trafford as very poor acting.

"No," he said, looking at the carpet; "I've not seen her ladyship for a very long time."

They went to the theatre shortly afterward, and entered the box where Miss Sybil's party had congregated. Trafford promptly availed himself of a vacant place near Mrs. Mayne. It struck him that she was looking exceedingly well. But was he wrong, or had not her face lost a certain delicate softness? Their conversation, when an *entr'acte* permitted, was on commonplace matters enough. Once, happening to glance at some one behind him, Trafford was surprised to see Lionel, almost concealed in the shadow of a curtain, with gaze intently fixed upon his wife. He came confusedly forward the next instant, and began talking with one of the ladies.

There was a little supper at the Maynes' house after the theatre. Trafford for an hour or two kept closely within Mrs. Mayne's society. He could discover no trace, howsoever vague, of the old suffering. Where had it flown? What meant this easy yet positive equipoise? What spell of consolation had cast itself over a soul that he knew to have been so grief-wrung not long ago? And yet *was* it precisely the influence of any consolation that now spoke in this singular woman? Had not her gayety and vivacious brilliance more of autumn in it than of spring? Trafford, with his turn for analogies, thought of some breezy October day, amid all of whose freshness and sparkle we hear, now and then, the rustle of dead leaves.

Lionel's manner on saying good-night to his friend that evening was so lukewarm and preoccupied that Trafford felt rather markedly slighted. But, on the following evening, at about eight, he was surprised by the appearance of Lionel in his own rooms.

But, apart from astonishment at seeing Lionel, Trafford was ill pleased by the present visit. Since last evening he had told himself that nothing could be more cowardly and contemptible than this man's present behavior. He had evidently given up his affair with that odious Mrs. Cardigan, but was he not endeavoring to visit upon his wife the punishment of a supercilious neglect? Indeed, rancor was expressed, to Trafford's thinking, by the gaze which he had caught Lionel fixing upon his wife last night

at the theatre. It was, undoubtedly, against this scornful indifference of her husband's that Eleanor Mayne had hardened her very soul. She was playing a part of reciprocal disdain; but, unfortunately, Lionel's was no part, it was dead earnest.

Trafford having arrived at these conclusions, the appearance of Lionel was now very unwelcome to him. But he remembered to be thoroughly civil. He even remembered to say, as they sat down opposite each other:

"This is the first time you have honored me since your marriage."

"True," answered Lionel. And he now surprised Trafford by adding, in a voice of low mockery, "My marriage!" Then, as if rousing himself from a state of transient reverie—"Mark," he said, with tones of dreary dejection, "I am the most miserable of men."

"He is going to make me some abominable confidence," thought Trafford, with a thrill of emphatic disgust. "I declare, I won't listen to it!" He rose abruptly and searched for some matches, as though wanting to relight his cigar.

"We are all miserable, in different degrees," he said, aloud. "By-the-way, you heard, I suppose, of poor John Chester's death?"

Lionel ignored this last sentence.

"I am being lashed by a whip of scorpions, Trafford. One's own sins very often find one out, I begin to think. I don't blame anybody but myself. Sit down and hear—"

"All sorts of agonizing disclosures?" interrupted Trafford. "I'd rather not, Lionel, upon my word. You should recollect my age. A man begins to have nerves at five-and-thirty."

He spoke with a laugh on his usually grave lips, and there was no taking offense at his words. But the current of Lionel's confidence was dammed from that moment. He gave a nervous little smile, and the two men were soon afterward talking of other things. Lionel did not remain more than a half-hour in all. His pallor, restless demeanor, and odd absent-mindedness, were somewhat contemptuously remarked by Trafford.

"I can't help it," Trafford told himself, when the door had at length closed upon his friend. "It may be a gross want of sympathy, but I could not sit quietly and hear that lovely wife of his, to whom he sold himself in return for so many dollars and cents, insulted by some sensational pathos about his love for that dreadful Mrs. Cardigan. I don't doubt that he is miserable, after his own fashion; but, unfortunately, my present mood isn't consolatory; and I am quite certain that all the advice I could have given him would not have prevented his egotism from very soon bursting its bonds. He has heroically separated himself from his affinity for a few days. The whip of scorpions that he so finely talks about will soon drive him back to her."

But this bitter mood was an impermanent one. Conscience-qualms of no weak sort soon assailed Trafford. He asked himself where his right lay in thus rebuffing Lionel's overture. Was he so dowed,

himself, with tough moral sinew that he could afford to cast scorn upon another's feebleness? Lionel had been his friend for years, and the recipient of past amicable professions (tacit, though not the less pronounced for this reason), which had warranted him both in proffering confidence and in soliciting advice.

In a frame of mind that was genuinely repentant, Trafford called at Lionel's house on the following evening. But something very like an uncontrollable impulse made him suddenly ask for Mrs. Mayne, when the servant opened the door. Mrs. Mayne and Miss Sybil, the servant told him, were dining out. Mr. Mayne, however, was at home, though rather unwell. It was uncertain whether he would be able to see any one. Trafford sent up his name. A little later he was shown up-stairs into Lionel's library.

It struck him at once that Lionel was looking wretchedly haggard and sick. He rose from a lounge as Trafford entered, flinging aside a pamphlet.

"The servant told me you were not well," said Trafford, for a moment holding his friend's burning-ly feverish hand, while he felt with awkwardness how unexpected his present visit must be. "I trust there is no serious trouble?"

"Oh, nothing to care about," answered Lionel, with affected lightness. He began abruptly speaking on the subject of a book which had recently appeared; it was the pamphlet which he had just flung away. Had Trafford read it? No? It was not worth reading. Then he suddenly entered upon another topic, shifting his place several times from one chair to another, lighting a cigarette and at once throwing it aside, pausing in the midst of sentences as though he had completely lost the thread of thought—doing everything that was likely to convince Trafford of his intense nervous preoccupation.

But Trafford, though he now made one or two pointed attempts toward obtaining something like a confidence, repeatedly failed. A single rebuff had evidently been sufficient for Lionel; or else, from other mysterious causes, his mood had become one of reticence. He plainly gave evidence of severe mental suffering, but it was suffering seen against his own will, though masked with a sort of piteous inefficacy.

The thought of being refused any desired confidence was something for which Trafford had a most fastidious distaste. But his compassion was now strongly roused. He determined to break the ice with one vigorous blow.

"Pray, Lionel," he at length said, calmly and slowly, "what has become of that handsome Mrs. Cardigan? I was rather struck with her appearance here at your house, but I haven't seen her since then."

"Do you think her handsome?" asked Lionel, with a peevish kind of sneer. "Bah! I supposed you had better taste, Mark. She is horribly vulgar style."

Trafford controlled his amazement, and said:

"I thought you liked her. Do you never see her any longer?"

Lionel gave a short, cold laugh.

"No. Why should I?" He then suddenly fixed a stern look upon Trafford. "For God's sake, Mark," he said, "don't ever mention that woman's name to me again! I detest it. It has been at the root of all the real trouble my life has ever known."

He now rose hastily and drew forth his watch:

"Pardon my looking at the time," he said, "but the carriage was to be sent for Mrs. Mayne at a certain hour, and it was to call here first for her maid. Servants need so to be watched, you know."

Trafford now rose also.

"Lionel," he said, going up close to his friend, and fixing a clearly earnest look upon his face, "we have known each other a very long time. Something is wrong with you. What is it?"

Trafford's voice had a certain throbbing richness. Reserved people, of the sort we usually call hard and world-tried, carry great weight with them in appeals of this sort. Their emotional episodes are like tropical suggestions in some harsh landscape. Outward manifestations of what we term feeling, like most of the good things in life, base their value upon rarity.

Lionel looked steadily back at Trafford for a moment, and it seemed as if the truth was immediately to be spoken. But suddenly a hardening look crossed his face. "Nothing is wrong with me," he said, turning away.

"You told me last night," persisted Trafford, "that you were the most miserable of men."

Lionel wheeled about with sharpness.

"True enough. I was on the verge of making you a confidence last night. But after leaving you I called myself the worst sort of fool, and thanked you for snubbing me. There," continued Lionel, holding up his hand with a brusque imperiousness, as Trafford made an attempt to speak, "pray let no more be said on the subject of me and my foolish ailments." With markedly changing manner he now held out his hand. "If I ever make any one my confessor it shall be you, depend on that."

As Trafford grasped the extended hand he had a much nearer view than before of Lionel's face. He now saw what the mellow and rather dim light of the room had concealed—traces not alone of illness and depression, but lines which might easily mean the endurance of some intolerable mental anguish.

Still, he had pushed disinterested curiosity to its farthest limits. "I shall always be glad to serve as your confessor," he said, with frank warmth, "and to give you whatever counsel may be worth the taking." Then he pressed Lionel's hand. These were almost the last words spoken before Trafford took his departure.

At certain periods along his life, who cannot point to the effects of certain abrupt events, like the scars wrought by thunder amid some mountainous land? Veritable bolts from a cloudless sky, how these events make us catch breath and grow numb! Their awful significance appalls us like the pass-

ing of an unsuspecting tiger to one hidden amid a thicket.

Such an event burst upon Trafford the following afternoon. He was walking in the street when a friend stopped him, and, a moment later, he was reeling under the terrible melancholy of certain tidings, told him with an almost brutal suddenness.

As soon as reordered nerves permitted, he was hastening toward Lionel's house. He gave his card to the servant who answered his summons at the muffled bell. "Ask Mrs. Mayne to see me," he almost pleaded, "if it is at all possible."

"Mr. Trafford," said the servant, reading his card. "Yes, sir. That was the gentleman she was to see if he came. She gave me particular orders."

Trafford sat waiting, a little later, in an up-stairs apartment. Mrs. Mayne at length noiselessly opened the door and noiselessly glided up to him. Her face had lost every particle of its color, and certain dark draperies increased its white look; but she was intensely calm.

She seated herself at Trafford's side, letting her ice-cold hand linger for a moment in his clasp.

"I should have come sooner," he broke silence, "but I have only just heard."

"We tried to conceal the facts," Mrs. Mayne said, "but it was impossible. His own valet found the laudanum-vial at his side, and a great cry had been raised through the house before I learned the truth."

"It was a terrible shock, no doubt," Trafford murmured. There had somehow begun to dawn upon him the realization that it had been no more than this. While speaking he scanned fixedly the ghastly face at his side.

And now Mrs. Mayne drew forth a letter from her pocket. "This was found upon his writing-table," she said. "It is addressed to you."

Trafford's hand was far from steady as he took the letter and broke its seal. At first he felt an impulse to read its contents aloud, but this feeling was rapidly replaced by another, and to himself he read the following lines:

"MY DEAR TRAFFORD: Since seeing you this evening, I have held an interview with my wife. That interview has produced upon me an effect so dreadful that I cannot say what will be the consequences. If they are really such as my own mind seems already to foreshadow, when you receive these lines I shall have ceased to live.

"Few of us ever dream of understanding ourselves, though we may make ourselves a life-long study. I confess that my own nature is a problem to me of sternest insolubility. When I married Eleanor Lathrop she was of very slight account in my affections. I admired her, but my admiration had not the least emotional tinge. She was rich, she represented to me a life of æsthetic indolence and the gratification of a thousand expensive whims. She was to be had for the asking; I knew thus much without the slightest aid from vanity. Well, I was tempted, as many another man has been, and asked

her hand. Where I had anticipated preference, I found adoration. We were married, as you know. The adoration bored me a little at first. It had a kind of saccharine excess, so to speak. I was pleased, but rather too well pleased, as one might say. During the summer that succeeded my marriage, I fell in with Mrs. Cardigan at Saratoga. This woman interested me at first; I suppose it is only the truth to add that she worked other spells over me, of a sort quite opposite from the intellectual charms with which certain people accredited her. When the fact of Eleanor's annoyance first dawned upon me, I felt somewhat flattered by it, and considerably bothered. My attentions to Mrs. Cardigan continued after we left Saratoga. You remember, doubtless, a certain party at our house, during which I kept perpetually beside this person. Eleanor, that same night, while you awaited me after the party was over, addressed some words to me, simple, strong, womanly, concerning my own conduct. You were so near when she spoke (never dreaming herself of your nearness) that I felt almost sure at first the words had reached you. Partly on this account and partly from reckless cruelty, I replied cuttingly, insolently. She never again attempted either to upbraid or reproach me. I believe firmly that her love died within her heart that night. As days passed on, I began to feel the change in her like a perpetual coldness inseparable from her presence. It fretted me at first, then it caused actual pain. I found myself missing certain marks of tenderness, and then began to feel pangs of regret that were no less amazing than poignant.

"And now at last the strange truth burst upon my heart. A great passion possessed me, and Eleanor, my own wife, was its object. I seemed like one who has dwelt amid luxuries of loveliness and suddenly awakes to a sense of not being surrounded by commonplace walls. I have never loved till now, and now (for it is best that I should speak in the present tense) I find myself loving supremely and devoutly. But there is something within Eleanor's feeling toward me that makes one think of a cold, black emptiness. I suppose that it is all the work of my neglect. To-night, on her return, we have been holding an interview. I almost went down on my knees before her. There was no repulsion on her part; there was only melancholy sincerity. She scorned to deceive me; she is too sweet and noble for that. Her love has utterly gone. She acknowledged this by a means terribly potent—her involuntary compassion. This was the whip of scorpions that I meant, Mark. On Eleanor, remember, no shadow of blame is to be cast. I promised you my confidence; and, since I like the thought that such a man as you should frame your future memory of me in a kind of exculpating tenderness, I have written these lines. Whether you will ever read them or not, God alone knows. I am in a state of agony . . . my future seems irre-

mediable . . . life has turned to utter dross within my hands . . . I dare not think . . ."

Here followed some strangely illegible words; and then, in a clear hand, though with traces of rapid writing, the single word "Lionel" had been placed at the bottom of the final page. This name, thus written, spoke volumes in its dark suggestion of hideous resolve.

In the autumn following Lionel Mayne's death, Mrs. Mayne and Sybil went abroad. They made flying visits to London and Paris, finally stopping at Rome, where they spent the winter.

Mrs. Mayne's mourning made her refuse all the numerous invitations with which many of her own country-people were pleased to favor her. But she soon became the beloved centre of a quiet little group of cultured and intelligent people. She had now acquired a certain stoutness, which altered the style of her beauty and made many persons declare that she was indeed most brilliantly handsome. Among this number, Mark Trafford (who had for some reason found his way to Rome that winter) could scarcely be reckoned. He preferred the earlier face, and regretted the change; but he constantly hovered about Mrs. Mayne, and sometimes, during the glorious weather of the Roman May, it was remarked that they took frequent horseback-rides together on the Campagna. After one of these rides Mrs. Mayne entered, on a certain evening, the room where her sister Sybil sat awaiting her. Clad in her dark habit, she looked exceedingly beautiful. Her cheeks glowed rosily from the recent exercise, and her eyes were full of a sweet, rich fire.

"Where is Mr. Trafford?" asked Sybil, looking up from her book. "I thought he was to dine with us?"

"So he was." Something in Mrs. Mayne's tone had an odd sound. "But he changed his mind, I believe. Really, Sybil, we must be leaving Rome. It's dreadfully dangerous here at this season. By-the-way, Mr. Trafford goes to-morrow. Suppose we go two days later?"

Sybil rose and drew quite close to her sister.

"Eleanor," she said, "I guess what has happened."

Mrs. Mayne looked at the carpet. She did not speak, but slashed softly at her skirt, once or twice, with the slender riding-whip in her hand.

"You have refused Mark Trafford," persisted Sybil. "I see it in your face, Eleanor. Oh, I am so sorry! Why, almost any woman could like such a charming fellow as he. And then he doted upon you to such an extent! Ah! Eleanor, have you no heart?"

Mrs. Mayne lifted her eyes, now, with a gaze unshrinkingly clear. "I had one once, Sybil," she said, "but it got broken, and—I threw away the pieces."

A STUDIO-SKETCH.

ALTHOUGH in Paris at this moment the thermometer stands low, and melting snow and rain render disagreeable the walking outside, yet within the studio of the renowned Spanish artist Palmaroli there reigns a soft, warm atmosphere resembling the genial climate of his native country. A window, commencing a few feet from the floor, extends entirely across one side of the immense room, and brings out so perfectly in its light the *tout ensemble* of the scene that it is some time before the eye, wandering around in every direction, begins to clearly distinguish the mass of objects grouped in the artistic confusion of a working studio. The faded, motionless figures of the tapestries on the walls, as they look down on the *tableau vivant* below, seem to take on themselves a luxuriant pose when touched by the radiant heat of the mammoth stove. The musical instruments of ages past and of many climes, hanging here and there from the three sides of the wall, in the silence of their sundered strings seem to fittingly suggest the songs whose very echoes have long since died away in the corridors of centuries gone by. Beneath the instruments of music hang the implements and paraphernalia of ancient warfare—bows, arrows, and various suits of armor more or less complete. Massive cabinets of curious workmanship, the gilded Egyptian heads of which gleam out from the dark figures of imps and devils, fill the three corners of the room; while in the fourth stands a great, old-fashioned clock. Its pendulum spoke its unceasing "Forever! never! never! forever!" long before its owner prattled his first syllable; and, as it reminds him of his early home, he keeps the unchanging face of the old clock ever near him. On one side of the room, and above another cabinet covered with antique vases and pieces of the Alhambra, hangs a large portrait of the great and lamented Fortuny, years ago Palmaroli's schoolmate and always friend; while below it is still another, although a smaller, picture of the compatriot whom all Spanish artists most delight to honor. On one side of the wall the old tapestries hang over rich brocaded curtains, and above them all, the inspiring angel of the studio, stands out the life-like portrait of the artist's wife. To the great beauty of the fine features and light hair of the original there has been added the charm of the painter's artistic and graceful pose of head and figure. A portion of the great room near the window is occupied by three immense easels, on each of which is a picture nearly completed. These paintings, though now near neighbors, will soon be widely separated, since they are orders from New York, London, and Lisbon. Near them stands a tall mirror on rollers, and the gold-embroidered and gold-fringed curtain of crimson falling partially over it adds the brilliancy of its rich colors to those already on the canvas.

In front of this mirror a large centre-table attracts the attention of the visitor, both on account of the beauty of its marble mosaic top and legs

formed of Egyptian heads springing up from dragons, and the strange collection of objects resting thereon. Miniature mummies in stone, and fans, antique vases, and photographs, are partly hidden by flowers and a curious assortment of rustic straw-hats.

Persian and Turkish rugs cover the floor, on one of which an entire tiger's skin, the head raised in threatening attitude of open-mouthed viciousness, startles each new-comer.

On one of the antique sofas, which serve for the pictures of the artist, sits, dressed in an elegant Parisian costume, one of the professional models, but who to-day is only a visitor, like the lady at her side. One would wonder why another sofa should be strewn with the silks and satins belonging to the toilets of the last century, until the presence of a little woman is discerned as she busily sews in a far-away corner. She is the *raccommodeuse*, who every week comes to mend, and sometimes to alter, the dresses worn by the models; for M. Palmaroli not only owns a wonderful collection of antique and modern furniture, and the vast number of accessory and ornamental objects, but also possesses all the costumes necessary for paintings which represent scenes of different periods of time and of many countries. The wardrobes of the store-rooms are filled with costumes collected in Spain, Italy, and Arabia. They are of lace, gauze, satin, and velvet; sometimes their beauty and value are enhanced by exquisite and costly embroidery in gold and silver, complete in every detail of finish and ornament, from antique, high Spanish combs and delicate ear-rings to embroidered silk stockings and gilded-heeled slippers. What stores of treasures for the amateur actress or gay belle of a masquerade!

The model posing is seated on a table. She wears a blue-satin waist and a white skirt, which is short enough to well disclose her crimson-slippered feet; around her shoulders a cream-colored scarf is carelessly but artistically arranged, and on the back of her head rests a rustic hat trimmed with artificial flowers. Her raised arms and hands have the appearance of those of a jointed doll in the position of holding some object, for they are to-day without the brilliant bouquet whose outlines are already traced on the canvas, since the artist is occupied in painting the arms and shoulders. The models are all known by their Christian names; this one is called Perette; she is a slender, distinguished-looking blonde, whose golden hair frizzes naturally in ringlets over her face, and waves and curls in the back. She is very graceful, and possesses, besides, another important quality—she is *comme il faut* in appearance, and as a consequence her services are desirable, and her wages twenty francs a day.

"Who posed for the other figure?" asks Céline, the model on the sofa, as she lifts her delicate umbrella in the direction of the painting on which the artist is working.

"Gabrielle," he answers.

"Umph, Gabrielle!" sneers Céline. "You certainly needed the imaginative eyes of an artist to make her so pretty. What a proud, haughty creature she is, and without anything to be proud of! I think she is absolutely homely, and then so lazy, and—"

Here the artist stops her with—

"Hush! hush! I don't want to hear anything against Gabrielle."

"Oh! I did not know she was such a favorite of yours!"

"Neither is she," he answers, "any more than any other, but I don't like to hear the absent abused; should Gabrielle abuse Céline, I would take Céline's part were she not here to defend herself."

"As for that," says Céline, "neither do I like to hear people abused, except when 'tis the truth, and if you don't condemn vice how are you to reward virtue? I am sure, if Gabrielle were a good, kind-hearted person, which she isn't at all, no one would have a word to say against her."

"So you have been to London, Céline?" asks the artist, changing the subject.

"Yes, I have been to London, and I like London very well, although I did not think I should, for I had heard it was such a gloomy city. I learned English there."

"Ah! so you speak English? Speak with Perette."

With delighted confidence she turns to Perette, and with an accent which renders her words almost unintelligible she says:

"I think your foot very ugly."

Perette, although French, speaks English very well, owing to her having lived in London a number of years. There she married a Swiss, who, taking advantage of the fact that French laws do not recognize the legality of English marriages, left her when they reached Paris; and now Perette leads the life of a model in this the centre of art. She laughingly answers:

"I thank you very much for the compliment."

The artist soon says:

"Enough for the present."

Whereupon Perette stretches out her arms and brings them down at her sides, and, uncrossing her feet, stretches them far out until they reach the floor, then she alights. Going to the table under the window, which is reserved for the modern and useful, she takes a cigarette from a box, and asking the loan of the artist's cigar, soon light clouds of smoke curl from her pretty lips. Then she promenades the small space between the table on which she had posed and the artist's easel. Céline continues:

"I read English a great deal now. I have been reading Dickens, *Charles Dickens*." Then turning to the visitor at her side she asks: "Are you acquainted with that author? I just think him splendid! What fine characters he works up! There is Peggotty, in 'Nicholas Nickleby'; Miss Havershams, in 'Old Curiosity Shop'; Agnes, in 'Bleak House'—"

Here the visitor straightens out the crookedness of her references to the works of the great novelist.

However, nothing abashed by her former mistakes, she continues:

"There is 'David Copperfield' I liked so much because I saw it played at the theatre, where everything was represented true to history. And the twins—oh, they were too cunning! Whenever Mr. Macawber would grow despondent, and determine to kill himself, the twins would rise straight up in their cradle—"

Just at this moment the door-bell rings, and Perette goes to a corner of the room, pulls a projecting wooden handle to one side, and the hall-door opens. The outer hall opens into an antechamber which leads into the studio, but, as the floor of the studio is some feet lower, a balcony extends from the door a short distance into the room. On entering, each new-comer stands in full view before he descends the steps; he looks then like a picture stepping out from a frame; those below immediately recognize him, but he has some difficulty to distinguish, amid the vast sea of objects, the human faces from the paintings and the human forms from the *mannequins*.

"Oh! it is Piastrella," cries the artist, as he perceives the bright, flashing eyes and pearly teeth of a fine-looking Italian woman who holds in her hands a green bundle done up like those of the numerous *couturières* whom on the streets and in the omnibuses one meets carrying home their work. "Good-day, Piastrella," says the artist in Italian; "what have you for me to-day?"

"Something very beautiful, and, as usual, very cheap, my good friend," she answers. Then in French she adds: "For you too, Perette; something I am sure that will please you."

"We shall see," calls out Perette, as she lights another cigarette.

Piastrella descends the steps and shakes hands with the artist; then, placing her bundle on the centre-table, she pushes back the vases of flowers, and afterward proceeds to draw forth her treasures.

"There, Perette, just look!" she exclaims, as she displays a green-silk dress trimmed with black-and-white lace; "only been worn once, just think! almost new, and then if you only knew who had worn it, you would be very anxious to get it; see! scarcely the least bit soiled."

"*Voyons!*" says Perette, throwing away her cigarette, as she takes the silk between the forefingers and thumbs of her two hands in the manner of a connoisseur. She then holds the dress aloft, and her eyes dance with pleasure as the soft trimming in its intricate windings meets her glance. Perette's weakness is evidently love of finery, and especially is it pleasing to her when she can procure it without the accompanying worry of ordering her clothes made. "*Eh bien*, Piastrella, how much?" she asks, laying the dress back on the table, and straightening her face into an indifferent expression.

"Very cheap, Perette, a price at which no one but you would get it. No one but Piastrella could offer you anything so handsome and at the same time so cheap. One hundred francs is the price."

"A hundred francs! why, Piastrella, you are ruinous;" and Perette tosses back her curls with an injured air.

"I tell you, Perette, it is the dress of the celebrated actress Croisette, and, as you perceive, very little soiled, for she wears a costume but once; still I shall let you have it for eighty francs, and you may pay it in three installments. There, now, don't say Piastrella is honest only, but acknowledge she is kind-hearted as well. I don't make one single sou on it."

"That suits me very well," answers Perette, with improved vivacity, "if it will only fit within a mile, for I regret to say that I have not a bust like the attractive Croisette.—May I try it on, patron?" she asks of the artist.

"Yes, yes, try it on," he replies; "the shade is, I think, very fine, and, if you succeed in making a pretty costume of it, likely we shall make use of it for a picture."

Perette goes behind a fancy Japanese screen standing near a corner of the room, where she proceeds to don the dress of the celebrated actress. In the mean time Piastrella again unfolds her bundle, and, drawing forth a white-satin dress, says in Italian to the artist:

"And see what I have brought you, *amico mio*! You asked for a white dress, and here is the prettiest thing I have been able to find." She names her price, which he accepts, for she knows there is no use to *marchander* with him. Then, turning to Céline, she addresses her in French: "Cannot I bring you, also, something some day?"

"I?" asks Céline, who had been looking scornfully and silently on; "I never wear cast-off clothes."

"No," calls out Perette from behind the screen, "not when you have somebody to pay your bills."

"I am sure," retorts Céline, "you would only be too glad to have somebody rich enough to pay yours; perhaps you would not then find castaway finery so advantageous."

Perette now steps out, thoroughly absorbed in her appearance, and without any evidence of displeasure occasioned by Céline's remarks. The waist is very much too large.

"How does it look?" asks Perette, placing herself before the full-length mirror; "oh, dear! how frightfully large it is!" then she twists herself around in order to get a good view of the imperfections of the back.

"Not so large, either," cries out Piastrella, advancing toward her; "and, then, better too large than too small—nothing so easy as to alter it." Whereupon she adroitly turns the attention to the beauty of the skirt. Perette, standing at the table under the window, where she finds among the mass of objects scattered upon it just room sufficient to write, makes out a little note, and again becomes the debtor of the shrewd Italian. She has but handed it to Piastrella when another ring causes her to hasten to open the door as before, after which she retires for a second time behind the screen in order to pre-

pare herself for another sitting. The door, as though a cumbersome body were making its way through, is this time slowly and heavily pushed open, and a great, round face, bearing a nervous, uncertain expression, appears at the balcony.

"Ah, ha!" cries the artist, puffing away at his fragrant cigar, "here comes my friend Simone." He, too, carries a bundle, and, merely greeting the persons present by successive nods, he kneels down to unroll his merchandise. He then proceeds to spread open pieces of brocade, silk, damask, and satin, and, after taking a seat opposite, looks admiringly on the displayed goods, and says, by many nods to the artist:

"They are very fine, are they not?"

The artist, turning to Piastrella, who has placed herself near the old clock, says:

"A rival of yours!"

"Almost," she answers, "yet not quite."

The silk-merchant leans back in an emphatic manner in his seat, as though he intended to become a fixture. The visitor then asks in a low voice of the artist if the new-comer is not a model.

"Yes," he answers; "don't you recognize his portrait in that picture to the right? You see he follows two professions."

Sure enough, the self-satisfied-looking merchant needed but the monk's cowl over his drooping eyelids, and in his hand a fishing-pole, to become the original of one of the two friars in the picture; while he fishes, his companion is slyly glancing over his book at a young couple in the distance, who seem to be too much taken up with each other to look at the monks. Another ring of the bell causes Perette, with the scarf in her hand, to rush out from behind the screen.

"I tell you, patron, you will have to have a bell-boy; this door business is costing you dear."

All look toward the door; Perette, arranging her scarf, steps back to look with the rest for the appearance of the new-comer. On her entrance, the artist falls down in his seat behind the easel and utters an impatient exclamation in Spanish; Perette gives a jerk at her scarf as she climbs on the table, and half contemptuously mutters, "Naoma!" the rest gaze in astonished silence. On the elevated platform stands a girl, or woman, for her age is a riddle; the long black veil which covers her head falls like a shawl over her shoulders, and even covers a portion of her very long black dress. From out the shadows of her veil gleam deep-set, fierce black eyes and strongly-marked features. Like a favorite actress, who on each appearance waits for her accustomed applause, for a few moments she stands gazing from the platform; then, with a grand tragic step, in silence she descends the stairs and walks toward the centre of the room.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughs Piastrella; "here comes Sarah Bernhardt!"

"How, Sarah Bernhardt?" asks Céline.

"Why, her dress, don't you see?" answers Piastrella; "isn't that the next thing to her?"

"As for that," says Céline, "you might as well

say next to her bones, as they are apparently uncovered."

At the name of Sarah Bernhardt, the Arabian girl stiffens her limbs, and, by an absurd attempt at imitation of the walk of the gifted actress, tries to lend new importance to the dress.

"Well, Naoma," says the artist, in Spanish, "what do you want to-day?"

"I have come to tell you, patron," she answers, in French, "that those sheets your wife gave me won't last a year."

Without paying attention to her answer, and evidently smothering his indignation, he paints away in silence, for Perette is now on the table, with feet crossed and hands in the air, as though waiting for the rain-drops to fall through; finally, still continuing at work, the artist calmly says to her, in Spanish:

"You certainly did not expect, Naoma, that my wife would give you the best sheets in the house; in giving you what she did, she acted from the impulse of a charitable heart. You seem to feel no responsibility in taking care of yourself. I suppose you will never be a woman, but continue all your life a helpless child; however, when your friends assist you, it is not because they feel compelled to do so. You remember last summer you did not act justly toward me, for, when on your telling me that you had nothing to eat, I asked the restaurant-keeper across the way to give you what you needed until my return from Trouville, I was perfectly dumfounded to find what was the amount of your bill—why, you did not refuse yourself a single delicacy of the season!"

"But, patron, when you feed me, you must feed me well."

"You should remember, Naoma," continues the artist, "that I have a family to support, and so many demands on my purse that I do not care to take on myself any other responsibilities; you would get plenty of *séances*, only I believe you are too indolent to work."

"Why don't you answer patron in Spanish?" asks Piastrella.

"I don't like Spanish," answers Naoma, drawing back against the wall as a dogged, offended look settles on the strong features of her strange face, the only effect made by the unwillingly-received but deserved reproof of her friend.

"Was that dress really Sarah Bernhardt's?" asks Perette.

"Yes, it was," says Naoma, and, stroking the fur on the sleeve as she rises and walks across the floor, her face regains its wonted expression.

"Why, yes," calls out Céline, "now I remember: it is the dress she wears in 'Phèdre.'"

"Why have you put on a long dress?" asks the artist of Naoma.

"Because, patron, everybody wears long dresses, and I like them, particularly when they have a long trail," and with her foot she unwinds and spreads out the long velvet train to show it to better advantage. "Do you like me better in my own costume, patron? And do you remember what beautiful ones I had in

Arabia? Did I not dress richly and elegantly then? Oh, what a little fool I was to leave the handsomest behind!"

At this point in the dialogue the silk-merchant, who has all along been apparently absorbed only in the contemplation of his goods, appears suddenly to feel an inspiration, for he starts from his chair, crosses to the table, turns to the artist, and with nods in the direction of the silks, asks, "Shall I leave them?"

"Yes, Simone, leave them, and when I have time I shall look at them; call again in the course of a day or two."

With more nods he withdraws, without even looking back when he reaches the balcony above, for he seems plunged in his own reverie. However, before his footsteps commence to resound on the stairs, his absence becomes as indifferent to the others as had been his presence.

"Is it true, Naoma, that your brother burned you?" asks Perette.

"Yes, in truth, and patron can tell you it is so, for I have often shown him the scars; because in Arabia I posed for Regnault and his pupils, my brother poured burning oil over my neck and arms, and even now they are all covered with great, white scars."

"What a wretch!" cries Piastrella; "how dared he do such a thing?"

"Oh, you see," says Naoma, "in my country women are not allowed to show their faces, and I had to pay for the sin of exposing mine."

"So you are the model who posed for Regnault's world-famed 'Salome?'" asks the visitor.

Here the artist turns his head and gravely bows in the affirmative; then, as Naoma bounces up like an Arabian horse to cross over to the table, he, in a low voice, says to the visitor, "*Quel type!*"

"Well," calls out Piastrella, "if in your country women are guarded like so many slaves or lunatics, I don't understand how you managed to escape."

Here Naoma returns to her seat to answer, since from where she stands, owing to the intervention of the easel on which the artist works, the Italian merchant's face is not visible.

"The way I escaped?" she asks, an amused expression lighting up her face; "why, I just took wings like a bird and flew away."

"Oh, yes," speaks up Perette; "only, instead of taking wings, she took *des culottes*."

"So you escaped in disguise?" asks Céline.

"Of course, how else could I get away? If I had been captured, I would have been killed, and I had enough with the burning."

"Are you married?" asks Piastrella.

"Yes," she answers.

"How often?" asks Perette, with a little scornful laugh.

"Married behind the church, I suppose?" says Piastrella.

The artist, scenting the presence of a coming storm by the dilation of the Arabian orbs, says to Piastrella, in Italian:

"You must cease such conversation—I have a visitor here; besides, I don't care to have here any disagreeable scenes."

Here Piastrella, who slightly bites her lips, draws from her pocket a box which she opens with much self-satisfaction.

"See! are they not pretty?" she calls out, holding immense gold hoops to her ears.

"Are they for sale?" asks Naoma, her eyes brightening.

"Yes; do you want to buy them?"

"Ah! no," she answers, with a thoughtful look toward the artist. "I left handsomer ones than those in my own country."

Piastrella places the enormous hoops in her ears, and then, moving with difficulty between the artist's paint-bureau and himself, she reaches the tall mirror, throws back her head from side to side in the manner of a parrot; her eyes flash still more brightly, and the partially-visible pearls gleam between her deep-red lips as she asks, "They are very becoming, are they not?"

"Oh, exceedingly," answers Perette.

"Don't you want to buy them, Perette?"

"No, indeed; what would I do with great circles in my ears? My face is thin enough in all conscience without making it appear any longer."

"Patron ought to buy them," says Céline; "they belong to some of his costumes."

"But he has two pairs already which I sold him," answers Piastrella.

During the last sentence the door-bell rings again; this time Piastrella goes behind the balcony and pulls the wooden handle. As the door opens there is a rustling of a dress, and then a tall woman stands out from the frame.

With large, melancholy, gray eyes she looks down on the scene below, and then quickly descends the steps.

"Let us take a rest, Perette," says the artist, as he wipes his brush; then he advances to meet the new-comer. A kind, fatherly expression lights up his good and amiable face as he takes her hand between both his own. "I hope Rose is well and happy to-day," he says, looking at her anxiously.

The melancholy eyes unveil themselves from their long lashes, and a sad smile extends her rather large lips.

"Just as usual, thank you, my good friend," she answers.

Leading her to the seat near the old clock, vacated by Piastrella, he continues to talk to her in a low voice.

Perette, having jumped from the table with less ceremony than before, is now rolling a cigarette and standing in front of Céline; these two are carrying on a confidential conversation, and the subject, judging from the hasty and repeated glances in her direction, must be the new-comer. Piastrella handles the flowers and photographs on the table, fingers the merchant's satins and brocades, and creates, if possible, more confusion.

She approaches the artist and says, "Good-by, patron; I must go."

"Good-by, Piastrella; is your little boy posing now?"

"Not this week, but he begins next Monday to sit for an American lady-artist. Do you need anything else I may bring you, patron?"

"Nothing that I know of just now; however, be on the lookout for me, and, when you come across something *original*, don't forget to inform me."

"No fear," she says; then bowing to the others, she mounts the stairs, stopping at the landing just long enough to present the same picture she gave to us on her entrance.

As Piastrella goes out, a small figure makes its appearance, and noiselessly glides down the steps. She is a young and very pretty lady; she is dressed well, although with less elegance and pretension than Céline. She gravely shakes hands with the artist, who, as he does not call her by name, leaves the others in doubt as to whether she is a model or a visitor. She drops into the seat formerly occupied by Naoma; this latter has wandered over to the corner to the *raccommodeuse*, where she is fingering the dress-goods with a covetous touch.

"We had better go to work again, Perette," says the artist, "for the days are now so short that night will soon be upon us."

Perette throws away her half-finished cigarette, and slowly crawls upon the table. A long silence now ensues, and all eyes are directed to the picture growing under the delicate touches of the artist's hand. Rose listlessly rises from her seat.

"Already?" asks the artist, turning toward her as he mixes fresh paint on his palette.

"Ah, yes," she answers, "I cannot stay long in one place."

"Then come often;" and, lowering his voice, he adds, "Remember, Rose, that you have in me a sincere friend, who will always be happy to be of any service to you."

A smile of gratitude lightens her whole face, and the long eyelashes of her gray eyes are moistened with tears. In the same listless manner with which she entered she now moves up the steps, and out of the door.

"Has she found out anything about that miserable man?" asks Céline, as soon as the door closes on Rose's retreating form.

"Nothing," answers the artist, gravely.

"It is not the man she cares to find, it is her child she is grieving for," says Perette. "Poor thing! how I pity her!" she continues; "it was a terrible blow. How differently some people are constituted! There are so many women we know who are glad to get rid of their children—in fact, who think nothing of placing them in an institution, where they will never be heard of; and yet Rose, after the mysterious disappearance of her child, was so sorrow-stricken that she tried to commit suicide by inhaling the fumes of charcoal."

"She has never recovered from it," adds the artist; "her mind is undoubtedly affected, for it seems

impossible for her to awaken from her melancholy stupor."

"It is terrible!" cries out Céline. "Oh, these men! They think that women are but the playthings of an hour; that we are born without feeling; and, after making us the victims of their caprice, without a tinge of remorse they leave us to our fate. That miserable wretch! he was not satisfied with abandoning Rose at the moment when she most needed care, but, when she had struggled with poverty in order to keep her child, he waits until the little thing becomes her every hope, her very life, and *steals* it. Oh, there is no punishment too severe for such a creature!" With her face flushed with excitement and in indignation, she rises from her seat, and asks the artist, "Patron, does it not make you blush for your sex?" But her indignation is short-lived, for, as she arranges the trail of her heavy, dark-blue silk, and smooths the rich fur of her long, elegant cloak, the true woman seemingly sinks back into the frivolous creature of an artificial world. "But things are generally equalized," she continues; "and it is not surprising that, whereas some men are cruel to women, there are those who revenge their sisters."

"Do not neglect to be here at ten precisely," says the artist, as he shakes hands with her.

"Oh, no, do not fear; I am always on time."

"Is Céline going to pose to-morrow?" asks Perette.

"Yes; she will pose for the hand in that picture; for, although Gabrielle has a magnificent arm, her hand is large and unshapely."

"Good-by, Perette; good-by," Céline says to the rest, as she bows with the air of an elegant lady *de la haute société*.

Céline's departure startles Naoma from her inspection of the dresses, and coming over to the artist she petulantly says:

"Good-by, father; kiss me good-by."

"Father?" scornfully laughs Perette.

The artist raises his eyebrows as though the least bit annoyed.

"Yes; he is my father—are you not, patron?—I have known him longer than any one else in this country, and he knew me in my own country; and he is my father," she adds, with emphasis, as she hastily presses his head between her two hands and kisses him on the forehead.

"That will do for to-day, Perette," says the artist, rising from his seat and disengaging his hand from Naoma's clasp on the way to her lips.—"Don't, Naoma—you annoy me; try and be sensible, good, and industrious, and I shall be better pleased with you."

"You will see, *padre mio*, how serious I shall become, and you will find out if Naoma doesn't tell you the truth."

Perette, instead of stopping this time for a cigarette, hastens up the steps to the dressing-room.

"Too dark to sew any longer," cries the artist to the *raccommodeuse* in the far corner. She immediately rises, rolls needle-book and other sew-

ing articles in a bundle, then approaches the artist, who has opened his purse, takes the money, and with a simple *bonsoir* departs.

Naoma, before the mirror, arranges her long black scarf over her head and shoulders; the artist, scraping his palette, stands back from his picture to perceive at that distance the effect of his last touches; at this moment there is a knock at the door instead of the startling tinkling of the bell. Perette hastens across the hall in *demi-toilette*, and the next instant a charming face and graceful figure appear upon the platform.

"Ah, well!" she cries out in a silvery voice to the last lady-visitor, who had entered the *atelier*, "here you are! I wondered what had become of you."

"Come down, Henriette," calls back the artist.

"Yes," she answers; "but have you good news for me?"

"I cannot promise you any except the great pleasure of seeing you."

"But that is old news, patron," she says, taking his hand at the foot of the stairs; "and, as you know, no news at all, for you always have a warm welcome in readiness for me. How did you get here?" she asks, turning to the lady who is her sister.

"Some friends coming this way brought me up in a carriage."

"And I," says Henriette, "I waited just one hour by my watch for an omnibus; every one was *complet* before reaching the station, until I almost gave up in despair, and I would have returned home if a lady who was tired waiting had not given me her number, which was the first to be called, and so I managed to obtain the first vacant seat."

Henriette is a tall, graceful person; she has fair hair and blue eyes, possesses an air of refinement from her head to her feet, but the pretty doll's face of her sister does not in the least resemble hers. In the mean time, Naoma, who had followed Perette into the dressing-room, passes through the hall and out of the door in silence; then, with hat and cloak on, Perette rushes down the stairs to bid her "patron" good-by; and he, as though to withdraw from work entirely, has abandoned the low leather seat before his easel, and is perched upon a high antique chair, puffing away at a cigar.

"Patron, when I come next Thursday, shall I bring my light-gray suit?"

"No; we shall not need it this week, for we will first finish this picture."

She then bows to the rest and hastens away.

"Have you any news for me at all, my good friend?" asks Henriette.

"None," answers the artist, "except that my friend saw him in Madrid a few days ago, but he said nothing of returning to Paris."

"Indeed!" says Henriette, "I do not understand it; it is very strange," and a sad, thoughtful expression settles on her refined, sympathetic face.

"Have you seen Elise?" asks Marie, Henriette's sister.

"No, I have not," answers the artist; "was she to come to see me?"

"Yes," says Henriette; "she told us she would do so to-day. Poor thing! I assure you I feel very, very sorry for her."

"Just think," says Marie, "she has sold everything she had, her clothes, jewelry, *everything*, and now she is very poor, as well as thoroughly disheartened. He does nothing, you know, but lives off what she earns. If I were she, I would not stand it."

"But you see that is what it is to love," says the artist.

"Love!" cries out Marie, rising to her feet, "it is not because she loves him; she is too proud to leave him, that is all."

This quiet-looking person, Marie, who sat so long without opening her lips, now commences to dance around the room as she hums one of Offenbach's airs.

"What book have you there?" asks the artist, as he discerns a volume resting on Henriette's knees.

She tells him the name of the author as well as the title of the work.

"You surely do not pass your time reading such literature, I hope?"

"*Que voulez-vous?*" she answers; "it is the only thing which makes me for a moment forget."

The door is again opened, this time silently, as it is unlocked on the other side. Four young men, with the air of those who are perfectly at home, enter the room, and each in turn grasps warmly the hand of the welcoming host. They are the pupils of the artist, who have followed him here from their home in Spain. As the young students approach the easel on which the artist has been working during the day, they all begin a vivacious chattering in Spanish. It being now too dark to see well, a candle is lit, and the four heads follow the

light flickering over the canvas. The artist turns around as Marie calls out to him:

"If you would only come and take supper with us one of these days, I would promise you some pudding, real English plum-pudding. I learned to make it from an English lady, and everybody who tastes of it finds it delicious. Mamma and the *bonne* have both tried their hands at it, but without the same success. It is *I* who am the artist of the family," she adds, as she forcibly strikes her breast with her left hand, and sends the right up in the air. She then whirls around on one foot, and, after drawing herself up some inches taller, she breaks forth with a recitation of the most forcible scene in Racine's "Andromaque." In the sickly light of the flickering candle the four heads trace the outlines of the picture on the canvas, and with the aid of this candle-light the deepening twilight brings out in strange and goblin-like shadows the mass of objects in the great room; the tragedienne sways her body and raises her arms in the earnestness of speech; while the rain, pattering on the window, forms a musical accompaniment to her voice as it fills the great space and resounds to the ceiling—the whole giving a strange and peculiar coloring to the inspired words of the great author.

"I am surprised that you ever left the stage," says the artist, as Marie finishes with a gay laugh.

"Oh, that was mamma's fault," she answers.

"Come, Marie, we *must* go," says Henriette.

"Yes, we are all going now," says the artist.

And putting on his overcoat, and taking his cane in one hand, he holds the candle in the other, and follows the rest up the stairs. As the hall-door opens, he extinguishes his light, and places it on the small table in the hall; then passes out and locks the door, leaving the studio to darkness and silence, and the curtain falls on the glimpses of the comedy, farce, and tragedy, that belong to a phase of Parisian life.

COMPENSATION.¹

O MISTAKEN Music! In your sweetness,
Tender though it be, a falsehood dwells.
Every life must own *some* incompleteness,
Every life *some* perfect heart-joy sells.
None are left to perish, for one Father
Deals the food by which our soul-life grows:
Ask not for the lavish portion—rather
Bless what slender share his hand bestows.

Born to praise and pray, to love and suffer,
Dare we envy "dove and butterfly?"
Meant to reach the crownèd heights above her,
Given to feel the pangs that purify,
Would the soul resign her granted charter—
Take the calm of serfdom with the chain?
Or for pottage—however luscious—barter
All her glorious heritage of pain?

Pain it is that proves us; pain that (raising
Earth above the earthly) gives the wings
Which shall lift us through the ways amazing
Of soul-torment to diviner things.
Present pleasure ask we? (that bereft us,
Wail our loss with wild, rebellious voice?)
Wiser is our Father—who has left us,
Not to choose, but to abide his choice.

Wiser is our Father. No perfection
This side heaven his favored children know;
But none starve—save by their own election—
For the good each shares with all below.
None content, to *all*, a little longer
Come slaked thirst and taste of heavenly food:
If the "lions lack and suffer hunger,"
Must not *we* who crave the bread of God?

¹ Suggested by Miss Woolson's "I too," in APPLETONS' JOURNAL for September.

EXTRA-HAZARDOUS.

THE hop that evening was to be quite the event of the season at the — House, one of the most fashionable summer resorts among the hills of New England. Most of the young ladies were getting up their complexions in their rooms, and Miss Antoinette Livingston was just starting forth to refresh hers where she had originally obtained it—out in the sun and breezes; not that its delicate tint looked in particular need of refreshment, as she stood on the piazza arrayed in a blue-cloth walking-suit that fitted well to the full yet pliant lines of her rather tall figure. A little white plume was stuck in the jaunty blue hat, the shining yellow hair, the envy of the other girls, fell in a loose knot down her shoulders, and the dark-blue eyes with which she scanned the surrounding peaks of the lordly mountains, were as wide-opened, clear, and confident, as a child's—a child's who has never been frightened. And why, indeed, should they not, seeing that no child was ever more sedulously protected from all that could shock, pain, or grieve, in the harsh realities of the world. The pet of a family that had been wealthy for generations, the flattered queen of the circle her beauty had drawn around her, the walls and angles of life were indeed all upholstered for her, and the Providence she said her prayers to was a very polite and gentlemanly deity.

Miss Livingston finally finished her inspection of the mountains and started off briskly for her walk, drawing after her to the next turn of the road a skein of admiring glances from the groups of ladies and gentlemen on the piazza, as one pulls out a ball of molasses-candy. An hour's walk, seasoned with botanizing, was her usual afternoon recreation, and she had not intended that the programme to-day should differ from the customary one. But, yielding to the seductions of an old wood-road, half overgrown with bushes and young trees, she was beguiled on from one fork and turn to another, until she finally found herself fairly in the woods, the road having passed by insensible gradations into the forest. At first she was not much disturbed, having no doubt that she could easily regain the road and go out as she came in. But, after walking vigorously for half an hour without coming to anything, a lump began to come up in her throat, and she was forced to admit that she was lost.

She had now come into an open, rocky place, where the trees had grown infrequent and stunted, and the sun fell hotly on slabs of granite scattered around and interspersed with tindery mosses and whortleberry-bushes. With the feeling that she was lost, the strength suddenly left her limbs, and she sat down on the shady side of a mass of rock, feeling very much like crying, and with considerable ado to keep that lump in her throat from growing unmanageable. Although the lovely color had somewhat left her face, I know well the old rock had never borne a prettier flower on its rugged bosom.

It would not do to give way to her feelings, however; she must keep her wits about her, and so she bit her lips to prevent them from trembling, and sought, by an effort of the will, to still the beating of her heart. But these praiseworthy efforts at self-control were suddenly nullified by a sight that for a moment stopped her heart entirely.

A big, rough-looking man was walking with a swinging gait across one end of the opening. The slouched hat, the coatless flannel shirt, the bronzed face and unkempt beard, the bundle on a stick across his shoulders, left no sort of doubt in her mind that he was a genuine, unadulterated, and unusually formidable example of the species tramp—that variety of wild beast that has succeeded the bears and wolves in the undisturbed possession of American fields and forests. A hundred tales of the violent and bloody doings which have made the tramp the terror of women and children the country through, with the sense of her utterly helpless position, flashed through Miss Livingston's mind. Apparently, he had not yet seen her. Scarcely daring to breathe, she rose to a crouching posture, and, without taking her eyes from the tramp, silently stepped backward around the rock, in whose shadow she had been sitting, and, to her intense relief, found herself at length withdrawn from his possible view.

How loud that cricket sang! There it was again; in spite of her preoccupation, she could not help noticing that it did not sound exactly like a cricket, either. It was more like the rattle of dried peas in a pod. She glanced down to the spot whence it proceeded. Her eyes froze with horror. A second more and a huge rattlesnake sprang like lightning upon her. Instinctively throwing out her arms to defend herself, she shrieked at the top of her voice. In stepping around the rock, without looking where she was going, she had probably brushed across the reptile as it lay basking in the sun, and thus enraged it. In a moment the tramp, the idea of whose existence had been shocked out of her mind, came running up. She was too much under the horror of the snake to think of him, except as a human helper. She pointed to the creature which was coiling itself in readiness for another stroke if necessary; and the tramp, seizing a fragment of rock, hurled it with such force and precision that the reptile was stretched crushed and writhing. Then he turned and stared at her with an expression indicating his profound astonishment at happening on a fashionably-dressed young lady in such a locality.

"Are you better?" he finally asked.

"I don't know," she said.

In her excitement she had not been conscious of a sting, but now, as she directed her mind to the question, she felt an odd sensation near the elbow of her right arm. There was also a wet spot on the sleeve. It fitted tight to her arm, and would not come up.

The tramp opened his pocket-knife and gave it to her, saying, peremptorily :

"Rip it up!"

She hesitated, and then, apparently recognizing that it was no time for prudery, began to cut and haggle at the sleeve, making such poor work that he was evidently on the point of taking the knife out of her hand and doing it for her, but refrained. As she raised the severed sleeve above the round, white flesh, she turned aside a little so that he could not see. There, on the outside of the arm, just above the elbow, were two red punctures in the flesh, from which a few drops of blood had exuded.

"Let's see," said the tramp, and she showed him. She wasn't thinking of the proprieties any more.

"Ah! that's bad," said he, shaking his head and looking concerned.

"It's fatal, isn't it?" she asked, faintly.

He did not reply in words, but his countenance indicated that he had nothing to say to the contrary. She sat down on a rock, for her limbs trembled under her. She was very pale and her face was set in rigid lines.

"We must try to get you home at once," said the tramp, who was standing before her looking down on her compassionately from his six-feet altitude. "Where do you live?"

"I'm staying at the — House in —, but I came out to walk, and lost my way, and I've no idea which way is home," she replied, piteously.

"That's unlucky," said he, "for I'm on a tramp from the North, and I don't know the country. I expected to pull up at the hotel by night, but I don't know just where it lies."

"But what can I do? I can't die here all alone!" she cried, hysterically, a conviction of the unmitigated cruelty of her fate beginning to overcome the incredulity with which Nature interposes to prevent the first shock of a horrible reality from crushing the mind.

To her, even her, Antoinette Livingston, the belle of her avenue at home, and the petted queen of a circle of wealth and culture, it was apparently appointed to die of a snake's-bite in a desert place, with a tramp to close her eyes. A wave of self-pity overwhelmed her; her eyes flooded with tears, and she began to sob. And then, growing calmer, she found herself wondering when they would miss her at the hotel, and begin to send out searching-parties, and how long it would be before they would find her, and whether she would be very much disfigured! She had read such horrible stories about the effects of rattlesnake-bites! How would her father feel when he arrived at the hotel from the city in the morning and found her missing? Or, perhaps she would have been brought home by then. What a commotion it would make among the guests at the hotel, and how pretty Belle Stacy would look in tears—she always did. Mr. Heywood would undoubtedly admire her, and it might lead to something. The tramp was speaking; she had nearly forgotten him.

"Sucking the poison out of the wound sometimes cures persons. We can at least try that."

She caught at the suggestion with an eagerness almost convulsive, and raised her arm to her mouth. But, because the wound was on the outside of it, she could not, try as she might, quite touch it with her lips.

Her efforts, as she twisted her mouth and pinched her arm, would have been laughable had the emergency been any less serious.

"You had better let me do it."

She looked at him in involuntary amazement at the unparalleled audacity of the suggestion.

"It's no time to be notional. It's life or death!" said the tramp, rather impatiently.

The logic of the situation was indeed inexorable: she extended her arm. He knelt before her and took the snowy treasure in his big, rough, brown fingers. The slender, blue-veined wrist he held as tenderly as if it had been an egg-shell. The dimpled elbow rested in the palm of the other hand. Miss Livingston, despite her terrified preoccupation, could not help starting as he put his mouth to the flesh. She had not thought that the lips of so rough a man could be so soft, or that their touch would be so like a kiss. There was something at once laughable and pathetic in the attitude of the strangely-assorted couple during the next few minutes. Miss Livingston kept her face resolutely averted, and looked intently at a distant mountain-top, but her eyes were really in her arm. Her occasional furtive glances at the face so closely pressed to it were a study in their mixture of repugnance, even to loathing, with intense anxiety to have him go on.

And yet, if she had been in a mood to take a dispassionate inventory of her tramp's appearance, she must have admitted that, although rather formidably big and brawny, he would not have been at all a bad-looking fellow if he were once well shaved and had better clothes. He had been kneeling before her on both knees, but now changed his posture to one knee, and almost instantly thereafter sprang to his feet, crying with an excitement that showed how strong had been his repressed feeling:

"Thank God! I've got something that will save you. What a fool I was not to think of it before!" and he pulled a flask out of his hip-pocket, and shook it exultantly in her face. His heel, as he changed his posture, had touched the flask and reminded him of its existence. Miss Livingston looked at him apprehensively. What was he going to do to her? He speedily made it clear.

"That's full of whiskey, a good pint. Whiskey is the only sure cure for rattlesnake-poison. All you've got to do is to drink this till you are intoxicated, and then you're cured."

She had been through some very novel experiences that afternoon, and done things which she would never have thought it possible she should be brought to do; but this was rather too much. If she had heard this brawny vagabond aright, he coolly proposed that she should drink herself into a state

of insensibility, alone with him in this remote spot. He poured some liquor into the tin cup which he took from the bottom of the flask, and extended it to her. She shook her head, and merely said :

"Thank you, I won't try it."

What was the use of arguing a question of propriety with a tramp?

"I see you're afraid of me," he said; "I can't wonder at that, but it is a case of necessity. If you don't drink, you are dead in an hour! There's at least a bare chance that I'm an honorable fellow, but there's no chance at all if you don't take the whiskey. This is the time of year when the poison is strongest, and that was a big fellow. Your arm is swelling already."

She glanced at the still writhing reptile with a shudder, and then at her arm. It was indeed swelling, and the fang-marks had grown black. Pitiful Heavens! must she choose between this imminent, horrible death, and an absolute surrender of herself to this vagrant's mercy? She rose and turned her back on him, looking away to the mountain-tops. She walked a few steps to and fro, then turned and asked him in a strained voice :

"But won't this that you've been doing draw out the poison?"

"There's not much chance, because you see the bite is in among big veins, and the poison got at once into the blood. I only did it because it was better than doing nothing."

She looked at the cup which he held toward her as if almost decided to take it, and then turned away again and stood a long time. What thoughts were in her mind any woman can guess. It is not for me to describe them. Finally she turned slowly around once more and looked fixedly into his face, as if studying it for her life—as indeed she was. The dark-blue eyes rested on the brown ones of the man with a gaze in which inquiry, entreaty, fear, doubt, and piteous appeal, were most affectingly mingled.

"I assure you that you will be safe. I am a gentleman—I am indeed, although I'm not dressed like one."

He spoke with an air of sincerity. Still, these were but words, and her eyes still questioned his, though as if hopeless of obtaining the assurance they sought.

"I am so sorry for you," he said at last, and as he spoke his eyes suffused with moisture.

"Give me the cup—I will drink it now!" she exclaimed.

However it might be with her own sex, she felt that she might trust the wet eyes of a man. He explained to her how to take as much as possible at one gulp and swallow it without breathing, so as to avoid the smart of the raw liquor. Still she struggled and spluttered so that half the first draught was wasted, and her eyes were filled with water. After that he gave her smaller drinks and she got on better.

"Don't you begin to feel it?" he asked, after she had in this way taken nearly half a pint.

"Not at all," she replied, beginning to think that, after all, it was not going to be such a dreadful thing.

"That shows the strength of the poison it has to counteract," he said.

"Why, you talk like an educated man!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

"Why shouldn't I?" he replied, in surprise, and then added as if to himself, with an amused smile, "Oh, yes, I forgot—it's the clothes."

She failed to see what the joke was.

Beyond this there was no conversation between them. She simply drank, and gasped, and wiped her mouth and tearful eyes with an embroidered handkerchief, of which the effective part was a centre half an inch square, the rest being lace border; while her odd Ganymede was kept busy replenishing the cup as fast as she finished it. At intervals of a few minutes she took two more drinks. She would still have said that she felt no effects from the liquor, but she was conscious of taking a more generally sanguine view of the situation than a few minutes before. Her painful fears and apprehensions had disappeared. There was evidently nothing so formidable about tramps, if they were properly managed. Her timidity about this one had wholly gone, and she felt quite inclined to patronize him. It struck her that it would be a shrewd idea to clinch the fellow's fidelity with pecuniary motives; so she said, with a fine air of condescension :

"I want you to understand that I am very much obliged to you for your assistance, and intend to reward you handsomely if you continue to behave well, as I have no doubt you will do. I have nothing with me to give you but my watch, which is not worth much; but on returning to the hotel I will see that you have a hundred dollars in greenbacks."

The effect of this very neat little speech was, however, rather disappointing. The tramp at first looked astonished, and then the perception of something extremely funny appeared to break on him. He grinned from ear to ear, and his eyes twinkled as he replied :

"You are certainly very kind, young lady; but I think you put your valuation too low. I am not much of a judge of such articles, but I should say you would be very cheap at a hundred dollars, even in these hard times. Couldn't you put it higher—say, two hundred or three hundred dollars, now? That would still be cheap; and maybe you would throw in the watch."

Was he chuckling over her approaching state of helplessness? She turned pale, and her eyes, a moment before so confident, were unsteady with fear.

What had he said? Had he insulted her? Had he threatened her? She could not exactly remember his words; there was beginning to be such a confused feeling in her head. But he was laughing at her. In some way, she thought, he meant her harm.

A sudden recollection flashed across her mind. A gentleman had once given her in joke a little pearl-handled, gold-mounted pistol, and her mother

had insisted on her carrying it when she went walking in the country. It was always in the pocket of this dress, although she did not generally think of it once a week. She put her hand in her pocket and drew it. Cocking it was an idea quite beyond her, but she held it in front of her, and looked steadily at the tramp, or rather tried to, for somehow she could not see him quite distinctly. It seemed as if she had to summon all her energies to articulate, and what she said sounded like this:

"I wan' you t' lead me 'ome dreckly."

She forgot, in the increasing bewilderment of her brain, that he was as ignorant of the direction as herself. She could not hear distinctly what he said in reply. Her brain appeared to be all afloat, dragging anchor, and drifting away somewhere. She now only saw him through a mist, though she made the utmost efforts to keep her eyes fixed on his face in spite of the odd manner in which he seemed to be bobbing about, trying to dodge her gaze. Had another tramp come up? There seemed to be two of them dancing around and making up faces. And the rocks and trees — what were they all flying around for in such an extraordinary manner? She had a dim sense of being caught and lifted and laid on something soft, of faintly resisting and muttering, "Pleezsh lemme 'lone. Pleezsh g'way," and then of being overpowered by a drowsiness that made the recumbent posture a luxury that was irresistible.

Perhaps it was three hours later when, waking out of a dream that she was at boarding-school on one of those horrid mattresses, she opened her eyes and rubbed them. There was nothing but blue sky overhead. After an instant or two of wonder if she might not be an angel waking from a nap on a cloud, she turned on her elbow and saw a big, rough-looking man, who nevertheless produced a strange effect of familiarity on her mind, sitting ten or fifteen feet away, and looking at her with an expression of amusement and interest. Then she jumped up quickly enough, as may be inferred.

"How do you feel after the whiskey?" he asked.

Then it all came back to her.

"I'm all right, except a little giddy."

"It's a pity so hard a head should have been wasted on a young lady. It would have been a pearl of great price to a toper," he remarked, dryly. "How is your arm?"

"Nothing but a little itching is left," she said, looking at it; and then, feeling of it, added, "The swelling has pretty much gone down, too."

In sleep the mind falls back into old ruts, and a recent experience is always fresh at waking. She looked around, and saw, as if for the first time, the wild spot, the dead snake yonder, the empty flask, the bundle on which her head had been placed, her hat, which he must have taken off, and by its side the pistol. Then she turned to the man who stood there, watching her with a smile of amused sympathy.

"You have saved my life."

She felt like making some sort of fervent acknowledgment, perhaps of gushing. But the tramp

gave her no chance, for he replied, glancing toward the pistol with a comical look of mock terror:

"And you have spared mine."

Miss Livingston followed his glance, turned red with shame at thought of the generosity with which he had repaid her suspicion, and, stepping to where the pretty trifle lay, flung it as far as she could. That was all the acknowledgment she made. This odd tramp certainly possessed that most desirable knack in a gentleman, of dispensing gracefully with the verbal tributes of those he has benefited.

"Dear me! how late it is!" cried Miss Livingston, as the western tree-tops drew their cool shadows over her face, and the sun sank out of sight. "What are we going to do about getting home? My friends will be crazy."

It seemed as if her perplexities that day were never going to end.

"I supposed that, if I did not find the way home for you, you would probably shoot me at sundown," replied the tramp, with his quizzical expression, "so I stirred about while you were taking your nap, and think I have the directions about right. It will be nearly an hour's walk. We will start at once, if you feel strong enough."

"Yes, indeed; let us not wait a moment!" and, gathering up her skirts, she followed his lead straight into the forest. The "great companion" was sinking in the west and sending only occasional faint, level rays through the dusky woods. She felt lonely and fearsome, but no more really scared than if she had been with her father or brother. She needed all her breath for walking, and they did not talk, nor did he even turn to her, save once or twice when he had to lift her over fallen trees, which he did with the utmost strength and delicacy.

"Here's the road," he said at last, and, clambering over a stone-fence, they stood in it at a point which Miss Livingston recognized.

They now walked along side by side. She would not have liked to be alone on that road at that time of night, and it was with a sense of being protected that she glanced now and then at the big figure by her side, making small steps to keep pace with her. Either he was a very reticent or a very deferential person, for he did not once offer to enter into conversation. His quiet self-sufficiency began actually to pique her, which showed that she had come to recognize him as a man and a social being. Finally, she broke out:

"Are you really a tramp? I'm sure you are not in the least like any I ever heard of."

"Certainly I am a tramp," he replied, gravely. "It may be a matter of opinion whether I am a gentleman or not. At least, you don't seem inclined to believe it; but, if tramping makes a tramp I am undoubtedly a tramp."

"But how can you make up your mind to such a life?" she cried, impulsively; "a man of education and, I am sure, of honorable feelings, like you."

"I think you do our guild injustice," he replied, with an air of mild reproach. "Surely, as a physical exercise the doctors recognize nothing as better

than tramping. That it is favorable to taste and spirituality is shown by the fact that bards and apostles were of old famous tramps."

"But, excuse me, you know you have to beg—that is, you have to ask people, you know, for food, don't you?" said Miss Livingston.

"You mean we beg our bread?" he amended. "Yes, and that is the main argument for the tramp's way of life. What title is so clear, so sweet, so beyond question, as that by free charity? He who trades in his goods or his wits must often feel himself a cheat, always a cheat or cheated, and his bread must be sour and bitter. But the bread that is given is as sweet as the unbought blessings of God. The old monks were right. He who would keep his conscience clear must beg his living. I am sick at heart of this lying sham of mine and thine. I know not, no man can know for certain, in the war of equities, what or how much is rightly his and rightly another's. I leave such controversies to others. I am tired of this grab etiquette at the table of life. I do not ask for a great portion, but what I do have I want to be able to eat with a good conscience, with assurance that it is mine. To that end I would gladly concede that everything of right belongs to others, so that my claim to at least what they freely give me might be clear. Often enough, where I get perplexed over the refinements and hopeless obscurity of *meum* and *tuum*, I half resolve to become a tramp myself."

"But I thought you said you were a tramp?" said Miss Livingston, quickly.

"Why, so I am," replied he. At this moment they turned a corner of the road and the lights of the hotel gleamed right ahead. "Here I leave you," said the tramp.

"Oh, no!" cried Miss Livingston, almost laying her hand on his sleeve. "You must come to the hotel and take some of these sweet gifts you talk of from me, although they will not be gifts indeed, but rather a scrimped payment for a great service," and her voice trembled.

"Exactly," he replied; "I don't want anything from you, because it would be too much like a trade, so I'll just jog along a bit and beg my supper from somebody I haven't benefited. When people exchange gifts, you know, they lose the flavor of both."

"Do stop a moment," she exclaimed, as he turned away. "My father can get you work, any nice sort you would like—as a clerk, or a policeman, or at anything. That would be so much better than tramping, in spite of all you say. Do, please, let him."

"I'm too lazy to work, I fear."

"But I can't bear to think that, after all you've done for me, you should be kicked and abused at back-doors as tramps are."

"You are a very kind young lady," replied the tramp, while his voice trembled either with tears or some other emotion, "but you needn't fret. As for the abuse, that is nothing but a symptom of the moral dyspepsia which well-to-do people get from

eating bread which they are not sure is rightly theirs; and, as for kicks, I don't get 'em—I'm too big."

"You must let me do something for you. It's mean not to," she cried, almost angrily, her whole generous little soul boiling over in indignant gratitude.

"Well, if you put it on that ground," said the tramp, turning squarely around to her, "there is one thing I would like. I'm afraid you'll think it too much, but it would be a greater comfort, and stay by me longer, than anything else I can think of."

"What is it?" she demanded, in a tone that was a promise.

"Its desirableness occurred to me when you were lying asleep there this afternoon," pursued the tramp, in his grave way. "Will you let me kiss you?"

For sole reply Miss Livingston turned her cheek. The tramp kissed it, turned, and disappeared with swift steps in the darkness, and she went on to the hotel with her feelings all topsy-turvey.

It was late that evening when she entered the hotel parlors. Had she followed her inclinations, she would not have gone at all. Her nerves were on edge, and she wanted to be alone. The events of the afternoon demanded to be thought over alone and at length. That morning she had counted on the hop as a great event; to-night it seemed tame. She knew all the gentlemen who would be there. They were well enough, and no doubt she should find them quite sufficient when in a less exacting mood; but to-night, somehow, as compared with the almost majestic impression of generous, strong, untrammelled, unconventional life and character which the tramp had left on her mind, they seemed small, pale, artificial, and characterless. Not that she was sentimental about her deliverer. How could she be that about a man who, however noble and grand, was doubtless even now eating broken victuals at some kitchen-door under the eye of the servant-girl, or, possibly, stealing into a farmer's barn for a night's sleep in the haymow!

And yet, if not exactly sentimental, her feeling was remarkably like it. At first she wished that he would have taken money, for then he would have taken himself out of her mind; and then she was glad he had not, and proud that he had not, and called herself absurd to have urged it on him, or thought that he was the kind of man to take it. How strange it was, their walking along together, and talking like old acquaintances, she and a tramp! She had never in her life been brought so near to any man as to this tramp. Tramp! No, this knight and gentleman—this Nature's nobleman, rather! It will be seen that Miss Livingston's caste-distinctions had been a good deal overturned since morning. How could she have let him go in the way she did? And yet what else could she have done? At any rate, she was glad she had given him that kiss. She should always be glad of that, and she blushed—yes, blushed—at the thought, and not wholly with shame, either.

When she entered the parlors her acquaintances

flocked about her with eager inquiries as to her adventure, rumors of which had already got abroad. But she was very short in her replies. It was really not worth making so much fuss about, she said. She had been lost in the woods, and had found her way out again, and that was all. About the rattlesnake-adventure she was entirely silent, having no notion of exposing her tramp to the coarse comments of ordinary people, by which, in this case, she meant her polite friends in general.

Declining to dance, she found a seat by a retired window, where she could indulge her pensive mood without disturbance, and whence she observed Bell Stacy monopolizing Mr. Heywood with a complacency of which she certainly would not have been capable an evening before. An acquaintance, a Mr. Ellis, came up and asked leave to introduce a friend of his, Mr. Kennard, of Boston, who had arrived that night, and who wanted to make her acquaintance. "Who is he?" asked Miss Livingston, who

had no desire to be obliged to entertain anybody to-night. "He's a first-rate fellow," Mr. Ellis assured her, "a lawyer in Boston. Excellent family. Something of a poet, too, I believe. I met him last year in the Tyrol. He was taking it afoot. He has a great fancy for that sort of thing. I believe he has been walking through the mountains this time, sending his baggage ahead."

Mr. Ellis went in quest of his friend, and Miss Livingston sat looking out of the window at a bright spot in the distant landscape made by the moonlight on the newly-shingled roof of a farmer's barn.

"I wonder if he is sleeping there to-night," she was thinking, when Mr. Ellis's voice recalled her attention.

"Miss Livingston, let me introduce to you Mr. Kennard."

In evening-dress, his face shaved, but as big and bronzed as ever, with the same quizzical smile in his brown eyes, her tramp stood before her!

CONCERNING AUTUMN.

THE poets paint Autumn as a stately matron, bright of eye and firm of step, vested in trailing robes that flash with Tyrian dyes, and bearing in her hands the golden products of the field and vine.

The prosaic lexicographer, however, defines autumn as a *season*, the third of four that make a year, beginning about September 22d, and ending December 23d. In America, the popular will, nevertheless, decrees that autumn is composed of the three months commencing with September; though the same puissant authority in England, according to Dr. Johnson, insists upon commencing autumn with August.

A third definition would appear to make autumn a dual thing, or, otherwise, two belts of climate encircling the globe in the north and south temperate zones. At the poles and at the equator, autumn is practically unknown, summer and winter dividing the year, the distinction between the two seasons in the tropics being a distinction without any particular difference. The passage from one to the other is almost imperceptible; for Shakespeare's fancy there becomes a fact:

"The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on Old Hiem's thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is as in mockery set."

Autumn is, therefore, on the whole, somewhat provincial. Its exhibitions would appear marvelous to the inhabitant of the boreal regions, as the account of northern ice to that monarch of the sultry East, who scorned the report of those who affirmed that in some countries an elephant could walk without difficulty upon the surface of the sea. Any definition capable of doing justice to autumn must be extremely broad. Thus the Romans expressed only a single

phase of the subject by the name they gave to the season, which was "*Auctus*," from *augere*, to *increase*; though autumn may indeed be the time when the granaries of the world are filled with the increase of the earth. Indeed, nearly every writer has a definition of his own.

Autumn is, therefore, a season of reflection and self-reckoning, a season of joy, a season of melancholy, of thanksgiving, of foreboding, of falling leaves, of golden harvests, of transparent skies, and of gathering storms. It is, beyond question, the most obliging season of the four, readily adjusting itself to every mood. Autumn will laugh with you, muse with you, dream with you, walk in triumph with you, move at a melancholy pace, or sit and weep with you upon a mossy stone as you reckon up the dead and gone. Autumn misses nothing in the whole scale of human expression, being strong with the strong, weak with the weak, and fearful with the timid. Autumn is as sentimental as one wills, or severely matter-of-fact; a healthy moralizer or a morbid resurrectionist of the dead past. Whoever wishes to know how stale, flat, and unprofitable, autumn can appear, need only consult the columns of the average *Literary Messenger* of twenty-five years ago: "I am alone. Faint and more faint are the melodies of summer. What has become of the rose and the buttercup? Gone! So, too, had I a *friend*, but gone is the brightest and best of human beings. Alas! the—" Thus the rhapsodist weeps, after the manner of the wounded deer, that, "much marked" by the melancholy Jaques—

"Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears."

There is, however, a genuine sadness in autumn, and it is strongly expressed by the brooding Gaelic bard: "Autumn is dark on the mountains; gray mists rest

upon the hills. The whirlwind is heard upon the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. The leaves whirl round with the wind and strew the graves of the dead."

Autumnal moralizing, however abused, is not without its use. Homer and Isaiah unite in comparing life to a leaf; and we can easily tell what will be the autumnal tint of either the man or the leaf from the unfolding of the bud. It was a joy, likewise, for King David to point out the particular kind of human leaf that should not wither.

There is, nevertheless, something to be said in behalf of those who feel depressed at this season; for autumn, like the crumbling pile of mediæval ruins, possesses a weird power. Autumn can be as weak as the infant in arms, and yet display the strength of a conqueror. There are souls that cannot be laid low, like trees, by autumn's strong gales; souls that, when the wind rises, shout a defiance like Ossian, crying: "Arise! winds of autumn, arise! blow along the heath. Streams of the mountains roar! roar tempests, in the grove of my oaks!" but that nevertheless yield to autumn's *pensive* moods and surrender themselves the victims of inextinguishable regrets.

Being thus changeable in her moods, it is hardly a matter of surprise to find that the literature of Autumn, notwithstanding its irrepressible undertone, is both varied and *mixed*. The poets have contributed their share to the general confusion. Still, the exhibition of autumn is as regular as the passage of a panorama. The fields and forests are clocks, and the grass and the leaves would tell what sign the sun might be approaching, if Old Sol did not turn state's evidence against himself in his daily passage through the magnificent gates of the west. The stars in their courses fight the anachronism, as of old they fought Sisera with the autumnal (?) flood of Kishon. Nevertheless, we may be their humble auxiliaries, and endeavor to mend matters by pointing out a few of the proper connections.

The confusion which exists in popular ideas has its disadvantages. It not only deprives the lover of Nature of the pleasure to be derived from anticipation, but this absence of exact knowledge often prevents one altogether from seeing some of the most beautiful spectacles, not to mention the embarrassment that is likely to ensue from admiring the wrong thing, like the person who, mistaking the number in his catalogue, misses the masterpiece, and pours out his praise upon the lesser performance. In these times the machinery of the universe never stands still, and the exhibition is often over before any one suspects what is going on. With our poor habits of observation, expectation is essential to recognition. Many persons, therefore, see nothing special in the autumnal moons, though if a class of sky-gazers were regarded, we should conclude that *all* the moons at this season are "harvest-moons." These moons are among the things that have been sadly jumbled with what are disconnected phenomena. One of our most genial and accomplished prose poets, in an autumnal sketch, refers to "the soft advance of Indian sum-

mer, with its harvest-moons round and red." Bottom the Weaver, however, when preparing for the drama of "Pyramus and Thisby," did not attempt any such rash reorganization of the celestial scenery; since, upon the mere suggestion of Snug the Joiner, he cried: "A calendar! look in the almanac, find out the moonshine." For convenience' sake, they finally substituted an artificial moon, which, nevertheless, was quite as real as the most of the so-called "harvest-moons." But the genuine illuminator as provided by Nature may be used without inconvenience, and we may always know when and where to look for it, if we are not above the rustic appeal to the old-fashioned almanac. What, then, is the harvest-moon and what is its sign?

Twice in the year, when the sun is in Virgo and Libra, the moon being near her full, in the opposite quarter of the sky, astronomers tell us that the latter orb rises near sunset for a number of nights in succession. The first moon appears about the time of the equinox, September 22d, being called the harvest-moon, because at that time, in the mother-country, the crops are brought in; and the second, occurring about October 23d, is called the "hunter's moon," for the reason that it indicates the opening of the chase.

Whoever may be on the watch at these times, is likely to witness a brilliant spectacle nightly repeated, and one by which even the thoughtless person is sometimes surprised, almost fancying for the moment that there has been some invasion of Nature's law. In the olden days, when the British yeoman studied the earth and the stars, instead of questionable cheap newspapers, the recurrence of the harvest-moon was long anticipated, and was hailed with merry-making.

The explanation of this phenomenon, constantly occurring in some parts of the earth, is found in the fact that at this time only a very small angle is made by the ecliptic and the moon's orbit with the horizon. When flattened by refraction these moons are sometimes called horizontal moons. It is the hunter's moon that is to be associated with "the soft advance of Indian-summer," a season due about November 1st, All-Saints-day, on which account it has been called "the Summer of All Saints." Whittier alone, of all the prominent American poets, allows the hunter's moon to stand in its true connection:

"From gold to gray
Our mild, sweet day
Of Indian-summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
O'er land and sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon."

With the autumnal equinox stands connected, at least in popular estimation, the so-called "line-storm," supposed to be a recognition of the sun's passage of the line, September 22d. Now, when a ship crosses the line, the sailors improve the occasion to give the young apprentices a bath, but when Old Sol himself passes that way, according to the current theory, a large portion of the world at least must take a drenching. On the whole, it is considered

indecorous for September to pass away without a great gale and copious rains. The weather-wise know what to expect, for—

“When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks;”

while from the Bermudas and the bright Azores there goes up a mighty voice answering the tumbling surf that buries the Orkneyan Skerries. On the land we look for prostrate forests and spires, and naught but drifting wrecks on the “desolate, rainy seas.” Says an encyclopedist :

“As is well known, both the autumnal and the vernal equinoxes are distinguished all over the world by the storms which prevail at these seasons.” He continues: “The origin of such atmospheric commotions has never yet been satisfactorily explained, but it is supposed, as stated by Admiral Fitzroy, to arise from the united tidal influence of the sun and moon upon the atmosphere; an action which at the time of the equinoxes is exerted with greater force than at any other period of the year.” In the north of Europe, however, November, instead of September, was called the *Wint-Monat*, or wind-month. Still, we all know that September is liable to gales.

The “signs” of autumn are many and curious, and among them is one respecting the beavers, who, we are told, foretell a winter of great severity by taking upon themselves an extra allowance of fur, besides building their habitations unusually strong. But, says one: “That argument of the beavers is an old friend. It always appears soon after the first frost in the autumn, and threatens the most frigid future. It is presented with an air of finality which is extremely discouraging. ‘You know that the fur is making upon the beavers uncommonly thick, and their houses are unusually strong.’” As this writer observes, the inference is, that beavers are very plenty nowadays, and quite willing to convince us of the heaviness of their coats. The individual capable of reporting definitely on such a subject would, however, be able to hear the grass grow. Perhaps we should understand this as a circumlocution for the declaration that, nowadays, there are no beavers at all.

It is also very curious to observe the regularity with which we are told in the autumn that “the first frost will change the color of the leaves,” whereas the frost has nothing to do with the change. It has, indeed, sometimes happened in New England that the foliage has changed, as if by magic, in a single night, so that, upon looking out of the window in the morning, the eye was surprised with the spectacle of the world wellnigh on fire; and since this transformation took place in connection with the mercury at a low point, the whole affair is referred to the agency of Jack Frost. But why not refer to this prestidigitator the glowing tints of the apple, the rich crimson of the velvet peach, and the purple of the plum?

Many years ago this error was pointed out by an eminent botanist, who showed that the gorgeous color of the autumn leaf came in the regular process of ripening; and, though botany is generally studied in schools, the old notion comes back with the beavers every year, showing that error, in common with truth, especially when supported by the *vox populi*, will “rise again,” however deservedly crushed to earth.

Leaves find their parallel in man, as already observed, and, like the human species, they may ripen suddenly. If, however, any one chooses to make a mystery of the *intensity* of the autumnal colors, there should be no great difficulty in explaining the *variety*. Indeed, the apparent superiority over the strength of color in the foliage on the Continent of Europe may be attributed chiefly to this variety. In Great Britain the climate is evidently unfavorable to the production of bright forest-tones, but in parts of Germany the brilliancy of certain kinds of leaves is quite equal to that of the corresponding varieties in North America. At the same time the greens of Europe are quite different from those of our own land, where, beginning with a burnt green in the South, we pass northward along the Atlantic seaboard, reaching the true green of the greatest of the hay-producing States, the State of Maine. Every one has noticed the unparalleled green of the “Emerald Isle,” which becomes a pale sea-green in Scotland, a whitish-green in the south of England and in France—only to change to an ashen-green in Germany, and a sombre olive in the Italian states.

But we were remarking upon the variety of the autumnal tints in our own country. This is explained by the fact that, while in Europe there are only forty trees that attain to a height of thirty feet, in North America there are no less than one hundred and forty—hence our forests flash like the plane-tree that “the Persian adorned with his mantles and jewels.”

Another thing attributed to the frost is the opening of the “chestnut-burs,” since boys wait for the frost to drop down the nuts which enterprise cannot reach with pole and club. But the more reasonable supposition is, that nuts, like human souls, drop off their integuments when ripe. Still, the frost may help on the dissolution of nuts, as it sometimes does of men. If, after a bur has begun to crack, it happens to be rained upon, the frost will do the rest. Under the same circumstances it would split a rock. In accordance with Nature’s law, matter expands with heat, and contracts with cold. This is also true of society, which, in its way, is only a chestnut-bur, and in the summer it expands until it reaches the sea-side and the mountain, though in the autumn it contracts, the city becoming itself again. Since, therefore, society itself is amenable to the universal law, and follows the example of the iron dome of the national Capitol—said to shrink its periphery in the winter no less than six inches—let not the rustic young American fancy that nuts are exceptions.

But let us note something here about autumnal in-

stitutions, though it is hardly necessary to say which is the most prominent of these :

"For now the Pilgrim festival is near,
When all the varied crop is safely stored—
Honored Thanksgiving! to New England dear,
When fowl, or wild or tame, controls the board."

It is clear, however, that the author of these lines, out of the "Easy-Chair," was no prophet. What but a little while ago was dear only to a small section of the country has become a national festival, observed from sea to sea. But it has lost its original character to no small extent, like the New England fast-day, now changed almost into a saturnalia. Thanksgiving, whatever may happen to the official fast-day, will always remain ; but the distinctly religious character it once had is now being compensated for by the services of harvest-home, which one influential religious body is taking special pains to reproduce in America, and with a fair prospect of success. Few persons are, perhaps, aware of the extent to which this fine old English—or rather, we should perhaps say, Hebrew—custom has obtained ; for the harvest-home, like Thanksgiving itself, is something that overleaped the ages, and came down to find a refuge in English hearts and homes. Since the harvest-home is evidently to be one of our autumnal institutions, we may remember with what joyousness it has been, and still is, celebrated in the mother-country, where ceremonious joy reigned high when the final sheaf came home.

In this country the harvest-home will have much less of jollity than in England, merry-making being conceded as a distinguishing feature of the official Thanksgiving. Religious observance will largely mark the day, while the increase of the earth is heaped up, even as now, around the chancel in town and country for the benefit of the poor, and giving something of the aspect of an agricultural exhibition to the house of God, where fruits and vegetables glow in golden glory amid flaming autumn-boughs.

If there were room, one might at this point say something about the almost forgotten autumnal saints who once held high rule—such, for instance, as Remegius of Rheims (A. D. 439), who furnished French monarchs with the title of "Most Christian King ;" Denis, both of England and France ; Etheldreda,

niece of Hilda, Abbess of Whitby ; Crispin, patron of knife and awl ; and Martin, whose cloak preceded the *oriflamme*—all most memorable worthies, whom we fancy as so much dust in their coffins ; while, in reality, clothed in modern guise, they are abroad, living factors in our busy world.

One of the most beautiful manifestations of autumn is Indian-summer, with its rich, glowing light, and still, soft, echoing air. Beginning with September, and even earlier, people tell us, every fine day, that "Indian-summer has come ;" whereas this season is to autumn what the after-glow is to the day. In America it is noticed about the 1st of November, while in England it is looked for at St.-Martin's-day. Wherever observed, whether in Continental Europe or in South America (there called the summer of St. John), it has the same beautiful and tender light, in which, with but little haze and no positive increase of heat, the earth seems transfigured.

About the last thing to be mentioned in connection with autumn is the "halcyon days," commencing seven days before the winter solstice, and extending to fourteen. This is simply a reference to the old story, according to which, while the halcyon or kingfisher was breeding, the sea was always calm. Then the navigator might confidently trust himself to the deep ; for the halcyon brooded thereon in a floating nest, and there she brought forth her young, which, as the Greek name indicated, were conceived of the sea. Hence Dryden :

"Amid our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyons brooding on a winter's sea."

If any one doubts, let him hear Pliny, who says that, "while they brood, it is called the halcyon days, for during that season it is calm and navigable, especially on the coast of Sicily." Ovid also testifies, and Shakespeare calls St. Martin's summer the halcyon days, in which he coincides with Pliny, for what the philosopher wrote about was the Indian-summer as he had observed it at Baïæ on the bay of Naples. Autumn, therefore, whether early or late, is full of beauty ; and, though at this time the desponding may despond, we may conclude this article with the remark of Pope to Digby : "Do not talk of the decay of the year ; the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time of year for a painter."

THE ROSE'S SECRET.

A LESSON IN THE DARWIN THEORY.¹

EVERY flower you wear has a secret as sweet
As a maiden may hear under roses of dusk,
Which it hides by the day from the gossiping heat,
To whisper at night in its petals of musk.
If, betrayed to delight by the blush on your cheek,
It utters its secret, but think I am near,
And the musk of the rose in the silence will speak
A secret as sweet as a maiden may hear.

But the blush that you give to the rose in return,
Is a flower as sweet in the dusk of the eves,
When it fills with the meaning it blushes to learn,
And hides its sweet secret half shut in the leaves ;
Nor either are ever as sweet to the sight,
As when they discover how dear is the power
That shows by the bloom in a rose of delight
That Love is the secret which hides in the flower !

¹ Under Mr. Darwin's theory, the flowering of the plant is its method of courting.

A TALK ABOUT THIERS.

THE career of Adolphe Thiers, though passed in purely civil pursuits, was really a long romance. Seldom is the life of a brilliant soldier more teeming with unflagging interest and perpetual surprises. The biographies of statesmen are more often dull than attractive to the general reader. They abound in records of legislative measures, in debates, in the drier and more prosy side of the history of nations. But in France, during the last century, statesmanship has been an almost constant peril and vicissitude to its aspirants; and, on a scene so turbulent and rapidly shifting, a man of Thiers's nervous, daring, restless, and aggressive character, was sure to meet with political adventure at every turn. There is a fascination, too, in following the progress onward and upward of those whom we call "self-made men"—that is, of men who owe their rise, not to circumstances of birth, wealth, education, or lucky chance, but to their own able and pushing qualities. Of such men there are no more shining examples in the annals of the present century than Benjamin Disraeli, Prime-Minister of England, and Adolphe Thiers, President of the French Republic. Both these men made headway in countries where birth and wealth still count for very much, and against obstacles of tradition which have not been chased away by revolutions sanguinary or peaceful. Disraeli's task was the hardest; but Disraeli had the advantages over Thiers of being the son of a man of learning, of having been subjected to processes of culture in his home, and of being under no necessity to earn his own living. Thiers, on the other hand, was not clogged by Jewish descent; and the obstacle of patrician prejudice was nothing like so great in France as in England.

An eminent English writer has said of Disraeli that "nobody ever mentions his name without a smile; nobody hears it without a corresponding smile." So, too, from a different cause, no doubt, we find ourselves smiling at almost every fresh incident as we follow Thiers in his impetuous career from impecunious journalism to the presidency of France. Perhaps it is partly because we know him to have been a little, thick-set man, all nerve, and bustle, and pugnacity, with a squeaky voice and preposterous spectacles; perhaps partly because we recognize in him an amusingly excitable Gallic temperament, which he was always betraying. We cannot help being amused even at his discomfitures—or rather the way in which he conducted himself under difficulties.

When, on the morning of the 2d of December, 1851, Commissary Hubault appeared in his bed-chamber, at early dawn, with a warrant of arrest, it must have been ludicrous to see the little man sit up in bed, and protest in high treble against the outrage. We may imagine the amusingly-indignant tone in which he demanded what right the president had to order the arrest of a deputy; and the excited

accents in which he said, "Do you know, sir, that I am a representative of the people?" There has been some insinuation that on this occasion Thiers manifested "the fright of a child." Nothing could be further from the truth. Whatever his faults, cowardice was not one of them. More than once he has braved the ferocity of a French mob; and, still oftener, the scarcely less to be dreaded vengeance of a repressive government.

It is almost as difficult to get a correct idea of Thiers's personal appearance, from those who have attempted to describe him, as of the great Napoleon. We know that Napoleon, after it had been taken for granted for half a century that he was brilliantly handsome, was described by Michelet as positively hideous—"a brown, stubby little barbarian." By-the-way, a writer in the *Spectator* once spoke of an odd resemblance between Thiers and Napoleon, which he thought he had discovered. Princess de Lieven thought Thiers fine-looking, for all his short stature and dumpy figure. "The most brilliant, lively, and amusing," of all the statesmen of the Orleanist era, she called him. On the other hand, the cynical Greville does not conceal the unflattering result of his observation of him. "I dined with Talleyrand on Friday," he says; "a great dinner to Thiers, the French Minister of Commerce. A little man, about as tall as Shiel, and as mean and vulgar looking, wearing spectacles, and with a squeaking voice. Talleyrand has a high opinion of him. He wrote a history of the Revolution, which he now regrets." Another writer, describing Thiers, says: "In external appearance it is impossible to conceive a more ignoble little being. He has neither figure, nor shape, nor grace, nor mien; and truly, to use the most unsavory description of Cermenin, he looks like one of those provincial barbers who, with brush and razor in hand, go from door to door offering their *savonnette*. His voice is thin, harsh, and reedy; his aspect sinister, deceitful, and tricky; a sardonic smile plays about his insincere and mocking mouth; and at first view you are disposed to distrust so ill-favored a looking dwarf, and to disbelieve his story. But hear the persuasive pygmy, hear him fairly out, and he greets you with such pleasant, lively, light, voluble talk, interspersed with historical remark, personal anecdote, ingenious reflections, all conveyed in such concise, clear, and incomparable language, that you forget his ugliness, his impudence, insincerity, and dishonesty." Another puzzles us with a picture in sharp contrast with the foregoing: "His small figure is precisely what you would select as the most appropriate and exquisite type of the honest French citizen: his person is full, without ungraceful obesity; his hair, very fine and of a lustrous whiteness, falls around a forehead of large size, smooth, without wrinkles, whose brown tint betrays a life of travel and his southern birth. The cheeks are full: the mouth an unbent bow, ready to dart courteous ar-

rows; the eyes, shining beneath the eyebrows, are so lively and eloquent that they seem to light up the spectacles; their expression of attractive good-nature extends to the smiling lips."

The impression of the writer, who has seen and heard Thiers more than once, is less depreciatory than the first of these estimates, and less agreeable than the last. To us he appeared a short, thick-set, square-headed, bristling-haired, pugnacious little man, with a good deal of sparkle and a good deal of obstinacy, brimming with irony and "fight;" nervous, petulant, uneasy, and charged throughout his diminutive body with a seemingly inexhaustible vitality and force—a physical trait well fitted to his strong, determined, and bellicose character. Rather German than French in physiognomy, he was all Gallic and all Marseillais in his impetuous vivacity and demonstrative manner. Most engaging, no doubt, in conversation, and when talking in the social circle showing at once his brightest and his most amiable side, it was evident that he best enjoyed political life, especially when that life was freely checkered by a pandemonium of strifes of the forum. To see him in the tribune, with his cup of coffee or his glass of claret by his side, his handkerchief in his hand, and his coal-black eyes glaring out from beneath the big, square spectacles which he always affected, was to see him when his fullest force and genius were in play. He was a good hater; and probably never an orator lived who felt more keenly the luxury of forensic combat than Thiers did in his old-time contests with the prim and austere Guizot.

This combative trait has been conspicuous in him from the beginning to the end of his astonishing career; without it, it is hardly likely that, with all his other abilities, Adolphe Thiers, the son of a father who was a locksmith, and of a mother whose family were bankrupt clothiers, could have fought his way to the very summit of power and fame. When he started from his southern home for Paris, after having gained the reputation of being the most incorrigible boy in his school, and of being the most brilliant student in the College of Aix, he was twenty-three years old. Those who saw him then, arrived at the capital to pursue rather literary than legal fortunes, were wont to regard him as "a demon of restlessness in his body, and a tongue that wagged like a bell's." Even then he outvied Coleridge as a perpetual, brilliant, and despotic talker. His first thought was to combine politics and journalism; these would give him, very soon, ample opportunities for the intellectual conflict he yearned for. It was not long before he was a noted editorial writer, slashing at the policy of Polignac, fighting duels, and patronized by Talleyrand, who at once took to him; making his way also in that Parisian society where good powers of talk have always been the neophyte's best capital, and where, consequently, the sparkling young Provençal was especially fitted to shine. There he came under the scrutiny of severe social and intellectual critics, who, while casting up the balance decidedly in his favor, did not fail to note his peculiarities and defects. Lamartine has left the result

of his observation of Thiers as follows: "He never struck great blows, but he dealt an infinite number of little ones, by which he afterward broke minorities, majorities, thrones. He had not the grand inspiration of a Mirabeau, but he had his strength in pieces. Out of Mirabeau's club he made arrows." Another puts his powers of conversation in this way: "There is scarcely a subject in which he does not sparkle. He is the prince of *causeurs*. His intellect reminds you of a swarm of fire-flies rather than of a great, shining light." This is an excellent illustration of the idea which one got of M. Thiers on hearing him speak from the tribune. A little before the Revolution of 1830, which he had so large a share in bringing about, and the sequel of which was his rapid rise to the highest places in the councils of Louis Philippe, the impression he made upon those who saw him is graphically preserved by M. de Laménie: "He attracted curiosity at once by the southern twang of his voice, the smallness of his size, the incomparable vivacity of his speech, and a glance, the odd fire of which was heightened by the large spectacles he wore, also by a singular trick of fidgeting and shrugging his shoulders, all of which peculiarities, taken together, classed him as a being apart."

While thus engaged in the political hurly-burly of two generations ago, anathematizing Polignac, writing that heading to a leading editorial, "*Le roi regne et ne gouverne pas*," which passed at once into a political maxim, offering to fight duels with each and all of the actors of the Français, sitting fortified and on guard for any eventuality in his sanctum, and drawing up programmes for liberal action in the midst of coteries of statesmen, poets, and veteran politicians, Thiers was busy also in other directions. He was gathering materials and writing already that history which, according to one writer, prepared the way for the Second Empire by lavishly praising the First. He was writing art and dramatic criticisms, describing the scenery of the Pyrenees, reading essays in *salons*, and carrying on several branches of abstruse study. His capacity for work, indeed, not only in youth, but all through life, and even in extreme age, was simply marvelous. When threescore and ten, and President of the Republic, he was always up with the dawn, arranging the business of the day with his learned secretary, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, while all Paris was still slumbering around him; and seldom did he retire until the small hours. When he did, it was after a day in which he had found scarcely an idle or quiet five minutes.

Nor did this strong passion for work leave him when, escaping for a while from the cares of office and power, he hied him to his favorite sea-side retreat at Trouville. His vacations were not as those of other political laborers. He did not fell trees like Gladstone, or play the bucolic Corydon like Disraeli, or go salmon-fishing like Bright. He did not kill time, like Bismarck, lounging at the Spas, or wandering amid Alpine scenes; nor did he, like so many of the French patricians, spend the days in feasting and hunting at the old châteaux. The mere getting away for a season from Versailles, with its tumults

and its vexations, was enough for the doughty little "chief of the state." For the rest, he exhausted his brief periods of recreation by finishing "works on moral philosophy." On one occasion, at least two huge chests of state papers and books followed in his wake to Trouville. "Among the books thus carried to while away what he was pleased to call his "leisure hours," were to be found Rabelais, Molière, Montaigne, Voltaire, and Rousseau, a dictionary of the Academy, a Plutarch, a Juvenal, and the Bible. A man may be told best of all by the literary company that he keeps; for, while his choice of companions may often be imposed upon him, he has free choice of his volumes. They who would thoroughly know a man, moreover, should inquire, not so much what books are in his library—for a library is like a party, to which all people of respectability must be invited—but what are the books that are well worn there, that he loves, takes with him, reads, lingers over, and knows by heart. In the list of books which Thiers had at Trouville, we may discover the thoroughly Gallic character of the man: his fondness for satire, for pure intellectual amusement, and for social speculation. At Trouville he received each day no less than an average of eight hundred letters, and each one of these was disposed of in a business-like order as it came in. Even in the *déshabille* of recreation he was the most incorrigible of busybodies. One day he would receive some great prince, and they would post off together to witness artillery-practice; the next, he would be closeted with an ambassador, and plunge deep into treaties and stipulations; the next, he would be listening with rapt attention to long arrays of figures read to him by his Minister of Finance, or settling some dispute between a prefect and his council.

In these days, indeed, Thiers must often have reverted with a feeling of complacency, perhaps of triumph, to his wonderful career, beginning in a locksmith's shop, ending in king-like glory and power. How he must have smiled as he thought of the indomitable persistency, the audacious vigor, the unconquerable stoutness of heart with which he had climbed the difficult and giddy path to the summit of the republican Olympus! How he, once an almost penniless scribbler for the press, was now dispensing offices to dukes, and conferring on almost equal terms with czars and emperors; how he, who had risen from beginnings the most humble, was now greeted, as he stepped out of the Trouville Station, with the waving of flags, salvos of artillery, and the cheers of enthusiastic multitudes!

Let us return to a somewhat earlier period of his career. It was just before the Revolution of July, 1830, that Thiers first took an active part—and a very active part it was—in French politics. He was then one of the editors of the *National*, which he had just founded in conjunction with Mignet and Armand Carrel. Carrel was the brilliant and promising young journalist whom Emile de Girardin killed in a duel ten years after. The day before the insurrection broke out Thiers wrote the celebrated editorial protest against the decree depriving the

press of its privileges under the charter—a protest which had no small share in precipitating the catastrophe. On the morning of July 27th Thiers saw that the storm was at hand. As he sat in his sanctum, a commissary of police came in and showed the fiery little editor a warrant for seizing and holding his presses. Thiers violently protested, and an exciting scene ensued. It ended by the presses being broken up before his eyes. Yet he was opposed to violence. The Liberal chiefs met at the house of Casimir Perier. Some one proposed that the standard of insurrection should be raised. Thiers said: "I ask nothing better; but you cannot rise with nothing. How can you sustain yourselves?" Within twenty-four hours his question was answered. Up went the barricades; the National Guard proved "unreliable;" the king, vividly mindful of his brother Louis's fate in 1793, made all haste to get out of the volcanic city. But this upheaving could not go on and the hot-blooded little southerner not have a hand in it. He hurried to Guizot, and asked him if the insurrection could not "be kept within limits." As he went out of Guizot's house, he met a party of insurgents carrying the revolutionary red flag. Never at a loss for speech, he harangued them from the curbstone, and persuaded them to lower the Jacobin standard. On reaching home he learned that a warrant was out for his arrest. He hastened to get out of Paris, and staid quietly for a while in the suburbs. No sooner had he learned, however, that the king had fled, and the revolution was thus triumphant, than he made all speed to go back. He went to Lafitte's, where the chief men of his party were gathered. They were rejoicing over the fall of the Bourbon, and with this feeling was one of dread lest a new Jacobin republic should be started. Thiers saw his chance, and pointed out that the solution of the difficulty lay in raising Louis Philippe d'Orléans to the vacant throne. At first there were some hesitation and demurring, but the chiefs could suggest nothing better. Thiers ordered a cab, and drove rapidly out to Neuilly, where the Duke of Orleans was then residing. Louis Philippe was prudently absent. Thiers was received by the duchess and the Princess Adelaide, the duke's sister. "I have come," he said, "to offer the crown of France to his royal highness." The duchess at first strenuously and eagerly opposed the idea; the sister was silent. Thiers put forth all his powers of persuasion. At last the duchess tearfully yielded; while the Princess Adelaide became enthusiastic. "You have won the crown for the house of Orleans!" exclaimed Thiers, delighted; and he hurried back to Paris to carry out his project.

Of course, he at once became a prominent figure in the new *régime*. His brilliant abilities, no less than the gratitude of the king, made him one of the latter's chief advisers. At first, indeed, he was appointed to an inferior office, that of Under Secretary of Finance; but it was soon shown that he was "running" that great department of the Government, and was the power behind the minister greater than the minister himself. It was not long

before people began to say that Thiers was the real prompting spirit of M. Lafitte, the prime-minister; and, as an English writer has remarked, "In a general way it may be said that Thiers began to guide everybody with whom he was brought in contact."

We shall not follow him step by step from this subordinate but really powerful position in his upward steps—to the ministry of Finances, then of the Interior, then of Commerce, then of Foreign Affairs, until finally, six years after Louis Philippe's ascent to the throne, we find him prime-minister, uniting with that office the two portfolios of Foreign Affairs and president of the Council of State. He was now not only great politically, but was already a member of the French Academy—a laurel which he had won by the history which Greville, probably erroneously, declares that he regretted having written. Thiers was as marked a manager and guide in the Academy as in the cabinet. Although not yet forty, we hear of him adroitly leading the older Academicians in such ways as he wished them to go; and, before he had been one of the Forty more than three years, he had become the greatest power within the august walls of the Palais Mazarin. Meanwhile he did not neglect society, where he shone, and in which he took the keenest delight. He was well aware of his conversational powers; his "brilliant flashes of silence" in the drawing-room were few and far between. Meanwhile, though a *bourgeois* of *bourgeois*, this son of a locksmith was quite as punctilious in social observance as a La Rochefoucauld or a Tour de l'Auvergne. The slightest appearance of neglect of etiquette in the treatment of himself or his wife was met by his sharp, short, fiery resentment. Earl Granville (father of the present earl) was ambassador at the French court when Thiers was premier. There had been some bad blood between them on account of Granville's friendship for the Duke de Broglie, with whom Thiers was at swords drawn. One evening he gave a reception, at which, as he imagined, Lady Granville put upon Madame Thiers a deliberate slight. The next day the impulsive little premier, meeting the Princess de Lieven, spoke bitterly of the circumstance, adding, "I will have Lady Granville know that it is not to be endured that an embassadress should behave with such marked incivility to the wife of the prime-minister. If she chooses to continue to do so, she may get her husband sent away." Princess de Lieven was somewhat indignant at this petulance, and retorted: "If you say that to me, thinking that I will go and tell Lady Granville, you have mistaken my character; and you may find somebody else to repeat it." The trouble blew over, however, and Granville, as well as the Princess de Lieven, afterward became firm friends of Thiers. The fact is that, in Paris, the prolific mother of scandal, a story had just then been going the rounds concerning Thiers's domestic relations, which would not have been listened to for a moment anywhere else—a slander which, however, soon spent itself, having no foundation of fact to exist upon; and it is not unlikely that Lady Granville for the moment lent ear to it.

We catch interesting glimpses of this wonderful example of bodily and mental vitality all through this period of his ascendancy, which was at once political, literary, and social. We hear of his being furiously mobbed by his own constituency at Aix, and, though not a coward, deeming prudence the better part of valor, and so taking refuge with the garrison; of his long and stormy intrigue to enthrone the infant Isabella in Spain—an intrigue in which he came in sharp contact with the rough cunning of Palmerston—and his futile attempts to prevent the erection of Belgium into a kingdom. With Palmerston he had many a wordy contest; and it ended in producing a very bitter personal feeling between the two. Ten years later Thiers and Palmerston found themselves side by side at Lady Holland's dinner-table in London; "smothering," as one who was present says, "the angry feelings of the prior diplomacy." Thiers liked Palmerston's bluff, British, jocose way, and Palmerston was infinitely amused by Thiers's vivacity and sparkling talk.

At about the same period that Thiers was establishing himself as a social and literary light, another brilliant literary star had risen high in the firmament; an intellect far profounder, more imaginative, and at the same time far more erratic and extravagant than that of the Provençal. This was Victor Hugo. It was not in the nature of things that these two men, who will probably be the two longest-remembered Frenchmen of the nineteenth century, should have a very keen sympathy for each other. They looked at all things from very different points of view. Thiers was, after all, politic; political principles and historical conscience lay rather lightly upon him. He was certainly selfish and ambitious, and ready to sacrifice consistency and principle to his personal advancement. Victor Hugo's virtue has always been austere and impregnable. He has always occupied a far higher moral plane than Thiers. Yet, of course, they met often in those days when both were the central lights of two great literary groups; and it was not seldom the privilege of these circles to hear them discussing literary subjects, each in his brilliantly characteristic way. On these occasions the historian, naturally of an irascible and sarcastic temper, did not spare the poet when he saw a chance to fire a shot at his conspicuous self-esteem. Prosper Mérimée tells of a dinner given by one of the Academicians, at which one of these intellectual altercations took place between Thiers and Hugo. The object of the dinner was to bring together the great lyric poet Béranger and the great actress Rachel; and many of the most celebrated statesmen, literary men, and social leaders, were present. In the course of the evening Rachel was persuaded to exhibit her powers in the first act of the now-forgotten tragedy of "Esther." "As she is getting into a rage," says Mérimée, "a servant enters a door behind her, and is signaled to withdraw. He hurriedly retreats, but leaves the door ajar, and it creaks terribly. This not ceasing, Rachel puts her hand to her heart and grows faint, but, after the manner of the stage, giving one time to come to her aid. During this in-

terlude Victor Hugo and Thiers fall to quarreling on the subject of Racine, Hugo asserting that Racine had a narrow mind and Corneille a master-intellect. 'You say that,' retorted Thiers, 'because you yourself are a *grand esprit*; you are the Corneille'—here Hugo's head assumed an air of great modesty—'of an epoch of which Casimir Delavigne is the Racine!' Meanwhile Rachel's swoon passes off." It is almost needless to say that the comparison sarcastically made by Thiers must have been odious in the extreme to the poet.

Thiers had an interval of relief from public labors between 1840, when he was replaced in office by his *doctrinaire* rival Guizot, and 1848, when the stirring events of that year called him from the literary retirement of his study to once more seek to check—or at least direct—the torrent of revolution. The fall of Guizot, and the impotence of the worthy Molé, made it necessary for the king to appeal to Thiers to try to save him. Thiers was ready for anything that was exciting and dramatic, accepted office, put on his brown overcoat, and went out and harangued the mob—but all in vain. When all was over with the Orleans dynasty, it was naturally thought that he would disappear again into literary seclusion. But the times were too congenially turbulent to his restless spirit to allow him to keep quiet.

He had been a monarchist all his life; but he had always been wise enough to accept the inevitable. He, therefore, embraced the Republic, though rather coldly; became a deputy, and supported the provisional dictatorship of Cavaignac. It was not surprising that he, the greatest of all the panegyrists of the first Napoleon, should have advocated the right of the representative of the house of Bonaparte to return to France, and to stand as a candidate for the Assembly. Perhaps Thiers had been secretly flattered by the way in which Louis Napoleon, in making his silly attempt on Boulogne, had named him as his minister. At all events, he behaved in a friendly spirit toward the exile when he sought to return to his native land. It is evident that Thiers did not at that moment suspect the future emperor's ability and true character. Louis Napoleon was generally looked upon as rather addle-headed, at least as stupid; and Thiers shared in the contemptuous opinion of his harmlessness. Sir Henry Holland speaks of passing "a memorable evening" at Thiers's house in Paris in October, 1848. "It was the very day," he says, "the future Emperor (then Prince) Louis Napoleon made his first speech in the National Assembly. The comments made upon it by the political leaders at Thiers's strangely contrasted with the events of the following years, showing how little the real powers of the prince were then understood. Thiers," adds Sir Henry, "evinced more sagacity when I happened to meet him, three years after, at the breakfast-table of the Belgian minister in Portland Place. A French paper, containing a speech of Prince Louis Napoleon on the opening of a new line of railway, being brought in, Thiers started up, declared that some speedy mischief was meant, wrote an excuse to the Earl of Aberdeen, with

whom he was to have dined, and set out for Paris that same afternoon. His prevision was verified. The speech was the close precursor of the *coup-d'état*." This speech of Louis Napoleon's was delivered at Dijon in the latter part of May, 1851. In it occurred the following significant declaration: "If France recognizes that none have had the right to dispose of her without her consent, France has but to say so; my courage and my energy will not fail her." But Thiers was all too late in discovering the real designs of the later Bonaparte. He had zealously supported him for the presidency—so zealously, indeed, that, when M. Bixio, a deputy, declared that Louis Napoleon's elevation would be "a disgrace to France," Thiers took the aspersion so much to heart that he actually challenged and fought a duel with Bixio on the spot. As events went on, Thiers gradually came to the conviction that Louis Napoleon meant to restore the Empire, and then he opposed him with all his might. When, in November, 1851, honest old General Changarnier, who could not be bribed, cajoled, or threatened, into collusion with the Bonapartists, was deprived of his post of commander-in-chief of the Army of Paris, to make way for a more pliant tool of the presidential plans, Thiers forewarned France by boldly exclaiming in the Assembly, "*L'empire est fait!*"

But, outraged as he was by the *coup-d'état*, and the arbitrary and violent acts which followed, Thiers was not the man to remain, as did Victor Hugo, in sulky, self-imposed exile. He returned to France when it pleased Napoleon III. to permit it, and after a while was even induced to take his seat in the Corps Législatif. It is very probable that Napoleon never wholly despaired of inducing Thiers to come to the support of his *régime*; but there never was so long a period, during which Thiers maintained a rigid and determined hostility to the powers that were, as that of the Second Empire. He was at once irreconcilable, and, what was yet more terrifying to the Government, he was always moderate. This was one of his most notable characteristics. Often strong and impassioned in his language, and never failing in courage to do and to say just what pleased him, he was yet at bottom a stout conservative. He abhorred extreme utterances, and shrank, as a statesman of the Halifax stamp, from adopting extreme measures. This was his peculiar strength when he formed one of that band of twenty-three who bore the whole responsibility of opposing the Empire in the Corps Législatif. Jules Favre's impetuosity and rancor greatly decreased his influence; the fact that he could never see anything good in any act of the Government detracted from the formidableness of his opposition. Thiers, who appeared, at least, to be more judicial, who discriminated between measures, and had the tact to approve of some while he denounced others, was dreaded by Rouher as an antagonist whose every word and course had weight in the country. His moderation and spirit of compromise were very conspicuous in the last troublous days of the Empire. He was the leader of that small, brave group who, in the midst of

the popular fury of July, 1870, dared to stand up in the Corps Législatif and oppose the war with Prussia. So perilous was this course, in the then existing temper of the people, that his house was mobbed and his windows were broken the day that he took it. Yet, after the war had actually begun, and could not be stopped, Thiers, who had hurried away from Paris and sought his favorite retreat at Trouville, sent thence to the emperor a quantity of interesting notes on the science of military strategy, the fruit of his long studies and reflections on military matters. Thiers, by-the-way, had a strong taste for this subject; and a year afterward he astonished the Assembly by making a two days' speech in which he attacked General Trochu's scheme of army reorganization. This speech is said to have been a masterly piece of incisive logic, clear statement, and powerful and thrilling appeal. He amazed the bronzed veterans of the army, who, seated on the benches of the Assembly and in the galleries of the Versailles Theatre, listened with close attention, and remarked his wide range of military knowledge and familiarity with every detail of the military science. Before his speech it had seemed uncertain how the Assembly would vote; after it, the Assembly adopted the principle of five years' service, which he advocated, by a majority of over two hundred. No more striking proof could be given, alike of his military learning, his oratorical ability, and of his great personal authority, in an Assembly which never wholly trusted him. We have spoken of Thiers's spirit of moderation; it was strikingly exhibited once more when disaster had expelled Napoleon from the throne. Count Keratry proposed that Marshal Lebœuf should be impeached; against this Thiers strenuously protested. Again, he suggested so moderate a system of provisional government that it was supported by General Palikao, the last premier of the Empire, and the minister of the abortive Regency.

The career of Thiers as President of the third French Republic, and later as the accepted leader of the Republicans in opposition to the *régime* of the "Marshals," is too recent to be recalled here. One of its most striking features was the wonderful vitality and energy of the man who had already been forty-five years in public life when chosen president, and whom death overtook, at eighty, bearing aloft with firm hand the standard of the party which he had spent the greater part of his earlier public life in opposing. But, at the time of his decease, he was far more to France than the leader of a party. He was the patriarch, the Nestor of French politics. While still a political chief, he also occupied somewhat of the position of super-partisan authority which was held in England by the Duke of Wellington in the later years of his life, and also to a less degree by the venerable Marquis of Lansdowne. Despite very many errors, the numerous evidences of his restless ambition, and of the ease with which he exchanged principles and opinions, he was so profoundly trusted that, when he became a Republican, he did not cause Frenchmen to desert him, but drew them along with him.

We cannot close an article upon this famous, many-sided man without glancing at his social and domestic life, which was full of charm, and was the envy and admiration of all Paris. At his house, for many years, there gathered the most brilliant literary and political society of the time. In it were to be found always the younger coteries of the Orleanists, moderate Republicans, writers for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and aspirants for the *fauteuils* of the Academy. Over his household presided his mother-in-law, Madame Dosne, whose loss, in 1869, filled him with the most poignant grief. Mérimée, in speaking of this lady, says: "I breakfasted with Thiers at Nice. He is much changed physically since the death of Madame Dosne, but not at all so morally, it seemed to me. His mother-in-law was the soul of his house. She drew people to his *salon*, and understood how to make it attractive to politicians and others. In short, she was the queen of a court composed of very heterogeneous elements, which she had the art of turning to Thiers's profit. Now solitude has begun for him." But this solitude—in a social sense, at least—did not last. The destruction of his noble mansion in the Place St.-Georges by the Communists is fresh in the memory of the reader. This loss was, happily, but temporary. The Assembly, after the peace, voted a million francs to rebuild and refurnish it; and there soon rose on the ruins the splendid white mansion, in the style of Louis XIV., in which Thiers luxuriously passed his latest days. The library, where most of his time when at home was spent, is not, perhaps, all that the old library was; but it is an apartment full of elegancies, comforts, and attractions. One who recently visited it says: "It is a lofty chamber lighted from the top, with book-shelves of oak picked out with stained pear-wood and threads of gold stretching completely around it. Two immense tables covered with red leather are on either side of the great hearth. A huge, black, carved cabinet is filled with enamels and other treasures, on which Thiers spent many years and much money, and which it is said he has bequeathed to the Louvre. Crowning this cabinet of priceless treasures is a Bernard Palissy head, which is unique; and round about are the old art-critic's favorite bronzes and pictures, the historian's plans and maps, and the *savant's* curious *trouvailles* and manuscripts. Thiers sat at work with twenty thousand volumes massed around him!"

It was in this library that Thiers spent many hours of the last weeks of his life. It is said that he employed his time in writing his autobiographical memoirs; such a contribution to literature would be valuable, indeed. Of the rest of the palatial home which the gratitude of the nation erected to "the liberator of the territory," we learn from the writer just quoted that "the hall, of red-and-green marble, is monumental; the reception-rooms are those of an ambassador. The *salons* are hung with red-silk damask. The dining-room is a superb apartment for the plain roast and boiled which were the daily fare of monsieur and madame. A broad staircase rises from the marble vestibule

to a spacious corridor or gallery. Opposite, great doors lead to a saloon, which is a museum of antiquities and art-work collected by the illustrious *bourgeois*."

Though living in the midst of such almost royal luxury, Thiers's habits were temperate and simple. His table, when dining *en famille*, was almost Eng-

lish in the substantial plainness and in the small number of its dishes; while of wine he was very sparing, his favorite beverage being coffee. Probably his astonishing bodily vigor, maintained almost without perceptible diminution till his fourth-score year, was due to a life-long temperance such as few Frenchmen practise.

ISLE DOUTEUSE.

I.

DOUBTING CASTLE.

"Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart, which mars
All sweetest colors in its dimness same;
A soul-mist, through whose rifts familiar stars
Beholding we misname."

JEAN INGELOW.

"CHAMPLAIN and Poutrincourt, in 1604 returning to Port Royal, named these sad shores 'Isle Douteuse.'"

"Sad shores, indeed! where can you find an island where the air is more invigorating, where the fog settles so seldom, and the sunlight is so inspiring? There is an intoxication in the salt, sweet wind, an exhilaration in facing it, almost equal to a plunge in the surf; the view is so extended, and the atmosphere as a general thing so clear, that it does not in any way suggest sadness or doubt to my mind, but only eternal happiness and eternal truth!"

Miss Arabella smiled at my enthusiasm.

"That is because you are young," she replied; "because you have high spirits that buoy you up like a gull's wing. The dreariness and wildness, even the loneliness of Nature, act as a challenge on a girl of your temperament, and you feel a pleasure in battling with them. Well, I felt so myself once, but now my fighting-days are over."

I was spending the summer at Nantucket, and had become very much attached to the good lady with whom I was boarding. Miss Arabella Witherdelfe, to judge from her appearance, was a warrior still capable of undergoing many a severe campaign. Her tall, vigorous figure had a military bearing; the sharp outline of her weather-beaten face betokened enough sagacity, promptitude, and decision, to have rendered her the mistress of any situation, were it one of strategy or open combat. There was a warlike pose to her bristling black-lace cap, and her keen glance searched you through and through till you felt that she read the innermost secrets of your soul. Altogether hers was not at all the appearance of one who had fought with life and come off conquered. She seemed to read my thoughts now, for she rose from her sewing-chair with its uncomfortable high, straight back ("one doesn't want to lounge when one is at work," she had explained when she had ordered that it should be made in this fashion), and, carefully wiping away some imaginary dust with her black-silk apron from the tile with which the chair was ornamented (and which represented a female figure hold-

ing a distaff with the word "Diligentia" in bright-blue letters beneath), she clasped her hands behind her and began pacing the room. I waited quietly, expecting some disclosure which might give the clew to a life which I felt must have had an element of romance, perhaps of tragedy.

"By the time you are an old woman, my dear," she began, "you will probably have learned that there are such things as mental fogs which come up and shroud every familiar object and face, building a great, impenetrable wall of doubt between you and your nearest friend, shutting you away from the present world, clouding the future till it is nothing but an awful uncertainty, into which you tremble to take one step, and spreading over all the bright landscape of the past until the gay colors are wiped out in the gray blur of regret. If you ever get into a fog like that, then maybe the pleasant island of Nantucket itself will seem to you like Doubting Castle in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' You see I have not always lived at Nantucket, my dear. I remember the summer that I first came here from New York City twenty years ago. I was no chicken even then, for I remember looking at my face in the glass on my thirtieth birthday, toward the close of the winter before I came; and as I saw that the gray hairs were thicker than I could count (our family have a way of growing gray earlier than most), I realized for the first time that I was no longer a young girl. I had had enough to keep it out of my head, for I was a sprightly girl, and life was full of interest to me. I was fond of painting, and though I don't suppose that fruit-pie on velvet over the mantel would be considered high art now, yet when I painted it at eighteen it was thought quite remarkable. I soon found my way out of that kind of painting too, and used to delight in taking my sketch-book to Nature. So you see that I had enough to keep me cheerful without the distractions of society; not that I lacked attention—I had my share of lovers in my day, but none that I particularly cared for; and so it happened that I drifted by them all, and found myself on my thirtieth birthday slighted for younger girls, by all but Stephen Rhinehart, who had persevered with wonderful constancy and good-humor, ever since my father, who died when I was seventeen, made him my guardian. 'You will always find me devoted to your interests, Miss Arabella,' he would say, 'even if you do see fit to disappoint my hopes.' And so my property remained in his care after I became of age.

He was a shrewd business-man; it was invested in ways unknown to me, and I was content to have it so, for my income came promptly on each quarter-day, and there was always more than enough of it for my personal needs. I realized then that I was growing old, and that Stephen Rhinehart was the only chance left me; that perhaps on my next birthday I shouldn't be standing there with the note which he had sent on every birthday since my seventeenth, the same words except for the date. This was the way it ran:

"If by any chance you have been led to revoke the decision of your last birthday, will you kindly drop a line to the undersigned, giving him permission to call this evening? In case there should be no answer, the subject will not henceforth be mentioned by one who remains, as ever,

"Your obedient servant,

"STEPHEN RHINEHART.

"P. S.—The bearer waits a reply."

"Rhinehart," I said to myself, "means pure-hearted. I wish the name did not remind me of Reynard and the man himself of a fox." And then I looked in the mirror again at the thickening gray hairs, and life stretched before me so long and lonely that I sat down and wrote rapidly:

"Miss Arabella Witherdele presents her compliments to Mr. Rhinehart, and will be happy to see him at her residence at eight this evening."

"But, my dear, I could no more fold up that note and send it than if it had been an order to the town hangman to come and lead me to the gallows. So I walked to the head of the staircase and called 'No answer' to Mr. Rhinehart's man who was sitting in the hall-chair.

"Well, as I said before, the very next summer I came down to Nantucket to sketch. I bought this house, for it was for sale cheap, and I thought likely I might come again, and I was a bit old-maidish in my notions and liked to have a whole house to myself. I bought a row-boat, too, and a horse and vehicle, and I used to go out alone, by land or water, taking my luncheon and my sketch-book with me, for I was strong and fearless, and, having made up my mind to be an old maid, was determined to make the best of it.

"One day I was making a drawing of a brig that had been wrecked off the south shore in a storm the night before. She was wedged in between two rocks, and was laden with sugar from the West Indies. The crew had all been saved, and the wreckers had been busy at her all day getting off her cargo, for it was evident that she couldn't last long in a sea like that. Each time that the surf struck the shore it sounded like a heavy cannonade, and, when it went over the brig, like a sharp, near pistol-shot heard above the boom of the distant cannon. The storm was coming on again, and it grew worse and worse. After a while the wreckers had to give up their work,

and I found that I must go, though I disliked to do so, for the sight was a magnificent one, and I wanted to get the effect just as it was; but my paper was wet with the driving spray, and the wind nearly took it out of my hands. I had just got into my beach-wagon when I saw the wreckers pointing to the sea, and there, driving right toward the rocks, was a full-rigged schooner. She came on splendidly, struck, and began sinking. The men on board, three of them, climbed into the masts, and the wreckers began to run about like mad. I had one of them unharness my horse, mount it, and ride for help. The storm kept increasing in fury; you had to shriek in the ear of the person next you, and then he couldn't half hear. The schooner had only sunk a little way, but it rocked fearfully, and it was a question whether it would hold together much longer. After what seemed to me a long time, a mortar, or something of the kind, was brought to the beach, and a line fired to the men in the masts: they caught it and attached a hawser to it, which was pulled to the shore. Then another line was arranged, so as to run along this, and first one and then another of the men was drawn safely across; but when the third was half-way over the rope became knotted and would not slide; and there the man hung, the surf going over him with every returning wave. There was a fearful pause; and then a young sailor, who had been assisting the wreckers, took a knife between his teeth and began to climb out on the rope, hand over hand, as if he were a monkey. When he reached the man whom he was to rescue, he placed his feet on his shoulders, cut the knot out of the rope, spliced it, and gave the signal to the men on shore to pull, and the two men were drawn safely over together. I did not stay to see any more, for I was drenched to the skin, and, as it was, I nearly took my death, and was kept in the house with rheumatism for weeks. One day, as I was lying well wrapped up in the hammock on the south veranda, Jane came to me to say that there was a young man in the hall with ivory-carvings to sell. 'Ask him to wait,' said I, 'and to let you bring them out for me to see.' They were surprisingly beautiful—napkin-rings and sugar-tongs, butter-knives and pie-jaggers—"

"What are pie-jaggers?" I asked.

"A little wheel to run around the edge of pastry and mark it with fanciful patterns—but here, you can see them for yourself, for I bought his whole collection." Miss Arabella rose and unlocked a small East Indian inlaid cabinet, and, placing one of its drawers before me, exhibited a quantity of exquisite carvings—flower upon flower, each delicate petal so perfect in its curve that it hardly seemed to lack color or perfume, and appeared almost diaphanous in its fragility. A whaling-scene was represented on one piece, the ship fully rigged, the boats manned and making for the whale, spouting in serene unconsciousness of approaching danger. In this piece of work the curve of the waves in the foreground was admirably represented. Other elaborate pieces showed that the maker's mechanical skill was far in advance of his taste, especially one bearing a

little cottage situated in an orchard, and at its foot a small family burying-ground, in which the grave-stones, with their carved death's-heads, were represented with minute realism. However crude the ideas, the work was something marvelous, hardly excelled by the ivory-carvings of China, Japan, and India.

"And those," continued Miss Arabella, "were all cut out of whales' teeth during a whaling-voyage by a young man only eighteen years of age. I told Jane to ask him to come to the veranda. He was a remarkably handsome fellow, in his duck trousers, dark-blue sailor-shirt, the wide collar loosely tied by a silk neckerchief, his face and throat bronzed to a fine color, his black hair thick and curly, and the most expressive eyes, my dear, that you or any one else ever saw. Though he was so young, he was taller and better built than most men, and, as he stood there turning his glazed hat in his hands, it struck me that I had seen him somewhere before.

"I hope your being out in the storm the other day has not made you seriously ill, ma'am?" he began; "they told me you were taking a picture of the wreck; if it isn't too bold, I would like to see it, ma'am; I don't get many chances to look at pictures, but I do know what a storm is."

"Then it came over me where I had seen him, and I screamed out, 'Why, you are the young sailor who crept out on the cable and spliced the rope!'"

"Yes, ma'am," said he; "we sailors are used to ropes, you know," and then he turned the subject, and began to talk about his carvings.

"Do you like the sea?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "but not a seaman's life; it seems to me sometimes as if all the water in the ocean would not wash those men's souls clean. I have heard them tell stories, and talk near me, when I was carving, till I felt as if I had been sitting beside a sewer—I beg pardon, ma'am, I ought not to mention such to a lady."

"You ought to be an artist," said I; "these carvings show real talent. Where did you learn to do them?"

"The captain had some that he brought back from foreign parts (he had been captain of a merchantman that was wrecked before he went into whaling). I copied them first, till I found that people liked those which I made out of my own head better."

"He was an untutored child of Nature, my dear, but for all that a born artist, and I showed him all the artistic objects I had, and talked to him about such things until his eyes shone like stars. I bought all his carvings, lent him some books, and told him to come again, and that I would try to draw him some designs which would give his objects more of an artistic value. He came again and again, and agreed to take me out in my little boat whenever I wished for the summer, and I was to give him drawing-lessons. This arrangement saved the self-respect of both of us, for a more grateful creature you never saw, and he insisted on my taking something in return for the lessons. The summer went by like a flash; it

was the happiest one I ever spent: the boy's enthusiasm and delight were contagious, it was all so new and wonderful to him; though, as the time came on for him to go off again on a three years' whaling-voyage, he became discontented and unhappy.

"Why was this love for beautiful things ever given me," he asked one day, "if I am to be nothing but a common sailor? Are there no poor artists, Miss Witherlefe? Don't you suppose, if I save my earnings for the next two or three voyages, I could go to Europe and study to be a sculptor?"

"Jack," said I—that was his first name, my dear, and it doesn't signify what his last name was—"Jack, you can go to Europe this fall if you want to. Here is a check which I have just made out for five hundred dollars; it is all I can spare this quarter, but more shall be sent you from time to time, and we will find means to keep you there as long as it is necessary."

"It did not seem as if that boy could understand me; at first he acted as if he were dazed, and I had to repeat it over several times, and then it seemed as if he had gone wild; he never thanked me the least bit, but capered about on the sand like one gone mad. After a time he came to himself, and, stepping up to me, knelt down, in just the way that Sir Walter Raleigh does to Queen Elizabeth as he spreads his cloak for her to walk on in that picture on the fire-screen, which my mother worked with crewel in tent-stitch, with the lights put in with floss and the eyes in glass beads. He dropped right down on one knee, my dear, and, taking my hands, said, with the tears shining in his eyes, 'If the devotion of a life'—but just there I stopped him; I don't know how I ever came to do such an improper thing, for I had always been very particular about my behavior with gentlemen, and I shouldn't advise any young girl in the same circumstances to do the same; but I stooped and—yes dear, I did—I kissed him. After that there was no use in disguising the fact, I loved that handsome boy with all my heart, mind, and soul, with a woman's first love, and the kind of first love that comes late after you have been trying to satisfy yourself with something less. And he loved me. It was not gratitude alone or admiration for some one whom he imagined much above him, or any meaner motive, but a boy's first, genuine affection. He knew almost nothing of women, for his mother had died before his remembrance, and the women that he did know were only honest, simple fishermen's wives, so that I have no doubt I seemed to him more than I really am. He did not go abroad immediately. I remained a month longer on the island. It was"—but here Miss Arabella's voice broke, and the words came with a pitiful wail—"and—oh, my dear, he more than loved, he worshipped me!"

"Then he went away to Paris to study, and I went back to the city. I told Mr. Rhinehart of my *protégé*, though I did not mention the engagement; it would certainly be years before we could be married, and it was hardly worth while to announce it now, I thought. I gave him orders to send the

young man quarterly one hundred and fifty dollars—one could live more cheaply in Paris than now—and, for a student of not extravagant tastes, the provision was certainly ample; indeed, my agent assured me that I was throwing the youth into temptation by giving him too much pocket-money. That winter I lived upon my letters; they were not always expressed in the most elegant of phrases, but they were eloquent with heart-language. My own, I think now, must have seemed a little tame and stiff; for I was not used to writing love-letters, and had the name of being always a little reserved, even with my most intimate friends. Sometimes, when I had written what I really felt, the words seemed too bold and unmaidenly, and I would tear the letter up and begin again, professing myself greatly interested in his art-progress, and not dwelling at all on our relations as betrothed persons. On the whole I hardly think my letters were as affectionate as a mother's would have been, but Jack's made up for any lack of warmth on my side. When my birthday came around again I noticed the omission of the usual proposal from Mr. Rhinehart, only to wonder if he suspected that my boy and I were engaged. As I intended to travel about considerably during the next summer, I wrote to Jack to send all his letters directly to Mr. Rhinehart, whom I asked to forward them for me. For the first time Jack complained that the allowance I sent him was not sufficient; and, though I wrote to Mr. Rhinehart immediately to increase it, I received no thanks, or even acknowledgment, from Jack. He wrote now at greater intervals, and sometimes I fancied from allusions to things which he seemed to think he had told me, but of which I had never heard, that I had lost some of his letters in moving from place to place; but, on comparing notes with my agent on my return to the city, Mr. Rhinehart assured me that I had received all that he had forwarded, and consequently all that Jack had written. During the winter that followed, the tone of the few letters I received changed; something was the matter with Jack, and I tortured myself with all manner of suspicions. I thought of the designing and unprincipled women which fill Paris, but I would not believe any wrong of Jack *yet*. I could not reproach him for the growing coolness in his letters, but I did for the lack of interest which he manifested in his art. His reply astonished me. The meagre pittance which I sent him was not sufficient for his support, and he had been obliged to give up his lessons at the Beaux-Arts and resort to carving as a means for eking out his livelihood. He did not blame me; perhaps I was myself in straitened circumstances, but it would have been kinder to him to have left him, as I found him, an ignorant sailor, than to have contributed to the forming of tastes which could not be gratified, and to place him in a situation where all his surroundings tantalized him with opportunities for art-culture just beyond his grasp!

"Well, my dear, I was truly indignant—and who would not be? I *was* in straitened circumstances—that is, I had been denying myself many little accustomed luxuries, all for the sake of sending him what

he called a 'meagre pittance,' which amounted now to *eight* hundred dollars a year. I had a consultation with Mr. Rhinehart, and he advised my cutting him off entirely; but I would not do that. I wrote to him, however, giving him a piece of my mind. It was a letter which I always regretted, though, when I read it to my agent, he said it was not half strong enough. On my next birthday the proposal came again in the old way; and, though I did not give him any encouragement, I was glad to read it, and I told myself rather bitterly that old friends were best. I had not heard from Jack, or written, since the sending of my last unkind letter; but, when I went away for the summer, I wrote him to send his letters again through Mr. Rhinehart, and begged pardon for my sharp words. My dear, I only heard from him once directly again. Mr. Rhinehart sent me word that he had written to him acknowledging the receipt of my last check, and giving the name of a town, of which I had never heard before, as his address, somewhere in Brittany, where he was going for the summer. But, though I wrote and wrote again and again—and now my letters could not be accused of coldness, for I poured out all the passion of my soul in them—no answer ever came. I was in this very house then, my dear, for I had come down for the season; but a very different one it was from that spent here two years before, for the mental fog which I spoke of at first, and which you called a soul-mist, shut me in, and the cliffs of Nantucket were the walls of Doubting Castle for me, and I found that Mistress Diffidence, who led me in, was not the only dweller there, but that the old tyrant of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' reigned there, too, and that his name was Giant Despair."

II.

THE CRUCIFIX.

"Go where thou wilt, dispose and order all things according to thy will and judgment, yet thou shalt ever find the cross. For either thou shalt feel pain in thy body, or in thy soul thou shalt suffer tribulation. Sometimes thou shalt be forsaken of God, sometimes troubled by thy neighbors; and, what is more, oftentimes thou shalt be wearisome to thyself. Everywhere thou shalt find the cross, for whithersoever thou runnest thou carriest thyself with thee. Thou must hold fast patience if thou wilt have inward peace. If thou bear the cross cheerfully, it will bear thee, and lead thee to where there shall be an end of suffering, though here there shall not be."

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

"ONE day, as I sat in the deepest dungeon of Doubting Castle, my maid announced a visitor, and handed me the card of Stephen Rhinehart. What could have brought him to Nantucket, I wondered; was it something to do with my business, or some news from my boy? I went down to the parlor in a flurry of agitation, and found my agent pacing the room in great apparent excitement. He startled, almost frightened, me by at once making a personal offer of marriage, pleading the long years of patience and constancy, and begging me to decide in his favor, and to decide at once.

"Of course, I refused him as kindly and calmly as I could. 'And this is your final decision?' he asked, and his face was like pie-crust—like unbaked pie-crust, I mean, my dear; for the cooking does give it a shade of color, especially when it happens to be a berry-pie and the juice runs over. 'It is my final decision, Mr. Rhinehart,' I said, 'as was the first decision it was ever my privilege to make in this matter, and it is not my fault if you have not so understood it.'

"Then a gleam of malice shot out of his eyes, and he said, with a spice of triumph in his voice: 'Then I am sorry to inform you, Miss Witherdelefe, that you have lost all your fortune—the railroad company in which I invested your money has failed, and I haven't been able to rescue a cent from the general smash. If you had accepted my offer,' said he, 'you should never have known of this, for I would have kept the truth from you, and you should have always thought yourself a wealthy woman, and have lived like one.' With that he made me a mock bow and left. It was true, my dear: my money was all gone. But I was not quite a pauper, for I still owned my city-house and this little hut. Well, I sold the former, with the furniture and paintings, all but the portraits of my father and mother, and my fruit-piece and the fire-screen, which would not sell at all; and I disposed of the silver, with the exception of half a dozen teaspoons and four large ones, and discharged Jane, and came to live in the latter, by which I mean this house, my dear.

"The money that I scraped together in this way I put in a savings-bank, and I found that it would give me just five hundred dollars a year, which is much better than no income at all, and what with the great plenty of bluefish and summer-boarders would keep a single woman like me very comfortably. I had only just got settled in my new way of living, doing my own work, and getting used to lodgers, when I heard a piece of news which left me feeling as if I had been struck by lightning. Stephen Rhinehart had defaulted in a large amount, having made away in gambling speculations of his own with the property of widows and orphans committed to his charge. He was now in the penitentiary, but that did not help those left penniless by his rascality. I made no doubt now but that my money had gone in the same way, but the flash of lightning of which I spoke was this: What if he had made the trouble between my boy and me? I packed a small trunk, went directly to New York, drew some money from the savings-bank, and took passage on the next steamer for Havre. When half-way over we passed a steamer bound for America. A gentleman standing beside me let me use his opera-glass to read the name of the steamer—the *Britannic*.

"I judged, from its being late in the fall, that Jack would be in Paris, and I went directly to the Hôtel de Saxe, in the Rue Jacob, from which he used to date his letters. The woman at the hotel bureau (and I never could see any sense in their calling it a bureau, my dear, since it was nothing more nor less than a writing-desk) had a kindly,

honest face, and fortunately she could speak English, so I asked at once if Mr. S—— boarded there.

"'He used to,' said she, 'but he left just a week ago for New York, in the steamer *Britannic*.'

"The next I remember, my dear, I was lying on the woman's bed, which was in a sort of closet with window-curtains in front of it, and a thing like a pin-cushion, with a lace tidy on top of it, on me.

"'Don't speak, madame,' said she, 'until you are quite rested; people are apt to feel the motion of the steamer for some time after they land, and that, with the disappointment of not seeing your son, was quite enough to make madame feel giddy.'

"So she thought Jack was my son! I would have laughed if I could, but I was too weak. I took the strong drink she brought me, and by-and-by felt able to sit up in bed and ask questions.

"Jack had lived in her house ever since he first came to Paris, she said. 'Excepting the summer he spent in Brittany,' I corrected. Begging madame's pardon, the young gentleman had never left Paris during his entire stay, not even for a day at Versailles. It was impossible not to believe her. Stephen Rhinehart had invented the story of his going to Brittany in order that my letters should not reach him. 'Tell me all that you know of the boy,' I asked; and she told me enough, and more than enough, to show me how I had been deceived by my agent. Neither half nor quarter of the money which I had supposed I had sent ever reached him, only barely enough during the first year to keep soul and body together, and then the supply stopped entirely, for I will try as nearly as I can to give the story in her language. 'Here,' said his landlady, 'is the very paper which he handed me on the day that he expected his allowance; he gave it to me to show that the reason why he wanted to leave my house was, because he no longer had any prospect of paying me. But I told him that such a saint as he should never go, and if there was no other way of buying them, I would pawn my diamond ear-rings to pay for his cup of chocolate for breakfast and bowl of soup with the bit of bread for dinner, which was the only food that passed his lips be the day never so long.' I took the piece of paper which the woman handed me; it was in the well-known handwriting of Stephen Rhinehart. I should have known it at once even if it had not been signed by his name.

"'Your benefactress wishes me to inform you,' it said, 'that your progress has not been such as to warrant her expending anything further upon you; she also wishes me to state that any further communication with her will be quite unnecessary. I have the honor to be, sir,

"'Your most obedient servant,

"'S. RHINEHART.'

"From the date, this must have been an answer to his indignant protest against the unjust way in which he had been treated, and was written at the same time that I was sending the tenderest and kindest letters which a woman could write to a

town which, I afterward ascertained, never existed, either in Brittany or elsewhere.

"And he was good through it all?" I asked.

"A saint, madame, a saint and a martyr. He went every day to the Musée de Cluny to copy the carved ivories there; his work was beautiful, but the small price he got for it was shameful. His patron was a jeweler in the Palais Royal. He made superb jewel caskets worked in *repoussé*, *ciselé*, and *incrusté*, for which our young friend furnished the sides and covers, with fans, and parasol-handles, and chessmen, and other objects of luxury. But what the jeweler wanted most was copies of old ivories; crucifixes, grotesques, snuff-boxes, reliquaries, and tablets, executed from models at the Cluny of old Venetian, Spanish, and Flemish work of the sixteenth century. We found out afterward that he sold them for enormous prices, palming them off on his customers as real antiques. Hold, madame! here is the blessed Jesus himself which the poor boy made for me; it was the work of many weeks, but he insisted that I should take it, since he could not pay for his lodgings in any other way."

"The crucifix which the kind-hearted landlady handed me to examine was by no means an ordinary one. It was the copy of the head of a processional cross borne on state occasions before some bishop of the middle ages. It represented the crucified One with Mary and St. John standing at his feet. The crucifix was bordered or framed by sprays of ivy intricately and delicately worked, and the whole was supported by the figure of a kneeling angel.

"I meant to keep it till my dying day," she continued, "but, when the poor young man fell sick, nearly a year ago, and I could find no money in his room, or anything which I could pawn that would pay for a doctor (my ear-rings were at the Mont-de-Piété, it happened, to get one of my own sons out of a scrape), I wrapped the crucifix, there, in my apron, and took it down to the shop in the Palais Royal, where I knew that he disposed of his work. The proprietor was busy with a young lady, an American, very elegantly dressed, who was examining some of the ivories which I knew our boy had carved. "You warrant these genuine antiques?" said the young lady. "The work of Duquesnoy," says the jeweler. "Mademoiselle has surely heard of him, a Flemish artist of the seventeenth century." Then the young lady asked the price, and the jeweler named one, and when I thought of the difference between it and what I knew he paid my poor friend for that very piece of work, the blood boiled in my veins, and I could stand it no longer. "Mademoiselle," said I, "it was done by a young man who lodges with me, No. 12 Rue Jacob, and, to prove that what I say is true, here is more work by the same hand," and I took the cross from my apron and handed it to her. "That is no modern work," said the jeweler; "she has been robbing some church; it is our duty to have her arrested." "Rascal!" I cried, "call the police, and we will see who will be arrested!" Well, the long and the short of it is, the young lady called the next day and brought her

father with her, and he too could hardly believe that the cross was of modern workmanship. When I showed him our boy's initials, "J. H. S.," scratched upon the back, he said that they were the Christian symbols, and proved nothing in regard to the artist. But when I took him up to the young gentleman's room, and showed him some of the unfinished work, even he was convinced. "I am a jeweler," says the strange gentleman, "of the firm of Gould & Glitter, of New York City. Do you think you could do work like this?" and he opened a case containing some coral jewelry. Our boy smiled. "That is a great deal easier work than what I have been used to," says he. "Very well," says Monsieur Glitter, "get well as fast as you can, and I will send you some coral to try your hand on." The hope of employment acted on the boy like medicine, and he was soon well again. From that time he carved only in coral, and the Glitters, father and daughter, were enchanted with him. Mr. Glitter made him a very profitable business offer, and he sailed for New York with them last week.'

"This was all; there was nothing for me to do but to retrace my steps to New York, which I did as soon as possible.

"A directory told me that the Glitters lived upon Fifth Avenue, and I went immediately there, for I wanted to see the young lady. Here, too, I found a cross waiting for me, for when I asked the serving-man if Miss Clara Glitter was at home, he hesitated, and said that he would give her my card, but I was probably not aware that she was married. "To whom?" says I, as steadily as I could, but something told me what the answer would be. Yes, my dear, it was Jack. I did not faint this time, but, from the way I walked into the reception-room, I think the man had a suspicion I was intoxicated. She came down before I had time to put two thoughts together as to what I was going to say, one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, and much better suited to be Jack's wife than I. She was dressed in an India muslin, with a collarette or necklace of exquisitely-wrought pink coral, with a belt to match, clusters of leaves and flowers overlapping each other, and ending in an elaborate chatelaine which held a fan with sticks of the same material. All Jack's work, I knew, and very becoming to the little brunette beauty. Such a face! Why, my dear, I would have loved her myself, have carved my very heart into those useless pink ornaments to have pleased her—if I had been a man; but, as I was a woman, her beauty only set me against her. I was glad now that all the real love-letters that I had ever written Jack had miscarried. I would not have had that girl read them, not even if it could have won him back to me again. But I would not have her think either that I had left him there to the charity of strangers, and so I introduced myself, and explained that I had but lately learned how I had been deceived by my business agent, and I handed her a pile of papers to give to Jack—memoranda, sent to me and signed by Stephen Rhinehart, of the checks which he assured me he had sent on each quarter-

day. The feeling that I had righted myself in their eyes gave me strength to congratulate her and wish her joy; and when I walked down the front-stairs, it was with a step so firm that the serving-man, who was looking at me out of the corners of his eyes, must have corrected his first impression of me.

"So that is all, my dear. I never saw Jack again, but he wrote me a very kind letter, begging my pardon for having ever doubted my kindness. I live it all over to myself here, and do not wonder that Champlain called the island Isle Douteuse, for it is full of shadows and ghosts of the past to me, that are often quite as distinct as what you would call real objects. — There, you are shivering: this sea-air

brings a dampness and a mildew with it, as if it blew from the door of a tomb. Don't stay out late boating to-night, my dear; I'll have a bowl of ginger-tea ready for you when you get back, and will give your bed a thorough heating with my old brass warming-pan. Life isn't so uncomfortable as some folks would have us believe, even if one is an old maid, always provided one hasn't got the influenza or the sciatica from being out in the night air. I've seen plenty of married women whose very looks proclaimed that their husbands were a cross to them, and I wouldn't change my memories of Jack, and my fancies of what he might have been to me, for the best husband, my dear, that there ever actually was."

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

" . . . One torment spared
Would give a pang to jealous misery
Worse than the torment's self."

"IF I had only known what it was going to be," said Flora, wiping her eyes with indignant energy, "I never, *never* would have married, *much less* have had a family!"

"There, there," said Colin, putting his arm round her, "don't cry, Florry; you won't be here for long, you know;" and he essayed to stem the torrents of tears that drenched, but could not dim, his wife's blooming cheeks.

Beauty in distress, provided she manages that same distress becomingly, always moves the heart of man, and shall we lower brave, honest Colin in the reader's eyes if we admit that Flora's comeliness of person influenced him to a degree of which he himself was scarcely aware, and that caused him to display toward her a leniency that, had she been a plain woman, he never would have done?

From the highest rank to the lowest, beauty has privileges accorded to it for which ugliness sighs in vain; and is it not notorious that, in the lowest class of all, it is rarely found that a man will ill-use his mate if she be handsome?

"I ought not to have to stay here at all," said Flora, crossly; "indeed, I consider it perfectly ridiculous that I am not going to Glen-luce with you to-day. Taffy and Colin could easily have come, and Mignon would have taken care of Floss—the child cares to have nobody else with her; indeed, I am not of the slightest use here so far as I can see!"

"Then you ought to be," said Colin, gravely, as he took his arm away from his wife's shoulders.—"It is time we started," he added, turning to Adam, who just then made his appearance; "but where is Mignon?"

"It is early yet," said Adam, indifferently, "and I would not have her disturbed."

"How considerate of you!" said Flora, ironical-

ly; "nevertheless, is not that Mignon herself yonder?"

They were standing close to the gate outside which the carriage waited, and at that moment there came quickly through the adjoining one a little figure in white that at sight of Flora and Colin shrank back as though dismayed. Recovering herself, however, Mignon came slowly forward, a little out of breath with running, her color changing from red to white, from white to red again, her eyes downcast, full of a proud and wistful trouble too deep for tears. She had thought to find Adam alone; she did not know even whether his great dislike for her would permit him to say one word of farewell, and perhaps he would shame her before his people; but, be that as it might, her gentle heart forbade the thought that he should depart without a God-speed from her; he had been her friend once, her benefactor always, and, however cruel he might be, she could never forget that.

"You are only just in time," said Flora, taking out her watch and looking at it. "You have ten minutes" (to Colin) "in which to catch your train. Good-by!"

And she held up her cheek to be kissed. But Colin was not attending to her; he was looking at Mignon.

"Perhaps you'll change your mind," he said, kindly, "and come over with Flora and the children, though, indeed, it is a very great pity that you are not coming with us to-day."

"It is rather too late to recommence that old argument," said Flora, serenely; "meanwhile don't blame *me* if you arrive at one end of the platform just in time to see your train whisking out at the other!"

"Well, good-by, Mignon," said Colin, giving her hand an affectionate squeeze, and then—and then—it was Adam's turn to wish her farewell, and for one miserable moment it seemed to her that he meant to go away, in disgust with her, without one word.

And then she all at once found her slender hand

in his; and was it by chance or of a purpose that in that hand there lay a tiny knot of flowers no bigger than a shilling, of which the meanings were all kind and gentle, for she had learned their language and understood it? His own hand closed so amply over all that neither of the on-lookers could have told of the poor little peace-offering hazarded and accepted—then, the hand-clasp over, Adam stood alone.

"Good-by, Mignon," he said.

Her lips moved as though in response, but uttered no sound; she was, indeed, on the verge of wild words and weeping; but this he could not know as at last he turned away, and, with a word or two to Flora, seated himself beside Colin in the carriage.

"Good-by!" said Flora, as the horses started, "and don't forget my love to Phillis," she added to Adam as he leaned forward, looking to the last for that glance from Mignon without which, he said to himself, he should take but a heavy heart to Scotland that day.

"I won't forget," he said, mechanically, his eyes still fixed on Mignon. To his dying day he never forgot the pattern of the gown she wore that morning, or the fashion of her hair; but the secret that her eyes guarded was a secret to the last, for not until the carriage had disappeared did she stir or look up. Then she turned and walked soberly enough along the garden-path by Flora's side, who was far too full of her own woes to take heed of those of anybody else.

How irresistible is the eloquence of a thoroughly selfish person who discourses upon his grievances, and what a splendid power of rhetoric he possesses! Confused by no paltry considerations for the comfort of other people, he will sweep you away on a current of superb, because unconscious, egotism, and discourse upon his wrongs with a brilliancy and vigor that it would be folly, indeed, to expect from a mere ordinary clod who is basely guided by the promptings of duty and hampered by the deterrent pulls of courtesy and conscience.

But Mignon heeded not Flora's flights of eloquence: five words were ringing in her ears that had summarily checked the tears that just now had seemed imminent—"Give my love to Phillis!"

And why, pray, should that message have been intrusted to Adam, not Colin?

No doubt he would give it her; was he not now on his road to her, to this girl upon whose sweetness and tenderness he might well be glad to repose himself, seeing how wretched was his married life? Nay, might it not be that he loved her also, had loved her always, though his goodness of heart and self-sacrificing impulse of generosity had impelled him to commit the folly of marrying another?

"Adam will see Phillis every day?" she said, breaking in abruptly upon Flora's peroration, much to the disgust and astonishment of that young matron.

"I suppose so," she said, indifferently; "indeed I should say they will be inseparable, they were always very good friends! Are you growing jealous?" She paused to look sharply at Mignon. "If so, I

am disappointed in you! I have quite admired your method of keeping Adam the gardener at a distance, and gave you credit for being an apt disciple of Mrs. Porter."

"And who was Mrs. Porter?" said Mignon, turning her head aside.

"Don't you know? 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson (*à propos* of his marriage with that lady), 'it was a love-match on both sides. Sir, she had a notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like her dog.'"

"But he is not my lover," were the words that sprang to, yet did not pass, Mignon's lips.

Then she said aloud:

"And why should one not treat a dog well? It is only a bad and cruel heart that takes advantage of a dumb, defenseless brute. And I have never treated Adam, no indeed, in a bad way. How could I do that when he has been the best friend to me that a girl ever had?"

"He is a very excellent person, no doubt," said Flora, shrugging her shoulders; "unfortunately, these highly-respectable people are extremely difficult to fall in love with—as you evidently find it!"

"Nevertheless," said Mignon, softly, "he attracted—Phillis!"

"She is a little fool," said Flora, placidly, "and just as ridiculous in her ideas as he is—they would have suited each other down to the ground, I verily believe. Not but what I dare say you and he will manage after a bit to 'worry along,' as Mark Twain says, as well as the rest of the badly-matched married people in the world."

They had reached the house by now, and Flora, to whom the study of the concerns of any but her own was inexpressibly fatiguing, resorted briskly to her own woes.

"Now that we are up," she said, "I should like to know what we are going to do with ourselves at this unholy hour? Talk about the early bird getting the worm; I heartily agree with Dundreary, the more fool the worm to be up so early!"

A footman entered bearing the morning's letters, which he handed to Mrs. Dundas. Mignon was in the act of leaving the room when an exclamation from Flora arrested her steps.

"What do you think?" cried that young matron, her face beaming with smiles. "Elise (my most intimate friend) says that Mr. Colquhoun, who is one of the shooting-party at Marly, told her yesterday that I was the very *image* of Lely's portrait of the beautiful Lady B—— at Hampton Court, one of the most famous *belles* of her time! There is a nasty simper about most of that man's pictures," she added, thoughtfully; "I hope there is not one about *this*—not that it will bear the least resemblance to me, if it has! I must go and see it" (briskly). "I shall not rest until I know whether it is a compliment or a libel. Supposing we go this very afternoon?"

"Why not this morning?" said Mignon, quickly, upon whom there had fallen a great longing to be out in the free air and alone with her own

thoughts. Once arrived at the court it would be easy enough to give Flora the slip.

"At *this* time of day!" said Flora, looking mistrustfully out of the open window, as though the beautiful fresh morning were something likely to seriously disagree with her; "why, the place will not even be open!"

"But Bushey Park will," said Mignon, almost feverishly, "and the carriage will be back from the station in a few minutes, and it would save a lot of trouble to go now—"

Vanity carried the day. In five minutes (for like all handsome people she never took the length of time over her toilet that a plain woman does) Flora, all impatience to behold Lady B——'s presentment, had announced to the astonished coachman her intention of proceeding immediately to Bushey Park.

As they went along the familiar way, it seemed to Mignon that a great many years must have elapsed since she rode in a van, and dodged the French governess beneath the chestnut-trees.

And when at last they came to that imperial avenue which the girl had last seen in its splendid array of rosy white and pearly red—a sight that she had deemed one to be held fast within the memory when even faces had faded from the recollection—that too was in no wise the same; nor did the morning seem to her as exquisite as that spring one when she had met Philip and taken the first step toward accomplishing her destiny.

"We may as well get out and walk up the avenue," said Flora, in a dissatisfied tone—dissatisfied that she had not received one glance of admiration throughout the drive, and her vanity was absolutely clamoring for nourishment. Afar off, beneath the trees, she had discovered the figure of a man, that even at this distance bore a presentable air; she would see if, in passing, she could not make *him* look at her.

Mignon was looking about her in search of the precise spot where she and Lu-Lu had so distinguished themselves. Had she passed it? But, no! it was a little farther on, and—and *who* was this who came slowly toward her, his eyes downcast, his bearing listless and weary, his beauty as faded as was that of the avenue itself, as worn, and sad, and weary a man as ever walked abroad in the early morning? Still, without looking up, he approached more nearly, was passing them, nay, had already passed, when Flora, with a sudden cry of welcome, turned, extended a ready hand, and—

"You here, of all people in the world?" she exclaimed, in her high, clear voice. "Who would have dreamed of finding any one in or near town at this time of year?"

He looked up with a start and an involuntary frown, the loud, raised voice seeming to impress him disagreeably. He recognized her face, although he could not recall her name or where he had last seen it. Something of this doubt communicating itself to his glance, Flora reddened with ill-concealed vexation.

"Don't you remember Flora Dundas?" she said; "we have met often enough in Dublin!"

He remembered now, and made his apologies with due politeness. Flora had been right in saying that he had never been an admirer of hers; her style, manner, and conversation, had alike been displeasing to his fastidious taste, and he disliked nothing so much as a woman who is described by superlatives, with a "but" at the end. He liked no fruit without taste, no flower without scent; harmony in all things pleased him, and he found none in Mrs. Dundas.

"I had no idea that you had a taste for sylvan pleasures," said Flora. "I should have looked for you anywhere rather than here!"

"As I for you," he said, carelessly; "but I happen to have a little place close by to which I come sometimes, and as I am fond of this old avenue I often stroll in here."

"Alone?" said Flora, raising her eyebrows, with a peculiar inflection in her voice that he perfectly understood.

"Quite alone," he answered.

"Then he has *not* married that woman," said Flora to herself; "and, what is more, he never will now."

Aloud she said:

"I have been very remiss in not introducing to you my sister, Mrs. Montrose."

Then Philip, turning with a violent start, saw standing at a few paces from him—Mignon.

She was very pale, her hands were clasped tightly together—so much he gathered in the space of a moment; but he had not *looked* at her, he felt that he dared not; that more terrible to him than any other sight upon earth might be to him the answer to the question asked by his eyes.

The formal introduction over, he did not stir, he could not; but all at once he became conscious that a little hand, cold as his own, was touching his—and then, with a mighty effort, he took it, and looked up. She would not have given him her hand thus had she known all; her husband had plainly told her nothing, and in her eyes as yet he was not the thing accursed that he had schooled himself to believe that he was.

Nevertheless, the touch of her hand seemed to scorch him; he relinquished it with haste, and turned to Flora.

"I had no idea that you were the sister of Mr. Montrose," he said, in a strangely dull, mechanical fashion. "He was never with you in Dublin, I think?"

"Never!" said Flora. "You do not know him?"

"I have met him," said Mr. La Mert.

"We heard that you were abroad," said Flora.

"I have been and returned," he said, absently, his mind busy with the riddle that Mr. Montrose's sister should introduce him to Mr. Montrose's wife. Could it be possible that she knew nothing of his love-suit to Mignon, or of other and more perilous matters?

Flora, too, was asking herself what on earth had

come to this man, once the wildest, wittiest, most delightful companion a woman of fashion could ever hope to have by her side.

"He was taking his misfortunes to heart with a vengeance," she said to herself, contemptuously, then turned and asked him was he going in her direction, in such fashion that, having no excuse ready, he went with the two young women on their way.

A child's touch would have drawn him onward, or plucked him back—with one half of his soul he longed to look at Mignon, to hear her voice; with the other half he dreaded to take his first conscious regard of her, not as the little sweetheart that he had so loved and coveted, but as the sister of the woman he had cruelly betrayed, and as the possible avenger of that woman's fate.

For days he had been dwelling near her, the one burning question upon his lips that it was imperative he should ask her, yet had been unable to summon sufficient courage to ask it, and, now that he was face to face with her, it seemed more impossible still.

Nay, when the opportunity came half an hour later, he cast it from him, to Mignon's confusion and despair, and the manner of his refusal was in this wise:

In the midst of Flora's search for the charming Lady B——, at which Mr. La Mert had assisted with so much politeness as to cause that young matron to reverse her hastily-formed decision on his dullness, he became aware of a soft little hand upon his arm, and, turning quickly, discovered Mignon's lovely, troubled face looking into his own.

"I want to speak to you," the girl said, in a whisper; "but *she* must not hear us. Can we not watch our opportunity and give her the slip?"

The school-girl expression fell oddly from her lips, the request was odder still. One would have said that he was thoroughly aware of its strangeness as he withdrew his arm and cried sternly, almost fiercely:

"No, Mignon, no!"

He would not lose this one hour of her company, of her kind, sweet, unconscious looks and ways; it might be the last, the very last, occasion that she would regard him without hatred and loathing; the evil store of the future was all too well assured to him, but this one precious hour of breathing-space was his, and he would not let it go!

Mignon's hand fell slowly by her side; the eager light faded out of her face, leaving it gray and chill—she had so longed for him, so reckoned on him, and *now*—he liked her no longer, he had grown weary of her as had all the rest.

"I have found the picture," said Flora, swooping down upon the pair with an angry rustle of her sweeping skirts, "and it is nothing more or less than a gross libel. The eyes are brown, not gray; the mouth is at least two sizes larger than mine, and she has only one dimple, and that is in her chin! I shall tell Mr. Colquhoun when I see him that the *next* time he goes hunting for chance resemblances he had better take his spectacles and his wits abroad with him!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"... The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days."

"You frightened him," said Mrs. Dundas, tying her bonnet-strings with calm decision. "In polite society, my dear, young women do not request men whom they have never in their lives met before to retire with them into quiet corners for private conversation! I saw a look of positive *fright* on the poor man's face when you asked him to go with you to the Maze; indeed, I may say he almost *clung* to me till we got back to the carriage!"

Mignon, who stood at the window, prayer-book in hand, attired in a fresh Sunday-morning gown and bonnet, made no reply, unless a blush can be accounted one; so Flora proceeded at ease with her oration:

"There is no greater mistake than to *fasten* on to a man" (shaking her head); "he always likes to be a free agent, and the moment he feels he is bound to do a thing he shies away from doing it. I should not be at all surprised that he has not called here because he is *afraid* of your making a dead set at him; though if you had not been in such a hurry to jump down his throat, he might rather have admired you, for you are possessed of two recommendations to his favor: you are fair and you are married; still, he is the last man in the world to pardon such lack of *savoir faire* and experience as you displayed a week ago!"

She glanced complacently at her own reflection, looking at herself first over one shoulder then over the other.

"If I were not a very amiable person," she continued, as she drew on her gloves, "I should be extremely angry with you; for *what* could be more irritating than to be dying of *ennui* as I am, and to know that a charming man is close by who, but for your stupidity, would be coming to see me every other day? Such a splendid opportunity as I have got, too, Colin, father, and Adam, all away, either of whom would have guarded his doors jealously against him! And, by-the-way," she added, "have you been writing to Adam?"

Mignon shook her head. Apparently her husband found it as difficult to write to *her* as she found it to write to *him*; perhaps he, too, had begun and never finished more than one letter; perhaps he had never thought about the matter at all.

"If you *should* be seized with a fit of affection," continued Flora, "don't mention Mr. Philip in your missive, or we shall have Adam the gardener's substantial form flying back on the wings of the wind; and, bad as our existence is, we don't want his company to make it *worse*."

"Perhaps Phillis did not find his company so very unbearable," thought Mignon to herself, as she followed her sister-in-law down-stairs and out into the quiet road, along which was passing the string of Sabbath-morning folk that went to church every Sunday of its life with an agreeable sense of duty performed, that became positive pleasure when ac-

accompanied by peace of mind, fatness of pocket, and a consciousness of possessing better clothes and prospects than its neighbor.

"Nothing could possibly have fallen out more delightfully for seeing something of the poor fellow, if you had not scared him out of his wits," said Flora, taking up her parable. "Did I not say to him, 'We are two forlorn women dying of *ennui*, without even the distraction of quarreling with each other, and with both our husbands away,' and could a stronger inducement possibly be offered to such a man as Mr. Philip? I shall never get another such chance so long as I live!"

"But he *said* he would come," ventured Mignon, blushing guiltily, "and it is only a week ago; he may make his appearance yet."

"Not a bit of it!" said Flora, closing her parasol with emphasis as they reached the church-door. "He is probably gone abroad—he never stays long in one place; we are not in the least likely to see him again!"

"Not in the least likely to see him again!"

These were the words that Mignon carried in with her through the church-door, that rang in her ears as she knelt and tried to pray, that stared at her from the open book that lay on her knees as she sat waiting for the clergyman to begin the service.

Flora having arranged smelling-bottle, footstool, and prayer-book, to her satisfaction, proceeded to look out for possible new bonnets and unlikely new men.

She usually brought her two sons, making their small souls sick within them as they sat bolt upright, holding on by their eyelids to the vicar's hook nose, lest sleep should overcome and insure them a sound whipping later in the day. On one occasion Floss had been brought, but, on that young person inquiring in awe-struck tones of Taffy, "Is that *Dawd*?" when the clergyman entered in his white robes, the experiment had not been repeated.

Flora's glance, roving from face to face, presently lighted upon one that communicated to her a shock of astonishment and pleasure. Mignon, sitting at some distance, very pale and still, became all at once aware that some male influence was at work upon Flora that had set all her airs and graces in full play, much as you may see a frisky young larch-tree go a-bobbing and a-courtesying when a May breeze goes at it full tilt.

Looking about her for the cause of this excitation of nerves and charms, Mignon, with a sudden stound of pain and joy, beheld Philip sitting at a considerable distance, clothed and in his right mind; in other words, looking pretty much as any other gentleman of a Sunday morning might do, and not much more dejected than any other member of the male sex present.

It is difficult to look as miserable when we are properly clad as when we are ragged and out at elbows. So long as we don't write our wretchedness in big capitals over our clothes, there are many people who will not discover the small writing that is inscribed upon our features.

He was looking at neither of the young women who honored him with so intent a regard; he had already seen Mignon enter, marked her weary step and attitude, and now his head, bent on his hand, was thinking, and his thoughts were such as he had done well to leave without the church-door, for they made him deaf as the dead to the words to which he had presumably come to hearken:

"When the wicked man turneth away from the sin that he hath committed—"

Mechanically he stood up with the rest, and absently asked himself when and where he had heard those words last—and did the service always begin with them?

His hands were empty; it had not occurred to him to bring a prayer-book—indeed, he would not have known where to seek one.

By degrees the ruffings of Flora's plumage ceased, she grew sulky, and would have liked to pinch somebody. This man did not even see her; formerly he had not required to be told when a handsome woman was sitting at a distance of forty yards from him; nevertheless she found one crumb of solid, substantial comfort in the thought that there he was, and there he was likely to remain for the present; and it should go hard with her if he got away from the church without her intercepting him. And she sank on her knees with slightly-recovered good-humor, having first ascertained that Mignon was minding her book, and apparently doing nothing whatever to attract his attention.

The girl, too, was hugging to her breast the thought that presently—but ah! surely, *surely* she would speak to him once more, walk by his side and hear his voice, and she, too, could afford to wait patiently until the service was over.

And Philip, his head still supported by his hand, his eyes fixed on the dusty stool at his feet, was recalling how, Sunday after Sunday, when the first fever of his love-fit was upon him, he had come to this church, and, himself unseen, watched his unconscious little sweetheart busy at her prayers in the midst of the great, empty pew that stretched away to the right and left of her, while Prue, vigilant as any dragon, sat in another just as long and dreary behind her.

Nay, it was in this very church that the love which hitherto had been formless and without name had suddenly leaped into vigorous, conscious life, and there had come to him the knowledge that she was his very heart, his life; that live without her he could not; that win her he must and would—yea, in this very house of God had taken root in his mind the sinful resolve that had fulfilled itself in a curse, of which the fruit was fatal and more bitter between his lips than had been death itself.

Good men have been led astray by the over-mastering temptation of evil, but this man, who was deemed sinful as men go, had been led into his crowning wickedness by the power (hitherto unexercised) which purity and goodness had possessed to attract him. He had had a surfeit of Sin; he knew her loathsome features all too well; he had grown to

sicken at her touch, to find but corruption in all she breathed upon. He would have no more of her, but would woo Virtue, that stainless maid, and in the new delights that she would afford to him lose his old, disfigured self; there would fall from him as a mantle that sick, weary disgust of his own life and surroundings that had once or twice almost tempted him to that basest of cowardly crimes, self-destruction.

And through the dark night of his gloom and discontent the girl Mignon had pierced like a sunbeam, and perhaps because he had met her first with the bonnie flowers of the May morning over her head and under her feet, he associated her always in his own mind afterward with all things fragrant, sweet, and lovable, whereas that other to whom his love was due had gradually come to be inseparably connected in his mind with the thought of annoyance and weariness. For the latter had committed the unpardonable sin (it is one that a man never forgives) of wearying him. A woman may storm, lie, deceive, be inconveniently fond of or immoderately jealous of a man, and he may forgive her all these sins and many more; but once let her make him thoroughly uncomfortable in mind, body, and soul, once let his associations of her be unpleasant, not pleasant ones, and all is over, and so long as she lives she will never regain her empire over that man.

A woman, at the mere mention of whose name a train of pleasant associations will arise, will maintain her hold over a man's heart or fancy long after the furnaces of passion have become cold and gray; nay, even after the woman has passed away the association may, and oftentimes does, remain, as the scent of a flower will outlive the flower itself.

If a man who has exhausted his stock of patience for the follies that wait upon the passions, would answer truthfully the question what he most desired in a wife, he would reply, one who made him thoroughly happy. For oh! though a man may go down on his knees on an emergency, make vehement love on occasion, and occasionally fill the position of a hero with considerable grace, yet, when he does settle down, he dearly loves a woman who makes him comfortable!

He cannot always be in heroics, always sighing, dying, and rampaging; he wants something more satisfying and less fatiguing. To the woman who places him on good terms with himself, and who never worries him, he will be faithful to his life's end.

Now the poor creature who stood in Philip's mind for the exact antithesis of Mignon, being pure, could not rest contented in sin, but lived always in a fever of remorse and shame that made peace or comfort impossible to her, and drove away all chance of anything but misery for herself and fellow-sinner. Day by day the chain that bound them grew more and more heavy, day by day they sickened of each other's society, and dully looking ahead to the life that they were doomed to drag out together, peered into each other's face with a loathing that was

almost hatred. That she did not even love him he had in those past days grown to believe, else why had he heard again and again upon her sleeping lips the cry of "Gabriel! Gabriel!" uttered too with a passion that his own name had never called forth?

Nevertheless he had *then* no thought of turning back; he had promised to marry when he should be free, and he would keep his word to the letter—or so he had always said to himself until a certain morning in the month of May. Looking back upon this time, many things became clear to him that had then seemed dark, and he understood now why Muriel had prevailed upon him to go to that little place of his, unvisited for years, whence she could steal now and again for peeps of her sister, whom she dared not seek openly until in the eyes of the world she was—honest.

And as he sat and thought, still with down-bent head, unconscious of the risings up and down-kneelings of the worshipers around him, his heart grew hot within him with anger as he thought that if Muriel's pride (ever the real barrier between them) had not been so intense and morbid that he had never been able to draw from her one word concerning her people or relatives, this miserable complication would never have come to pass, that then he would have loved Mignon as a sister, not with this fatal love that had already entailed upon his soul a guilt the full measure of which he had not as yet ascertained.

He raised his head and looked across at Mignon, regarding her from an entirely new point of view. It seemed to him that he should never again get back to the first impression he had of her. At the present moment he was seeking in her face for a resemblance to her sister. No, there was no resemblance. Features, coloring, expression, even dimples, were all different; a man might see the two girls side by side and never dream that the same blood ran in the veins of each. As he looked at Mignon her face faded, and another rose before him in its stead—a face young, fresh, far more beautiful even than Mignon's (though not in his eyes), and but a few years older, who had loved, pitied, and sacrificed herself for him, and to whom—a poor return for the wasted treasure of her youth, innocence, and beauty—he had vowed a vow, and then dishonored himself forever by breaking it!

Where was she now, and to what fate had she hurried away on that day when she found his diary, and discovered his love for another woman? He had not needed to tell her of his contemplated baseness, she had discovered it for herself, and in her agony, and heeding not that she herself destroyed the last chance of returning to her sister, she had disappeared from his sight, and though he had sought her in many lands, and though at that very time detectives were busy in every great city in England and abroad, watching for her among the lowly workers of the earth as among the sisterhood of the frail, he had sought her in vain, and of late had come to believe that neither he, nor Mignon, nor any

other that loved her would see her face again, for that she was dead.

And if it were so, then he would never dare to take Mignon's hand again, or speak her name—he would go his way, a man who knew himself to be a murderer before God, and Mignon's fate would be to watch and wear her life away for the sister who would never return to her.

But if Muriel were found, if she would accept at his hands the tardy reparation he offered her, then there might be some scanty store of peace for him in the days that were to come, and, perhaps, after a long while, Mignon might be able to find it in her heart to forgive him.

He had returned hither, not to see Mignon, but because he had a conviction that if Muriel were living she would probably be coming from time to time to steal a look at her sister. Perhaps Mignon had news of her—could assist him in his search; and so, having failed to summon up courage to pay that promised visit to Mrs. Dundas of which mention has been made, he had come to church that morning with the determination of no longer postponing the evil day, but of seeing and having speech with Mignon, if she so willed.

The ordeal must be faced; why not now as well as any other time?

And then he wakened with a start to the fact that the pulpit was empty, that the church goers had departed, that he was sitting all alone with empty pews before and behind him, and that a pair of blue eyes were looking into his, and that the sweetest voice in all the world was saying to him in a whisper:

"Flora says, are you going to stay here for the afternoon service, or don't you think it would be pleasanter to come back with us to luncheon?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"And when I came to feel how far above
All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
All earthly pleasures, all imagined good,
Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss—"

IN the churchyard without—for, unlike most churches nowadays, there was a God's-acre attached to this one, where the dead might repose themselves, and have some chance of keeping their memories green in the hearts of their friends—Flora impatiently waited and wondered, and asked herself, was the man mad, or was *she* to so trouble her head about him?

But when he came through the doorway at Mignon's side, hat in hand, his eyes looking as though the sun had got into and dazzled them, she forgave him all his sins on the spot, for was he not a man, and a well-favored one, and had she not as catholic a love for his sex as she had a hatred for her own?

"Do you do *sums* in church," she said, laughingly, as their hands met, "or were you digesting the German idea, that in the next world all inefficient clergymen are condemned to read the bad sermons they have preached in this?"

"I was doing neither," said Philip, "but I fear I am rather a bad subject for church, or, at least, so three old women seemed to think who prodded me rather violently in the back, and, I fancy, rapped me at intervals on the head with hymn-books!"

"They found all your places for you," said Flora, as they passed through the churchyard together; "but you neither accepted nor returned thanks for their favors!"

He had recovered himself somewhat by now, and Mignon, as she followed the pair and caught snatches of their gay talk and laughter, fell to asking herself desperately what chance would she have of speaking with him alone that day.

At Mr. Montrose's door Flora, entering, was surprised to find that her companion did not follow her, and he, turning and coming face to face with Mignon, was startled in his turn at the emotion the girl's face betrayed.

Flora, vigilant and impatient, cut short any words that might be about to pass between them by crying out, "Luncheon waits, and, like Gilpin, I am faint and—and—you mean to say that you actually *cannot stay*?"

"I have an engagement in the neighborhood," he said, "but with your permission I will call later in the day." And, before Flora had recovered her breath, he had raised his hat and was gone.

He had intended to enter, he wished to get his interview, that inevitable and painful interview, with Mignon over, but at the last moment there had come upon him a violent revulsion of feeling, and it had seemed to him that it would choke him to eat bread in Mignon's company, to be a guest at the table where she sat, when, if she knew all, she would count the whole world not wide enough to come between them.

"It could not have been you that time," said Flora, as she sat five minutes later at luncheon. "Do you know that I do believe he thinks it improper to come here while we're in this husbandless state, though if he's going to take to the proprieties in his old age, then all I can say is, the more's the pity!"

"He is coming back?" said Mignon, looking up hastily.

"So he *says*!" remarked Flora, "but did he not make the same engagement the other day, and may he not fail to keep this one as he did that?" Her voice was sharp, her fine plumes sat upon her with a neglected air, she appeared to be growing absolutely thinner under her long-continued deprivation of flirtation and admiration.

As the meal progressed, however, she gradually became more amiable. Like all women of her build, she was more than something of a gormande, and, short of an insult to her complexion and clothes, resented nothing so much as badly served and cooked food.

"If England were not such a ridiculously strait-laced place," she said, reverting to her grievances when the servants had left the room, "how pleasantly one could manage to rub along with a lawful husband and an acknowledged admirer! Why should

we not have a *cicisbeo* apiece as a Spanish lady has, whose duty it is to attend her when she goes abroad, and make himself generally useful, ornamental, and agreeable, as husbands never do?"

"Are all husbands monsters?" said Mignon, rather indignantly.

"They are worse," said Flora, with the calmness of settled conviction; "they are bores, well-meaning ones, no doubt; but when once they get up off their knees they cease to be either amusing or interesting. Of course, they are necessary evils, but why, in the name of all that is reasonable, cannot one have a good-tempered sober-sides at home and an agreeable walking-stick for taking with one when one walks abroad? For, unfortunately, my dear, the good, estimable creature that one finds it safest to marry is very rarely from top to toe—presentable! Indeed, there seems to be an absolute irreconcilability between a man whose coat fits him to perfection and—virtue! In fact, one may say that the excellence of his get-up is exactly in inverse ratio to the satisfactoriness of his morals, and he would probably be a detestable creature to marry, while the other honest soul does well enough as a spouse! The moral of all of which is, that it would save a great deal of scandal, flirtation, and wickedness, if Mrs. Grundy would only smile kindly on *cicisbeos* and allow them to be duly authorized and provided for in the marriage-settlements!"

"And if you might have one," said Mignon, resting her chin on her slender hand, "whom would you choose?"

"Philip La Mert," replied Flora, promptly; "that is to say, Philip as he used to be, not as he is now! He will soon be himself again, however; he has only grown a little rusty from disuse, and I have no doubt will be just as wild and delightful as ever, before long!"

"I wonder if he will come?" said Mignon, walking to the window and looking out, "and I wonder what time he means by late in the afternoon?"

"Are you plotting to get him all to yourself, you ridiculous little babe-in-the-woods?" said Flora, laughing outright; "let me warn you then, my dear, that I do not intend to give you a chance of getting your infant mind corrupted by Mr. Philip's gallant speeches!"

The children are expecting you up-stairs, and there you had better remain. Of course, you know the old adage about two being company, etc. You do? Then I need not impress its admirable common-sense upon you. By-the-way, how do you like me in this dress? Don't you think that new *eau-de-Nil* one suits me better? This makes me look rather stout, which I *am not*."

And she revolved slowly before Mignon's abstracted eyes.

"It looks very nice," said the girl, recovering her wits with a start, "but I think, yes, I am sure I like the other one best," and then she sighed, not at the thought of Flora's gowns, but because she saw her chance of speech with Philip becoming more and more remote. She stood for a long while without stirring after Flora had gone to be rearranged, but started into intensest, most wide-awake life as presently the faint sound of approaching footsteps fell upon her quick ears.

Apparently Mr. La Mert's engagement had been a short one; at any rate there he stood at the house-door, and, finding it widely open and no servants about, he stood hesitating for a moment on the threshold. At that moment the dining-room door gently unclosed, and Mignon stood in the aperture.

Placing her finger upon her lips she went forward on tiptoe, and, taking him by the hand, she drew him into the drawing-room. With her disengaged hand she softly closed the door, then led him to a chair, drew one close to him for herself, sat down on it, looked at him, clasped her hands together, and gave the biggest, deepest, longest sigh any young woman ever heaved who was untrammelled by tight stays or held in check by the usages of polite society.

"You must not speak above a whisper," said the girl, "or *she* will come down directly. She is putting on a pale-green gown, and—and—I hope there are dozens of buttons, and hooks and eyes, for we are not likely to get such a chance as this again for ages, and, oh!" (here the whisper was abandoned for the round, vigorous notes of hearty self-gratulation) "I never in all my life was so glad to see anybody as I am at this moment to see you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SKELETON WITNESS.

ROOTED in soil dull as a dead man's eye,
Dark with decay, yon ghastly oak aspires,
As if in mockery, to the alien sky,
Frowning afar through clouded sunset fires.

No garb of summer greenery girds it now:
Stripped as some naked soul at Judgment-morn,
It rears its blasted arms, its sullen brow,
Defiant still, though wasted, scarred, forlorn!

Not all its ruin came through storm or time;
Ages ago, 'mid winter's dreariest blight,

It saw and strove to shroud an awful crime,
But slowly withered from that fateful night!

An evil charm its many-centuried rings
Robbed of their pith; no more with healthful start
Its lusty life-sap, nursed by countless springs,
Coursed through great veins, and warmed its giant heart.

Now all men shun the gaunt, accursed thing—
Only the raven, with monotonous croak,
Tortures the silence, staining with black wing
The leprous whiteness of the rotting oak!

DOWN THE VOLGA.

FROM NIJNI-NOVGOROD TO TSARITZIN.

AND this is Nijni-Novgorod!" says my friend Römer, looking down with true English disdain upon the famous city from the gate of the magnificent railway-station. "Why, it looks as dead-alive as London in September, or Chamouni in January!"

"Or Cairo in August, or Sébastopol all the year round," suggest I; "but you must remember that we have come just upon the heels of the great fair, and that the town is always lethargic after its six weeks' fever."

And well may I say so. The dreariness of death is nothing to that of suddenly-arrested life; and the loneliness of Tartar steppes or Siberian moorlands could never be half so striking as that of this once busy and bustling emporium, in its present character of

"A market-place deserted,
Whose goods are fled, whose bargains dead,
And all its trade departed."

Nor is this torpor confined to the city itself. Along the whole two hundred and seventy-three miles of rail connecting it with Moscow, the presence of the "slack season" makes itself unmistakably felt. Porters, ticket-clerks, waiters, newsboys, conductors, all alike wear on their listless faces the legible consciousness that their duties are, for the present, mere matters of form. The cars, instead of displaying half a dozen perspiring visages framed in every window, exhibit only a stray passenger here and there, outstretched all his lazy length with the indolent satisfaction of a man who finds himself at ease where he had expected to be crowded. At all the stations it is the same significant tableau—vast, empty dining-rooms along whose wastes of table-land a few scattered feeders are dotted like milestones. And this desolation culminates in the great triangle lying between the Oka and the Volga, lately humming with the bustle of every nation from the Caspian to the Atlantic. The whole bazaar wears the aspect of a commercial Herculaneum, crowded with the forsaken temples of trade; and the once busy storehouses, barred, bolted, and lifeless, look like the unburied coffins of dead bargains.

For a place of such unsurpassed historical renown, as well as commercial importance, Nijni-Novgorod contains surprisingly few objects of interest; and having traversed the Lower Town, crossed the river, and scrambled up the steep, rocky slope of the citadel-hill to look at the monument of Minin and Pojarski (the deliverers of Russia from the Poles in 1612), we can feel that we have fulfilled all the requirements of Mr. Murray's Koran, and that the only thing left to do is to make our way down to the landing-place whence the Samolet steamers begin their journey to far-off Astrakhan.

But, if the town be unpeopled, the boat is not, as we find to our cost. Now is the time when the

northerners fly southward in a body to shun the coming winter; and the gangway is already choked up with a heaving, trampling, perspiring, objurgating mass.

"Move on, can't you, you lubber! do you want to have the whole boat to yourself?" growls a plaid-coated English tourist.

"Now, thin, don't be after runnin' me through wid yer elbow; shure I'm not fat enough for the spit yet!" expostulates a plump little Irishman, writhing under the pressure of his bony neighbor.

"May I ask you to move, sir?" gasps a lady, encumbered with three children and a top-heavy reticule, to an officer in front of her.

"Move, madame!" echoes the man of war, with overwhelming irony; "that's just what I should like to do, if I could see any way of doing it."

However, the chaos settles down at last, and away we go—Römer venting his feelings over the crushing of his rower hat by muttering spitefully:

"Then, passenger, thy hopes forego,
All Russian trips are long;
Man does but little here below,
And does that little wrong."

For some distance below Nijni the appearance of the Volga is extremely disappointing. Those who have read the praises bestowed upon it by Russian poets, and heard the encomiums passed upon its size, its swiftness, its beauty, by enthusiastic native residents in Moscow and St. Petersburg, are naturally somewhat galled at being forced to admit that, on a first acquaintance, the queen of Russian rivers looks exactly like an immense flat dish of cabbage-soup, dappled with blobs of grease a quarter of a mile long. Indeed, at this point the whole stream is so choked up with shoals, banks, and jutting points, that the presence of a steamer in such a place recalls the Irishman's description of a country "where all *water*-traveling is done by *land*." But an hour's steaming down the great river suffices to give it the character which it never afterward loses—that of a stream which has borrowed one bank from the Danube and another from the Rhine. To the right rise bold headlands, now towering in castellated terraces of sandstone, now cleft by wooded ravines, and anon melting into sunny slopes, in which nestle the gilded cupolas of white-towered churches, and the rough-hewed log-huts of primitive little villages. To the left extends a wilderness of low, sandy reaches, crumbling banks crested with coarse spear-grass, pathless morasses, betraying by their unwholesome green the abyss of oozy slime below—a boundless expanse of desolation, which, seen beneath the rolling clouds of the gloomy October sky, has a wild, lonely, dreary aspect absolutely appalling.

The Volga steamers, though differing in size above and below the great southern bend of the river—

er at Kazan, are all very much of one pattern. The quarter-deck and wheel lie amidships, between the paddle-boxes, and are reached by a step-ladder from the main-deck. The saloon-cabin is placed forward, the third-class cabin aft; and berths are conspicuous by their absence, every one sleeping where he can on the cushioned benches of the general cabin. Strictly speaking, these boats can hardly be called luxurious, but their picturesqueness is undeniable. The Rhine-boat down to Cologne at the close of the season, the "Messagerie's" steamer from Marseilles in the early summer, the Cunard packet with a full complement of passengers from New York, are better worth looking at than any museum; but the interior of a Volga steamer in October may safely bear comparison with all. At this late season, the hatches are always battened down fore and aft, giving to the whole panorama a kind of twilight dimness, amid which the strange figures of the motley crowd—flat-faced Tartars, sallow, beetle-browed Russians, aquiline Jews, gaunt, hatchet-faced Persians, stately Circassians, and tall, high-cheeked Armenians—look stranger and less human than ever. After nightfall, the various groups on the third-class deck would make a study for a painter: knots of bearded faces, looking grim and brigand-like under the glare of the swinging lantern; sleeping peasants in sheepskin frocks, huddled up in dark corners like wild beasts; huge, weather-stained boots protruding from the shadow of the boiler; stout, broad-faced women, distributing hunches of black bread to their round-eyed, expectant brood; and brown-cheeked men in high caps, a little apart from the throng, praying the same prayers in the strength of which their forefathers swept Russia with a whirlwind of destruction six hundred years ago.

Just at sunset on the first day one of the Tartars brings up his little square carpet on to the quarter-deck, and, kneeling upon it with his face toward Mecca, begins to go through his prayers and prostrations; just in the midst of which the steamer makes a sudden tack, and he finds himself with his back, not his face, toward the sacred city. Horrified at this unintentional insult to the prophet, he starts up to take his bearings anew, and has barely readjusted himself, when lo! the perverse boat tacks about again, and he finds himself once more in the same irreverent attitude. This is too much, and he gives it up as a bad job, with a look of bewildered dismay, which sends all the by-standers into fits of laughter.

"They seem to keep to their old ways pretty closely," remarks my comrade.

"They do; and I can tell you that the ancient feud between them and the natives is anything but healed yet. There are fierce fights in Kazan every now and then between the Russian and Tartar workmen; and in all the local tales you'll find that it's invariably a Tartar who gets the worst of it. Did you ever hear the story of the two horses?"

"No."

"Well, it's worth hearing, if only as a fair average sample of a Russian joke. Once upon a time, a Tartar and a Russian were crossing the steppes together,

the Tartar on a fine black horse, the Russian on an old, broken-down white one. When night came, the Tartar proposed that they should keep watch by turns. 'What for?' asked the Russian, coolly; 'my horse isn't worth stealing, and I don't care whether they steal yours or not!' Not wishing to lose his night's rest, the Tartar proposed a 'swap' of beasts, which was made accordingly; whereupon, to the poor Tartar's infinite dismay, the Russian quietly lay down to sleep again! 'Aren't you going to watch, then?' asked the Tartar. 'Not I!' answered the Russian, with a grin; 'if the robbers come they won't see my black horse in the dark, but they'll see your white one fast enough!'"

Twenty-four hours after leaving Nijni-Novgorod, we run alongside a crazy little wooden jetty, such as one sees at every turn of the Lower Danube, and, cramming ourselves and knapsacks into one of those abnormal arm-chairs on wheels which the Russians call *droskies*, go jolting and bumping over a road, which differs from the surrounding quagmire only in being dry instead of wet, toward the town of Kazan, which stands boldly out against the sky along the crest of a rocky ridge three miles inland. On our way thither we pass one of the local "lions," the famous memorial in honor of the Russians who fell during the siege of the place by Ivan the Terrible in 1554. It is a huge, flat-topped pyramid of hewed stone, with symbolical figures adorning its four sides; and, despite its unpromising situation in the midst of this hideous swamp, looks like what it is—one of the finest monuments in Russia.

Kazan itself is perhaps the best existing symbol of that splendid barbarism which, through ages of havoc and ruin, has been slowly groping its way to the light. The terraced city, enthroned on its ancient hill; the red, lance-like tower of the Tartar gateway; the cathedral, with its cluster of low, round, mosque-like domes; the white, smooth, massive walls and glittering pinnacles of the sacred citadel—all these, glowing in the full splendor of the autumn sunset, rise above an indescribable chaos of filth and desolation, mire, sand, rolling stones, yawning ditches, and piles of rotting timber, melted into worse disorder every spring by the overflowing of the Volga.¹ Indeed, considering its historical importance as the metropolis of that formidable Tartar dominion which all but annihilated Russia herself, there is curiously little to see in Kazan; and the tourist who has inspected the university, looked at the statue of the poet Derjavin, and gone over to survey the narrow, tunnel-like streets, tall, blank-looking houses, veiled women, and sallow, beardless, slant-eyed men, of the "Tartar town," has nothing left to do but to drive back to the landing and take the first steamer "downstream."

From Kazan onward there is a visible improvement in the surrounding landscape. The bluffs are higher and bolder, the scattered bits of wooding

¹ Native residents tell me that the whole town has been submerged more than once, all but the two highest streets.

more frequent and luxuriant, the stream itself wider, smoother, and deeper, than in its perilous infancy amid the shoals of the central provinces. Even the countless islets that stud the great river with their lonely reaches of desolate, gray sand, have a kind of weird grandeur in their very monotony—the veritable aspect of a region un-European and even unearthly, where man himself is but an intruder, and where the savage strength of Nature reigns unchallenged amid a tremendous sameness, upon which the flow of countless ages has rolled in vain. Simbirsk, showing gauntly against the sky the half-burned ruins of its late fire; Novo-Daivitchi, which has quite a Swiss look, with its little cluster of log-huts nestled in the lap of a huge, overhanging ridge; Stavropol, with its dreary landing-place two miles from the town, are one by one left behind; and toward ten o'clock on the second night after leaving Kazan (just when it is too dark to see that there is nothing worth seeing) we reach Samara, the easternmost of the Volga towns, through which runs the post-road to Orenburg and the Asiatic frontier. Its chief celebrity, however, is derived from its extensive manufacture of *kouniss* (fermented mare's-milk), which is now one of its principal articles of traffic. Here we make a purchase of a magnificent sterlet, which, in the pride of his brown, scaleless armor and back armed with lance-like spines, looks the worthy brother of King Sturgeon. Formerly he was to be found only in the Volga, but he has lately made his way to the Dwina through the canals, and bids fair to extend his travels farther still.

As we advance southward, the weather becomes perceptibly brighter and warmer during the day, though still sharp at night, and with an east wind of no moderate strength; but the picturesque network of minor channels fringing the river at this point, and the glorious coloring of the woods on either side, passing through every shade from pale gold to dark, glossy green, might compensate much greater disadvantages. A painter would love to copy the fading of the sunset over the great river as it rolls between its encircling forests, the light dying away from tree-top after tree-top as the gathering dimness steals on, till all is wrapped in the solemn, mysterious twilight that fills the aisles of some great cathedral.

Here and there along the bank appear trim little cottages, grouped around a single spire, like chickens about the mother-hen—cottages which would look more at home under the shadow of Saxon mountains or Rhenish pine-forests than on the lonely banks of this far-off Russian stream. And well they may, for they are German, every one—the first specimens of the long line of German colonies that stud both shores of the Volga in the southern part of its course, contrasting so markedly with the filth and disorder of the native villages, that a single glance from one to the other is sufficient to explain the bitter local proverb: “Many German overseers, few German workmen.”

At Khvalinsk, which we reach on the following day, a new tableau awaits us—the figure of an old Kirghiz¹ chief, with a face immovable as if carved in granite, sitting cross-legged on the unsheltered pier, in defiance of the biting northeast wind which tosses his long, white hair to and fro. He replies to our salutation courteously enough, but without losing for a moment his grand, statuesque composure—the true type of that grim, tameless, indomitable race, unchanged since the days when it heaped the field of Liegnitz with German slain, and held the walls of Kazan, for many a weary month, against the might of the “Terrible Czar.”

“Grand old fellow, isn't he, Romer?”

“Well, I'm not over-fond of the Mohammedan races; I saw too much of them in Northern India for that. After all, the Tartar's only a rough draft of the Turk; and the *Turk* is—”

“For further particulars, consult ‘The Slang Dictionary;’ I won't give you the trouble of repeating your customary anathemas upon the unfortunate people whom you and Carlyle wish to see ‘pitch-forked off the face of the earth by Russian bayonets.’”

“Well, those *are* my sentiments, I admit. If you want them in a more poetical form, here you are:

“Ye see yon craytur' ca'd a Turk,
Wha smokes and sleeps and a' that?
To murder Christians wi' his dirk,
It isna good in law, that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's no the thing at a', that!
The polish is but thin veneer,
The Turk's a Turk for a' that!

“John Bull can put East-Indians right,
Beat Ashantees, and a' that;
But a cut-throat Turk's aboon his might,
Good faith, he maunna paw that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their coffee, pipes, and a' that;
Auld Tom Carlyle, the live-long while,
He stands and swears at a' that!”

And, rolling out the last line with an energy that startles the entire crew, he trots down-stairs to order dinner.

Eight o'clock on the following morning brings us to Saratov, one of the greatest manufacturing centres in Eastern Russia, but not otherwise remarkable in any way. A ten minutes' stroll introduces us afresh to the green-domed churches and gilded crosses, the painted wooden houses, the straight, wide, dusty streets, the crowded, dirty bazaar, and the palisaded desert of gravel facetiously called a “public garden,” which we have already seen in every Russian city from Archangel to Moscow.

In the great ridge above the town gapes a grisly scar, the *souvenir* of the fearful land-slip of July, 1869, when the mountain, after two or three days of ominous groaning and heaving, suddenly lapped over like the leaf of a book, hurling nearly a furlong of ground, with more than two hundred houses, head-

¹ The closing of the Volga navigation, however, does not usually take place till the end of October.

¹ A Tartar race inhabiting Central Asia and the eastern border of Russia.

long down the slope into the river. All around the fatal spot the city has shrunk away, leaving a dreary waste of ruin, over which the broken ridge casts its threatening shadow, as if marking it for a second stroke. Fit monument, indeed, for the grim, historical tragedy witnessed by this quiet hill-side a century ago. Here ended, in shame and ruin, an enterprise that wellnigh changed the history of Russia by giving to a daring Cossack impostor the crown and title of Peter III.; and the sole relic of the insurrection which shook the throne of the Romanoffs is the obscure local tradition of the overthrow of Pugatcheff the robber by the armies of "Mother Yekaterina" (the Empress Catharine).

The most striking feature of the river at this point is a vast, castellated range of limestone rocks (split every here and there by a deep gully) which rise above the stream like some great fortress, for miles together, contrasting forcibly with the flat, sandy waste that lies outstretched along the eastern bank, far as eye can reach. In fact, the two banks at this point typify not inaptly the rough semi-civilization of Russia and the irredeemable barbarism which it superseded. On the side that looks toward Asia all is low, barren, desolate—a soil ever shifting, never progressing—a colossal uselessness, powerful, indeed, beyond question, but powerful only to destroy. The European side, however bare and rugged, has still a few clustering trees, a few groups of inhabited dwellings, in the crannies of the vast, gray rampart which draws to its towering crest the life-giving sunshine that falls in vain upon the ghostly solitudes of the farther shore.

At one o'clock on the fifth day from Kazan we reach Tsaritzin, and land in order to take the cars over the steppes to Kalatch on the Don, forty-two miles to the west. The town is an indescribable chaos, looking as if some infant Titan carrying away an armful of houses to play with had let them fall by

twos and threes as he ran up the hill; and its symmetry is not increased by the fact of its being built along either side of a vast, tunnel-like chasm, across which, above a river eight feet wide by six inches deep, runs a bridge upward of a hundred yards in length, recalling the famous sarcasm of the Spanish wit, that "the government would do well to sell the bridge and buy some water with the money." But, when the great spring-thaw lets loose the hill-torrents to come roaring down the ravine like the charge of an army, the seemingly-useless structure is doubtless needful enough.

The train is scrupulously unpunctual, and not till 2.35 do we at length find ourselves fairly launched upon the easternmost railway of Europe. And here, for the first time, we see in all its fullness what the Russians expressively call "the bad steppe"—a gray, unending level of desolate moorland, without warmth, without color, without life. Nothing that imagination has conceived can equal the weird loneliness of this everlasting desert. The sea is of one color, but it has boundless life and motion. The prairie, though lacking life and motion, has all the glories of earthly color. Even the deserts of Arabia, with all their grim desolation, have a delusive animation in the whirl of their wind-tossed sands. But in the ghostly wastes of the Don all these are wholly wanting. "The bad steppe" has no dimpling surface, no waving grass, no stately trees or grassy slopes, to relieve its ghastly monotony—nothing but a blank, lifeless void, a gigantic uselessness, against whose tremendous passivity all the energies of man are as nothing. Amid that tomb-like silence our shrill whistle and clanking wheels sound strange and unnatural; and it is with a feeling of absolute relief that we at length catch sight of the black, jagged line which, drawn athwart the darkening sky, marks the outline of the rocky heights that overlook the waters of the Don.

EGERIA.

WHAT whispered she to him
Beside the water dim
Beneath the misty shade of leaves that clung
So thick about the fountain? Dark and sweet
The summer night in silence o'er them hung;
No sound of wandering feet
Nor stealthy step of sylvan creature stirred
Among the wood-paths; far away he heard
Rome's midnight pulses beat,
But heeded not. What whispered she to him
Beneath the leaves beside the water dim?

Some secret dread and old
From mortals overbold
Hid by the high and jealous gods away—
Some rune of things that were or things to be,
Or sage enchantment wherewith princes sway
The round earth and the sea,

And happy hearts of men—so legends say!
Was it for these their pale king stole away
From pomp and revelry
To that green dell where, by the fountain's brim,
His dewy-sandaled love kept tryst with him?

Ah, but the place was sweet!
About her mossy seat
Breathed spicy fern and dark, delicious bloom
Of violets; sweeter to his soul her kiss,
Her arms that clasped him in the fragrant gloom,
Her sigh of timid bliss!
Discrowned awhile, his brow upon her breast
Forgot its burden; dear he was and blessed.
Perchance she whispered this—
'Twas all she knew: and yet no king more wise
Than he lives sceptred in men's memories!

LITTLE PE-TOH-KIP.¹

LITTLE Pe-toh-kip came to me in the regular routine of trade. Four yards of hickory-shirt-ing, and an equal amount of blue-and-orange calico, constituted the metaphorical pottage for which his birthright of freedom was sold. And I am free to say that, for some months after he passed into my keeping, it was a much-mooted question with me whether I had not been badly worsted in the barter. I am inclined to think, upon the whole, that, had little Pe-toh-kip been a pet simian or a paroquet, I should have taken him out and made an end of him without more ado. Unfortunately, he was a boy—a ten-year-old boy, and a Blackfoot Indian at that.

Beyond the aged maternal aunt, who claimed him by right of inheritance, I never succeeded in tracing his genealogy with any degree of certainty. Before the fatal day upon which he became mine, by virtue of Manchester shirtings and Amoskeag cottons, it was mistily hinted that he was sole heir of an illustrious line of chieftains who for long years had led one of the tribes of the confederacy to battles and to loot. After the trade, however, it was boldly asserted that his father had been shot as a kleptomaniac, who degraded his race by confining his operations to his own tribe, instead of gaining distinction by stealing from the world at large. So, between the two stories, only one thing remained certain—little Pe-toh-kip was an orphan, and in charge of his aunt. But, for the matter of that, so far at least as this latter fact affected his means of livelihood, he might as well have belonged to the whole tribe; for, amid the general mistiness of his childish recollections, he never could recall exactly how he was fed. It is fair to suppose, however, that Providence, which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, provided in some mysterious way for the little waif; for, had his maintenance depended solely upon his aunt, his brief existence would have been cut off by hunger long before.

But Providence, moving in a mysterious way, seemed to consider his wonders sufficiently made manifest in supplying little Pe-toh-kip with diurnal manna (picked, generally, from the rear of tents and camps, and, like that of old, apt to be spoiled upon the second day), and declined any further exhibition of his infinite power in providing him with clothes. And so this orphan child of the forest and plain stalked about in the face of high heaven clad only in his own tawny integument. A very dusky and seemingly-impervious covering it was, too, even for an Indian; and in its long contact with the elements had acquired a certain mahogany hue, which shone with a brighter lustre in contrast with a narrow streak of lighter tint about the loins, where its owner occasionally wore a breech-clout.

Nevertheless he was a lithe, supple, clean-limbed little fellow, even in his gaunt meagreness, with a

quick intelligence upon his clearly-cut features, which impressed one very favorably. True, the predatory habit of his life had increased the expression of cunning natural to the aboriginal eye, and added somewhat to his general wildness; but he was young in years, and the effects of plentiful food and kindness were yet untried upon him.

When little Pe-toh-kip's aunt, a fat, grim-visaged old squaw, attired in scarlet leggins and a blanket, had delivered the orphan to me, and retired, bathed in seeming tears, my first act was to have him fed and clothed. Then I fell to thinking what I would do with him; how I would make an educated man of him, and so prove to unbelieving humanitarians that the poor Indian could, by the same process through which their sons were raised, be elevated to a plane even above theirs. It was in the midst of these bright imaginings that the half-breed servant, to whose care he had been intrusted, reported that little Pe-toh-kip had, Indian-like, seized the opportunity of a present feast to ward off future famine by gorging himself to repletion; and that, clad in an irreproachable suit of blue cassimere, he was even then fast asleep in the dust and dirt beneath the shadow of an empty cart. Later on the same unsympathetic servitor informed me that my young *protégé* had parted with his clothing in consideration of two strings of wampum (which he had strapped over his shoulders and about his waist), and was parading the adjacent camp with all the gravity and pride of a master-mason in full regalia.

It soon became evident that, so long as we remained in the plain-country, little Pe-toh-kip's training in the ways of civilization must be abandoned. It was only natural, of course, that his pride in the better circumstances which now surrounded him should lead him to present my best meerschaum-pipe to the friend of his youth, and to bestow upon the numerous following who claimed relationship with him such easily-hidden articles as he could safely filch from the general stock. But such munificence lessened the profits upon trade, and tended to foster, in the minds of his grown-up fellows, that feeling of superior mental acumen by which they imagined a small heathen able to get a long way ahead of his big Christian brother. So little Pe-toh-kip was relegated to the charge of the half-breed, who utilized his superabundant vitality in the care of the horses.

In this congenial employment he developed into a wild and reckless rider. The sight of his nude and tiny figure perched upon the back of the largest animal in the herd, sweeping like a whirlwind over the grassy plain, came to be a frequent if not cheering spectacle. And, though detected in running midnight races against time on the back of my favorite saddle-horse, and loaning cart-horses to his little barbarian brethren for a like purpose, there seemed no other capacity in which he could be used, and so found safety in the inevitable.

¹ *Anglicè*, the Eagle-ribs.

When the days grew short in the fall, and the verdant prairies began to take on the lithographic tints of a California landscape, little Pe-toh-kip and I turned our steps homeward. It was not without some misgivings as to my own fitness to rear the child aright that I endeavored to impress upon him the fact that he was now leaving behind him the old life, and entering upon the untried realities of the new; that henceforth the *tepee*, the *travaillie*, the wild scurry and chase, the feast of to-day and the famine of to-morrow, would exist for him only as a shadowy memory; that there arose before him a nobler manhood, replete with grandest possibilities, and giving promise of a glorious fruition.

If little Pe-toh-kip failed in being impressed with this picture of the flowery pathway along which he was to travel, he at least betrayed no sign of it. His countenance wore its customary look of taciturnity, and his demeanor was that of imperturbable gravity. He seemed, moreover, to take readily to civilization: none of its scenes appeared to affect him in the least. He journeyed in the boat or on the roof of a stage-coach for five hundred miles; he was once weighed as extra baggage, and classified and charged as such; he conducted himself with all possible decorum in the rooms and corridors of a grand hotel in St. Paul; he crossed a portion of the continent in a railway-carriage, as if he had been a first-class passenger since childhood; he thought no more of the reception-room of a certain civil magnate in Chicago than had he been standing in the tall prairie-grasses of the Red Deer country; he was duly photographed, and petted, and pampered, but he took it all as a matter of course.

In the first flush of our home-coming, the brilliant possibilities which mistily tinted little Pe-toh-kip's future took on a more permanent coloring. No thorns protruded among the roses scattered along his pathway. Though a heathen, and speaking an unknown tongue, he bore the taunts and jeers of the small street boys with seeming indifference; and, although one of his especial tormentors was nearly killed by a stone, hurled from an unknown quarter in the dusk of the evening, little Pe-toh-kip was seen, almost at the same moment, hanging upon the garden-gate, with as near an expression of sympathy as ever appeared upon his taciturn countenance. He walked the streets, in company with members of my family, with an air of the utmost nonchalance; no brazen glare of shop-windows attracted his attention; but, grave and abstracted, he paced the crowded thoroughfares with no passing glance of curiosity to denote that he was not to the manor born.

At home his bearing was rather that of a transient visitor than a permanent guest: always quiet, equable, and mindful of the respect due his hosts, though, of course, tempered somewhat by the habits of his former life. He preferred, for example, sitting for hours upon his heels by the fireplace to occupying a chair; and when, after much difficulty, we had prevailed upon him to accept the latter as a seat, he persisted in drawing his legs up under him, after the manner of a turbaned Turk. There was, too, a

vague dread lest he might be frozen to death, from the fact of being generally found in the morning asleep upon the floor, wrapped in a single blanket, instead of the snug bed where he had been placed. Moreover, a certain *cache* of pie, broken meat, etc., found in a remote corner of the stable, could have had its suggestion only in the old predatory days, when little Pe-toh-kip had subsisted upon such furtively-obtained manna in the wilderness. Nevertheless, he moved quietly about the house, apparently taking but little note of the domestic machinery, though tractable and obedient to my commands; for, being limited in speech to his native tongue, he depended solely upon me for any expression of his wants. Yet there was so much of simplicity and cunning, so much of close reasoning and childlike suspicion, so much natural quickness, sense of humor, credulousness, power of observation, faith, fun, and selfishness, mixed up together in this little waif's mental composition, that the person who found nothing in his character worth studying would be likely to start from a base of nullity in his own brain.

Of his moral conscience, I am safe in saying it was just the balance of his own impulses and opinions. His feelings settled the right and wrong of things among themselves, without any reference to received standards. No prophet could be more confident of his inspiration than little Pe-toh-kip was of the oracle within him; and he was, moreover, not a child to desire a favor out of rule, to ask, or wish, in thought or word, for a personal benefit to soul or body, or to fear or evade any legitimate consequence of his own large liberty of soul. It is true that his religious sentiment, strong and active, was under modification of his peculiar surroundings in former life. My wife discovered, early in a course of weekly ablutions to which he passively submitted, that he wore, suspended about his neck, a *totem* in the shape of a bird's-claw, which he had found about the yard. And, when somewhat summarily deprived of this, he furtively set up a dried fish-head in its stead, and continued his devotions in the privacy of the stable for some weeks before discovered.

I think it was a vivid sense of the Christian duty she owed this little soul that suggested to my wife a few weeks later the propriety of exposing him at intervals to the means of grace; so she took him to church. It was during the January thaws; the weather was extremely warm for the season, and the large windows behind the pulpit had been left partially open for the free admission of air. The presence of little Pe-toh-kip in the congregation naturally attracted considerable attention, and the battery of eyes fastened upon the pew became at last extremely annoying. So, much to his own delight and my wife's regret, I permitted the little fellow to await the conclusion of service in the churchyard. Unlucky thought! for, immediately after the first hymn, in the solemn hush just preceding prayers, there suddenly sounded through the deep silence the notes of an Indian war-song—"Hi, hi—ah, he—ah!"—in the shrillest of tones, half yelp, half howl, with an inconceivably ridiculous effect. There was a mo-

mentary struggle, then one universal roar of laughter. Hastening out, covered with shame as with a mantle, I found, beneath the open windows, and lost to all sense of his surroundings, little Pe-toh-kip, stripped to the waist, his slender figure writhing and twisting in the mazes of a heathen dance.

As time wore on, it became evident that the acquisition of our vernacular by my little *protégé* was attended with much difficulty. And this fact was the more to be regretted because it was thought best to utilize his services in running errands and doing small jobs about the place. But when his monotoned mistress pleasantly requested his assistance in the performance of any task demanding manual labor, he seemed incapable of comprehending her wishes, and lingered idly about until my arrival turned the scale against him. True, the suggestion of an errand across the fields or through the woods, though delivered in the purest English, seldom failed in being intuitively understood; and my wife insisted that, when rather worn by vexatious business, he comprehended my vigorous Saxon very well, even though the appealing expression of inquiry upon his face gave such assertion an emphatic denial.

It was noticed, too, with some feelings of bitterness, that he betrayed no growing affection for any member of the family; that, while always quiet and respectful, he continued isolated and apart, as if his being there was only a casual happening in; every time he passed out-of-doors, he impressed one with the possibility of never returning. No variation of treatment, either, served to affect this warp of selfishness, or eradicate a prominent characteristic of his race.

With the returning spring, little Pe-toh-kip may be said to have fairly given himself up to the bent of his own wild instincts. A want of application, a restlessness of purpose, and a love of all that was roving in Nature, developed simultaneously with the early flowers and the warm sunshine. His feverish attachment to change and variety nothing could repress; his native daring nothing could subdue. He wandered off through the fields in quest of birds or squirrels, when not confined at home, and returned exhaling the odors of fragrant grasses from his dress; or stole stealthily through the neighboring streets, in the shadows of the evening, and came back with a vague suggestion of cigar-ends upon his breath.

To me, the wild instincts of this child of Nature were a fascinating study, and I confess to becoming negatively accessory to much of his idle wanderings. I was willing, even anxious, that, amid the splendid artificial culture to which he should attain, there should run a thread of his old life, sufficiently distinct to ear-mark his nationality; that there should appear not only the cultivated gentleman, but, by certain indubitable signs, he should be known as the much-despised Indian. So, when little Pe-toh-kip requested my assistance in fashioning a bow, I called in the skill of a carpenter and had a good one made for him. In the use of this primitive weapon he rapidly became proficient; and it was a source of no little pride when I could sum-

mon my evening visitors to witness this expert bowman shoot a nickel from between my extended fingers. But there came a time when my joy was turned to the gall of bitterness by discovering that this subtle archer, lying concealed in the long grass of my own door-yard, had from his coign of vantage deliberately shot to death an entire flock of game-chickens, the pet property of my next-door neighbor. And as this act of vandalism was closely followed by the unwonted spectacle of a valuable terrier careering wildly along the street, transfixed with an arrow, it was thought advisable to suppress the bow, and permit the barbarian in little Pe-toh-kip's nature to appear in some less murderous way.

It was the laudable desire that little Pe-toh-kip should feel no sense of inequality with his fellows, that prompted his mistress to dress him, if anything, beyond his station in life. And yet the best efforts of this well-meaning gentlewoman were constantly set at defiance, during the warm days of the summer, by the seeming impossibility of keeping him dressed at all; and her keen sense of propriety was often outraged by vague reports which represented her little charge as divesting himself of his garments in an adjacent field, and then roaming over the neighborhood in a state of nature. It was reserved, however, for a lawn *fête*, given in the interests of the sanctuary under whose droppings we sat, to furnish ocular demonstration of these reports, vague and misty at best.

Little Pe-toh-kip had been invited to figure as the son of a squaw in charge of the cigar-stand—the squaw, a handsome young lady gorgeously gotten up for the occasion. To this end I appareled him in a heavy dress of beads and wampum, artistically arranged, and, impressing upon him the part he had to play, dispatched him alone. A chance trip to the stables, soon after, revealed the gaudy trappings of this imp of the perverse carefully stowed in an out-of-the-way corner, and prepared me, in some measure, for the sight which was to follow; for, in sole possession of the cigar-stand, and surrounded by a motley crowd of men and boys, sat little Pe-toh-kip, clad only in an intense coloring of stove-polish and moistened brick-dust, and seemingly overwhelmed with gravity and his own sense of importance!

The person and character of this young boy, the most ordinary and the most extraordinary actions of his life, came to be all of a piece; every thread of the web showed the pattern, and to present him well should be woven together in his description. His very incoherences stuck together and suggested each other, they all belonged so decidedly to him. His life became such a succession of annoying instances, his character developing into so thorough-going an aboriginal, that no one knowing him could imagine any change of conditions capable of altering him; that transmigration itself could conceal or confuse him; that a pair of wings, a suit of talons, a beak, or a mane, could have smothered or masked the absolute Pe-toh-kip, or suppressed his individuality. And so, as there seemed a gen-

eral disposition to attribute a severe scalp-wound upon the head of a neighbor's boy to a blow surreptitiously delivered by my own hatchet in the hands of little Pe-toh-kip, I took advantage of my departure for the Plains to withdraw that irrepressible child from the refining influences of our higher civilization.

One day our camp upon the banks of Battle Creek suddenly became the scene of a wild dash of Blackfeet. Advancing in a semicircle, they swept

through the tents like a whirlwind, and, stampeding our animals, disappeared below the horizon. The only one of our number who retained his presence of mind, in the wild scurry and confusion, was little Pe-toh-kip; and when discovered running in advance of the marauding band, apparently in an eager effort to save at least one horse from loss, we wildly cheered him on. But, alas for innate depravity! Foremost in that yelling group, with a look of scornful triumph on his face, and perched upon my favorite roan, he rode back to that old savage life from which he had been rescued.

FIRST LOVE.

I HAVE led a very restless life during the last few years, and I am mostly at home in railroad-cars, waiting-rooms, hotels, and restaurants. I read a great deal, and have given up being very choice in my reading. I have a great respect for English and French novels, written either by authors unknown to me, or by those whose style I do not like. I do not dare to open their books even in moments of greatest *ennui*. But with the exception of these, I take hold of whatever I can find in the news-stands and book-stalls, and look through every weekly and monthly publication I meet with in reading-rooms, hotels, etc. Thus it happens that I always have fragments of different stories in my head, and it sometimes occurs that I confuse them and join the end of one to the beginning of another.

Some of these patchwork stories I like as much as the best-known novels of celebrated authors. This is a matter of taste. Sometimes I finish a tale, the beginning of which I have read somewhere, in my own fashion; or I put the first chapters to a second volume which may have come into my hands. Sometimes I find it difficult to remember which is my own and which is the author's work. In many cases I forget in the morning, when I leave a city, what I have read the night before. But when I like a story, I repeat it to myself, as I am traveling along, and I remember it from time to time, as if it were an event which I had experienced or invented myself. The following tale is one of this class. I do not remember where I have read it for the first time, nor do I know whether the story, as I am going to relate it to you, is the same as I read it. But the idea is not my own. I think I found it in a French magazine. But that must have been many years ago; for some Parisian friends of mine, who read everything in the shape of periodical literature, do not remember ever having seen it. Should the author at any time claim it as his own, I will with thanks return it; here, however, is the story as it has gradually taken shape in my head:

The numerous guests of the Countess de B—— had begun to retire at about eleven o'clock, and toward midnight only a few of the most intimate friends of the family were assembled in the drawing-

room. The handsome Palamède had given his final opinion on the most noteworthy toilets of the evening; René had talked about the last duel, Edmond of the last steeple-chase; the last society scandal had been discussed with the usual kindness and charitableness; and for the first time during the evening the conversation began to lag.

The countess turned to her neighbor Gaston.

"You are to-day more noisy than usual," she said; "for the last half-hour you have been asleep with open eyes."

The gentleman whom she addressed was sitting on a low chair, and had been deeply interested in a conversation with the fire in the chimney. He turned slowly round, and said:

"I have been thinking of my first love."

"Gratitude honors the receiver and the giver," replied the countess. "Tell us the story of your first love, which makes you so thoughtful even to-day."

Gaston rubbed his long, thin hands, and began as follows:

"When I speak of my first love I do not mean the very first, although at the time I suffered delightful pain and anxious joys. But when I think of it now it seems to be somebody else's, and not my own, story. I was about twelve years old; she was the sister of my friend Jacques. I saw her for the first time in the play-ground of our school, where she came one day with her mother to pay a visit to her brother. It was in the winter, the ground was covered with snow, and a furious battle was raging between two parties that had been formed among the boys. In the same moment that I first saw her at the entrance of the play-ground a hard-frozen snowball struck me such a violent blow on my forehead that I lost consciousness, and fell down. When I regained my senses I was lying on a sofa in the janitor's lodge, and the two ladies, the mother and sister of my friend, were standing by my side, and anxiously looking into my face.

"The next morning they sent to inquire after my health, and, on the following Sunday, I went with Jacques to visit them at their house. I did not dare to speak a word, not even to look at her, but I would have been willing to rush through fire and water

to attract once more the anxious, kind look of the beautiful girl. On my way to the school in the evening, I invented wonderful deeds of daring I would perform, and which would astonish her and excite her admiration. I did not expect nor ask for more. The unconscious dawning of love in the youthful heart belongs, with all its characteristics, to childhood alone. The young heart is foolishly eager, easily satisfied, and exceedingly selfish and vain. It is not yet capable of loving, but it longs to be loved, to be admired; it does not aim at making others happy; the only happiness it knows is a delightful trouble; the only desire, to receive love without giving it. In later years one gives without receiving, and that is not very pleasant either. And thus everything is for the best in this world—where there are people that find pleasure only in giving, and others who are only happy in receiving. But what a blissful brief period is that when one gives and receives, when one loves and is loved again! I have known that time; but she, who made me so unspeakably happy, has now forsaken me. How beautiful was the world when I saw it with her, how blue the sky, how balmy the air! Hand-in-hand we hastened from place to place, and wherever we went Joy smiled to greet us, and Pleasure bade us to stay. We went on, singing, laughing, rejoicing, sure of our happiness everywhere. Sometimes our exuberant joy would astonish more cautious people. But their severe look would soften when their eyes had rested upon us for a moment. 'They are young, let them enjoy themselves,' said the old people, and with a melancholy smile they passed on. She clung so lovingly to my arm, she pressed herself so fondly to my side, that I thought I could never, never lose her. The idea of a possible change never came to me, never darkened one moment's happiness. Weeks, months, years passed by—we were not aware of it.

"One evening, after we had spent the day more cheerfully and happily than usual, she appeared to me, all at once, cold and down-hearted. A terrible fear overcame me, an icy shudder seized hold of me.

'She will leave me,' I said to myself; 'surely, surely, she will leave me!' Then I remembered how little I really had cared for her; how I had tried her faithfulness and devotion, perhaps too much. For the first time I felt my confidence shaken, and anxiously I sought her eyes. But her look gave me no response; her eyes turned away from me. My rest was gone, my life was changed. Sometimes she would again press me to her bosom with wild passion, but the sweetness of her kisses was lost. Often she pushed me unkindly away, and to my nameless grief I saw that my love annoyed her. One evening, when I came home at a late hour, I found the room dark, cold, and deserted; she, my joy, my love, my light, my all, had left me!

"Now there began a miserable life for me. The loss I had suffered gnawed at my heart, but I took care to hide it before the world. I tried to show a happy, joyful face; I sought the society of young, cheerful people; I spent more care on my dress than I had ever done before. My enemies even said that I tried to hide the pallor of my cheeks by artificial means. That is not true; but I must confess that I used a great many different tinctures and washes to prevent baldness and gray hair. But this farce did not last long. I grew tired of this hypocrisy, and cared no more for what the world said or thought. I know that my beloved has left me; that nothing can bring her back; and everybody may know the loss I have suffered. But I still weep for her who has left me. I miss her everywhere; nothing, nothing can take her place; and I would willingly give all I possess, every joy and every happiness that may be in store for me, if I could call her once more mine—if I could live over again those blissful days during which alone I was happy."

Gaston was silent, and stared into the dying ashes, and rubbed his thin hands together.

"What was the name of this wonderful creature?" inquired the countess.

"My youth," replied Gaston, without lifting his eyes from the fire.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE are some writers who are impatient under the restrictions which the moral sense of the community imposes upon art. They are accustomed to affirm that art is privileged to deal with all the facts of life and Nature, and that the exclusion of passions because they are wrong passions, of acts because they are criminal acts, is simply to emasculate our literature. A correspondent, influenced by these ideas, denounces the American public as "squeamish, feeble, and sophistical," and thinks that, because of this disposition, there is no hope for American literature. Writers who entertain these views are accustomed to hold up the example of France, where pictorial art is pagan in its devotion to the nude, and literature wholly free in the selection of its themes and in its treatment of them. The only true morals of

art are, we are told, the morals of fidelity to facts, of truthfulness to ideals and perceptions, of earnest and unrelaxing study. This seems plausible enough, and has many eloquent defenders. But, nevertheless, it is fallacious. Art has the whole broad field of Nature before it, it is true, but its province in this wide area is to *select*. It is not privileged to deal with things simply because they *are*: it must confine itself to those facts that have either a high æsthetic or a true moral significance. Beauty may be exclusively the aim of the poet or the painter. Each may with all propriety limit his purpose to the production of pleasurable sensations. It is true that a well-painted landscape, or a piece of elevated, harmonious verse, or a fine statue, or a noble pile of architecture, has each that subtle morality which all things possess that

lift up the imagination and fill us with the sense of divine beauty. But they are without distinct ethical purpose, and all art may be similarly freed from any primary necessity of morals—that is, it may be wholly æsthetic in its inspiration and in its aim. But it is not privileged, on the other hand, to be distinctly immoral: its business is to select, to discover and portray the beautiful, the elevated, the ennobling, the pleasurable; to stir the emotions of pity and sympathy, to excite admiration and emulation, to enlarge the boundary of experience and sensation; but it is not privileged to deal with the repulsive and horrible, to act upon morbid and unhealthful passions, to excite contempt for sacred or rightful things, to appeal to gross or sensual appetites, to deal with the foul and diseased things of life. The most strenuous upholder of the largeness and freedom of art must see that it is under obligation to select, to exclude, to separate the fit from the unfit.

Now, this selection, this exclusion, this separation of the fit from the unfit, are governed by prevalent conditions of culture, taste, and conscience. It is different at different periods and in different countries. Those among us who cite the example of France—we say nothing about the taste that would uphold the immoral side of French literature—forget that the reading public of the two countries differ in one most important particular. Here literature is written for and read by both sexes and all classes; there it undergoes the most rigid selection. The novel in France, for instance, scarcely enters respectable families at all; no young girl is permitted access to it, and even elders in the more serious classes will not touch it. With us, on the contrary, the novel, and the magazines with their many stories, enter every house, they lie on every centre-table, they are as accessible to the girl of sixteen as to the man of sixty, and the majority of their readers is composed of the female sex. What has followed is just what any wise man would have predicted: whenever and wherever women become readers, license of speech and many subjects are driven out of literature. The selection, the exclusion, the separation of the fit from the unfit, become governed by new necessities and new principles. As to this selection and separation being with us too narrow and limited, a majority of people believe them to be not nearly rigid enough. However this may be, it is evidently absurd to talk of the squeamishness of American readers, when, in truth, they are the most liberal of all peoples. They throw open their libraries to every class. They teach their children to be readers; they cover their library-tables in confidence with the fresh issues from the press, and they discuss freely with their sons and daughters the qualities of new novels and new poems. This confidence editors of magazines are specially bound to justify, however impatient their contributors may be under the wise restrictions imposed by custom and good morals. It is thus evident that the charge against us of squeamishness springs from a most imperfect knowledge of the facts. Compared with other countries, it may be said to be unknown with us. In France a young woman is watched over at every step; not a

book is placed in her hands that is not first examined; not a soul is permitted to breathe a word in her ear upon any topic without the knowledge of her guardians. She knows neither literature, nor art, nor the world; she is educated under the most exacting and watchful “squeamishness” possible. Does our correspondent long to see a similar condition of things here? Does he wish to see American literature liberated from that moral control under which it now exists, and, as a consequence, excluded from our homes and withdrawn from the hands of our women? This would inevitably be the result; and, therefore, we for our part believe that the American “squeamishness” which endeavors to keep literature pure is far preferable to that French “squeamishness” which permits great license to its writers, but at the same time shuts the domestic door upon them.

It is certain that one of the most effective weapons which can be used in politics, or indeed on any stage in which men meet in rivalry and collision, is amenity. Not only the man who does not lose his temper usually has the best of the argument, but he who goes further, who seems to willingly admit the strength of his adversary, who compliments his adversary's plea, and conveys the impression that he is meeting a foe man worthy of his own steel, sets forth with a signal advantage in his favor. To admit good motives and able reasoning in an opponent, is to elevate a speaker's own plea to a higher force and dignity; the inference forced upon the mind being that the stronger the foe, the greater the merit of the victory. Mutual courtesies between political or literary adversaries are always pleasant to see, and invariably exalt the respect in which they are held. We always like to hear, too, of the strong private friendships which sometimes exist between public men who, in their public capacity, are earnest antagonists. Through all the heat of the Andrew Johnson controversy, William H. Seward, his Secretary of State, was socially familiar with Thaddeus Stevens, Johnson's fiercest assailant; no public difference threw a shadow on the intimacy of these political veterans. Webster and Calhoun, too, though often pitted against each other on questions the most irritating, were very strong friends to the last; and Calhoun rose from his death-bed to totter to the Senate-Chamber and hear Webster make his famous 7th of March speech. When the younger Pitt died, his great rival, Charles James Fox, made a eulogy upon him, all the more glowingly eloquent by reason of their long public hostility; and that eulogy did more to keep Fox's memory green in England than his most impassioned philippic against Pitt's policy. The eulogy on Sumner by Lamar was one of the most striking instances of the effect of a generous tribute paid to an earnest opponent. It is a pity that, on the occasion of the death of the foremost Frenchman of the age, this generosity and amenity should have been conspicuously wanting in some of the public men of France; and the treatment which the memory of M. Thiers received, while he lay yet unburied at St.-Germain, has discov-

ered to us, in a very disagreeable way, the extreme virulence and rancor which have developed in the party conflict in France. Journalists were found, men who would fain be thought not only patriotic but pious, who could insult the illustrious dead, by denying him all sincerity, by accusing him of dishonest greed, and by declaring that his death was a distinct act of God to cut short his iniquitous career!

Times, indeed, have changed for the worse since M. Thiers retired, four years ago, from the presidency. The "marshalate" has somehow lost the graceful social charm which was one of the most pleasing features of French politics under Thiers. Then there was almost "an era of good feeling." Looking at the rule of Thiers, and that of MacMahon, from a social point of view, the contrast is very striking. At the marshal's receptions it is seldom that any except partisans of his public policy are to be met with. It is, as has been remarked, "a régime of rudeness, savoring a good deal of the camp." Thiers had the grace and tact to introduce social amenity as one of the forces and bulwarks of his government. He managed with an easy, adroit *bonhomie* which undoubtedly lent strength to his popularity and his public influence. In those crowded receptions at the Elysée, in the centre of which the wonderful little man dispensed the hospitalities of the state with a genial loquacity all his own, there were gathered, not Republicans alone, but "such a throng as no French court, royal or imperial, ever attracted during the present century. Nobles of the *ancien régime* and radicals of the deepest dye; soldiers and speculators, to whom the hum of the imperial bees was dearer than the scent of the silver lilies; priests, infidels, artists, poets, journalists, *savants*, and *bourgeoisie*, ballasted with steady Orleanism—they were all there on the common ground that divided them least; and they would eye each other without frenzy, and even jest and argue without flying at each other's throats." These pleasant dissolvings of political rancor in social contact and amenity have sadly vanished under the grim and taciturn soldier who now rules France; and this is one of the least promising features of the condition of the volatile and excitable people of that land.

THE people whom the summer vacation best serves are they who are glad to depart upon it, and equally glad to return, the rest and recreation over, to the more active duties of home. Those who went away somewhat worn and weary have well used the vacation if they find themselves, at the end of it, rested and ready to cope anew with the perplexities of the household and with business cares. Only people who have abused the time appointed for leisurely recuperation, and have kept up in the country the city's dissipations, find the *ennui* of home oppressive when the autumn hiatus finds them once more ensconced within it. But, even to those who have made the best of vacation, who have rested and disported themselves, whose cheeks are the ruddier and whose step is the brisker for the long, pleasant outing, getting into

the harness again is at first somewhat irksome. Man is but mortal. To most men and women work is more or less painful. Few are there, for all the moralizing of philosophers, who embrace labor with fervor for its own sake. We can easily imagine—indeed, we think we have seen her, more than once—a wife who is above criticism as a wife and a housekeeper, to whom the sudden cessation of the relief from servant management and the constant watch to be kept on market-men is at first ever so little grating and disagreeable. It is hard to begin the struggle over again. A man may well be excused if, the first time he catches sight of his counting-room after a downright jolly vacation, he is heard to heave a gently plaintive sigh. He should be credited with real courage if, like the truly brave soldier, he subdues the temptation to retreat, and marches sturdily up to his duty. So, too, the wife who comes out the first day of the return with a household in apple-pie order, and a first-rate dinner, should be made to feel that she is deserving rather more than the ordinary cordiality of domestic compliment.

The vacation, after a few weeks, becomes a pleasant reminiscence, and thus extends its beneficence into the work-a-day life. How many dinner and tea tables are enlivened by recollections of the mishaps and adventures, the impromptu hops and the woodland picnics, the piscatory joys and thrilling escapes of sea-side sojourns, the big climbs and rough tumbles of the mountains, the delightful qualities of one family, the amusing oddities of another, even the merits and demerits of the meals that were served, and the horses that were supplied by mine host or hostess of the summer resorts! Then, and then only, are the sweet absence of care, the change of habits, and the fullness of fun and pleasure, which a well-spent vacation affords, entirely appreciated. Indeed, few people, of any age or condition, can pass a vacation amid unwonted scenes, without bringing home something besides their trunks and portmanteaus. Something of geography, of the condition of new regions, of industries and products, of customs and habits, has been learned. The wife has enjoyed a relief from often gnawing troubles, which come with a large and growing family; her children, running wild by strand or over field and meadow, have not only had a long, sweet draught of freedom — and freedom which, to men, is sacred, to the child is a thrilling luxury—but have toughened and tanned, and have been well built up to resist the renewed siege of book and blackboard on their little constitutions. Paterfamilias may have grumbled somewhat at being torn away from ledger and mart, but has found even indolence, when well timed, to "pay," and before vacation is over has waxed enthusiastic over its beneficent boons of appetite and spirits. He has become reconciled to the depletion of his pocket-book, which he foresaw with misgiving, but which he has at last accepted with even a smiling grace. Girls have returned with new sweethearts; and young men, some of them, have had a triumphal reëntury into town as the conquerors of "a beauty and a fortune." By association alike with Nature and with new acquaintances, thrown together from many

widely-separated homes, how many vacation-people have become more kindly and mellow ; what not slight progress has been made in the culture of genial and social qualities !

GENTLE malediction has many a time and oft been lavished upon those horrid institutions, the clubs, by dames who suspected their husbands of deserting the home-fare for the Sybaritic feasts in which they are supposed to revel at those palatial retreats of men alone. The more attractive the clubs are imagined to be, the more vehement are the protestations against them. Had woman-suffrage prevailed we might have seen lady-politicians insisting on bracketing clubs with polygamy and slavery as "triplet relics of barbarism." The idea prevails to some extent among the ladies that the club is no less gorgeous in its upholstered luxury than in the toothsome excellence of its *cuisine*, and that the plain dinner of the domestic circle offers no attractions to him who finds at his club a bewildering bill-of-fare of cunningly-contrived *entrées* and made dishes. But in London, at least, startling revelations have recently been made as to the club-tables. It turns out that they are far from affording the Olympian feasts which have existed in the wifely imagination. An eminent single lady, whose grievance must be supposed to be one of sympathy with the sex in general rather than personal, took occasion to inveigh, at a public meeting, against the unsocial luxuries and extravagancies of the clubs. She evidently had the idea that club-men are wont to indulge habitually and unreservedly in the choicest of dishes and rarest of wines ; and, in the name of the wives of England, she protested against their selfish desertion of home for a purpose so low as the entertainment of the stomach. Her address brought into the field an adversary in the shape of an old club-man, who told some quite unexpected truths. He said that most men who dine in the London clubs adhere to the national joint, the smoking potato, and the foaming toby of beer. He declared, as a member of half a dozen clubs, that club-dinners have long been at once deteriorating in quality and rising in price ; and, in tones that have a touch of epicurean pathos, he deplored the gradual extinction of first-class *cordons bleus* as chief cooks of London establishments. The glories of such masters of the art culinary as Soyer and Francatelli have departed ; their places are filled by incompetents ; and so the British club-man, deserting the succulent dishes of French concoction, has fallen back on plain roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding. Club-life, indeed, as it used to be fifty years ago, no longer exists in London. Men use the clubs rather as a "headquarters," a political rendezvous, or a lounging-place, than as a resort for the gratification of a gastronomic passion, or the refreshment of genial social festivity. As the club-man we have referred to says, the dinners got at the clubs "are usually poor, ill-served, and hastily eaten." It is even becoming customary for an Englishman who desires to show attention to an acquaintance from abroad to take him home to dinner instead of dining him at his club.

THE apparently endless question of the validity of the so-called spiritual phenomena has received new importance in the discussion growing out of Dr. Carpenter's recent utterances thereon. Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has replied to Dr. Carpenter with good effect, and Dr. Buchanan assails him through the pages of *The Popular Science Monthly* with a greater command of telling epithets than of good breeding or good temper. The question is one that seems to be in no fair way of settlement. Believers marshal an immense array of evidence in support of their faith, and skeptics refuse to place that reliance on the testimony which the spiritualists passionately demand for it. The simple truth is, that no amount of evidence, or of that which with others passes for evidence, can convince certain minds of the trustworthiness of testimony that asserts something which to them is absolutely impossible. It is easier to believe that deception or self-deception somewhere exists in the evidence educed in these cases than to believe that well-established laws of Nature can be suspended. "In life," says the editor of the *Science Monthly*, "by all his resources, the most gifted man cannot suspend the operation of gravity upon a single particle of matter by an infinitesimal fraction. But when he dies we are taught that his ghost can come back and suspend this action of gravity in a way to excite the astonishment of whole circles." Is it a wonder that men of cautious temperament pause before they accept as valid these amazing assertions, so commonly brought forward by the spiritualists ? It is much easier, as we have said, to assume that some error exists in the testimony than to believe that fixed laws of Nature have been set at defiance. It is true the marvelous stories we hear are affirmed to be "the consequences of higher laws of Nature, by which the lower ordinances of the material sphere are overcome." This explanation, which is so easy of assertion or invention, can have no weight with men who fail to discover, by all their tests, in all their study and knowledge, any operation in Nature that is not uniform in its action, and open to the observation of all students alike. That one group of men may invoke or suspend forces which other groups of men are powerless to effect is to a majority of men of science a wholly unthinkable proposition. That the uniformities of visible Nature cease to be uniformities at the intrusion of unseen beings is also an unthinkable proposition to this class of minds ; and hence the debate is likely to go on forever. It simply cannot be settled. The skepticism of the man who denies the authenticity of the asserted phenomena in spiritualism springs from the most absolute belief in the constancy of the laws of Nature as they have been verified through all time, and by the experience of the great body of mankind ; and this faith cannot be disturbed by anything less broadly established and less essentially convincing.

CONSIDERABLE has recently been said about the poetry of the future, the intimation being that poets are hereafter to find a new inspiration in the wonders of science, a fresh supply of material for illustration, comparison,

and speculation, in the marvels of Nature that science has unfolded and is continually unfolding for us. Notwithstanding the sneer with which this doctrine is received in many quarters, we think there is something in it. It is quite true that the wonders of science are no new things in the world, but the imaginative side of science—its marvels, its mysteries, its discoveries, its harmonies, its profundities, the immense reach of speculative thought which it opens—has only recently taken active hold of the poetic and the popular mind. It has hitherto been assumed in an off-hand manner that science means simply the mathematical and the exact: it has not been fully perceived, so far as its uses for imaginative work are concerned, that its methods, however cold and formal, have been unfolding the marvelous and giving scope for the constructive to an extent that no other intellectual process has equaled. The poet has seen innumerable charms in all the familiar things about him—in the air, the sky, the sunset, the meadow-grasses, the brook, the forest-leaves, the rocks—but has been heedless of the stranger beauties and the breathless marvels pertaining to these things that science has been revealing. It is this new knowledge that is to enter into poetry, according to the belief of some hopeful persons, and give it fresh significance. Poetry must always largely deal with the emotional in the future as it has dealt with it in the past—the human passions must always be its dominant theme. But the new fields of knowledge always opening to the poet enlarge his horizon, equip him with new ideas for his imagery; and in this way doubtless the poetry of the future is to attain a measure of distinctiveness derived from the scientific tendency of the age—not by making it pedantic, harsh, or mathematical, but by lending it new color, so to speak, and fresh conditions of thought.

ONE of the religious journals is very much puzzled to understand what there is in the story, "That Husband of Mine," to justify its immense popularity. It is rather strange that it should have gone to the contents of the book in search for the explanation of the

phenomenon, if phenomenon it is. As the critic accurately says, the book referred to "is a vivacious, rather humorous, well-written story of domestic life;" but there are many other books quite as noteworthy for these qualities, the sales of which have scarcely paid the printers' bills. The reason of the great success of "That Husband of Mine" lies almost wholly outside of its covers: it is not due to anything for which the author is to be held responsible at all, excepting the title. Given at any time a catching title, enough merit to rescue the volume from dullness, and an abundance of ingenious advertising, and what trifle of the kind could not be forced into large circulation? There must, however, be comparatively a taking phrase in the title, as well as extensive placarding, to secure the result: divorce one from the other, and a different story would be the consequence. It is unfortunate enough that success can be won in this easy, off-hand way, for on all sides thoroughly sound and worthy literary work lies neglected, while this dashing sketch takes wholesale possession of the public. We should remember, however, that a success of this nature is mainly obtained with that crude multitude who commonly are readers of nothing but newspapers, who have neither scholarship nor taste, and who never enter the domain of literature except to secure a little idle amusement. The true literary public—the established body of book-readers—is not responsible for these sensational successes—successes which have an unfavorable influence upon many writers, who are too often by their false glamour seduced from earnest and worthy work to the manufacture of inferior but quickly marketable literature. It may be said in defense of many literary trifles that they carry brightness and cheer into many households. All books ought to do this, and at the same time do more—give tone to the mind, elevation to the imagination, warmth to the heart. Let us have, if possible, truly good books that sell by the hundred thousand—books that unite with a power to please a force that cultivates—books that may afford delight to the multitude without lowering the dignity of letters.

Books of the Day.

FEW literary workers of our day, or of any period, in fact, have pursued so steadily and consistently a line of effort early marked out as Mr. Francis Parkman. At the age of eighteen, as he tells us in one of his prefaces, he formed the purpose of writing on French-American history, and at once began the study of localities and the collection of materials. In his original scheme he meant to limit himself to the great contest which brought that history to a close; but as his investigations proceeded his plan was gradually extended so as to cover the whole field of French colonial experiences in the New World. Of the series of works thus conceived, four volumes have appeared from time to time, and have easily secured a foremost place in the small body of standard historical literature that America has produced. The fifth volume, entitled "Count Frontenac and New France

under Louis XIV.,"¹ is just issued, and falls to our lot to be described.

In the first place, it is observable that at the stage of his narrative which Mr. Parkman has now reached there is less of that charm of romantic adventure and daring achievement which rendered his earlier volumes so delightful to read, and comparatively little of that heroism of character which was evoked among the sturdy pioneers by the hard conditions of their contest with savage Nature. On the other hand, the narrative emerges from its local and personal narrowness of range, and takes on the gravity of a national struggle and an international interest. Under Count Frontenac occurred the first seri-

¹ Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV. By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo, pp. 463.

ous collision between the two rival powers who in the seventeenth century were colonizing North America, and it was then first perceived by both French and English that the question at issue involved nothing less than national ascendancy on this continent. The French were the first to grasp its true significance, and Frontenac's rule saw the inauguration of that "grand scheme of military occupation by which France strove to envelop and hold in check the industrial populations of the English colonies." The English contented themselves for the most part with a verbal assertion of their right to all the territory from their settlements "westward to the Pacific;" but New York, which toward the close of the century had begun to rise decidedly in influence and power, stirred up the deadly Iroquois against the Canadians and their Indian allies, and the destructive inroads of these renowned confederates compelled the French in mere self-defense to direct their arms against the frontier. The border raids to which these troubles gave rise extended from the shores of Lake Ontario to the coast of Maine, and the story of them fills one of the most tragic chapters in the history of English colonization in America; while the abortive expeditions of Sir William Phips and Peter Schuyler against Quebec involved their projectors in financial embarrassments scarcely less disastrous than the material losses which they caused, and destroyed that military prestige which was so essential to the maintenance of peace with the savage hordes of the frontier. The period covered by Mr. Parkman in his present work is the one when the star of France in the New World was at its brightest, and, though deeply interesting in all its details, is to English readers perhaps the least agreeable page in our colonial annals.

The chief interest of the narrative, however, centres in the person of Count Frontenac, of whom Mr. Parkman says that "a more remarkable figure, in its bold and salient individuality and sharply-marked light and shadow, is nowhere seen in American history," and, in another place, that he was "the most remarkable man who ever represented the crown of France in the New World." It is of the essence of Mr. Parkman's literary method to give prominence rather to vivid personal details, anecdotes of character, picturesque episodes which serve to throw a side-light upon the time, and illustrative sketches of manners and modes of life cited from contemporary chronicles, than to that formal record of events which usually engages the attention of historians; and his work not only furnishes us with a life-like portrait of a singularly striking and picturesque character, but reflects back to us as from a magic mirror such a picture of the age of Louis XIV.—a picture embracing such dramatic contrasts as the gorgeous court-life of Versailles and the sickening horrors of an Indian cannibal-feast amid the desolate fastnesses of the Western wilderness—as cannot be found elsewhere. Seldom has the career of a great leader of men been portrayed in such animated style, and the novelist would have reason to complain who should be asked to produce something which, merely as a narrative, should prove as fascinating to the reader.

The vast collections of material which have accumulated upon his hands, the labor and research involved in their sifting and arrangement, and the slow progress which a work necessarily makes which demands such wide-reaching study of original documents, seem to have at last awakened in Mr. Parkman the apprehension that he may not be able to carry out his task in its entirety; and it is announced that the next volume of the series will pass over an intervening period of less decisive importance, and tell of "Montcalm and the Fall of New

France." No living writer could depict this great catastrophe as Mr. Parkman will depict it, and we may feel grateful that he has not left the most important portion of his work to the doubtful chances of the future; but all who have the honor of American literature at heart will join us in the hope that the author may live to fill in all the outlines of his original scheme.

As a companion-volume to Wallace's "Russia" and Baker's "Turkey," which have already become standard works, Messrs. Holt & Co. offer "Egypt As It Is," by J. C. McCoan.¹ Mr. McCoan has long been a resident in the Levant, is favorably known to the world of letters as editor of the *Levant Herald*, has made a special study of Eastern politics and society, and, in collecting materials for the present work, has spent a considerable portion of the last three years in Egypt, where he received that generous and effective help which it seems to be the settled policy of the khedive's government to extend to inquiring foreigners. His work is by far the best interpretation of modern Egypt that has yet been made in English, and is well worthy of a place in the library beside the two volumes that have preceded it in the series. It is less systematic and exhaustive than Mr. Wallace's incomparable work on Russia, less entertaining and also less discursive than Colonel Baker's animated narrative of personal observations and experiences in Turkey; but in the special field which the author has chosen for treatment it meets a want which has been but feebly supplied by any or all of the numerous books of which Egypt in some of its many aspects has been the subject.

It will be easier, perhaps, to define what this special field is by pointing out what the book is *not* than by describing in detail what it *is*. In the first place, then, it is not historical—the antiquities of the country, which, as the author says, have been exhaustively described by a hundred pens from Strabo to the last edition of Murray's "Hand-book," being scarcely referred to, and then only as fortifying an inference or illustrating a conclusion. In the second place, it says very little of the social life of Egypt, for the sufficient reasons that to describe this at all adequately would require a volume to itself, and that Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians," though written as long ago as 1835, still affords a faithful and vivid portraiture of the manners and customs of both Arab and Copt, notwithstanding the superficial changes that have been recently produced by the spread of education and the influence of a much larger European element in the population. In the third place, it is not a record of that Egyptian travel and Nile-voyaging to which a whole literature has been devoted, nor a summary of the explorations and expeditions by which the sway of the khedive has been nominally carried into the very heart of those remote regions which lie beneath the equator in the interior of the continent. What Mr. McCoan has aimed to furnish is "a comprehensive account of the economical state of the country *as it is*"—of that New Egypt "which has risen, not on the ruins of, but side by side with the imperishable old, railways and telegraphs, sugar-factories and cotton-gins, mingling not incongruously with pyramids, rock-tombs, temples, and hieroglyphs dating from before Abraham."

In so far as the work enters the domain of history, it is an account of the circumstances under which Mehemet Ali established the present government, of the various modifications in the relations between Egypt and the

¹ Egypt As It Is. By J. C. McCoan. With a Map taken from the Most Recent Survey. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. xv.-417.

Porte which have been brought about by his successors, and of the dynastic changes by which the Western principle of direct descent has been substituted for the common Oriental usage of descent to eldest agnate; but even these important events are only briefly summarized, and the author's attention is mainly concentrated upon the reign of the present khedive, and especially upon the actually existing internal and external condition of Egypt Proper, as he calls that portion of the khedive's territory which lies between the Mediterranean and the First Cataract. Perhaps the best way to indicate the scope and character of the work will be to quote the headings of the various chapters, which are as follows: "Territory," "Population," "Cities and Towns," "Egypt and the Porte," "Administration," "Finances," "The Dairas," "Commerce," "Agriculture," "Public Instruction," "Public Works" (including the Suez Canal), "Judicial Reforms," "Manufacturing and Other Industries," "Slavery," "Fauna and Flora," "Climate," and "The Sudan." The last-named chapter describes briefly but clearly the successive steps by which the vast interior equatorial districts have been annexed to Egypt; and a number of appendices contain tabulated accounts of the viceregal family, of Egyptian currency, weights and measures, and calendars, of the cost of living in Egypt, of foreign trade, and of the financial decrees. *A propos* of the latter, the text of Mr. Cave's now celebrated report on the financial condition of Egypt is given in full.

Great labor has evidently been bestowed upon the statistical portion of the book, such data being, of course, much more difficult to procure in a country like Egypt than in countries where the methods of civilization have been longer in practice. The tone of the work is temperate and discriminating—hearty admiration of the khedive's character and apparent purposes being qualified in Mr. McCoan's mind by a keen perception of the mistakes which he has made in several matters of vast moment to his people. The style, though lacking in animation, is always lucid and precise, and, even when dealing with statistical and administrative details, never quite reaches the level of tediousness. The excellent map with which the volume is provided, better than any yet published, depicts Egypt from the Mediterranean to the equator.

THE initial volume of the "No-Name Series" was sufficiently promising to cause the reader of it to look forward with considerable curiosity to a second story by the same author; and certainly the author has not been dilatory in providing the means for gratifying that curiosity. Now that we have the story, however, it is difficult to say whether the result is a disappointment or a vindication of the expectations based upon the earlier work. "Hetty's Strange History"¹ is in several respects a superior performance to "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," and shows that the author has made considerable progress in what may be called the technical portions of the novelist's art; but, on the other hand, there are the same bare repulsiveness in the social and mental atmosphere, the same perversity in the ethical standards, the same provincial tone of thought, and the same apparent inability to understand what are the really attractive qualities of human character. Hetty Gunn, the heroine, is evidently supposed by the author to be a winning sort of person with a predominant strain of the heroic and the noble in her character; but there are few, we imagine, to whom she would prove personally agreeable, and the

spirit of self-abnegation which should have been her redeeming feature, and which wins the author's allegiance, proves in its practical results the most unenviable of her qualities. Though it is denounced from the beginning, and visited in the sequel with a certain measure of retribution, the author has evidently never grasped the full enormity of the act which constitutes the crucial event in Hetty's strange history. The motive of that act is so pure, or at least so free from any apparent taint of selfishness, and the evil of its consequences was so counterbalanced in one direction by good, that the true standard of conduct that should apply to it is completely lost sight of, and the author seems to imply that the goodness or otherwise of motive is the sole test of the quality of an act. Such a theory of morals, however, overlooks the fact that in his best estate man is a reasoning animal as well as a feeling one, and that a wickedly-perverted judgment is quite as bad in its nature and in its consequences as perverted feelings. The author labors hard in the heroine's behalf, but in spite of all refinements the real nature of her conduct is revealed by the unmistakable shock with which the reader receives the closing intimation that Hetty is a real person and her history a true one. There was no marked repulsion while we could look upon the narrative as an imaginary picture of the curious transformations which good and evil sometimes undergo in human life, but with the suggestion that it is real men and women with whom we are confronted, there arises a keen indignation against Hetty not unmingled with contempt.

The leading male character of the story is a more pleasing conception than the Stephen White of the earlier book, but it is drawn with far less minuteness of detail and has less of individual flavor. The minor characters, however, are admirably drawn, and show that the author's real forte lies in depicting local manners and mannerisms. There is an unmistakable verisimilitude in the sketches of Welbury society, and almost any of the more sequestered New England villages could easily furnish their prototypes. The absence of anything like scenic picturesqueness in the accessories is even more marked in this than in the earlier story, but its absence harmonizes well with the character of the narrative, about which there is a curious *intensity* which would be wearying, perhaps, if the story were longer, but which furnishes an agreeable stimulus during the two or three hours required for perusing the book. Altogether, it may be fairly said that the author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" has sustained, if she has not increased, her reputation.

FULL of instruction for all who would beautify and improve their homes in a rational and effective manner, is Colonel Waring's little volume on "Village Improvements and Farm Villages."¹ It contains four papers which have already appeared nearly in their present form in one or two of the magazines; and though they are slight in texture, as periodical literature is often apt to be, they are well worthy of being preserved in more permanent and accessible shape. The first paper deals more particularly with the work to be done by "Village Improvement Associations," like that of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and points out the best manner of doing it—containing, among other extremely valuable suggestions, a complete outline of the regulations and methods of work which such associations are likely to find most

¹ No-Name Series. Hetty's Strange History. By the author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 291.

¹ Village Improvements and Farm Villages. By George E. Waring, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 18mo, pp. 200.

conducive to the ends in view. The second paper is supplementary to the first, and treats of village sanitary work, pointing out the best methods of disposing of sewage and the other refuse matters which human life inevitably produces in considerable quantities. Both these papers are of an eminently practical character, telling, with the precision and distinctness of an accomplished engineer, how to construct roads and sidewalks, how to secure and manage the public water-supply, how to lay out and adorn parks and public squares, how to encourage the aesthetic tastes of individual property-owners, and in general how to secure the maximum of healthfulness and beauty with the minimum of expenditure. Careful economy both of money and trouble is the primary consideration in all the advice given, and there is many an occasion when acquaintance with these two essays would save money for the individual householder as well as for the collective village treasury. The two remaining papers are an attempt to solve the long-discussed questions, "How to improve the condition of the American farmer," and "How to keep the boys on the farm." Colonel Waring finds the solution in an approximation of farmer-life here to that which prevails in the older agricultural countries of Europe, where such a thing as our isolated and solitary farm-houses is almost unknown, and where the cultivators of a given region cluster together in some central spot, and thus secure all the advantages of a common village-life. The most repellent feature of farm-life, according to the author, is not the hard work which it involves, and the comparatively scanty returns, but the "loneliness and dullness of the isolated farm-house," the lack of interesting companionship, and the absence of that frequent and constant social intercourse which is the primary condition of refined and happy existence, and which young people in particular will not easily reconcile themselves to dispense with. "Farm villages" would remove most if not all of those objections to the career of a farmer which are driving its best blood into other pursuits, and thus causing a sure and inevitable degeneration of the class; and Colonel Waring presents two practical and practicable plans for farming and villages: 1. In unsettled or newly-settled localities; and, 2. In the older farming sections. The economical and social arguments for and against this scheme are carefully weighed; there is no attempt to ignore or belittle the difficulties in the way of its realization; and, as the author has himself long been a practical farmer, he reasonably claims to speak with authority.

ANOTHER collection of Colonel Waring's essays which may be profitably read in connection with the foregoing is published in a little volume of Van Nostrand's "Science Series." ¹ It contains a paper on "The Sanitary Condition of Country Houses," read before the American Public Health Association, at its meeting in Boston, in 1876; another on "The Sanitary Condition of City Houses," read before the Public Health Association of New York; and liberal extracts from correspondence between Mr. Waring and two well-known architects on "The Disposal of the Liquid Waste of Country Houses." All the questions raised are of the first importance, and they are discussed not in the manner of a theorist, but from the purely practical standpoint of a sanitary engineer. The conditions of congregated human life being what they are, how can we, by a moderate expenditure, reduce to a minimum the dangers which they

involve?—this is the problem to the solution of which the author addresses himself, and there can be no doubt that, if builders and householders were familiar with his little book, our homes both in city and country would speedily become fitter abodes for civilized human beings. One especially valuable feature of these papers is that the information which they aim to impart is conveyed in such clear and precise terms that no one can misunderstand it. Perhaps the chief obstacle in the way of sanitary improvement arises from the fact that, after a householder has been convinced of its importance, he does not know what practical methods are necessary to secure it, and does know that it is useless to seek aid from the average plumber or architect, who is seldom possessed of any higher grade of knowledge than that required by a master-mechanic. In such cases Colonel Waring's specific suggestions will prove peculiarly helpful, as they enable us to say exactly what we want, and leave nothing for the workman to apply except his manipulative skill.

SUCH a story as "Gérard's Marriage" ¹ must be a genuine revelation to those who entertain the conventional ideas about the frivolity, artificiality, and moral perversity, of French imaginative literature. It is as fresh and charming in its idyllic simplicity as Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," and the pure atmosphere of its love-making presents as agreeable a contrast to the overstrained passion and thinly-disguised sensualism of current English fiction as to the feverish performances in moral anatomy which distinguish what may be called the Parisian school of novelists. It is a story of provincial life in a sense that "Samuel Brohl and Company" was not, the latter being a view of that life as seen from a Parisian standpoint, while M. Theuriet portrays it in the tender and delicate tints of one who is thoroughly familiar with it and who loves it. The heroine, it is true, takes many of her characteristics and a good deal of her piquant charm from the fact that she has participated in *la vie Parisienne*, but her essential qualities are those of an amiable and lovely girl, the freshness of whose feelings is unimpaired by any social contamination, while all the other characters have the full provincial flavor. In dimensions the story appears to be little more than a sketch, and the reader in taking it up will hardly expect to find any very careful character-drawing, but M. Theuriet is a skillful artist whose slightest touch tells upon the general effect, and, before fifty pages are finished, we have made the acquaintance of a whole village society whose several constituent members are as clearly discriminated as the most labored creations of the modern English school. Next to its interest as a story, the most attractive feature of the work is its picturesqueness; and by this we do not mean merely its truthful descriptions of natural scenery, but the faculty which it exhibits on the part of the author of seeing and presenting an imagined situation with the vividness and precision of an actual picture. It would be easy to find in its pages material for half a dozen of those "interiors" and bits of *genre* for which another branch of French art is so famous. Judging from this little story, the rigidity of French social forms is not so great as to leave no room for an artistic contrast between the severely-proper heroine and the unconventional young lady whose purity of intention and serene consciousness of power to attract are apt to bring her into collision with the barriers which propriety has interposed between young men and maidens.

¹ The Sanitary Condition in City and Country Dwelling-Houses. By George E. Waring, Jr. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 18mo, pp. 145.

¹ Gérard's Marriage. Translated from the French of André Theuriet. Collection of Foreign Authors, No. 2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 252.

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"To the old dear days in the meadows sweet,
With the cowslip and primrose in their prime."

"In the Art-Gallery," page 523.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE RHINE.

THE Rheinwald Glacier—an immense white wall of snow, ice, and rock; in this wall a small aperture, out of which flows a modest little fountain—that is the source, or, as the Germans say, the

volume and interest as it approaches the ample bosom of the sea.

It has two principal arms, the Upper and the Lower Rhine, which unite at Reichenau. A third



THE RHEINWALD GLACIER.

Ursprung, of the noble river which is unsurpassed in richness of historical associations, natural beauties, and poetic legends. From this birthplace in the mountainous regions of Switzerland's perpetual snows the stream wanders for hundreds of miles, gathering

and smaller arm, which rises at Lukmanier and empties itself at Dissentis, is described as the Middle Rhine. While the course of the last is without any great importance, that of each of the others offers a picture which captivates us equally from an artistic

as from an historical point of view ; and it is the lower branch that breaks out of the glacier where we stand.

At the very beginning of its course, scarcely half a mile distant from its source, the battle of this young stream with the old boulders may be seen in earnest : it is hurled precipitously into an abyss of yawning depth ; the rocks cover it, it has vanished, it is buried—choked. It looks almost as if the rocks would imprison it anew ; the thunder of its roar echoes above as it wrestles for life and for freedom, but it cuts its way victoriously through ; and, as the infant Hercules strangled the two snakes, so has the Rhine in its cradle conquered the two great powers that endangered its existence — namely, Ice and Rock. Its childhood is an augur of its giant future. Even the names which accompany its origin have a mystic grandeur, for the mountain-plain which lies opposite the source of the Lower Rhine is called "Paradise," and the abyss into which it falls is called "Hell."

The first elevated plain through which it flows is called the Rheinwald Valley, and the first village we meet with bears the name of the young stream. In spite of the lofty and rugged situation, we are surrounded by the most beautiful woods of fir and larch. The inhabitants are descended from the time of Barbarossa, who colonized the valley with Germans, in order to guard the old military road over the Alps. But much more remote traces of human life are found, for in places where the earth has been washed and worn away by the elements primitive household utensils have been found, and in one spot which is more fully exposed a Roman temple must have stood. In fact, it is believed that the glacier in the Rheinwald Valley has considerably increased in the course of centuries, and that the climate was formerly much milder than it is now. There have been found nests of birds which have not built there within the memory of man. Swallows and jays have migrated forever ; only the sparrow-hawk, gray as the rock on which it builds its eyrie, circles in fitful flight high over our heads ; only the rock-falcon pecks, and flits, and skims shyly away when it becomes aware of the presence of man.

Out of this solitude we step on to the next lower plateau into the Schamser Valley, through which the celebrated Splügen Pass leads from Chur to Chiavenna. The pass was opened in 1822 ; but the Romans were acquainted with it. From November 27 to December 4, 1800, General Macdonald led his division, which was to cover the flank of the Italian army commanded by Brune, over it during a severe snow-storm, whole columns of troops being precipitated into the abyss by avalanches. Until 1818 it was only a bridle-path, but in 1819-'21 the Austrian Government caused the present road to be built.

The powers of Nature which were active enough here centuries ago to tear a yawning cleft in the close wall of rock inspire us, even at the present day, with thoughts of terror. The stone-walls of the pass rise precipitously for two thousand feet, and

sink perpendicularly an equal distance from the road ; the space between is so narrow that it seems as though the rocks on either side could be grasped by the hand. This gaping slit reaches for miles, going straight through the mountain-mass, and is the only foot-path for those living on either side. The sky hangs heavy above, the river foams beneath. For four centuries men wearied themselves with seeking an answer to the question as to how a road was to be made through this rugged pass. The rocks were blasted, the river bridged, and, wherever avalanches threatened, substantial galleries were built, under which, at the present time, the heavily-laden mail rushes with its jingling team. The one yawning gap is visible ; but what immeasurable, invisible gaps lie between the past and the present ! Formerly intercourse was carried on almost entirely by means of pack-horses, four hundred of which often came through the village of Splügen in the course of a week. Then small carts with low, broad wheels were built ; but more than one of these broke through the slender hand-rail and were hurled into the abyss.

At the Rongella Ravine we have passed Zillis, and the end of the Via Mala, as the pass is called, is near. The tunnel, through which we pass hurriedly, is called the Verlorenes Loch (the Forlorn Hole) ; then we look down on Thusis, which lies smiling in the valley below, with the Heinzenberg towering above it. As soon as we have passed through the huge gate of the Via Mala we reach a fresh stage of the road lying on a lower level, for the whole course of the Lower Rhine resembles a colossal terrace of three gigantic steps—namely, the Rheinwald Valley, the Schamser Valley, and the Domleschger Valley.

Through the last the road is rich in artistic beauty and in historical associations. Here are crowded together those proud castles which were reared by ecclesiastical and worldly power for the domination of the oppressed people ; and here raged at its maddest that struggle for possession which included not only the property but also the liberty of the subject. Full twenty castles crown the heights round this lovely valley—castles among whose ruins lies hid the history of a century. The monastery of Katzis, which stands high up on the mountain, was founded as early as the year 680 by a Countess of Realta, whom tradition gives as wife to the Bishop of Chur. Realta itself carries its origin as far back as the sixth century before Christ, when it is said to have been built by the Tuscan prince Rhætus. How boldly all these names sound in our ears—Ortenstein and Juvalta, and, above all, Rhæzuns, which rises from the bare, wave-washed rock ! This last was for a long time the most hated bulwark against the liberty of the people ; for the lords of Rhæzuns who had been ennobled by the Emperor Sigismund were members of the "Black League" formed by the nobles in opposition to the "Gray Covenant" (Grisons). The feud between these two parties raged long, until, by a bold inroad into the Schamser Valley, the Covenanters overcame the nobles.

At the point of the road which we have now

reached the character of the landscape surrounding us grows softer. The distant heights still lower over us, and dark pine-woods cover the mountains; but in the valley there stirs a warm air, in which the finest fruits ripen, the fields are heavy with golden grain, and substantial white houses stand about the green meadows.

The contrast on emerging from the ravine of the *Via Mala* is truly striking, and we become sensible of a feeling of relief. There the awful solitude, the sombre colors, and the barren rock, almost oppressed us; while here we have a peaceful path, sublime without wildness, and rich in details without losing

the great stream is, and what mighty powers are at work here.

The origin and course of the Upper Rhine are less solemn than those of the Lower, but still of exquisite beauty. Solitude surrounds the source, gray bowlders are scattered about, and the grass sprouts sparsely between the mighty masses. No human foot-fall, no sound of life, no ray of sunlight greets us, and only by straining the eye forward and upward can the deep blue of the distant sky be distinguished. And there springs out of this deep, dead solitude the life of a river. The country is the Grisons, the wildest canton of Switzerland,



ZILLIS.

itself in insignificance. Through the midst of this verdure the Rhine flows on, becoming deep and strong, though still in every sense a mountain-stream—for no boatman would venture on it—but its bed has become broader, and over its youthful vigor there lie a certain repose and dignity.

The course which the Lower Rhine travels from its source to its junction at Reichenau does not amount to more than fifteen miles, but the height through which it falls within that distance, over the three huge valley-steps, shut in by the ravine, is nearly four thousand feet. A comparison of these figures will give the best idea how turbulent the youth of

where, even at the present time, the eagle soars and the bear crawls through the clefts. We are in the midst of that rocky mountain-chain over which the St. Gothard towers. The glaciers are ranged around, covered with eternal snow—Crispalt and Badus, and, in the distance, Furka. It is the original water-shed between the stormy North Sea and the smiling Mediterranean. It is one of those wonderful places where Nature hides her mightiest work in solitude.

Three streamlets form the source of the Upper Rhine. One comes straight down from the crag, the second flows timidly along the earth, the third

forces its way through the rocks. The small basin where they first unite is called Lake Toma. Its length is scarcely more than three hundred paces, and its breadth scarcely two hundred ; its depth also



ORTENSTEIN.

is inconsiderable ; but the dark mirror stands out in wondrous beauty of color, and from the clefts an Alpine flower peeps, here and there, among the snow. The waters gather quietly, and prepare, as it were, for a rush down over the stony mountains to Chiamunt and Selva, until the Middle Rhine flows into them at Dissentis. This village itself lies deep in the valley ; the sound of the vesper-bell comes down from the chapel which stands up among the green meadows.

Dissentis was not always so lonely as it is at the present day. For a whole century after Attila, the "Great Scourge of God," had been carried to his grave, dispersed bands of his nomadic army hung about the neighborhood, until the Rhaetians conspired against them and exterminated them to the last man. On the hills which surround the village the disciples of St. Benedict built themselves a dwelling-place, which they inhabited for more than a thousand years, hidden among the peaceful moun-

tains, far away from the stream of time and history. Then time came to them in the shape of the wild soldiers of the Republic, with their flapping tricolors, who burned down their village and destroyed their cloisters.

Although the Rhine does not always run beside us on the path which now leads us from Dissentis to Ilanz, it is still our guide, for, even where we cannot see it because of the fir-woods and rocks which hide it from our view, we nevertheless hear close beside us the roar with which it beats out its foamy path. On the road we meet with little villages, often composed of only a few weather-beaten cottages ; at one a mountain-stream rushes down from the hills, and at another the beat of a forge-hammer rings through the silent depths of the wood. Trout is very fine here, some weighing as much as twenty pounds each being caught at times.

Just before we enter the village street of Truns there stands the trunk of a renowned old tree ; it was once a maple with rustling boughs, under which, more than four hundred years ago, assembled the founders of the "Gray Covenant," who gave their name to this part of the country. The little chapel which stands just above is consecrated to its memory. Whatever relics of that time remain in the way of records and treaties, are preserved in the old court-house at Ilanz, the first town on the bank of the Rhine.

The road has already lost much of its former roughness ; it leads over broad, green meadows studded with thick alder-trees, and even the hamlets that lie away from it have a sweet charm that induces us to loiter. Where it takes a wide sweep to the left, is the little village of Flims ; on every side are murmuring streams running to the Rhine. Before us lies the Flimser Lake, with its pale-green water—a sunny idyl, where the herdsman lies dreaming in the rich grass, with his charges pasturing lazily beside him. But the river lies away to the right ; we can hear the sound of its ripple coming over the summit of the wood, while now and then an island covered with trees rises out of the stream, or the ruins of a fallen castle look down on us from the heights.

We meet more than once with the scenes of a cruel period of oppression. Prominent among them is Upper Truns, the history of which reaches back to the time of the Merovingians. The village lies deep below the castle, leaning as it were timidly on the slope of the mountains. And now the landscape again begins to change. The broad masses of wood are drawn thickly together on the banks of the stream, and it is veiled in sombre color. We no longer wander through the open valley, as at Ilanz, shaded by hazel and maple boughs, but a dark pine-wood environs us. The waves rush forward with new power, with fresh impetuosity, as though approaching a long-desired goal, as though longing for a speedy reunion. Already a strange, exciting element mixes its darker waves with the light, transparent green peculiar to the waters of the Upper Rhine. We are near the mouth of the Lower Rhine, and the back

flow of its waters reaches far up the other stream. The noise of the waves grows louder, and from out the surrounding verdure peeps a castle with proud battlements. Pressing on, the waters reach the two bridges of Reichenau, the first of which, a quaint, wooden structure, from which wheels and footsteps echo like thunder, spans the Upper Rhine only; while the second lies farther down, where the two streams have already joined: the one, light, green, and clear—for its course was serene; the other with a darker tide—for its path, the *Via Mala*, was one of strife and storm. But now it is over; they are two brothers who, after long separation, meet and recognize each other. Now they will go through life united—henceforth the world has but one Rhine.

The Bishops of Chur were once the lords of Reichenau, and it was they who built the old castle, which afterward became the property of the lords of Planta. If we visit the beautiful, thickly-grown garden, we stand opposite the junction of the two arms of the Rhine. The walls of the castle have offered a shelter to many renowned guests. In the college such scholars as Benjamin Constant were educated, and among the teachers has been found even a crowned head—he who was afterward the citizen-king, Louis Philippe. His appointment happened in a curious way. Herr Chabaud, to whom it had been awarded by the principal of the establishment, was unexpectedly absent; so the young fugitive took his name and his office, after having successfully passed a difficult examination. The departments he undertook were history, geography, mathematics, and the French language. His salary amounted to only four hundred francs.

Just beyond Reichenau is Ems, and beyond Ems is Chur, the capital of the canton of the Grisons, a "gray," weather-beaten mountain-town. We see before us old Roman towers with enigmatical names, a church that has stood for more than a thousand years, narrow streets over whose stony pavements the heavy mail rumbles, and, towering over all, is the lofty Kalanda. Foreign sounds greet our ears on every side, for here is the centre where all the roads of the Grisons meet, here is the gathering-point of all that immense traffic which goes over the Splügen and St. Bernard to the south.

The history of the town is as gloomy as its walls, which in the time of the Romans bore the name of *Curia Rhetorum*. The Emperor Constantine set up his winter-quarters here, which first led to the enlarging of the city; and here, as early as 451, Christianity was established. The Bishop's Palace stands high, and, together with the cathedral and the buildings belonging to it, has almost the appearance

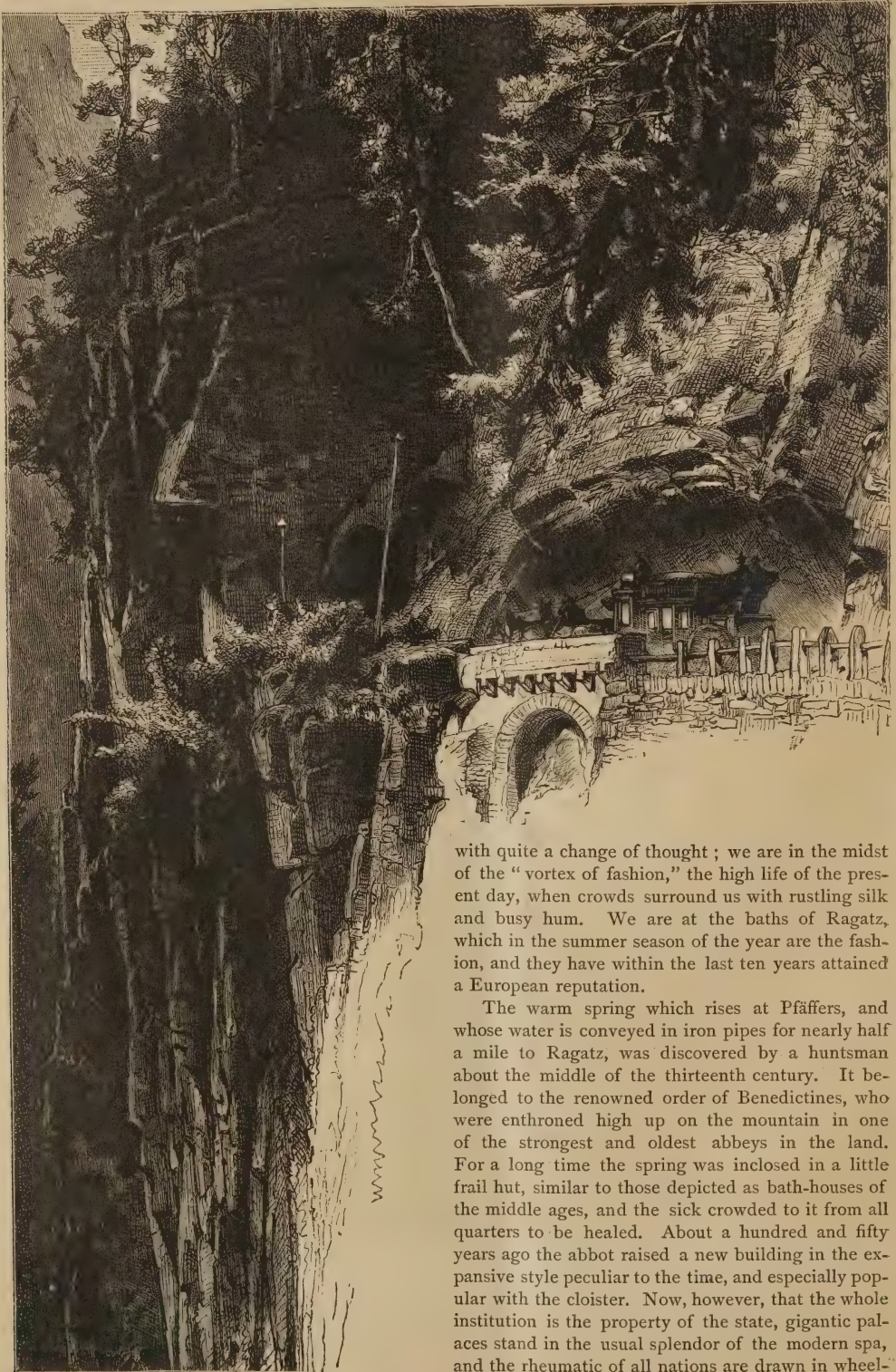
of a bold fortress. In the quarter of the town which surrounds this priestly stronghold the Catholics still preponderate. In the lower town—which is rich in original architecture, in pointed gables and dark archways—active, arduous life abounds, and the houses reach far into the valley, out of which the river Plessur rushes to the Rhine. The population, which two hundred years ago was exclusively Romansch, the town being called not Chur, but Cuera, is now considerably changed, and a large industrial trade is carried on.

Beyond Chur we meet as before with witnesses of the period of national tyranny: lonely castles, whose very names announce the hardness and insolence which dwelt in them—Krottenstein, Haldenstein, Liechtenstein—frown on us as we quietly fol-



JUVALTA.

low our path along the valley, thinking here of a song, there of a beautiful maiden who once looked down from those balconies. Passing on, however, we soon find ourselves in quite a different scene, and



THE FORLORN HOLE.

with quite a change of thought ; we are in the midst of the "vortex of fashion," the high life of the present day, when crowds surround us with rustling silk and busy hum. We are at the baths of Ragatz, which in the summer season of the year are the fashion, and they have within the last ten years attained a European reputation.

The warm spring which rises at Pfäfers, and whose water is conveyed in iron pipes for nearly half a mile to Ragatz, was discovered by a huntsman about the middle of the thirteenth century. It belonged to the renowned order of Benedictines, who were enthroned high up on the mountain in one of the strongest and oldest abbeys in the land. For a long time the spring was inclosed in a little frail hut, similar to those depicted as bath-houses of the middle ages, and the sick crowded to it from all quarters to be healed. About a hundred and fifty years ago the abbot raised a new building in the expansive style peculiar to the time, and especially popular with the cloister. Now, however, that the whole institution is the property of the state, gigantic palaces stand in the usual splendor of the modern spa, and the rheumatic of all nations are drawn in wheel-chairs along its promenade.

But there is, besides this outward comfort, a beauty of Nature, which also silently exerts its healing power. The Flascherberg, covered here and there with dark woods amid cloven rock, looks down into the valley through which the Rhine rushes hastily; and above the rock, the snowy summit of the Falknis shines with silver brightness. That deep cutting over which the road leads to Bregenz, fortified with a strong bulwark, opposite the imperial frontier, is the St. Lucienstieg; the two castles whose ruins peep down from among the bushes are Freudenberg and Nidberg. The latter is particularly rich in legends, one among them being especially known by its gloomy fascination and the passion which it reveals. The Knight of Nidberg was dreaded far and wide; his towers seemed to be inaccessible, and his strength invincible, whenever an enemy attempted to besiege him. But that which valor had not been able to achieve was accomplished by the

elements. There they could see into the open chamber, where the invincible knight lay sleeping; the gentle breeze played in at the window, and the full moonlight fell on the closed lids and heaving breast. It was scarcely five paces across, but neither bridge nor hand stretched over the yawning abyss which parted the sleeper and his foe; but the arrow has wings, and will find neither the abyss too deep nor the way too long. "Fix your arrow, and aim true," whispered the enraged woman in the foeman's ear. For a moment he stood half terrified on the edge of the rock, so powerful was the form of the sleeper; but then the whirring bolt sped through the window, it struck its aim, and the knight passed from life to death.

If Ragatz with all its splendor makes a delightful impression on us, the grandeur which we meet with in its wildest form as soon as we have passed Pfäfers does so still more. Here the Tamina, which



UPPER TRUNS.

treachery of a woman, driven to revenge by outraged love. She well knew his chamber and his deep slumbers; and she led the foe by a secret path up the steep castle-hill, till they stood opposite the bat-

falls into the Rhine at Ragatz, has worn itself a path through an awful ravine; and *here*—not outside, in the smiling landscape—lies the secret of the old healing-spring. Dark walls of rock, which rise pre-



MARKET-PLACE OF CHUR.

cipitously on either side, confine the rushing torrent, and have an inexpressibly gloomy appearance, even at summer noon. The narrow, overhanging path, washed by the restless flood, clings painfully to the left. In about three-quarters of an hour we reach the bath-house which the monks have erected here

—a long, dark building, in whose passages the rays of the sun fall but sparsely. There is accommodation here for more than three hundred guests, for it was the only asylum for strangers before Ragatz had developed into a bathing-place.

But we have not yet seen the most impressive

part of the ravine, for the sky still casts its blue gaze down on us, and, though confined, we are yet in open Nature. Behind the bath-house, however, where the path continues for about five hundred steps, we pass right into the interior, into the very bowels of the rock. Here the ravine becomes a chasm, and, even if the July sun be shining outside, it is damp and dark within. On every side we are surrounded by rocks, which appear to threaten us with approaching destruction. We proceed timidly along the wooden path, till suddenly a steaming vapor rushes toward us, and it seems as though it must stifle and kill if we step within the forbidden circle. Not destruction, however, but blessing, rises out of these obscure depths; for here lies the beneficent spring to which thousands owe their restoration to life and health.

If we continue to go northward, we soon reach, at Sargans, the place where, in prehistoric times, there lay a diverging point of the Rhine; for, as many geologists maintain, the course of the river did not originally lead it to Lake Constance, but turned left to Wallenstadt and Zurich, where fewer obstacles lay in its path. This opinion is founded from observations of numerous marks in the rocks, by which the old river-bed may still be identified; and the water-shed between Lake Constance and the Lake of Zurich is, at the present time, so low that it is not difficult to believe this supposition. In the fearful inundation of 1618, as the chronicles tell us, the water-level of the Rhine had already risen so high that it was almost feared that the river would break away a second time to Lake Wallenstadt.

The whole valley which we now pass through, as far as the huge basin of Lake Constance, is called *par excellence* the Rhine Valley. The proud castle of Werdenberg reminds us of the lords who governed it. The tower hangs, like an eyrie, high up on the rock; and here lived the old counts, as quarrelsome and as fond of plundering as the Montforts from whom they sprang. Now, indeed, they have slept for many long years in their stone coffins; but formerly their banners floated proudly on the battlements. The one over Werdenberg was black, that over Sargans was



THE TAMINA.

white, and those of Vorarlberg and Swabia were red. How strange that the colors of the mightiest race that ever ruled on the banks of the young Rhine should compose the banner which, hundreds of years later, set free the stream, and now waves from every steamer that plies down the Rhine to the sea!

But we are reminded, as our feet tread its soil, the great kingdom has forgotten one little spot, and that is the little land of Liechtenstein. For half a century it was the Benjamin of the holy German Confederation; and now, though that good body is dead, no one has adopted the blooming orphan. The five-and-fifty soldiers stand at peace, the faithful subjects live without a state under the castle of Vaduz, with few cares and few taxes, while the father of the country tarries in his Austrian possessions. *Vallis dulcis*—that is the fragrant root from which the name of Vaduz springs.

Very soon we, too, pass over into Austria, indications of which may already be observed in the dark-yellow post before which the grumbling tollman stands, with a pipe in his mouth and paper florins in his pocket.

As we approach Lake Constance the valley grows broader; the mountains recede noticeably, and, in the place of wild beauty striving against cultivation, we have lavish fertility. It is not improbable that, as Strabo relates, in his time the whole Rhine Valley was covered with marshes, between which the stream ran in its deep bed. The land owes its fertility to the deposit of mud which was left behind on hill and valley. Vines were planted in the Rhine Valley as early as 918, and the market-towns scattered at distances in the valley were soon among the most charming places of South Germany. It is true that fire and drought, endless war and discord, intruded among these plenteous blessings; but they could only destroy what was created, and not the creative power which is here specially peculiar to Nature. She gave her gifts willingly, with a full, indeed prodigal, hand; the fields in the valley were covered with heavy crops, and over the hills the vine clambered until, indeed, it became almost unvalued from its very abundance. The time of the vintage was appointed by the common council, and also the price of the wine, which, even at the beginning of our own century, was restricted to seven kreutzers the measure. The supply was, indeed, almost inexhaustible, and the proximity of the Rhine made it impossible to dig cellars which would remain free from water. A great portion of the harvest, therefore, had to be disposed of abroad, especially in the frontier land of Appenzell, which gave in exchange the produce of its cattle. Boats plied to and fro over the stream, and in quite early times the markets which were held by imperial privilege in the Rhine

Valley obtained a fine trade. No ship floated more proudly over the blue surface of Lake Constance than the great market-ship from Rheineck; no other booty was more eagerly watched for by the hunting or pirate ship which cruised about the lake filled with marauding troops.

It was natural that so much wealth and prosperity should strengthen the courage and the self-consciousness of the citizens—and indeed they needed all their courage; for at one time they had to defend themselves against a governor who cruelly oppressed the people, and at another against insolent neighbors who broke over their frontier in company with a foreign power. Then came the Reformation, whose mighty influence was felt even in the most distant valleys. In the middle of the winter of 1528 the people of the Rhine Valley were called upon to say which religion each man would adopt; the alarm-bells were rung, and the new teaching made a triumphal entry to their sound. In the mean time the conflict became more fierce, and the strife of minds became the strife of arms, when the Thirty Years' War broke out in full blaze even in the provinces of the Rhine Valley. The Evangelicals attacked not only the Imperialists, but also their own countrymen; the corpses which the Rhine washed ashore lay unburied all around, food for the famished and maddened dogs. The prices will show to what a pitch famine, and consequently usury and extortion, had risen: the ducat at that time was worth seven florins, and a quarter of corn cost five and a half florins. In the wars of the eighteenth century also the Rhine Valley suffered severely, and it was long before those quiet, blessed days returned of which the river Rhine is now the witness.

The last great stronghold, which stood commandingly at the exit of the valley, was Rheineck—a fortress the possession of which was contested, even in the time of Staufen, by the Bishop of Constance and the Abbot of St. Gall. Now, of the two castles, the one is leveled to the ground, and the vine grows luxuriantly on the hill where it once stood; of the other, nothing but the ruins look down into the valley. But below on the Rhine, which at this place first becomes navigable for large vessels, the little town lies strong and well built. It has a fine hall of commerce for its brisk trade, especially in timber which is floated down from Chur in rafts.

The proximity of the mouth of the river is announced by the depression of the banks, which are covered with thick sedge; barely a mile more, and the noblest of rivers vanishes from our sight, and the blue, shimmering surface of Lake Constance lies before us. The stormy history of the upheaval of this lovely lake is thousands of years old, but its smiling mirror ever greets us with the sparkle of eternal youth.

BY CELIA'S ARBOR :

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

WAR.

WAR! I was eighteen at the close of the "long, long canker of peace," as Tennyson called it.—Why does every poet try to be a Tyrtæus? And why should holy peace be called cancerous?—The country put on its rusty armor, sharpened its swords, and sent out aged generals brought up in old traditions of Peninsular times. When news came of the first Turkish successes at Oltenitza, and we read of the gallant defense of Silistria, one began to realize that we were actually in the piping times of war. For my own part, I was pleased and excited, independently of my private, and Polish, reasons for excitement. It seemed to my foolish understanding that the forty years since Waterloo, those years in which the world had done so much in a quiet and peaceful way to make wars more bloody, had been quite wasted and thrown away. The making of railways, the construction of steamers, the growth of great armaments, were things done slowly and without dramatic tableaux. Now, what the world likes in contemplating the never-ending human comedy is that from time to time the curtain should fall for a few moments on a thrilling and novel situation. This we were going to have.

"It is splendid, Cis!" I cried, with the latest war-news in my hand—"splendid! Now we are going to live in history! We, too, shall hear hymns to the God of battles; we shall understand the meaning of the war-fever; we shall know how men feel who live in the time of battles, sieges, and victories!"

Celia did not respond as I expected to this newly-born martial enthusiasm.

"And the soldiers will be killed," she said, sadly, "the poor soldiers! What does war mean to them but death and wounds?"

"And glory, Cis! They die for their country!"

"I would rather they lived for their country. Laddy, if the new history that we are going to live in is to be like the old, I wish it was over and done with. For the old is nothing but the murdering of soldiers. I am sick of reading how the world can get no justice without fighting for it."

Looked at from Celia's point of view, I have sometimes thought that there is something in her statement. So many kings, so many battles, so many soldiers fallen on the field of honor! Blow the trumpets; beat the drums; bring along the car of Victory; have a solemn *Te Deum*; and then sit down and make all things ready for the next campaign!

"What good," this foolish young person went on, "does the glory of a nameless soldier shot in a field and buried in a trench do to his mourning people? I know, Laddy, needs must that war come, but let him who appeals to the sword die by the sword."

When General Février laid low the author of the world's disturbance, and the Poles lamented because their enemy was gone before they had had time to throw one more defiance in his teeth, I thought of Celia's words, and they seemed prophetic.

"Why do the Russians fight the Turks?" she went on. "What harm have Turks done to Russians or Russians to Turks?"

I suggested outraged and oppressed Christians.

"Then let the Christians rise and free themselves," she went on, "and let us help them. But not in the czar's way. And as for the soldiers, would they not all be far happier at home?"

Nor could any argument of mine alter her opinion on this point: a heresy which strikes at the root of all wars.

To be sure, if we read history all through—say, the history of Gibbon, the most bloodthirsty historian I know—it would be difficult to find a single one out of his wars that was chosen by the people. "Now, then, you drilled men," says king or kaiser, "get up and kill each other." The *Official Gazette* proclaims the popular enthusiasm, shouting of war-cries, and tossing of caps—the value of which we know in this critical age. But the people do not get up of their own accord. There is a good deal of fighting again in the chronicles of old Froissart, but I remember no mention anywhere of popular joy over it. The historian is too honest to pretend such nonsense. In fact, it never occurred to him that people could like it. They were told to put on their iron hats, grasp their pikes, and make the best of things. They obeyed with resignation; their fathers had done the same thing; they had been taught that war was one of the sad necessities of life—that and pestilence and the tyranny of priests and the uncertainty of justice—you had to fight just as you had to work or to be born or to die; the pike was an emblem of fate. For wise and mysterious purposes it was ordained by Providence that you were to be cuffed and beaten by your officers before being poked through the body by the iron point of the enemy's pike. It has been hitherto impossible for mankind to get out of this mediæval way of thinking: some Continental nations, who believe they are quite the advance-guard of civilization, even go so far as to preserve the cuffing to this day as part of their Heaven-sent institutions. It is taught in the schools as belonging to the divine order, and therefore to be taken with resignation. At the same time we need not go so far

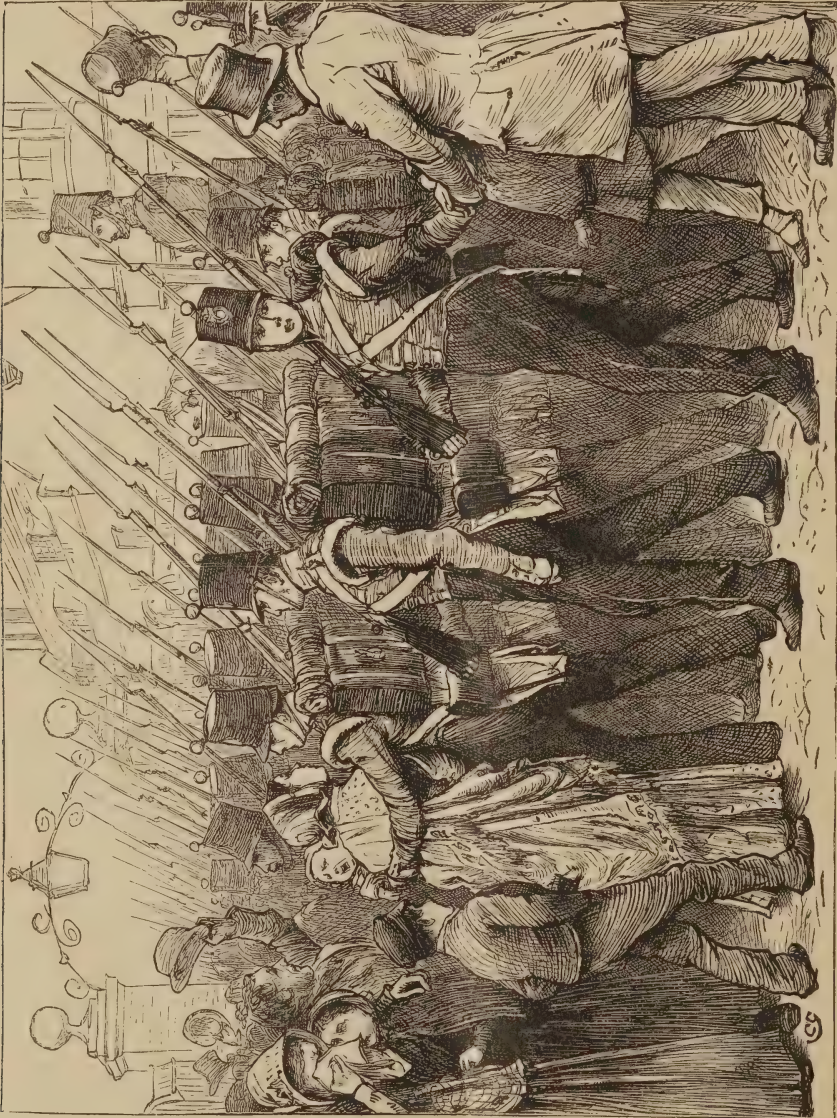
as to expect actual love for cuffing—with desire for more cuffing—from modern Prussians any more than from mediæval French or English.

Not one single common soldier, among all the millions who make up the rank and file of modern armies, wants to go fighting. And yet what a lot of fighting there is!

kind of war which the unpatriotic mob really cares about.

"All the world," says foolish Cis, "praying daily for peace, and praying for peace since ever they began to pray at all; and what has come of it?"

"I do not see much good," said the captain, who took the mediæval view about war, "in praying for



"The streets were lined with the towns-people; the women crying, some of them even kissing the soldiers,"—Page 493.

Suppose some day, when the glorious army on either side was ordered to advance, the brave fellows were to sit down instead with a cheerful grin, leaving the kings to fight out the quarrel in a duel.

Now and then, things getting really intolerable, the people wake up and have a Jacquerie, a revolution, or a reformation. But that is civil war, the only

what you must help yourself to. If all the world agreed on peace, there would be peace. And then it would be no good having a bigger fleet than your neighbor."

I try to put my obvious point in a new and striking light: that nations who will not sit still, but get up quarrels with other nations, ought to have all

their arms taken from them. Fancy Russia without an army or a fleet, obliged to live peacefully and develop herself! Why, in ten years she would be civilized; and then we should see strange things. But my point, however cleverly put, will not convince the captain, whose opinions on the necessity of war are based upon the advantages of a superior fleet.

After all, it is a great thing to be the adopted son of a land like this isle of England, which can never again, we hope, be made to serve the ambition of kings and priests; never more drive her sons by the thousand to the slaughter-house, or her daughters to lamentation and tears, for aggrandizement. The only country in Europe of which such a boast may be made.

When will it cease? When will men be strong enough to say: "Enough; we will have no more of your military caste; we will have no more of your great armies; we will never fight again, except to defend ourselves?"

And Russia to set herself up as the protector of Christians! Russia to be the advocate of humanity! Russia the champion of civilization! Ask the opinions of Poland on these points; go seek those of Turkistan, of Circassia, of Khiva, of Siberia. Call on the czar and the court to tell their secret history, which everybody knows; on the nobles, to lay bare the story of their lives; on the officers, to confess their barbaric license; on the judges and officials, to confess their corruption; on the priests, to explain how they set the example of a Christian life. Call on police, secret agents, spies, ministers, governors, and soldiers, to speak of Russia's Christian virtues in brutal beatings, torture of mind as well as body, infamous delations, universal bribery, filthy prisons, and inhuman punishments. That done, wish the arms of Russia success, and pray that all the world may become Cossack, and the kings of the world imitators of the czar.

But I am a Pole, and may be supposed, consequently, to hate Russia. That is a popular error. The Poles do not hate Russians. Their qualities, their characteristics, are ours, because we are all of one common stock; as for their vices, they are encouraged by the governing class, because without the degradation of ignorance and drink they could not be depended on, these poor *mujiks*, to obey orders. We only hate the Romanoffs, who are Germans. But we like the Russians. And the English people will find out, on that day when the great, unwieldy empire drops to pieces, and the spectre of the Romanoff terror is laid forever, what good qualities there are in Russian, Muscovite, and Pole, and how, by the aid of the devil, who invented autocratic rule, the good has been perverted into evil.

But what had the English and the Russian soldier done to each other, that they should be made to fight?

A most foolish and jealous girl's question. And yet—and yet—

And yet—it was pitiful to see our brave fellows, full of fire and enthusiasm, march down the narrow

streets of the town to the Dockyard-gates on their way to the East. They went in loose order, headed by the colonel, the bands playing "The Girl I left behind Me." The streets were lined with the townspeople; the women crying, some of them even kissing the soldiers; the men waving hats and shouting; the children laughing and running for joy at so splendid a spectacle. Among the honest faces of the rough and rude soldiers—far rougher, far ruder than now—you could see none that were not lifted proudly and not flushed with hope. Drill the Muscovite and send him out to fight; he will go, and he will fight as he has been taught—a dogged, obedient creature. He asks for no reason, he neither questions nor criticises. When he begins to question, the end of the Romanoffs will not be far distant. Drill a Frenchman and order him into the field. He goes with a yell and a rush like a tiger. And he is as dangerous as a man-eater. The German, who, more than all men, hates soldiering, goes unwilling, patient, sad. He is, among other men, the least pleased to fight. But the Englishman goes willingly, quietly, and without shouting. He likes fighting. And when he begins he means to go on.

When the Dockyard-gates closed upon the adjutant and the doctor, who rode last, men and women alike turned away with choking throats and swelling hearts, ashamed to shed the tears that stood in their eyes.

The men were going to fight for their country. Could there be a nobler thing than to fight, and for that sacred cause to die?

And yet, as Celia asked, what had Russians and Englishmen done to each other that they should fight?

Some day, perhaps even in my own time, the pale figure of Revolution, red-capped, gaunt, and strong, will stalk into the Summer Palace, and bring out the Romanoffs, disturbers of the world's peace, one by one. "See," she will say to the on-lookers, "they are but men, these czars, two-forked radishes, like yourselves. They are not stronger, bigger-brained, or longer-lived than you. They are troubled by exactly the same passions; they have no better education than the best of you. But they must have war to delude ignorant people, and keep them from asking questions. As for you eighty millions, you want peace, with the chance of growing crops, and enjoying sweet love of wife and children. Once get this family with all their friends across the frontier, with strict orders that they are not to come back any more, and you shall have all that you reasonably want."

That is what the eager-faced woman with the Phrygian cap said to the French, who believed her, and proceeded to act in the courage of their convictions. They made a mess of it, because they expected too much. But they set an example, and we have not yet seen the end of that example.

Day after day the tramp of soldiers down the streets, infantry, cavalry, artillery, all alike light-hearted, all starting on the journey of death as if it were a picnic.

When the news came of the first fighting we grew less tender-hearted, and sent out fresh squadrons with the same enthusiasm but fewer tears. The war-fever was upon us, pulses beat fiercely, we had less thought for the individual men and more for the army. We were bound to win somehow, and the soldiers went out to win for us. If they fell—but we did not think too much then about falling. Individual life is only valuable in time of peace. In times of war it has a commercial value of its own—life for life, and perhaps one life for ten, if we are lucky.

"I dare say," said the captain one day, "that there is a Russian way of looking at things, though hang me if I can see it. But, mark me, Laddy, unless a man sticks tight as wax to his own side, shuts his ears to the other side, won't hear of an argument, that man can't fight happy. There's no comfort in a battle unless you feel you're on the Lord's side. Wherefore hang all sea-lawyers, and let every man hate a Russian as if he were the devil."

To do our blue-jackets justice, that is about what they did.

Besides the long lines of soldiers embarking every week in the huge transports, there was the preparation and the dispatch of the great and splendid Black Sea and Baltic fleets.

It is something to have lived in a time when such ships were to be seen. It is a memory which binds one to the past to think of that day—in March, 1854—when the Baltic fleet set sail amid the prayers of the nation. Never was so gallant a fleet sent forth from any shore, never were shores more crowded with those who came to criticise and staid to cheer. We had already—Cis and I among the number—cheered old Charley Napier when he walked down the pier to embark on his ship, pounding the timbers with his sturdy little legs as if they had been so many Russians. To-day he was on board the Duke of Wellington, the biggest ship in the world, a great floating fortress mounting a hundred and thirty-one guns built to sail when wind was fair, with a crew of a thousand men, and an admiral who meant fighting. No one who ever saw that day will forget the departure of the fleet. It was a fresh and breezy day in March; the sun came out in occasional gleams, or shot long arrows of light athwart the clouds. The sea was dark with multitudes of boats, yachts, steamers, and craft of all kinds; the shore was black with the thousands who sat there watching for the signal to be given; and riding at anchor lay the ships on whom the fortunes of England depended. There was the *St.-Jean d'Acre*, of a hundred guns; the *Royal George*, of a hundred and twenty (she floated over the place where lay the bones of her namesake, the flag-ship of Admiral Kempenfeldt, when he went down with "twice four hundred men" and almost as many women); the *Princess Royal*, of ninety-one guns; the *Impérieuse* and the *Arrogant* (I was launched on board the *Arrogant*, and remember her well). There were, all told, in that Baltic fleet, though all were not gathered together, between fifty and sixty ships. Presently we saw the queen's steamer, the *Fairy*—the

pretty little yacht with her three sloping masts—threading her graceful way swiftly in and out of the ships, and the Jack Tars manned the yard-arm, and cheered till the shore took it up with echoes and the counter-cheering of the spectators. When the old men with Nehemiah saw the diminished glories of the Second Temple they lifted up their voice and wept. When the old men on our shore saw the magnified glories of the Victorian fleet they lifted up their voices and wept, thinking of the days that were no more—the breezy battles with a foe who dared to fight, the long chase of a flying enemy, the cutting-out, the harvest of a score of prizes. This time, with better ships, better crews, we were going on a fool's quest, because all the good we did was to keep the Russians within their port. Well, our trade was safe, that was a great thing. The ships would go up and down the broad ocean without fear of the Russians, because these were all skulking behind Cronstadt towers. I am not a Muscovite, but a Pole, yet I was ashamed for the Russian sailors, who were not allowed to strike a blow for their country, while the soldiers were dying in thousands, dogged, silent, long-suffering, in obedience to the czar, whom they ignorantly worship.

They sailed, the queen leading the way. Out flew the white canvas, fluttering for a moment in the windy sunshine, and then, with set purpose, bellying full before the breeze, and marshaling each brave ship to her place in the grand procession.

The armada passed out of sight, and we all went home. The captain was moved to the extent of a double ration that night; also, he sang a song. And, at prayers, he invented a new petition of his own for the honor and safety of the fleet. There were occasions, he said, when, if a man did not feel religious, he didn't deserve to be kept on the ship's books any longer; and he told us—Cis was staying with us that day—for a thousandth time the story of Navarino.

When the fleets were gone, and the soldiers nearly all sent off, we began to look for news. For a long time there came little. Charley Napier told his men to sharpen their cutlasses: that was just what the old fellow would do, because if he got a chance of fighting he meant fighting. But he did not get that chance. Within the fortress of Cronstadt, in ignoble safety, lay the Russian fleet, afraid to come out. There was a little bombardment of Sweaborg, Helsingfors, and Bomarsund; we made as much as we could of it at the time, but it was not like the fighting which we old men remembered. And only a few prizes here and there. One was brought in, I remember, by the *Argus*, at sight of which we all turned out to cheer. The captain sorrowfully said that, in the good old days when he entered the navy, about the year 1805, he might have been in command of a dozen such prizes every year.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAR, AND AFTER.

THAT summer of 1854 was a long and dreary time. We were waiting for something to be done, and nothing was done. Good Heavens! were our generals stupid, or incapable, or were they dreaming away the time? Who does not remember the cholera at Varna, after the long and unnecessary delay, the sickness of the troops before a blow had been struck, and at last the embarkation for the Crimea? So great and terrible was the spectre of Russian greatness that even the three great powers of France, Turkey, and England, hesitated before attacking this monstrous Frankenstein in his den. They went at last, greatly daring, and their reward was—Alma.

And then followed the splendid months of barren victory—Inkerman, the soldier's battle, the foolish braggadocio of the Light Cavalry charge, followed by the cruel winter and the unmerited sufferings of the troops, for which a dozen commissariat officers ought to have been shot.

About this time I saw my compatriots, the Russians, for the first time. Some prisoners were brought to us; they wore flat caps and long coats; they had good-natured faces, not at all foolish; they had wide noses, like Tartars, and they made themselves quite happy and comfortable with us, carving all sorts of toys, and showing a power of laughter and humor quite incompatible with the devilry which we had learned to attach to the Muscovite character. They were only devils, I suppose, by order of the czar, and in the ranks. Outside the ranks as peaceable, docile, and quiet a set of fellows as ever wanted to grow an honest crop in peace.

But how we received the news in those days! With cheers, with illuminations, with feasting, with receptions of captains, generals, and admirals. Still the exodus of our *juventus* went on. The *juvenes* were younger, smaller, and more rustic in appearance. They all, however, had the same gallant bearing, these brave country lads, fresh from the plough and stable, redolent of Mother Earth. A few weeks before, and they were leaning against posts in the village street, feeding pigs, driving calves, striding with a sideward lurch after cows, sitting almost mute on a bench in the village alehouse. Now they were well set up, drilled, inspired with warlike ardor, filled with new ideas of duty, responsibility, and a career, ready to do—and to die. Let us confess that the readiness to die was qualified by that belief which every soldier has, that he, if no one else, will be the one person to escape. If it were not for that saving clause I fear that, even in the times of greatest danger to the country, service in the ranks would not be popular. Men did not volunteer for those charming fights in the arena before Nero, when all had to die on the ground. Quite the contrary; they disliked that kind of fight, and I have often thought how greatly the vivacity and ardor of the combat would have been increased if the combatants had been told

beforehand that one—say the bravest—would have his life spared, with a pension of a shilling a day ever afterward. *Vos morituri salutant* might have been said by those fresh-cheeked young English lads on their way to club muskets at Inkerman, and to fall in the storming of the Redan.

And after a while they began to send the wounded home.

To receive them a hospital was built in one of the meadows under the Ramparts, and a portion of the wall was railed off for the convalescents to walk upon. This made Celia's Arbor still more quiet and secluded.

In 1856 the sick and wounded were brought home by every ship that arrived from the East, and week by week, sometimes daily, might be seen filing up the long and narrow street a long and dismal procession. It consisted of sailors carrying stretchers, four to every stretcher. There was no band now, nor would be any more for most of the poor men upon the stretchers, till the drums and fifes marched before the coffin and played "The Dead March." The townsfolk who had turned out to wave their handkerchiefs when the soldiers went away came out now to greet them back. But what a greeting! and what a return! Some, sitting half upright, waved feeble hands in response to those who lined the way and cheered their return. Their faces were pale and worn with suffering; sometimes a sheet covered the lower limbs, which were mutilated and crushed; some, a little stronger than their comrades, sat up, laughed, and nodded. Some, worn out by the rolling of the ship, the pain of their wounds, and the long sufferings of the campaign, lay back with closed eyes, patient and sad to see, and made no sign. And here and there one was borne along ghastly, the pallor of death upon his cheeks, life done for him; not even vitality enough left to think about the future world; his eyes half open, with a fixed glare which observed nothing. This, with the row of tombs in the Crimea and at Scutari, was the end of all that pride and pomp of war. What was it Tenyson said?—

"The long, long canker of peace is over and done."

We were to wake to nobler aims, leave the sordid and base, give up cheating and strike home, were it with the cheating yard-measure.

Well. The war came, ran its course, and ended. What nobler ends followed? How much was abolished of the old cheating, the sordid aims, and the general baseness of a world at peace? How much less wicked and selfish were we when the fighting was finished, and the soldiers came back to us?

And, after all, we return to Celia's question, "What had they done to each other, the Russians and the English, that they should stand face to face and fight?"

"Take me away, Laddy," Celia said, one day, after seeing one of the gloomy processions of the wounded partly file past. "Take me away. I cannot bear to see any more. Oh, the poor soldiers, the poor soldiers! What punishment can be great

enough for the men who have brought all this misery upon the earth?"

"What, indeed? But Nicholas was dead. General Février killed him. Perhaps, after all, he was not the guiltiest. But he gave the word. It is to be hoped, for their own sakes, that autocrats do not know what war means, else surely the word never

evil passions, the letting loose of so many devils, must fall upon the head of Russia. First to excite revolt among the Christian subjects of the Turk; then to make difficulties for the Turks in putting down the miserable victims of the Russian plot; then to call on Europe to mark how Turkey treated her subjects; then to proclaim herself the protector



"The fiddle of old Wassielewski, I know, was in constant request."—Page 497.

would be given, even to save the throne, and every nation would manage its own affairs in quietness.

And yet England had to fight. It seems most true that the war could not be avoided. All that blood, all that suffering, the moans of so many thousands of wounded, the tears of so many thousands of women and children, the awakening of so many

of Christians—this was Russia's game in 1828, in 1853, and, lastly, in 1876. And the glory of the poor soldiers? They died for their country, and have such glory as belongs to one of a nameless fifty thousand fallen on the field.

The fight was just and the victory righteous. We pay the penalty now of not having carried the war

to its legitimate end. We should have restored Poland, driven Russia back to the Caucasus and the Caspian, given Finland again to Sweden, and taken away her southern ports. All this we could have done ; it was possible to England and France, twenty years ago. Will the chance ever come again ?

Through the whole of the war there was no man in the town who took a keener interest in it, who was oftener in the streets, who hung more about the harbor, or talked more with soldiers and sailors, than Herr Räumer.

The war, in any case, did good to our own people at the Dockyard town. There had never been such times since the good old long war, when a man who had a shop near the Hard had but to open it and stand all day taking the sailors' money as fast as they poured it out over the counter. Every ship that came home brought her sailors to be paid off, the money to be all spent in the town ; every ship that sailed for the East carried away stores for the soldiers, chiefly bought in the town. Those who were in the way of all this money-making made fortunes out of it, and retired to suburban villas, with gardens, for the rest of their lives. I do not think that the green coffee-berries, the putrid preserved meat, the mouldy, compressed hay, or the biscuits that walked about animated by a multitudinous hive of lively creatures, were supplied by any of our people. We were too patriotic ; we had friends on board the ships if not in the regiments—*could* we send them out rotten provisions or brown-paper boots ? Then there was the revelry. Out of all the millions spent in the Crimean War, think how many went in the drink-shops and the dancing-kens ! The fiddle of old Wassielewski, I know, was in constant request ; often and often I heard the well-known sound—I knew his style, which was distinct from that of any other of the sailors' musicians—from behind the red curtains of a sailors' public-house, behind which Jack and Jill were dancing, drinking, and singing. The China War, by-the-way, was long since played out, and the picture had given way to another in which Russians were playing an ignominious but dramatic part. A side-picture represented French sailors and soldiers, very tight of waist, mustachioed, and black of hair, fraternizing merrily with our own men—with drink, hand-shaking, and song, they were celebrating the *entente cordiale*. Listen ! It is the sailors' horn-pipe ; within is one who, grave of face and agile of foot, treads that mazy measure alone, while around are grouped the crowd of sympathetic rivals, who drink, applaud, and presently emulate. The dancer is facing old Wassielewski, who sits with outstretched left leg, his deep-set eyes fixed on the opposite wall, his thoughts far away in the dreadful past or the revengeful future, while the fingers, obedient to his will, play the tune that he orders, but does not listen to. It is, I know, because I do not look in, but feel all this, a low room, and it is redolent of a thousand compound smells, ancient, fish-like, capable of knocking a stranger down and stunning him with a single blow. The windows have never been open for twenty or thirty years ; of course, once in a way, a pane

was broken, and there were occasions when some young mariner, ashore after a three years' cruise, was fain out of the plethora of his joy to find relief in smashing them all. But the smell of that room was venerable by age and respectable by association, though more awful than it is permitted to me to describe. Jack and Jill did not mind it, they liked it. There was rum in it, plenty of beer, a very large quantity of tobacco, onions, beefsteaks, mutton-chops, boiled pork and cabbage, pea-soup, more tobacco, more rum, more beer. That smell, my friends, is gone, the public-house is gone, Jill is almost gone, Jack is an earnest Methodist by religion, and he spends his time ashore at the Sailors' Home.

And there, then, was the Dockyard, with all its extra hands, and the work going on day and night, so that the solemn silence of the darkness was unknown. Victory Row must have lost one of its chief charms. For the whole twenty-four hours there was the incessant " tap-tap " of the calkers, the heavy thud of the steam-hammer, the melodious banging of the rivets, followed by countless echoes from the many-cornered yard, and the r—r—r of the machinery. No rest at all, except on Sunday. That emergency must be great indeed when the British Government would ask its workmen to give up their Sabbath rest !

As for the sailors, there seemed no diminution in their numbers or in the number of the ships which crowded the harbor, and were perpetually coming and going with their thunder of salutes. Jack only had two stages : he was either just paid off, and therefore ostentatiously happy with his friends around him, his fiddlers, and his public-house, or he was just embarking again on a newly-commissioned ship, going off for another cruise with empty pockets, coppers terribly hot, and perhaps, if he was Jack in his youth, with the faint and dimly-seen ghost of a possible repentance somewhere lurking about his brain, a spectral umbra pointing heavenward which faded as the shore receded, and vanished about six bells in the morning.

For soldiers, we fell back upon the militia. We have never yet grasped the truth that England may have to defend what she has got ; that she is not only the admiration, but also the envy, of all other nations ; that Russia would like Constantinople and India ; Germany, Australia—good Heavens, think of the shame and ignominy of letting any un-English-speaking country have Australia !—the States, Canada ; France, Egypt and Syria ; Italy, Cyprus ; Greece, Crete, and so on. When these facts have become convictions, when we fairly understand how great is our position in the world ; what a tremendous stake we have in it ; how much of unselfish humanity depends on the maintenance of English hegemony—then will England arm every man between fifteen and fifty, and make all from twenty to thirty liable to foreign service. Patriotism sleeps, but it may be awakened. If it continues to sleep, farewell to England's greatness. A century of ignoble wealth, a generation or two of commerce diverted, trade ruined, industries forgotten, and the brave old country would

become worse than Holland, because the English are more sensitive than the Dutch, and the memories of old glory combined with present degradation would madden the people and drive them to—the usual British remedy—drink.

In 1855 we—I do not speak as a Pole—were rather better off in the matter of regiments and recruits than we should be in 1877, were the occasion to arise. In all these years we have learned nothing, taken to heart nothing, done nothing, prepared for nothing. We have no larger army, we have no better organization, we have no more intelligent system, we have not made our officers more responsible. Twenty years ago we threw away twenty thousand men—with a light heart sent out twenty thousand men to die because we had no system of control, transport, and commissariat. All these poor lads died of preventable disease. What have we done since to make that impossible again? Nothing. Talk. At the very autumn manœuvres, when we have weeks to prepare and a paltry ten thousand men to provide for, we break down. Continental nations see it, and laugh at us. What have we done to make our children learn that they *must* fight *pro patria*, if occasion arise? Nothing. Board schools teach the Kings of Israel; the very atmosphere of the country teaches desire of success and the good things which success brings with it; no school teaches, as the Germans teach, that every man is owed to his country. That *may* come; if it does not come soon, farewell to England's greatness. • Again: that the empire was created and grew great, not by truckling to the pretensions of modern diplomatists, but by saying, "Thus far and no farther." Do this wrong or that, and you will have to fight England. That the most glorious country that the world has ever seen, the finest, the richest, the most splendid, the most religious, the least priest-ridden and king-ridden, was made what it is by its children being willing and able to fight—all these things were not taught in 1855, and are not yet taught in 1877. Good Heavens! I am a Pole, and yet more than half an Englishman: and it makes me sick and sorry to feel how great is the patrimony of an Englishman, how noble are his annals, how profound a gap would be made in the world by the collapse of England, and how little English people seem to understand their greatness. I have been waiting for twenty years to see the fruits of the Crimean War—and, behold! they are dust and ashes in the mouth.

Revenons à nos moutons. Our garrison, then, consisted of a couple of militia regiments. They came to us, raw country lads, like the recruits whom we sent to the East; but, being without the presence of the veterans to control and influence them, they took longer to improve. And yet it is wonderful to notice how an English lad takes to his drill, and tackles his gun from the very first, with an intelligence that is almost instinct. He is, to be sure, almost *too* fond of fighting. There is no other country besides England, except France, where the recruits can be taught to march, to skirmish, and the rest of it, without the aid of Sergeant Stick, so large-

ly employed in the Russian, German, and Austrian services. These young fellows came up to barracks, with their country lurch upon them, their good-natured country grin, and their insatiable thirst for beer. They retained the last, but in a very short time got rid of the first. One whole regiment volunteered for foreign service—I forget what it was—and went to Corfu, the island which a late prime-minister, more careful of a theory than of a country's prestige, tossed contemptuously to Greece, so that all the world sneered, and even the gods wondered. Well, these rustics of militiamen, I declare, after a few weeks were as well set up, pipe-clayed, and drilled, as any regiment of the line, and as trustworthy in case their services should be required.

In one thing, one must needs confess, they were inferior to the regulars. It was not in perpendicularity, which they easily acquired. We were still in the pipe-clay days, when the white belt and the cross shoulder-straps were stiffened by that abominable stuff; the white trousers of summer had also to be kept in a whited-sepulchre semblance of purity by the same means; a man who is pipe-clayed cannot stoop; the black-leather collar kept the head at an unbending line with the body; and the yellow tufts on the shoulder, with the swallow-tails of the absurd regimental coat and the tiny ball of red stuff on the regimental hat—all combined to necessitate a carriage ten times stiffer and more rigidly upright than in these degenerate days. The most lop-sided and lurcher-like of rustics was bound to become perpendicular. But their failing was in the way they took their beer. The old regular got drunk as often as the militiaman, but the drunker he got the stiffer he grew, so that when he was quite helpless he fell like a lamp-post, with uncompromising legs. And we, who knew by experience how a soldier should fall, remarked with sorrow rather than anger that the militiaman fell in a heap like a plough-boy, and so betrayed his customary pursuits.

CHAPTER XII.

PEACE.

THIS was an especially good time for Ferdinand Brämber, the journalist, and consequently the children. Such years of fatness had never before been known to them. Not, it is true, that Fortune befriended Augustus. Quite the contrary. War might be made and peace signed without affecting his position in the slightest. Nothing ever happened to better his position. On one occasion, even—I think it was in 1856—he received an intimation from Mr. Tyrrell's head-clerk, who had vainly trusted him with some real work, that his resignation would be accepted if he sent it in. Therefore, with enthusiasm ever equal to the occasion, he hastened to desert the Legal, and once more returned to the Scholastic, taking the post of writing and arithmetic master in a select commercial academy.

"After all," he said to me, "the Scholastic is my

real vocation. I feel it most when I go back to it. To teach the rising generation—what can be nobler? I influence one mind, we will say. Through him I influence his six children; through them their thirty-six children; through them again their two hundred and sixteen—there is no end to the influence of a schoolmaster. I shall be remembered, Mr. Pulaski—I shall be remembered by a grateful posterity."

Perhaps he will be remembered, but his chances of exercising permanent influence were scanty on this occasion, because, although he taught with extraordinary zeal and activity, the principal actually complained, after three months, that his boys were learning nothing, and gave him notice in the friendliest and kindest manner.

Some secret influence was probably brought to bear upon Mr. Tyrrell at this juncture, when the Brambler household threatened to lose the income derived from the labor of its chief, because Augustus went back to his old office and his old pay, sitting once more cheerfully among the boys, mending the pens with enthusiastic alacrity, serving writs with zeal, copying out bills of costs with ardor, and actively inspecting old books in an eager search for nothing.

"I do think," he said, in a burst of enthusiasm, "that there is nothing after all like the Legal. When you have deserted it for a time, and go back to it, you feel it most. Law brings out the argumentative side—the intellectual side—of a man. It makes him critical. Law keeps his brain on the stretch. Often on Saturday night I wonder how I have managed to worry through the work of the week. But, you see, they could not get on without me."

Perhaps not; but yet if Augustus had known by whose fair pleading he was received back to become a permanent incubus on the weekly expenses of that office—

In the Scholastic, in the Clerical, or in the Legal, Augustus Brambler never changed, never lost heart, never failed in zeal, never ceased to take the same lively and personal interest in the well-being of the house. He had his punctual habits and his maxims. He was a model among employés. Fortune, when she gave Augustus a sanguine temperament and a lively imagination, thought she had done enough for the man, and handed him over to the Three Sisters as sufficiently endowed to meet any fate. And they condemned him to the unceasing and contented exercise of illusion and imagination, so that he never saw things as they really were, or understood their proportion.

But during the years of war the children, in spite of their helpless father, waxed fat and strong; and even little Forty-six looked satisfied and well fed.

It was through the exertions of their uncle Ferdinand.

I had long observed that whenever anything was going on—and something in these days was constantly going on—Ferdinand, besides Herr Räumer, was always on the spot. Whatever the nature of the

ceremony, whether it was the embarkation of a regiment or the arrival of the invalided, or a military funeral, or an inspection of troops upon the Common, or a launch, Ferdinand was in attendance and to the front, wearing a face of indescribable importance, and carrying a note-book. This in hand, he surveyed the crowd on arrival, and made a note; cast a weather-eye upward to the sky, and made a note; drew out his watch, and made a note; then, as soon as the function began, he continued steadily making notes until the end. I did not at first, being innocent of literary matters, connect these notes with certain descriptions of events which regularly appeared on the following Saturday in the local *Mercury*. They were written with fidelity and vigor; they did justice to the subject; they were poetical in feeling and flowery in expression. A fine day was rendered as "a bright and balmy atmosphere warmed by the beams of benevolent Sol;" a crowded gathering gave an opportunity for the admirer of beauty to congratulate his fellow-townsmen on the beauty and tasteful dress of their daughters; when a ship was launched, she was made by a bold and strikingly original figure to float swan-like on the bosom of the ocean; when a public dinner was held, the tables groaned under the viands provided by mine eminent host of the George; the choicest wines sparkled in the goblet; animation and enthusiasm reigned in every heart; and each successive flow of oratory was an occasion for a greater and more enthusiastic outburst of cheering. The writer was not critical; he was descriptive. That is the more popular form of journalism. Froissart was the inventor of the uncritical historian. And Ferdinand was born either too early or too late.

For all these beautiful and gushing columns, invaluable to some antiquary of the future, were due to the pen of Ferdinand Brambler; and it was by the frequency of the occasions on which his powers were called for that the prosperity of the Bramblers depended. And Ferdinand, an excellent brother and the most self-denying creature in the world, worked cheerfully for his nephews and nieces. Beneath that solemn exterior, and behind those pretensions to genius, there beat the most simple and unselfish of hearts.

Ferdinand did not report: first, because he could not write short-hand; and, secondly, because he thought it—and said so—beneath the dignity of genius to become the "mere copying-clerk of vestry twaddle." He lived on his *communiqués*, for which, as he was the only man in the place who wrote them, and therefore had the field all to himself, he received fairly good pay. During the Crimean War he had a never-ending succession of subjects for his pen, which was as facile as it was commonplace. It was the history of the regiment; it was a note on the next roster; it was the service-roll of a ship; it was the biography of a general—nothing came amiss to the encyclopedic Ferdinand; and whatever he treated, it must be owned, was treated with the same hackneyed similes, the same well-worn metaphors, and the same pleasantries; for, while Augustus looked

on life through the rosy glasses of a sanguine imagination, Ferdinand regarded things from the standpoint of genius. He wrote for a provincial weekly paper; nothing higher would take his papers; he was not the editor; he was not even on the regular salaried staff; he was a mere outsider, sending in articles on such topics as occurred to him; but in his own imagination he wrote for posterity. Like Augustus, he believed in himself; and just as Augustus assumed in the family circle the air of one who unbends after hard intellectual labor, so Ferdinand, when he emerged from the ground-floor front, which was his study, and contained his library, moved and spoke with the solemnity of one with whom his genius was always present.

From 1853 to 1857 the family flourished and grew fat. For, after the Russian War was finished, and the treaty signed—to be broken as soon as the semi-barbaric Muscovite thought himself strong enough—there arose in the far East another cloud. I have often wondered whether the Indian mutiny, like the late Bulgarian insurrections, was got up by Russian agents, and, if so, I have reflected with joy upon the maddening disappointment to the Tartar that it did not happen just two years before.

We had achieved peace—not a very glorious peace, because we ought to have driven Russia back to the Caucasus as a frontier before any peace was thought of, but still peace—and, with the memory of those three years upon us—the sufferings of our troops, the unpreparedness of England, the rascality of contractors, and the inefficiency of our officers—we were glad to sit down and rest. How have we profited by the lesson of twenty years ago? What security have we that, on the next occasion when our men are ordered out again, the same things will not happen again—the green coffee, the putrid preserved meat, the shoddy coats, the brown-paper boots, the very powder adulterated?

Peace! Well, we had fought two or three gallant battles, been jealous of our gallant allies, killed an immense number—say, altogether, with those who died on the march, and those who died of disease, and those who died in the field, about half a million of Russians, fifty thousand Englishmen, double the number of French, and the same number of Turks; we had put a sudden end to Tennyson's "long canker of peace," and made it war—first, for righteous reasons, and then for the lust of blood and battle, the red-sheeted spectre which rises when the trumpet sounds, and fires the blood of peaceful men. As for the morality at home, as I asked in the last chapter, were we the better?

Then came the Indian mutiny. For a while it seemed as if the very foundations of the Indian Empire were shaken; and at no time were the hearts of Englishmen more stirred in the whole of England's history than by the tales of massacre and murder which came by every ship from the East. The troops which had enjoyed a brief year of rest were hastily reëmbarked: the flags which bore the names of Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava, were carried out again to get the names of Lucknow and Delhi; but

the men who marched out in 1854 with the sturdy look of men who mean to fight because they must, went out now with the face of those who go to take revenge because they can. It was a war of revenge; and, whatever the provocation, it was a full and even a cruel measure of revenge that the British soldiers took. We were growing sick of "history," Cis and I. We waited and watched while the red-coats went and came; wanted to go on without excitement with our music and our reading, and we longed for peace.

"The Lord," said the captain, "gives us peace, and the devil gives us war. Until the nature of men is changed there will be peace and war in alternate slices, like a sandwich. In good times the sandwich is meaty. Meantime, let us keep up the fleet."

We came to the spring of 1858. Mr. Tyrrell was mayor for the second time. It was the year when Leonard should return—five years on June 21st. Celia looked at me sometimes, and I at her; but we said nothing, because we understood what was meant. And one day I surprised the captain in Leonard's room. He was opening drawers, arranging chairs, and trying window-blinds.

"All ship-shape, Laddy, and in good order. Don't let the boy think the vessel has got out of trim after all these years."

The mutiny was over, the punishment had been inflicted, and our town was now comparatively quiet. No more hurried preparation of armaments and dispatch of ships. Things became flat; the people who had not already made fortunes out of the war saw with sorrow that their opportunity was past; the extra hands at the Dockyard were discharged; and the town became quiet again. It was bad for all who had to earn their bread—even I felt the change in a falling-off of pupils—and it was especially bad for poor Ferdinand Brambler.

I met him one day walking solemnly away from the yard, note-book in hand. I stopped to shake hands with him, and noticed that his clothes were shabby, his boots worn at the heel, his hat ancient, and his general get-up indicating either the neglect of outward appearance peculiar to genius, or a period of financial depression. While I accosted him his brother Augustus passed by. He, too, was in like pitiable guise. And he looked pinched in the cheeks—albeit smiling and cheerful as ever.

"What will it run to, Ferdinand?" he asked, anxiously.

"I should say," said Ferdinand, with hesitation, "unless I am disappointed, mind, which I may be—I should say it will be a pound of tea, the green-grocer's bill, and something to the Forty-seven's new shoes."

"The wife did say," replied Augustus, "that the children's breakings-out are for want of meat; but if we can't have meat we can't. Awfully busy at the office, Ferdinand; money pouring in. Nothing like the Legal!"

Poor Ferdinand, who, by long struggling with the family wolf, had got to look on everything he wrote as representing payment in kind, was right in

being proud of his profession, because he had nothing else to be proud of. It was not in quiet times a lucrative one, and I should think, taking one year with another, that this poor genius, who really loved literature for its own sake, and with better education and better chances might have made something of a name, received from his profession about as much as his brother in the Legal, and that was sixty pounds a year.

I repeated this conversation to the captain at dinner. He became silent, and, after our simple meal, proposed that we should go for a walk. By the merest chance we passed the Bramblers' house.

"Dear me!" said the captain, "the very people we were speaking of. Suppose we pay our respects to Mrs. Brambler?"

The poor mother was up to her eyes in work, her endless children round her. But the little Bramblers did not look happy. They wore a pinched and starved look, and there was no disguising the fact that they *were* breaking out. Forty-eight scowled at us with rebellious looks; Forty-six was wolfish in hungry gaze; and even the mild-eyed Forty-four looked sad.

Mrs. Brambler read the pity in the captain's eyes, and sat down, bursting into tears, and throwing her apron over her face. The elder girls stole to the window, and sobbed behind the curtain; the younger children sat down every one upon what came handiest, and all cried together. They were a very emotional family.

"So, so!" said the captain; "we were passing—Laddy and I—and we thought we would drop in—thought—we would—drop—in.—Come here, Forty-six.—Does this boy, do you think, Mrs. Brambler, have enough nourishment?"

"Augustus does all he can, captain, and so does Ferdinand, I'm sure; but there was the rent, and we behind with everybody; and—and sometimes it's 'most too much for me."

"We dropped in," repeated the mendacious captain, "to invite the children to tea and supper to-night—"

"Hooray!" cried Forty-six, dancing about; and the faces of all lighted up with a sunshine like their father's.

"It's only your kindness, captain. You don't really want them?"

"Not want them? Where is Forty-four?—Come and kiss me, my dear. Where is your color gone?—Not want them? Nonsense! Nothing but shrimps and periwinkles, and water-cress, perhaps, for tea; but for supper—ah!—eh! Laddy, what can we do in the way of supper? What's in the larder?"

"A leg of mutton, a beefsteak, and a pair of chickens," I replied. "I think that is all."

The larder was, in fact, empty, but this was not a time to parade the vacuum.

"You see, Mrs. Brambler; much more, very much more, than we can possibly eat. Friends in the country. And we did think that the steak for supper—"

"Ah!" cried Forty-six, irrepressibly.

"With the leg of mutton for yourself and the pair of chickens—"

Mrs. Brambler laughed through her tears.

"There—go along, captain," she said. "We know. But, if it wouldn't trouble you, the children shall go and welcome."

"Very lucky, Laddy," said the captain, in the street, "that the larder is so full. Let us call at the butcher's as we go home."

I mentioned to Herr Räumer the distressed condition of the family with whom he lodged.

"I know it," he said, helping himself to a glass of hock. "I have seen for some time that the children were not properly fed. It is a pity. A good many children about the world are in the same plight."

"Help them," I said, sententially, "when you can."

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"I am past sixty. I have seen so much distress in the world that I have long since resolved to help nobody. The weakest goes to the wall in this best of all possible worlds. If it is not the best it is not my fault, because I did not make it. Every man for himself, as you will say at sixty if you are honest. This is a comfortable chair, this is good hock, this is excellent tobacco. Why should I trouble myself because people are starving in the room below us any more than because they are starving in China, which is a good many miles off? Pity and charity are excellent things in the abstract. Applied to persons actually before you they are disquieting. *Allons, cher Ladislas, soyons philosophes.*"

He was a man of infinite pity in the abstract, wept over any amount of woe served up in the yellow-paper covers of a French novel, but in the presence of actual suffering he was callous. "Every man for himself." Since I have grown older I have learned to distrust philanthropists whose sympathies grow deeper the farther they reach from home.

"And now," he went on, changing the position of his legs, "let us be cheerful and talk of Celia. Pretty, delicate, little Celia. Tall and *gracieuse* Celia. Choice and delicious Celia. She is a credit to you, Ladislas Pulaski. Her husband will thank you. I drink her health. Ah! The English girls. . . . After all, we must grant these islanders some superiority. They are stupid, ignorant, and prejudiced. They call Continental diplomacy bad names, and are going to ruin themselves because they will not have secret-service money. But their girls—their girls are charming. And the most charming of them all is Celia."

CHAPTER XIII.

A FLOWER OF LOVE.

It was very early in that year, or at the end of 1857, that I made a discovery about myself. Regarded from the point of view which the climbing of so many following years has enabled me to reach,

the discovery seems a thing which might have been expected—quite natural, and belonging to daily experience. At the time, I remember, it was most surprising.

I suppose no one would believe that a young man could come to the age of one-and-twenty, and remain so little of a man as I did. But I was deformed. I was morbidly sensitive of ridicule. I was extremely poor. I had some pride of birth; I could not possibly associate with the professional men, the drawing, dancing, and music masters of the town, who might have formed my set. Their thoughts were not mine; their ways were not my ways. Not that I claimed any superiority. Quite the contrary. Men who could ride, hunt, shoot, play billiards, and do all the other things which belong to skill of hand and eye, seemed, and still seem, to me, vastly superior to a being who can do nothing except interpret the thoughts of the great masters. In a country town, unless you belong to the young men of the place, and take part in the things which interest them, you fall back upon such resources as you have in yourself. There was nothing for me but my piano and my books for the evening, and Celia in the afternoon.

It was partly on account of my deformity that we were so much together. When Leonard went away I had hardly an acquaintance of my own age in the town—certainly not a friend; and I was at the age when the imagination is strongest, and the need for close companionship is felt the most. In adolescence the heart opens out spontaneously to all who are within its reach. The friends of youth are close and confidential friends; there is no distrust, no reserve. I think it is rare for such a friendship as that between Celia and myself to exist between two persons who are not of the same sex, neither brother nor sister, nor lovers. Yet it existed, up to a certain time; and then, without a break on her part, but after a struggle on mine, it was resumed, and has been since continued. There was no shadow of restraint between us, but only a perfect and beautiful confidence, when Celia was a girl and I was a boy. Like me, but for different reasons, she lived apart from other girls; she had no school-girl friendships; she never went to school, and had no masters, except myself. I taught her all I knew, which was not much, in a desultory and methodless fashion, and the girl poured out to my ear alone—it was a harvest sixty and a hundred fold—the thoughts that sprang up as clear and bright as a spring of Lebanon in her pure young heart. The thoughts of youth are sacred things; mostly because young people lack power of expression, they are imperfectly conveyed in the words of the poets, who belong especially to the young. Great utterances by the men of old sink deep into the hearts of those who are yet on the threshold of life. They fertilize the soil, and cause it to blossom in a thousand sweet flowers. There is nothing to me, a teacher, and always among the young, more beautiful than the enthusiasms and illusions of youth, their contempt of compromise, their impatience of diplomatic evasions, their fan-

cied impartiality, and their eager partisanship. And I am sometimes of opinion that the government of the world—its laws—its justice—its preaching—its decisions on war and peace—its expenditure—should all be under the control of youth. Before five-and-twenty all but the hardest men are open to higher influences and nobler aims. The lower levels are reached, step by step, through long years of struggle for luxury and position. Let the world be ruled by the adolescent, and let the wisdom of the *senes*, who have too probably become cynical, disappointed, or selfish, be used for administration alone. Above all, no man should be autocrat, king, president, or prime-minister, after his five-and-twentieth year. As yet, however, I have made no converts to my opinions, and I fear I shall not live to see this admirable reform.

I have had many pupils, and won some friendship among them, but Celia was my first and best. No one was ever like her in my eyes, so zealous for righteousness, so pitiful for wrong-doers, so sweet in thought. Perhaps we loved her so much—the captain and I—that we saw in her more virtues than she possessed. It is the way of those who love. What would this world be worth without that power of illusion which clothes our dear ones, while yet in life, with the white robes of heaven?

"Has she wings somewhere, do you think, Laddy?" said the captain, one evening. Turning over the pages of the Bible, he lighted on a chapter which, he announced to me, bore upon the subject, and he would read it. "Celia's price," he read, commenting as he went along, "is far above rubies. That is perfectly true. The heart of her husband—she shall have a good one—shall safely trust in her. If he can't trust in her, he won't be fit to be her husband. She shall rejoice—there is prophecy for us, Laddy—in time to come. Many daughters—listen to this—have done virtuously, but Celia excels them all. The woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Now, if that does not bear upon the girl, what does?"

It was not possible that our boy-and-girl confidences should remain permanently unchanged, but the change was gradual. I noticed, first of all, that Celia's talk grew less personal and more general. As I followed her lead, we ceased in a measure to refer everything that we read or played to our own thoughts. So that we grew more reserved to each other. An invisible barrier was rising between us that we knew nothing of. It was caused by the passage of the girl into womanhood, imperceptible as the rising of the tide, which you do not notice until you compare your landmarks, and see how the water has gained. It was the transformation of the child, open as the day, candid and unreserved, into the woman—the true emblem of her is this figure of the Veiled Nymph—who hides, nourishes, and guards her secrets, gathering them up in the rich garner of her heart till she can show them all to her husband, and then keep them for her son. A woman without the mystical veil is no woman, but a creature androgynous, amorphous, loathsome. So that Celia

would never be again—I see it so well now—what she had been to me. Her face was the same as it had been, set grave at one moment with its fine, delicate lines and ethereal look, and at the next bright and laughing like a mountain-stream, but always sweet with the same kindness when she looked at me. Only it seemed at times as if I was groping about in the dark for the soul of Celia, and that I found it not.

“Cis,” I said, one afternoon. We were in our old place, and she was leaning against the gun, looking thoughtfully across the harbor. The tide was out, and instead of the broad lagoon was a boundless stretch of green-and-black mud intersected with a stream of sea-water, up and down which boats could make their way at all tides. “Cis, do you know that we are changed to each other?”

Almost as I said it I perceived that if Celia was changed to me I was no less changed toward her.

“What is it, Laddy?” she asked, turning gently, and resting her eyes on mine. They were so soft and clear that I could hardly bear to look into them—a little troubled, too, with wonder, as if she could not understand what I meant. “What is it, Laddy? How are we changed?”

“I don’t know. I think, Cis, it is because—because you are grown a woman.”

She sat down beside me on the grass. She was so much taller than I that it was nothing for her to lay her hand upon my shoulder. We often walked so. Sometimes I took her arm. But now the gesture humiliated me. I felt angry and hurt. Was I, then, of such small account that she should change in thought, and yet retain the old, familiar fashion, as if it mattered nothing what she said or did to me? It was a shameful and an unworthy feeling.

“Because I am grown a woman?” she repeated, quietly. “Yes, I believe I am a woman now.”

She was, indeed, a stately, lovely woman, with the tall and graceful figure of Helen and the pure face of Antigone, elastic in her tread, free in the movements of her shapely limbs, brave in the carriage of her head, full of strength, youth, and activity. Her face was long and oval, but her lips, which is not usual in oval faces, were as full and as mobile as the leaf upon the tree. Her features were straight and delicate. All about her was delicate alike, from the tiny, coral ears to the dainty fingers and little feet, which, like mice, went in and out. A maiden formed for love, altogether and wholly lovable; sweet as the new-mown hay, inexhaustible in loveliness—like the Shulamite, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, lovely as Tirzah, a spring of living waters, but as yet a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. And as I looked up at her my heart sank down within me.

“But why should that make a difference between us, Laddy?”

I put her hand from my shoulder roughly, and sprang to my feet, because suddenly my heart overflowed, and words came bubbling to my lips which had to be repressed. I walked to the parapet, and looked across the harbor, battling with myself for a

few moments. Then I turned. The girl was looking at me with wonder.

“Why should that make any difference, Laddy?” she repeated.

I was master of myself by this time, and could answer with a smile and lightly.

“Because you have put away the thoughts of a child, Celia. You no longer think or speak as you used to. Not any sudden change, Cis. Do not think that I complain. I was thinking of what we were a couple of years ago, and what we are now. You cannot help it. You show your womanhood in your new armor of reserve. Very bright and beautiful armor it is.”

“I meant no reserve, dear Laddy. We always talked together since we were children, have we not? And told each other everything.”

“Not lately, Cis, have we?”

She hesitated, and blushed a little. Then she evaded my question.

“Why, who could be more to me than you, Laddy? My companion, my tutor, my brother. What have I to hide from you? Nothing, Laddy, nothing.”

“Not that you know of, Cis. But there is a change. I think that we do not talk so freely of our thoughts as we did—do we?”

She pondered for a moment.

“I thought we did, Laddy. At least, I have not thought anything about it. There is no change, indeed, dear Laddy. What if I am grown up, as you say, into a woman?”

“What, indeed, stately Cis? Only girls are so—they wrap themselves up in their own thoughts and become enigmas.”

She laughed now.

“What do you know about girls, pray? We have so few thoughts worthy the name that we can hardly be said to wrap ourselves in them. And why should girls be enigmas any more than your own sex, sir?”

“I don’t know. Perhaps because we want to find out more than they care to tell us about themselves.”

“Perhaps because men always think and talk of women as a class. Why can they not give us individuality? You see, Laddy, we are different from men chiefly because we have no ambition for ourselves. I suppose it is in our nature—so far we are a class—that we desire peace and obscurity for ourselves, and greatness only for those men we care about. I have no hopes for myself in the future, Laddy. But I want to see Leonard famous, and you a great composer of beautiful music, and the dear old captain happy in your success, and my father to grow in honor and reputation. That is all my prayer for myself and my friends. And I like to think of good men and women working all over the world to make us all better and happier. Perhaps it may come in my way some day to do something quietly for the love of God.”

“You do something quietly already, Cis,” I said, “because you live as you do live.”

"Ah, Laddy, I have so many people who love me! Life is very easy when one is surrounded by the affection of so many. Suppose one had been born in the courts, where the voices are rough and men swear? Look at that troop of miserable men." She pointed to a gang of convicts passing through Liberty Gate. "What have been their temptations? How could they have lived the Christian life?"

"Their standard is lower than yours, Cis. Do you remember the statue of Christ, which was always higher than the tallest man? The higher one's thoughts carry one, the more wonderful, the more unattainable, seems the Christlike life. But our talk has led us into strange paths, Cis. All this because I said you were grown a woman."

"No, sir, you called me names. You said I was an enigma. See, now, Laddy, I must never be an enigma to you. I promise this. If ever you think that I am hiding any thought from you, ask me what it is, and I will confess it unless it is an unworthy thought, and then I should be ashamed."

"You could not have unworthy thoughts, Cis."

She shook her head.

"Foolish and frivolous thoughts. Vain and selfish thoughts," she said. "Never mind them, now. Let us only continue as we always have been—my brother, my kind and sweet-faced brother."

Mine, indeed; but that she did not know. She took my hands in hers, laid her sweet, fair cheek to mine, and kissed me on the lips and forehead. I think I feel her kisses still. I did not dare—I could not—return them. For when that ruby red-rose blossom of her lips met mine I trembled in all my limbs.

Think. I was small, mean of appearance, and deformed, but I was past twenty-one years of age. I was a man. And I loved the girl with an unbrotherly love, and with a passion which might even have belonged to a man whose back was straight.

If I trembled when she touched me, just as I rejoiced when I saw her, or heard the rustle of her dress, the kisses which she gave me struck my heart with a coldness as of death. Of course I knew it all along, but there is always a reserve power of illu-

sion in youth, and I may have deceived myself. But now it came home to me with clearness as of crystal that Celia could never, never, by any chance, care for me—in that way.

I realized this in a moment, and pulled myself together with an effort, returning the gentle pressure of her soft warm hand just as if my heart was as calm as her own. Then I answered in commonplace and at random.

"Thank you, Cis. Some day, perhaps, I shall take you at your word, and make you confess all sorts of hidden things. Tutor and pupil is all very well, so is elder brother and younger sister. But you are six inches taller than I already."

I have always thought that this simple speech was just the wildest I ever made in my life, because I was so very near saying what I should have repented ever after. Had I said what was in my heart, and almost on my lips, I might have destroyed the sweet friendship which existed then, as it still exists, pure and strong as the current of a great river. I thank God solemnly that I refrained my lips. "Whoso," says the wise man, "keepeth his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble." I loved her, that is most true; in those days when I was yet struggling with the impulses of a passionate love, there were moments when the blood ran tingling and coursing through the veins, and when to beat down the words running riot in my brain was almost beyond my strength. We were so much together, and she was so unconscious! She could not understand how her voice fell upon my soul like the rain upon a thirsty soil. Even when we were apart there was no moment when Celia was not present in my thoughts. All the morning the music of my pupils, even the very scales, sang Celia, Celia, Celia, in accents which varied with my moods, now wild and passionate, now soft and pleading, now hopeful, and now despairing.

There was one time—I do not know how long it lasted—a week or a dozen weeks—when I was fain to pretend illness because the misery of crushing this hopeless love was too great for me, and I craved for solitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT THE DOOR.

GOOD-NIGHT! If you and I were lovers,
I'd say, "Good-night, and dream of me;"
But prudence now—or pride—discovers
How very foolish that would be.

Since not a shadow of Love's blindness
Lurks in those eyes of yours to bless
The man they dazzle with their kindness,
What use in "signals of distress?"

Look! o'er yon sand-bar sparkles Luna;
Like you, cool, brilliant, and remote,

She smiles to see that luckless schooner
Fast stranded. Better keep afloat!

Good-night! 'Tis I must do the dreaming;
Your pillow dews oblivious steep;
Day's loss in Lethe thus redeeming
Is beauty's secret. You will sleep.

But when with bird and rose you waken,
And count your conquests, do me right—
I shall be wishing then I'd taken
Another sort of leave. Good-night!

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE child's eyes turned from her old black maumee, on whose lap she lay, to her mother, kneeling beside her, and then out to the yard gay with dahlias and rich lilies, and the cotton-field beyond, which had been the boundaries of her little life. The black face and the white, the cotton-balls, the well-curb which she had climbed every day, grew small and dim to her as a far-off picture.

Old Dr. Deems stooped and touched her cheek. It had always been thin and yellow, as are the faces of Southern children fed on hot bread and coffee, but even that meagre life was leaving it now.

"She is going," he motioned to the younger physician. "Take her mother out of the room."

It was the mother, indeed, of whom they all thought, rather than the child.

"Cousin Betty—" Dr. Fred stooped to lift her gently. But she caught the old man's hand in both of hers.

"Save her! save her!" she cried. "She is all I have in the world!"

He looked anxiously over at a stout, sandy-haired man, who stood by the foot of the bed watching the child, but who came now and lifted Mrs. Sevier in his arms.

"Betty! Betty!" he whispered, with a dreadful love and pity in his voice, but his eyes did not leave the little girl's face.

In the silence the sun shone broadly on the bed and yard without; the perfume from the sour-wood tree overpowered the smells of the sick-room. Thud! thud! came the taps of a far-off woodpecker from its hollow trunk. The eyes of the child settled on the black face above her and grew still.

"Yeh, honey! Yhah am its ole maumee. She cahn't see me! She am goin' in!"

"Papa!" cried the shrill, babyish voice, once; then all was still. The sunshine grew hotter, and the taps of the woodpecker more loud.

Dr. Deems reverently covered the face of the dead child, but its mother did not move. She had slipped down to the floor again, and held its feet clasped to her breast. Her cousin Fred looked down at her with some curiosity in his compassion. He was from Pennsylvania, and knew but little of these Southern kinsfolk. Mrs. Sevier was a thin, sallow woman, very like the child, and with a slow-moving, gentle stolidity of temperament entirely novel to the Northerner. She had daily concerned herself smilingly for his comfort, as his own sisters had never done. Yet when he had been bitten a week or two ago by a moccasin snake, she had gone on smiling calmly, and assured him that "the bite was poisonous and sometimes fatal, but usually yielded to prompt treatment."

By dint of poultices and whiskey he was saved, but he naturally regarded his cousin Betty thereafter as the most wooden of women. Now, there was a new, strange fire in her eye, as she held her dead

child, which alarmed him. He tried gently to lead her away.

"You shall not take her from me," she said; "she is all I have in the world!"

Fred looked again at the stout man, who came to her promptly, as if to serve her was the one business of his life.

"Give her the usual anodyne, Tom," said the old doctor, "in double quantity. Her life depends upon quiet."

"What have I to live for?" she muttered; "I have nothing left."

Tom, carrying her out, looked straight down into her face at this, and back at the little stiff form upon the bed. Tom was her husband and the father of the child.

The next year Mr. Sevier, finding that his wife did not recover health of body or mind after the loss of the child, took her up to the mountains. He had a strong, light wagon, suited to the dangerous roads in the gaps, and a couple of stout Canadian ponies. He himself drove. Dr. Fred Keyes went with them, partly as medical attendant, partly as companion for Betty. Tom Sevier hardly felt that he could claim to be called a companion or intimate friend of his wife, dear as they were to each other.

"You're younger than I, Fred," he said. "You read the same books as Betty. You can fall into her ways of thinking, eh? I've always been a busy man in the country—fond of fishing, or caucuses, or a dance, or anything that brought folks together."

"But you've given that all up since you were married?" eying him keenly.

Tom pulled his scrubby beard.

"Yes, of course. 'Twasn't her way. But it had coarsened me, no doubt. Well, you'll look after Betty, Fred, on this journey? Try and cheer her up a bit?"

Nobody must think that this history is to be a repetition of the old play of the trusting husband betrayed by his wife and friend. Fred Keyes was a most susceptible fellow, as far as plump, tender young girls were concerned, but he was not likely to meddle with the affections of a woman old enough to be his mother, lean and hungry-eyed to boot. Tom Sevier humored her like a spoiled child, in a way that disgusted his cousin. He had indeed no patience with the universal habit in the South of indulging women as though they were helpless babies. Fred had half a mind to bring this one to her senses by a sharp pull of common-sense. Yet he had a strong curiosity to know the meaning of those hungry, remonstrating eyes of hers. Sometimes he had caught an unguarded look in them that roused in him an eager pity, and gave her for the moment stronger power over him than the most beautiful woman.

They left the low bottoms of the Saluda River, where the Sevier plantations lay, and, crossing the

Nantahela Mountains, reached the high table-lands of North Carolina. For two or three weeks they passed slowly through the mightiest peaks of the Appalachian chain; now going down into some fertile valley, with its solitary, dilapidated farm-house; now into some vast cañon or succession of gorges, fastnesses inhabited only by the bear or wolf; or up into the heights, while the clouds wrapped the base of the mountain at their feet. At night they stopped at a farm-house, where host and hostess with their dozen children, gaunt, gigantic, and dirty, but invariably kindly and low-voiced, made room for them; or perhaps in a hunter's log-hut, with plenty of dogs, tame bears, and fleas, for company. Tom Sevier had hunted through these ranges when he was a young man, and found many old friends. The solitary mountaineers meet so few strangers that they keep close hold on them in their memories. They had much talk with him, too, of Stoneman's raid and the "s'render," which seemed to them a matter of yesterday, although it was ten years ago. They dated even the ages of their children by it. Fred, who had fought on the other side, always joined in the talk, and there was hearty good-humor all round, unless Mrs. Sevier was present. Her pale, dark-lined face was quite calm, but everybody felt latent thunder in the air.

"Betty says little, but the whole spirit of the rebellion is smouldering within her," Tom said to Dr. Keyes, with an apologetic laugh.

Day by day Fred was led to wonder more what other secret fire was smouldering within her.

Tom himself, as Keyes soon found, was an incomparable comrade with whom to go vagabondizing. He was alive, zealous, full of practical good sense and information. Whether it was politics, mica-mining, bear-baiting, or a weed or bird by the wayside that attracted Fred, Sevier's knowledge of it was full and accurate. Fred spoke of this to his cousin Betty one day.

She nodded indifferently.

"Mr. Sevier has been a closer student than is usually supposed," she said, in her thin, pleasant voice, the accent always on the drawled first syllable.

"The sweetest-tempered man, too, that I ever knew," pursued Fred, watching her jealously.

She nodded again, smiled civilly, and turned her eyes again on the lofty peaks above her, the inexplicable questioning look rising in her face slowly.

"You take very little interest in facts?" Fred persisted. "I observe you seldom listen to Sevier's explanations."

She did not answer for a moment.

"When I traveled over these mountains before, other meanings were given to them than 'profitable timber-lands' or 'investments for capital in mining.'"

That afternoon Fred and Sevier walked on ahead.

"You brought Cousin Betty here on your wedding journey?" Keyes asked.

"No. She never was in the mountains before. It is all new to her."

Dr. Keyes made a note of this point. Here was a chapter, and, he suspected, a chapter full of meaning, in Mrs. Sevier's life, of which her husband had been kept in total ignorance. Like most young men fresh from their books, Fred believed himself to be a most impartial student of human nature. His cousin Betty was a specimen of a genus unknown to him. He dignified his curiosity with the name of philosophic research.

One day, alone with her in the wagon, he began to use his probe again.

"I have good news for you, Betty. The day before we left home I heard that Tom was certain of a seat in Congress next term. I have no doubt when we go back we shall find he has been elected."

"Very likely. I know nobody who can represent our part of the State except Mr. Sevier," dropping her eyes to her book again.

"I believe in my soul, Betty, Tom's only reason for wishing success is to give you a taste of life in Washington. He has no ambition but to make your life happier."

"Most men, I suppose, make their wives the first object of consideration" (calmly, turning a page).

After this Fred used to watch with wrath and pity Sevier's behavior to his wife. Day and night his guardianship was unceasing, anxious, deprecating. Tom was the most frank, hearty human being in the world; but with his wife he was never at ease; a chill in body and soul seemed to fall on him whenever she looked at him. Yet there were little incidents now and then which made Keyes laugh to himself. There was something absurd to him in the spectacle of a man vehemently in love with his own wife, and she both middle-aged and homely.

One night the men occupied the same room in a mountain-cabin, and, as Sevier undressed, a long tress of red hair fell from his breast. Fred, as he handed it to him, saw that it had belonged to his dead child.

"Yes," stammered Tom, "I try to keep little Lou near me. It's a horribly empty world since she went, Keyes."

"You have Betty."

"Betty! *She* died to me years ago!" he said, passionately. There was an awkward silence. Even Fred, curious as he was, was sorry for this outbreak.

Tom came to him the next morning.

"I must explain what I said to you last night, Keyes."

"No, not a word. I shall never think of it again."

"But I prefer to set you right. The trouble is but a trifle, after all. The truth is, Betty and I were married hastily. I had been waiting on her a long time, but with no hope; and she suddenly changed her mind and married me. She is very fond of me. I don't want you to think, Keyes, that she is not fond of me—the most amiable, careful wife—and a capital housekeeper; there's not a duty she has

neglected. But there is not that sympathy between us, in taste or opinion, which I could wish. I have tried, too, to accommodate myself to her; I've tried ever since the day we were married. But I can't—I can't hit the key-note, somehow. I shall some day, though, please God."

The young fellow, glancing furtively into his face, saw that which made him feel for this sluggish, calm-blooded woman a cordial hatred.

They had gradually ascended range after range, until the vast spurs of the Blue Ridge and Nantahela swept downward from them, and the clouds lay billowed like a sea at the base of the heights which they had reached. Late one October afternoon they came to the little village of Waynesville, a drowsy hamlet hung upon the edge of a lofty summit, shadowy peaks ramparting it—the sky, as it seemed, threatening to sink down upon it at every moment.

During the last two days Mrs. Sevier had grown more and more silent. Naturally, she had a keen eye for odd phases of character, and a shrewd little turn of humor which had brought out every ludicrous point of the journey, greatly to Fred's amusement. She had ceased to notice anything now, and moved and spoke like a woman in a dream. Her eyes were contracted, her features settled into dark lines.

Mr. Sevier watched her anxiously, and vainly brought out one little vial of homœopathic pills after another.

"The evil spirit of the mountains has laid his hold on you," said Keyes, laughingly, to her, as they entered the little inn. "She has been here before," he said to himself, nodding sagaciously. "Whatever ghost it is that she sees in these mountains, is more real to her than poor Tom or all the long years he has given her."

The tiny inn, with porches as large as the interior, was wrapped in mist as they opened the outer door. The hostess, a gaunt, slab-sided, friendly-eyed woman, sat beside a roaring fire with one or two cronies, all with twigs in their mouths, enjoying a cozy "rub" of snuff and gossip. She led Mrs. Sevier up-stairs, while Tom and Fred, with half a dozen negroes, went out to the stable.

"We're powerful full of company to-day," she said. "There's two gentlemen from Georgia hyah, a-huntin'. But I'll give you uns the big room. Oh, you've bin hyah before," as Mrs. Sevier hastily passed before her and opened the door. "Jes' make yerself's at home thin, and I'll send Samantha to yheys up the fire."

Mrs. Sevier stopped, looking slowly about her. She stood in a small, square room, the floor covered with a faded rag carpet; dirty patches of a blue wallpaper with gigantic flowers clinging to the delicately-grained walls of poplar planks. A log smoldered on the hearth. Outside of the little window opened a spectral country of driving mists and dizzy heights. An ordinary apartment enough in these mountain-regions; but some secret presence in it seemed to grasp and hold the woman who had entered it with power. Her chin began to quiver; she closed

her eyes, as if to shut out a sight that pained them.

She was neither a weak nor a bad woman, and the force of this old passion which had laid hold on her since she came into the mountains shocked and alarmed her. What was it to her that in this very room, years ago, her life had risen to heights which it could never touch again? Was she not Tom Sevier's wife? She told herself, too, that she had been a faithful, affectionate wife to him. She had never been able to make a companion of him, perhaps because she was forced to compare him continually with a man of much higher type. But that was not her fault.

This old memory should not make her less faithful—

"Curse the gun!"

There was a crash, as if the weapon had been dashed to the ground.

At the first sound of the voice, Mrs. Sevier shivered as if she had been struck, and stood motionless.

The rooms were separated by a thin partition of planks, and the door between was unlatched. Two men were cleaning their rifles after the day's hunting. The elder, with an oath, gave his a kick as it lay on the floor.

"I shouldn't let a bad day's luck put me out of temper, colonel," the other dragged out, lazily.

"I never had any but accursed luck in this place. I told you I did not want to come here."

The young man shrugged his shoulders. The colonel, half drunk and in "a humor," was not desirable as friend or foe.

"I'll go down and see to feeding the dogs," he said, and left the room.

Colonel Chaplin yawned, and walked to the fire. The colonel strutted, though it was dark, and there was nobody to see him.

"Missed that buck at twelve paces, by Gee!" rolled the bloody current of his thoughts as he drove his heel at the back-log. "Hands growin' shaky, tongue's gettin' thick! Old age, by Gee! This yure mountain whiskey tastes insipid's water. Can't hunt, can't drink—nothin' left! What's left me? Proputty, negroes, gone to the devil! Women—" He raised his nodding head as if awakened by a sudden thought. "Why, the woman I loved best in the world turned her back on me in this house."

His bloated face grew a shade darker purple, the small black eye kindled.

"Fine woman, Elise Voneida!" with a chuckle.

The next moment he stood erect, with a gasp of astonishment. The door was pushed open, and Elise stood before him in the very spot where she had parted from him, flushed and trembling with anger, ten years ago. Her face was pale now, and dropped on her breast; both her white hands were held out to him.

The colonel's heart, as he would have told you, was tender to any of the fair sex, and the truth was, all the clean, honest affection of which he was capable had been given to this woman.

"Good God, Elise! have you come back to me?"

"I—I never have been lost to you, Louis!"

The words came as if wrenched from her. Whatever was the passion that had bound her to him, it had never yet been awakened in her by her husband; but the voice of this old love roused it again. It mastered her like a fiery poison running through her veins. She said to herself that she was Tom Sevier's wife, and that God's law—

"I only came to ask you to forgive me, Louis," she amended.

"It's time, by Gee! You flung me hard, Elise."

Mrs. Sevier had dreamed of this meeting a thousand times; but these were not the kind of words she had heard in her dreams from her hero. She looked up at him, and drew back. This hero's mouth was yellow with tobacco, and his cheeks were bloated and pimpled.

Yet the old magnetic power remained in him still. He took her hands in his puffy, ringed ones, and they shook as they never had done in Tom Sevier's grasp.

"That scoundrel Sevier maltreats you."

"No, no!"

"I say he does! Why, your cheeks are hollow as if you were forty years old. And what kind of a shabby dress is this? I'd have hung velvet and diamonds on you."

Mrs. Sevier drew up her head. She was forty years old, but Tom always treated her like a girl of sixteen. *He* would not think rags shabby if they were on her.

The colonel was in a glow of triumph. He had hated Sevier viciously for twelve years, the humiliation of being "thrown" growing sharper as his rival had succeeded in the world. But here was victory! He remarked to himself that "he knew how to seize it"—with an oath big enough in his opinion to round the subject.

"You are mine! Damnation, don't say a word! You shall be mine, in spite of all the Seviars alive. We're not as young as we once were, but there's a good slice of life left us yet. Hush! here he comes. I'll meet you by the ford to-morrow morning. You remember the ford?"

Yes, she remembered the ford. She went slowly back to the other room, and was standing by the fire when Dr. Keyes entered.

"Tom found that one of the horses—" he began, and then stopped abruptly, looking keenly at her. She had seen the ghost! He perceived the smell of tobacco from the adjacent room, and glanced at the door. It was shut. Turning again to Mrs. Sevier, he found her eyes fixed on it with a terrified fear of discovery.

"Poor Tom!" thought Keyes, as he beat a dreary tattoo on the window.

Mrs. Sevier sat down and stared in the fire, her hands clasped on her knee. She felt very much as a man who has passed through an earthquake, and finds his house, his belongings, his very foothold, a wreck beneath him. What was this she had promised to do? To meet a friend in a casual morning

walk! There was no wrong to Tom in that. For years it had been a kind of gospel with her, much more forcible than that which she heard in church, to believe in her first love, and in the man to whom she gave it. She had been used to listen to mournful music, to find the voice of that first love in it, and then to recall Tom's virtues with a sigh, acknowledging to herself that he was the most eminently respectable of men, but that her heart was irrevocably given to a man of higher order. She was groping about now miserably for this man, bewildered by a cloud of stale tobacco, whiskey, and oaths, breathed from a sensual mouth.

This middle-aged woman, looking for her first love in Colonel Chaplin, was not a fit subject for the savage ridicule which Dr. Keyes was secretly pouring on her head. It is no joke when the religion of a life is proved to us to be senseless folly, and our age and ugliness do not make the lesson any less black and bitter.

Meantime, Colonel Chaplin was laying his plans. It must be remembered that he was a man of violent passions and naturally full of seething energy. He had been in a forced state of idleness for a long time, and now, in the very moment when life seemed emptiest to him, the woman he had once loved was placed within his grasp. Nothing came between them but a man he hated, and the colonel's talent for hating was exceptional. After an hour's reflection, and several drinks beyond the hourly average, he went down and introduced himself to Tom and Dr. Keyes.

Keyes, with Northern caution, held him at arm's-length; but Mr. Sevier was cordial and hearty with him beyond his wont.

"Poor old Chaplin! terrible wreck!" he said, afterward, to Fred. "Rum and the war have been too much for him. I promised to go fishing with him to-morrow morning. I thought Betty would like some mountain-trout."

Mrs. Sevier woke the next morning with a start and smile. Her husband was dressed, standing by the fire.

"What is it, Betty?"

"I thought Lou had crept on the bed to waken me as she used to do."

She covered her eyes with her hands and cried quietly. Tom stroked her hair.

"My poor girl, you've had hard measure in this world!" he said.

She took her hands away, and looked at him steadily. *Had* she hard measure? In that moment, for the first time since she had been married, she felt how strong, how true this man's love was; how firm a foundation it was for her. The searching, wild look she fixed on him puzzled Tom. The next moment she drew coldly away from him.

"If you are going down now, I will dress."

But she lay quiet thinking when he was gone. Had she not loved Louis Chaplin? Had she not married Sevier in a mad whim of pique? Was she to be persuaded that it was for him she really cared

now? Love was love forever. All these years she had looked on herself as a woman set apart for a conflict of mighty passions. Was she to find herself only a good wife with a good husband of the commonplace, happy sort?

She came out on the upper porch presently, and looked down. Tom was below with Colonel Chaplin. She never had noticed before what an erect, clean-skinned, clear-eyed man he! was beside other men; how true and merry his voice was. Bah! it needed other qualities than these to win a woman's heart. But she did not go to the ford.

Colonel Chaplin waited there for her an hour or more. Sevier was a tyrant. The poor creature was evidently in terror of her life. She would never dare to come to him, as her heart prompted, while her husband lived.

The colonel folded his arms, and gazed darkly into the water. To-day should be the culminating point of his life. There was that narrow pass in the Catalonche—a sheer descent into the stream of fifty feet. When he had brought Sevier to it, he would tell him calmly how matters stood between them, and then—

They should never both leave the pass alive. But there must be no weapons used. Bullets tell tales. If Sevier missed his footing, and fell into the Devil's Grave, he was not the first man to whom the accident had happened. If it was Louis Chaplin who was worsted, Sevier could tell what lie he chose.

"As well that end as the other," blustered the colonel, with a portentous sigh. But he surveyed his bulky limbs complacently. Tom Sevier was not half the man *he* was.

"Shall I take my gun, colonel?" called Tom, as soon as he appeared in sight. "We may start a buck."

"No, nor even pistols; one sort of game at a time is my motto."

"I'll be with you in a moment."

He ran up the stairs to the little porch where his wife sat looking beyond the mountains into vacancy, her hands, as usual, clasped on her knees. Dr. Keyes was reading an old newspaper.

"Good-by, Betty."

"Good-by," without turning her eyes.

It had once been a habit with him never to leave the house without kissing her. He had given it up of late years. But he hesitated now.

"I may not be back until night. Don't be uneasy, Betty."

"No."

"Good-by," turning to go down the stairs.

"O Tom!" said Keyes, looking up, "have you called at Judge Stein's since you came?"

"No."

"Your cousin Lola is living still?"

"Yes," glancing quickly at his wife.

"Unmarried?"

"I believe so."

He went hastily down the stairs. Keyes coughed significantly, and turned to his paper.

"Who is Lola Stein?" asked Mrs. Sevier, sharply.

"Lola? Tom's cousin. You've heard of her, surely?"

Fred spoke reluctantly. She knew by his face there was something to conceal.

"I've heard of her, but nothing particular."

Fred buried his face in his paper, and did not answer.

"How I detest the habit of giving romantic foreign names to our women!" said Mrs. Sevier, tartly. "They called me Elise when I was a girl. Absurd! This Lola, I suppose, is some ungainly creature in gaudy calico, who rubs snuff, and drives the steer and wagon when she makes visits."

"Not precisely. By George! there she is!"

Mrs. Sevier bent eagerly forward. A delicate little figure on horseback was just below the porch. The horse was a spirited one. She managed it with easy grace. As she turned her head, Mrs. Sevier caught sight of a dimpled mouth, an oval face warmed with a peachy bloom, and soft, blue eyes.

"How old is she?"

"About thirty, I suspect."

"She—she has worn well," her hand going up involuntarily to her own thin cheek.

There was silence for several minutes.

"Dr. Keyes" (in more irritable tones), "why did that new-found relation of mine never marry?"

Fred's embarrassment was apparent.

"I don't know, Cousin Betty. She has had plenty of lovers, I hear. There was an old story which my mother told me years ago, of her attachment to a man who was in every way worthy of her, but who suddenly changed his mind, and married another woman."

"Was—did this man love Lola Stein?"

Fred changed color, and turned his newspaper nervously.

"It was said that he did. But why should he marry another woman? Moreover, his wife has, no doubt, driven poor Lola out of his head and heart by this time."

Mrs. Sevier sat motionless a moment, then she rose and went hastily to her own room. Keyes looked after her with a queer smile, threw his old paper down, and went out to amuse himself. He had finished his day's work.

Mrs. Sevier was standing before the glass. She saw in it a fair, cheerful face beside the sallow, skinny one. Why did he marry her? Because when she quarreled with Louis she had almost flung herself into his arms, thinking she made him happy for life. He had loved another woman! He had married her only out of a chivalric sense of honor. All these years in which she might have won him she had held him aloof, wrapping herself in a feverish passion for—O God! for what? What brutal creature was it that she had set up in her husband's place?

An hour later Mrs. Sevier put on her hat and the prettiest dress she had, and went to call on this new cousin. She came back looking more ghastly, walk-

ing quickly, as if urged on some matter of life and death. Lola had proved to be the most gentle, merry, winning woman she had ever known. She told Fred this with a speechless terror in her eyes that made him almost pity her. No man who had loved such a woman, she said, could ever forget her. Where was Tom? Only an hour since he went fishing. It seemed like days.

"Order them to saddle the horses" (imperiously).
"We will follow them."

"To Catalonche?"

"Wherever he is, I must see him. I have lost Lou; I have lost everything. I must see him. If there is any chance—" She went heavily to her room, muttering to herself.

"My medicine will kill or cure," said Dr. Fred, as he went to the stables.

About noon the two fishermen came to the bluff which overlooked the Devil's Grave. The colonel had not spoken for two or three miles. He drank repeatedly from his pocket-flask, and chewed the end of an unlighted cigar.

"That's a nasty bit of road," said Tom, looking up at the pass. "Let's try the laurel."

"When I want my game, I don't turn back for a rough climb. Are you afraid?" blustered the colonel.

"Oh, no," said Tom, carelessly. "I'll keep with you, of course."

They reached the pass—a ledge of rock on the edge of a precipice not two feet wide.

"I have a word to say to you, Sevier."

The colonel, who was ahead, turned and faced the smaller man.

"Not here, Chaplin," laughed Tom; "I am absurdly dizzy."

"Yes, here and now—damnation!"

"What's the matter?" (staring about him).
"Hello! There is Keyes. And Betty!" He was delighted as a boy.

When he had descended the hill his wife was

waiting alone. Keyes had prudently lingered to pull rhododendrons.

"What is it? Have you been ill, Betty?" She was leaning down from her horse, her hands on his shoulders, her eyes on his with an agony of entreaty, of love, such as he had never seen there before.

"O Tom! I thought I had lost you."

He lifted her down, and placed her on a gray rock by the path. He did not laugh at her. There was something here more than nervous folly—something, he thought, which he had been waiting for for years. He had despaired that it would ever come to him.

"Tom, do you care for me at all? Won't you try to love me a little? No matter how inferior I am to—other women, I have nothing but you—nothing!" she sobbed, humbled and terrified at last into her real self.

Dr. Keyes saw very little of his friends that day. The next morning Mrs. Sevier met him on the grassy village-street. She was leaning on her husband's arm. Her cheek was flushed, and her eyes brilliant.

"We leave in an hour, doctor," she said, a little quaver of triumph in her tone. "I always had a prejudice against this village, and Mr. Sevier is quite willing to indulge me in my whims."

"I am ready to go at any time. Colonel Chaplin, too, found the fishing poor and game scarce, and left last night. He asked me to tender his adieux and best wishes."

Mrs. Sevier bowed.

"I knew Louis Chaplin very well once," she said, frankly; "but I found it hard to recognize him in this poor, degraded creature. There are the horses. I want to feel that we are actually on the road—to home, Tom," she added, in a happy whisper, clinging to his arm.

"I have struck the key-note at last, Fred," said Sevier, when they drove off, his face glowing. "But I can't explain. Nobody can understand such matters between a husband and wife, you know."

"No," said Dr. Keyes, and lighted his cigar.

TWILIGHT.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

CHILD, go and pray—for see! the night is here!
Through cloudy rifts the golden lights appear;
The hills' faint outline trembles in the mist;
Scarcely is heard a distant chariot—list!
The world's at rest; the tree beside the way
Gives to the evening wind the dust of day.

Twilight unlocks the hiding-place of stars;
They gleam and glow behind night's shadowy bars.
The fringe of carmine narrows in the west,
The moonlit water lies in shining rest;
Furrow and foot-path melt and disappear;
The anxious traveler doubts the far and near.

It is the hour when angels stoop to earth
To bless our babes amid our careless mirth.
The little ones with eyes upraised in prayer,

With tiny, folded hands and white feet bare,
Ask at this twilight hour a blessing dear
Of Him who loves his little ones to hear.

Then, while they sleep, a cloud of golden dreams,
Born in the calm of day's declining beams,
Waiting in shadow till the hour of night;
Fly to each couch and scatter visions bright;
As joyous bees seek honey-laden flowers,
Dreams hover near in slumber's peaceful hours.

O cradled sleep! O prayers of childhood blest!
O baby-voice, speaking a loving breast!
Thy happy prayer the darkness maketh light,
Turneth to song the solemn sounds of night,
As 'neath his wing the birdie hides his head,
Thou shelterst by thy prayer thy cradle-bed.

OBSERVATION AND IMAGINATION.

WHILE Observation can never take the place, and is, indeed, the reverse of Imagination, it can supplement, stimulate, and strengthen it to a degree almost incredible. Although observation is generally a habit, it is often a gift, especially in minds of a high creative order, which are supposed to depend on it very little, when in fact they depend on it a great deal. How much, is seldom if ever known: for artists are disinclined to unfold their processes, and not a few of them take a certain pride in puzzling their admirers as to the means of their accomplishment. Observation, even when a gift, is reckoned plain and poor beside Imagination, wont to look down from her presumed splendor and opulence upon her humble neighbor, to whom, while she owes so much, she makes but slender acknowledgment. If Observation could have his just due, Imagination would be far less rich than she shows, and nearly half her lustre would be seen to be borrowed, and borrowed lawfully enough, were the indebtedness admitted.

In art we are apt to deceive ourselves as to the relative functions of Observation and Imagination; for it is much easier to trace one than the other, and what we cannot trace we are disposed to think performs a very subordinate part. Observation gives the suggestions on which Imagination acts, and frequently presents entire images, full pictures which she has merely to touch up and finish. The former furnishes the spark—sometimes the live coals and a portion of the fuel—that kindles the latter into flame. While the fire is grandly glowing and burning, and we are warm before its blaze, we rarely recur to the origin of all the radiance and comfort we enjoy. Observation does the prosaic, Imagination the poetic; that the first work, this the last; and in the grace and completeness of the last we have no eyes for the rude beginning. But if we examine carefully, if we seek cause from effect, we shall find the germ and much of the growth in the outward steadily transferring itself to and fashioning the inward, again to become the outward, the perfect form, the type of beauty.

Imagination, boundless as it seems, is greatly limited when unaided. It needs help as much as other faculties do, not to soar nor sweep, but to be distinct and varied. It has a wide circle, though, left to itself, it is prone to move on the same lines, and to return to the point whence it starts. Allied to Observation, its wings are strong, its flights sustained, its excursions infinite, regular, and productive. Then it is trained, rationalized, set to wholesome activity and profitable work; whereas, undirected and unrestrained, it tends to vagaries, grows morbid, wastes itself, and gets enslaved by an excess of freedom. All healthful liberty and substantial fruitfulness are secured to the Imagination by close partnership with the Observation. The partnership is generally silent, and the more valuable on

this account, since the unseen force makes itself the more felt. The greater the reliance of Imagination on Observation, the deeper the popular belief in its absolute independence.

The masters of imagination, as they are called, though they are really thought to be mastered by it, are generally supposed to achieve everything by its unsupported might. They simply yield to or are possessed by a fine frenzy; they are carried out of themselves, and, when their intellectual delirium has passed, they are surprised at what they have wrought. It is nearly as strange, as external, as wonderful to them as to the world at large. Dominated and controlled by their grand inspiration, they obey its imperious moods, and create from the created. Stuffed with intuitions, conceptions, images, analogies, harmonies, their thoughts, sympathies, and feelings, move under an influence alike mysterious and irresistible until the artistic end has been reached. So Phidias and Praxiteles carved; so Raffaele and Leonardo painted; so Brunelleschi and Buonarrotti planned; so Mozart and Beethoven composed; so Homer and Shakespeare sang. Imagination alone is necessary: this given, the marvels are worked. The endless observation, the untiring study of details, the anxious fitting of idea to object by all those masters are not estimated because they are not apprehended. Had not Phidias, Leonardo, and the rest, transcendent imagination? What need had they then to fret and moil and grub like meaner mortals to whom imagination has been refused? Shall we ever appreciate fully the pains and labor Genius must take and perform before it wins recognition?

What is art at highest but copying Nature in ideal fashion? What can there be in imagination that has not already been in Nature? Can any mind in its wildest flights conceive aught that has not been repeatedly an actual experience? Are not the grandest visions of the poets always below the realities of to-day and the certainties of to-morrow? Imagination has its bounds; Nature is immeasurable; and observation unfolds Nature. To go beyond the natural, were it possible, would be to suffer eclipse. We must hold by Nature, to be intelligible; to desert her is confusion and absurdity. All art rests on Nature; art rests also on imagination; and imagination rests on observation. Whatever might be has been; the possible and the actual are mystically joined; the wholly improbable is such only because it has happened so often.

The peerless Greek statues were men and women in the flesh ere they were put in marble and bronze. What was finest and best in more than one, in many, perhaps, was selected and combined from the creature for the creation so named. Frail Phrynes were absorbed into immortal goddesses; lusty Lacedæmonians, coarse and cruel, were mirrored in Mars, the deity and Hercules, the demi-god; Athenian youths,

with form alone to recommend them, passed into glorious Mercuries and Apollos. Imagination elevated, finished, imparted the ideal atmosphere; but the idea, the model, the archetype, was in the human, breathing thing. The Madonnas and saints of the old masters are taken from free-living and amiably-sinful women, who never thought of Madonna or saint, except as an abstraction which the Church had ordered them to pray to. The faultless portico of the Pantheon and the grand swell of Santa Maria's dome were the dreams of Euclides and Archimedes, based on observation, before they had crept into the brain of architect to fix the admiration of the world. The tender wail of the requiem, and the sublime aspiration of the heroic symphony, had been crudely and disconnectedly expressed by generations of sorrowing and disappointed hearts, and the tones were caught and remembered by the gifted Germans until they had been compressed and fastened in undying melody. Achilles, Agamemnon, and Odysseus, were facts or traditions, and Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, had had shape and presentment, ere those flowed into fadeless epics, or these into imperishable dramas.

It is in writing more than in any other branch of art that observation can be most easily tracked, and it is in writing that imagination is believed to have the largest scope. Even into imaginative literature—into pure fiction, as it is considered—observation often enters as much as imagination, sometimes more. This is apparent—more apparent than actual, frequently—and that is hidden, though not so hidden as to be undetectable by intimate acquaintance with the mind and habits of the writer. As a rule, authors seem more averse than their brother artists to divulge the secrets of the workshop—perhaps because they have, from the order of their vocation, ampler facilities for concealment. They wish, fairly enough, to be judged by their production, and to keep out of sight and knowledge the forming material and determining circumstances of such production. And the conditions under which they labor favor them. The sculptor, painter, architect, must have their models, antiques, drawings, plans—must be surrounded by their sources of infusion, their implements, their tentative efforts. The author, if his head be full and his scheme ripe, wants but pen, ink, and paper, for his accomplishment. Prepared within, he needs small preparation without. Archimedes's proud boast was, "Give me a place to stand, and I will move the world!" The author, his genius being commensurate, can move the world by standing anywhere. Fame is within reach of his pen-arm; with a little ink he can inscribe his name on the tablets of immortality; but his genius, however great, must be founded on observation.

If we could know an author as we know his book, however wonderful, he would seem more and less wonderful than it. Our admiration would be much abated by learning innumerable facts, attentions, studies, insignificant in themselves, on which he had built his great renown. If authors of eminence had written autobiographies—if Shakespeare had, for ex-

ample—what a natural history of the human intellect would have been ours, and what a precious treasure it would have proved! We should see then, doubtless, the grandeur of little things; how pygmies may grow to giants; how a suggestion from, or a glimpse of, the real may become the crown of imagination; how observation slowly but steadily draws the many-colored threads that are woven into tapestries hanging resplendent along the walls of Time! Such literary light as has been shed is sufficient to show us a good deal of what is interesting and instructive in the past, and to correct many erroneous notions of the manner in which genius strives, and art creeps to success.

It is very remarkable that the three great original minds, the mighty chiefs of the tuneful tribe, the universally conceded kings of poetry, have, as the word is commonly understood, invented very little or nothing. Their imagination is supreme; and yet they took what was to their hand because it fitted them, because it furnished the themes they wanted, because it was in accord with and expressed the spirit of their time. It is a mark of exalted genius to discover what it needs, and to use what belongs to it, by the rule of sovereignty, without hesitation and without reserve. It borrows so grandly as to put its lenders in debt—the more it accepts, the more it gives; the larger its levy, the richer its bounty. It is too original to be in fear of not being thought original. While smaller minds might trim and clip and seek to disguise, the big, breezy mind would have appropriated all it required, and proved its superiority by indifference to partial comment or narrow criticism. Genius says: "I take all I want, and show by my creation how much my creation is beyond whatever I can get ready-made. That may not have been strictly mine; but, when you look at this which is wholly mine, you shall wonder at my generosity to receive." In other words, genius relies largely on the outward, or on what observation comprehends.

The first great poet, Homer, found, as everybody knows, the main events described in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" either as traditions or in the form of popular ballads of his time. It is quite likely that the Trojan War had been celebrated in hexameter verse long before his age, and that its incidents and characters were familiar to his contemporaries as well as to him. He elevated, completed, grouped them; made them an harmonious whole; shed over them the magic light of his genius; virtually recreated them, of course; but still he had the broad foundation on which to rear his lofty rhyme. He was a traveler; he had been occupied for years in gathering his material; he had been using his eyes (the opinion that he was blind is hardly tenable in view of the accepted facts), and, indeed, all his senses and faculties, to excellent purpose. Both epics show his strict fidelity to Nature, the minutest observation of the region in which the narrative and action coalesce, as his striking and truthful epithets, applied to rivers, mountains, islands, and other features of scenery, demonstrate on every page of his works.

While this does not detract from his merit, it is plain that he required something besides imagination for the discharge of his immense task ; that pure creation was scarcely more than half of it ; that, without finding fuel for his fire in close studies of the external, his fire might never have blazed so as to light up the distant centuries.

The second poet, Dante, sublime as his theme was, did not make it. The "*Divina Commedia*" is a transcript of the theology he believed in. Taking hell and purgatory and paradise as they were portrayed by the Roman Church, he added complicated machinery of his own to those patristic departments, and filled them with the noted personages of his country. Like men of ordinary mould who have evangelical creeds to sustain, he put his friends in the best place, his enemies in the worst, and the people he neither liked nor disliked in the intermediate place ; usurping the functions of the judgment-day, as it is called, with resolute alacrity and ardent temper. Prosaic persons can send those they love to heaven and those they hate to hell without much harm to them. But when a man of great genius like Dante writes a great poem, and consigns them to those misty spheres, he does their memory such irreparable mischief by inducing a part of the literary world to believe that they really are there, that it cannot fail to gratify even the malignity of a poet.

Dante has been ranked as the most original of writers, one of the few who have created the national poetry of their country. He is rightly held to be a sovereign of imagination ; but his sovereignty leans on his observation and experience, which is only observation turned inward. Aside from his book-culture, which was extraordinary in degree and range, especially for his epoch, he was liberally educated by pacing the streets of Florence, and wandering wherever his native tongue was spoken. It has been truly said that his were the sole open eyes of his age ; that nothing escaped them ; that everything about him was photographed on his sensitive brain, and afterward transferred to the "*Divina Commedia*." Although not so regarded, he is, in many respects, a lyric poet ; his biography might almost be constructed from what he has written. His was a signally plastic period, and as his nature was very impressible, the shifting circumstances through which he passed, the severe trials he endured, moulded his mind to many forms. There were few conditions and passions that he did not know. He was soldier, scholar, politician, lover, author, idealist, mourner, philosopher, exile, unhappy husband, outcast ; he tasted the bitterness of every cup, and the wine of every emotion. He translated his experience into song, and the earth is still listening to its sorrowing strain.

The "*Vita Nuova*," written at twenty-five, is but a tender reverie commemorating his love for Beatrice Portinari, after whose death he married, by advice of mistaken friends, Gemma de' Donati, and was as wretched with her as his vivid fancy could have pictured. But his matrimonial misery yielded him fresh

insight into woes which it was his vocation to describe. But for his numberless experiences he would have made dull enough, with its permeating theology, his great work, whose model is said to be that of a Christian basilica. The genuine interest of the "*Divina Commedia*" lies in its record of an earnest, struggling, oppressed, persecuted, finally conquering human soul. It lies in what Dante was and dared to be, in what he had seen, felt, and suffered, not in schemes of sin, meditation, and redemption, nor in any of the elaborate symbolisms of ecclesiastical conception.

Of the third poet, Shakespeare—the overmastering intellect of all time—it is wellnigh superfluous to speak. Like the other two, very little is known of him personally, although he lived in the blaze of a far-lighting age. But there is every reason to believe, however he may have lacked collegiate learning, that he had all the general culture of his day, and that he was an omnivorous reader. A very wizard of imagination, original above every writer living or dead, he took most of the plots of his plays from other authors, making barely any change in the general conduct of the story, and often keeping the names of the characters. He used his imagination in developing the persons of the drama, in filling up outlines, in transmuting art into Nature, in doing what no man before or since has succeeded in doing. Doubtless, he might have made his own plots, and drawn his own characters, with perfect ease—what was impossible to Shakespeare?—but he saw fit to accept what suited him, and so taught intelligent economy of effort by the highest example. Little as those about him knew of him, we may be sure he knew everything of them. All external life must have streamed through him ; his eye must have been a microscope that revealed what was hidden from his companions ; he must have been able to see in a flash what the best of his fellows could never penetrate. Unquestionably, his observation must have exceeded the observation of all other men, as his imagination exceeded theirs ; and his intellectual clairvoyance made familiar the whole circle of human experience. If we could but know his haunts and habits, we should probably wonder less at his invention than at his power of absorbing all that lay outside of him, even to the smallest trifle. His brain was a magic mirror that reflected not merely what was, but what had been, and what might be. Other men thought ; Shakespeare divined : other men imitated Nature ; Shakespeare reproduced her.

When we descend from the grand trio, we find intellectual parallelisms almost everywhere. The most imaginative authors of every nation are indebted for their creations to the objective, without which the subjective would be entirely inadequate. Their best work has been done by a coöperation of observation and imagination ; the former so stimulating, directing, and regulating the latter, that the one may be said to be the foster-parent of the other.

Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*" was borrowed from the fabulous and chivalrous adventures of the pala-

dins of the age of Charlemagne, and is replete with idealized circumstances that had connection with the poet's life. Tasso's "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," the best, perhaps, of modern epics, superior as a subject, as Voltaire observes, to the Trojan War employed by Homer, is a poetic version of the history of the first crusade, and most meritorious where the facts are adhered to, and the fantastic and supernatural ignored. Petrarch, who believed the only work worthy of his genius to be his Latin epic, "*Africa*," of which Scipio Africanus is the hero, is remembered mainly by his sonnets to Laura, written out of his heart. He counted these as trifles in a literary sense; but everybody reads them, while no one thinks now of his ambitious and elaborate "*Africa*." Of all Boccaccio's writings in Latin and Italian, the "*Decameron*" alone makes his present reputation; and many of its hundred tales of love and intrigue are formed from incidents and experiences of his literary and voluptuous life in Naples in the society of scholars and the deeply-enamored Princess Mary. Much of what is thought to have been his pure invention came from what he had seen and felt.

Another strikingly original author, Rabelais, whose "*Gargantua and Pantagruel*" is so peculiar and whimsical that it cannot be classed with any recognized order of literature, founded his monstrous characters on historic personages. His work appears at first only a prodigy of boundless humor, a chaos of fable and erudition; but it is soon seen that it expresses a revolt against ecclesiastic and political authority; that all its strange allusions and wild tales are parts of a pitiless attack on priests, princes, and kings—the result of his own bitter experience. There were method and reason in his supreme eccentricity. The giant Gargantua symbolizes Francis I.; Pantagruel, Henry II.; Panurge, Cardinal de Lorraine; Badebec, Claude de France; Frère Jean, Cardinal du Bellay; Grandgousier, Louis XII.; Pichrocole, Maximilian Sforza; Grandjeant, Diane de Poitiers; Gargamelle, Anne de Brétagne. Indeed, by study and reflection, one can trace Rabelais's fortunes and opinions throughout his printed fantasies: his books illustrate his life in monstrous conceits.

The renowned epic of Portugal, "*The Lusiad*," was written by a man of action, rich in emotions and experiences as in intellectual gifts. Camoëns inherited a passion for the ocean and for adventure from his father, a sea-captain, and, in despair at the death of his mistress, Catarina de Atayada, who had died of a broken heart on account of the banishment of her lover by order of the king, supposed to have been the poet's rival, joined the expedition against Morocco, and fought with reckless valor. His whole life was a bitter disappointment: exile, imprisonment, ingratitude, poverty, suffering, were his; and yet the worse the treatment he received from his monarch and his countrymen, the more he loved his country. The great discoveries of Portugal and the stirring events of the sixteenth century fired his imagination, and prompted him to glorify his native

land by making the fictitious hero Lusus, a companion of Ulysses, visit Lusitania, and found Lisbon under the name Ulyssopolis. An ardent spirit of patriotism pervades the entire epic, full of pictorial descriptions of scenery and tempests with which he had been familiar, and of eloquent praise of Portugal for her influence in extending Christianity and civilization. The finest passage is his reference to the assassination of Inez de Castro, in whose tragic end he saw the fate of his own Catarina reflected. The mingled grief and wrath of Pedro for his murdered wife has almost a lyric strain; showing that the pathos and passion of Camoëns's song were but the utterance of his own bereavement, which was never forgotten. The poet's suffering was the source of his inspiration.

Cervantes, one of the great original authors, always poured his life into his literature. In his early novel, "*The Captive*," he recites his experience as a prisoner in the hands of the Moors, who had seized the galley in which he was sailing from Italy to Spain, after he had served in the Austrian army against the Turks, and lost an arm at the battle of Lepanto. His immortal work, "*Don Quixote*," is believed to have been conceived and begun while he was in the province of La Mancha, whither he had been sent to collect debts, and where, instead of getting payment, he was persecuted and thrown into prison. It is said that he found there the original of his renowned portrait of the rueful knight, a quaint character who had become half-crazed by reading books of chivalry, and who lived through his imagination in a by-gone age. With the keenest appreciation and sense of humor, he had become disgusted with the hypocrisy, sentimentalism, and stupendous folly, of the books of chivalry; and he saw, too, that the community was getting tired of them. He decided, therefore, to illustrate their absurdity by placing a simple-hearted gentleman of his own time, entirely honorable, brave, and loyal, under the hallucination that he was living in the middle ages, when knight-errantry was rampant, and every kind of meanness, crime, and dishonor, was excused in its name. His hero was by disposition and in spirit all that the mediæval paladins pretended to be, and were not; but he was all the better adapted, on that account, to render his anachronism ridiculous.

The great difference between the first and second part of "*Don Quixote*" has often been remarked. The first part had gained for him a high reputation; had secured for him an attentive and admiring public. He was tempted by his authorial vanity, therefore, to forsake the outline of his hero's career, and make him the conveyer of his own sentiments and opinions. The knight still has his chivalrous monomania, but his mind has immensely improved; he is very unlike what he was in the first part. He is less of Don Quixote, as the character was originally traced, and more of Cervantes, who makes him talk and act, save in matters of chivalry, like the scholar and philosopher that he himself was. The latter half of the romance, generally thought the more interesting, is mainly lyric, not epic, autobi-

ographic rather than imaginative; again showing that the most gifted writers of fiction draw their chief supplies, if not from external facts, from the facts of the understanding. We are in the habit of regarding "Don Quixote" as one of the few original creations in literature; and yet it is largely the objective self-interpretation of Cervantes.

Lope de Vega's facility was so astonishing that he could write a drama in a single day, and consequently he was the author of fully two thousand original plays. While he had an extraordinary imagination, he borrowed many of his plots from historical events (his "Punishment not Revenge," one of his best-known tragedies, is founded on the unhappy love of Parisina Malatesta), from Spanish fiction and occurrences in his own career as soldier, man of the world, and ecclesiastic. The scenes and situations in a number of his dramas of the cloak and sword are said to have been reproductions of his own eccentric and often licentious adventures; and his autos—based on theological narratives—were chiefly dictated by the superstitions of his creed and country.

As respects his religious pieces, the same may be asserted of Calderon, whom the Spaniards rank above Shakespeare; for he, like Lope, was a priest as well as soldier, though his imperfect acquaintance with life and his early bias in favor of monasticism explain his lack of truth to Nature. He depended more on his imagination than his observation, and the result is that his dramas of intrigue, full as they are of movement, complication, and effect, constantly violate probability and the rules of human conduct. Calderon invented many of his characters, instead of studying them from life; therefore, they are not men nor women, not even Spaniards of the seventeenth century.

The "Paradise Lost," generally regarded as one of the grandest and most external of creations, contains far more of the author's personality, embracing his opinions, prejudices, and pique, than is commonly believed. Its interest, like that of the "Divina Commedia," differs from the theologic nature of its theme. There is an ineradicable bias, especially in this time, against any form of ecclesiasticism in art; even the most pious persons object to it; they want the natural, not the supernatural, in art. Everybody praises Dante's and Milton's chief poem, but hardly any one reads them, for it is easier to praise than to read them, and, besides, after their perusal the praise might be lessened. They appeal mainly to scholars and critics; despite their sublimity, they are wearisome to most of us who care very little for the remote saved or damned, or for the battles of the angels, at least in fiction. We want the things of this earth in our ideal as well as in our actual consciousness.

Milton, like the three masters, found his subject, and had little to do but embellish it. He had long meditated a poem of the first order, epic or dramatic, and his experience as a religious controversialist, and his pronounced Arianism, eventually determined his choice. Artistically, it was an unfortunate one; every added year takes "Paradise Lost" farther away from our concern and sympathy. Notwith-

standing Milton's great genius, he is not eagerly listened to when he speaks for the Almighty and the heavenly host, and much of his celestial apparatus is ridiculous. The purpose of the work was to inspire awe, and, failing of that, the opposite effect is produced inevitably. The poem is largely lyrical; many of the passages are repetitions of his tracts in stately blank verse. His persistent effort to justify God's goodness to man, to reconcile the Creator's foreknowledge with the creature's free-will, overtaxes his logic, as it would overtax any one's, and renders tediousness unavoidable. The scenes between Adam and Eve seem like the scenes of his own dreary, inharmonious household elevated into the rhythm and splendor of Milton's diction. His views of the inferiority of woman—his opinion was based on his three wives, no one of whom liked him—are unpleasantly insisted on, and Adam is portrayed very much as an inflated muff. The language is majestic, the images are beautiful, the similes fine; but the Deity and the angels, except Satan, are failures. Satan, as has often been remarked, is the real hero of the poem; Milton made him such necessarily rather than voluntarily, because his was the heroic part, and in dealing with him he felt privileged to lay aside the trammels of his rigorous orthodoxy, which in an art-sense mars the whole work. No performance with a divine plan is so signally human. All through it is observable the personality of the gifted, learned, self-sufficient, rather narrow Puritan, who was entirely persuaded that his individual beliefs were the oracles of eternal truth. He was greater as a poet, disputant, and scholar, than as a man, and the difference between his manhood and his poetry tells against "Paradise Lost."

Everybody knows how liberally Molière, with all his genius and imagination, has borrowed the materials for his comedies—superior, it has been held, even to those of Shakespeare. Not to speak of Plautus, from whom in his early efforts he took plots, situations, and characters—his famous Harpagon is a reproduction of Euclio—he was always looking for his types of humanity in those about him, and always transferring what he observed to his written page. He even sat to himself for pictures of the passions. He is very fond of representing the ludicrous side of the jealousy of husbands: he had but to delineate his own emotions, since, having suffered deeply in that way, he could describe with the painfulness of truth. Artists are as zealous as scientists: they are glad to endure pain, to inflict wounds upon themselves, that they may learn the processes of Nature, though these be revealed only by stings and torments. Molière's most renowned characters were in flesh and blood before he put them in ink and stamped them with immortality. Tartufe is asserted to have been drawn from Père La Chaise, Louis XIV.'s confessor. Arnolphe, Alceste, Sganarelle, George Dandin, Philinthe, Orgon, Pernelle, and others, were men and women with whom the comedian had been well acquainted, and whom, by artistic exaggeration and subtle preparation, he placed on the stage so like Nature, and yet so unlike themselves, that nobody

could recognize them. His observation sketched them on his mental canvas, and his imagination lent them the delicate hue and exact form by which they are still identified as representatives of their kind.

Uncle Toby has long enjoyed the distinction of a purely original character; but it has been discovered recently that it came into Sterne's mind from an old soldier who had served in Flanders, and with whom he had frequently talked in his youth. No doubt the old soldier was very different from the old soldier of "Tristram Shandy;" but, if he had not been actual, would not the fiction have been deprived of its real hero?

The very best things of Voltaire, which are to be found, not in his elaborate epics, dramas, and histories, but in his satires, short stories, verses of society, correspondence, repartees, and epigrams, were the fruit of his observation rather than his imagination. His natural cleverness and dexterity were sharpened and improved by constant social attrition until he became, as he himself said, master of all styles except the wearisome. As a brilliant man of the world, he has never had his peer, and he owes much of his brilliancy to the acuteness of his senses and the quickness of his understanding. His eye was a microscope that saw in exaggeration what escaped others, and the experiences he recited were at once so curious and so common that they passed for cunning inventions. He availed himself of what the many neglected, and he never appeared more original than when he dealt with the familiar. When the "Henriade," "Siècle de Louis Quatorze," and "Zaire," are forgotten, his shrewd sayings and sparkling witticisms, drawn from his knowledge of life, will be remembered and quoted to justify his sometime overshadowing reputation.

Jean Jacques's fiery novel, "La Nouvelle Héloïse," is almost as much a transcript of his life as the "Confessions." Many of the letters in which the tale is told are but expressions of love for Madame d'Hondetot, sister-in-law of Madame d'Epinau, with whom he was living during the progress of the work. All his writings, from the prize-essay for the Academy of Dijon to the "Promenades du Rêveur Solitaire," came from his burning heart and restless mind, and for that reason exercised the prodigious influence which we now find it hard to comprehend. His fierce protests against authority, his revolutionary theories, were dictated to him by his temperament, vainly attempting to adjust itself to its surroundings. His imagination intensified his feeling; but his pen was dipped in the ink of the actual.

Fielding, who has been styled the father of the English novel, "whose exquisite picture of human manners, 'Tom Jones,' will outlive," as Gibbon says, "the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria," gathered all his materials from his innumerable shifts of fortune and the corresponding moods of his own mind. His first genuine novel, "Joseph Andrews," was designed, as is well known, to ridicule Richardson's "Pamela," which, if not forgotten, is wellnigh unreadable, as are "Grandison" and

"Clarissa," to the present generation, impatient of pompous platitudes and endless prosy details. The career of "Tom Jones" is in many things a copy of Fielding's career; the author having been, like his hero, an industrious sower of wild-oats, with a sorrier harvest at the end. "Amelia," intended to be a picture of the virtues of his first wife—the loveliest feminine character in all fiction, according to Thackeray—again describes his past moral lapses and irregularities—a sort of confession, perhaps, and *post-mortem* reparation to the memory of the good woman he had wronged. He is said to have tenderly loved his wife—husbands of his kind are apt to think they love their wives—and, as if to prove it, he married her maid a few months after he had become a widower. Fielding delighted in satire: his example of connubial loyalty was quite as satirical as anything he has invented.

Goethe, whom the Germans rank with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, and who was certainly one of the greatest of poets, scarcely ever allowed his imagination to work except through his observation and experience. He hated the abstract; he loved, and always clung to, the concrete; he was a worshiper of Nature, and seems to have thought that only the unnatural was wrong. What he had observed and felt, he wrote; he was essentially and absorbingly an artist; he copied the moods of his mind and the phases of life as painters copy figures and bits of landscape—not precisely, but eclectically and ideally. Humanity was chiefly prized by him as it assisted art—his art. He was perpetually trying experiments on women—cruel ones, often—and profiting by them literarily. As his mother said, he had innumerable sentimental heart-breaks; but he turned them into poems, and was cured. His heart had the consistency of caoutchouc.

The first thing that gave him a European reputation—"The Sorrows of Werther"—it is hardly necessary to mention, was a novel of fact; two happenings that had no relation to one another forming the lachrymose tale. It was a gross outrage upon his friends, Charlotte Buff and Kestner, but it served the end of art; and beyond art Goethe had little conscience. The fable of "Faust" had been familiar to him from childhood; he turned it over in his mind and labored on it for fifty years, filling its framework with all his thoughts, reading, experiences, fancies, and vagaries, and presented it, a complete poem, to an admiring world. Margaret was an idealized likeness of Gretchen, his first love, as were all his heroines of women he had been fond of in divers ways, though principally from flattered egotism and intellectual curiosity. His emotional economy was extraordinary; all the kisses, favors, tears, and confidences, that women gave him, he put into his manuscript, and was ever seeking for more.

He was a sort of glorified reporter of humanity to humanity. He managed to get the secrets of all who loved and trusted him; published them, and called it art. The much-abused "Elective Affinities" was a record of his experiences. The charge

of its untruthfulness amused him, because he had proved it true so many times. Many persons think nothing so immoral and dangerous as truth; it may be that they are right. "Wilhelm Meister" is a part of his many-sided life. Aurelia, Mariana, Philina, Mignon, Lothario, Jarno, the Countess, were men and women he had studied long and well. With all Goethe's imagination, none of his characters are imaginary. If his head was sometimes in the skies, his feet always rested firmly on the earth. He is the most human of philosophers, the most practical of poets. To find fault with his opinions and theories is a good deal like finding fault with the order of Nature. But then Nature is not at all what she ought to be; indeed, it must be confessed that she is highly improper.

Scott, a born story-teller, took all his stories, whether in verse or prose, at second if not at third or fourth hand, and repeated them substantially as he had read or heard them. In the intervals of his school-days, as he informs us, he always perused with avidity such books of history and poetry, voyages and travels, as chance presented, not forgetting the usual—or rather ten times the usual—quantity of fairy-tales, Eastern stories, and romances of every kind. He had been cramming and rehearsing almost daily before he put pen to paper; he published in his works in more careful form what he had repeated again and again to eager listeners, until he had wrought himself into the belief that the Highland freebooters and cattle-stealers, from whom he claimed to be descended, were a noble and chivalrous race. He was clean daft about the tartan; but there was such power as well as method in his daftness that he imposed that most romantic part of his romances upon his too credulous readers. He might wellnigh be said to have invented poetic Scotland merely by translating its prose into vivid and picturesque fiction. He had abundant imagination, but he employed it principally in coloring and ornamenting the annals and traditions of his country—a patriotic and most pleasurable enterprise. He wrote with surprising rapidity, barely ever correcting anything, because he had prepared himself for his task by years of study and observation. Still he drew steadily from without, and in many of his seemingly spontaneous descriptions he depended on the diligent use he had made of his eyes and ears. He put scenery, incidents, characters, heedlessly into his mind, and grouped them harmoniously before he consigned them to his page. He absorbed that which lay around him, and exuded it pictorially.

Byron, undeniably one of the first of modern poets, notwithstanding his negation and limitedness, declared he could not write until he had seen something, and that then it must be revolved in his mind for a certain season. He had passionate energy and fervid imagination enough, one might think, if poet ever had, to kindle his fire from within. While he sang himself to many airs, though to but one key, he had superb settings for his music, and these needed to be gained by continued vision. All his poems are recitals of the things he had been part of, and

gloomed with his gigantic egotism. The internal had to be fed by the external before externality could be reproduced.

Balzac's "*Comédie Humaine*" is a marvel of creation: nearly a hundred novels in twenty years, and every one of his manifold characters distinct, so clearly and sharply drawn that one can never for a moment be mistaken for another. One might say, "What a wonderful imagination! He lived in an ideal world." He had a wonderful imagination; he did live in an ideal world. But his observation was equally wonderful, and his ideal world was largely supplemented by the real one. Otherwise his men and women, embracing the whole scale of emotion and passion, would have run into one another and been confused, instead of standing apart, discernible by the different lines as well as the varied hues of their being. He looked for them in life; he made their acquaintance; he studied them from many sides; he analyzed them until he knew them ten times better than they knew themselves. They became his intellectual property; he drew their portraits, wrote their biographies, turned them inside out for his own benefit and guidance. Then he placed them in such positions as they would be likely to drift into; surrounded them with the circumstances that belonged to them; set their passions to work; and followed the action and reaction of their personality and environment as a physicist or chemist would the process of an experiment. He shows no prejudice in favor of or against them. He has his knowledge of them; he has his theories of life, and with a stern logic he leaves them wholly to the influences from within and without, to do the best or worst they may, and gives his readers the result. After making them altogether real to himself, he has little trouble in making them real to us. We may disapprove or dislike them; they may appear entirely vicious or repulsive. But, having once accepted them, we cannot see how they can act other than they do. They are the victims of their own temperament, and we hate, or pity, or love them, as we do those we have known intimately. Obnoxious as Balzac often is, he is unquestionably true to Nature—not generally, let us hope, but particularly. His personages have existed, still exist, and will exist; but they are not, they cannot be types. If they were, society would have perished long since of its own selfishness and corruption. The bitterest cynic must be somewhat skeptical of the world of Balzac: it was his world, no doubt, under his theories; but we refuse to believe it our world, bad as our opinion of it may be. He was a most skillful anatomist; but it is morbid anatomy he prefers, and for the most part presents. There are Colonels Chabert and Counts de Manerville, we are aware, and not a few of them; but their odious wives, we feel assured, are the exception, not the rule. Mesdames de Restaud and de Nucingen we may have seen; though they are too wicked to multiply. There are journalists like Lucien de Rubempré; but they do not stand for a class, and, when we find them, unlike Lucien, they have not the grace to hang themselves.

Few men are so infernally selfish as Rastignac, or so unhumanly licentious as Baron Hulot. Eugénie Grandet is too good, and the Duchesse de Manfrigneuse is alarmingly virtuous; but so many of his ladies are elegant and respected, without a suspicion of morality, that we are inclined to think Eugénie and the Duchesse have picked up what some of their companions have thrown away. Balzac's studies were from life; his theories were half imagined, and therefore mixed with error. If he had fitted his theories to his observation, he would have been just as great and more veritable. We know as well as he that Paris, like all great cities, is a hell; but it is a heaven also, and on that side his morbidness inclined him less to look.

Fenimore Cooper had unquestionably high imagination, and deserved, as the creator of a fresh order of story-telling, the extraordinary success he so speedily achieved. "The Spy," by which he won immediate and immense reputation, was praised for the novelty of its theme and the striking originality of its treatment and characterization. But the scenes were those he had been familiar with from his youth, and the personages were scarcely hidden by the thin veil of fiction cast over them. His Indian tales were largely the result of the adventurous experiences of his father as a frontiersman, which were related to him again and again, until his mind was fired with suggestions and images, that afterward took definite and pictorial shape in "The Pioneers" and "Mohicans." His experience in the navy as a common sailor and an officer was reproduced in "The Pilot," "Red Rover," "Water-Witch," and other marine recitals, which have given him, as a distinguished English authority remarks, the empire of the sea by acclamation. Indeed, Cooper lived his literary life before he wrote it—dipping the pen of his imagination, so to speak, in the inkstand of his observation.

Who has more originality than Hawthorne? Who has a subtler and purer imagination? Still, his works are a record of what his outward and inward eye detected in Nature and humanity. He steadily mused upon his surroundings; upon the early history of his country; upon the motives, yearnings, instincts, of his own mind and the minds he came in contact with; and from his habit of psychology his weird and wondrous tales were slowly and painfully born. The formation of the author may be traced to his early and peculiar life, especially to the seclusion and day and night wanderings during his residence at Salem after leaving college. His "Twice-told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse" show his communings with solitude and himself. "The Scarlet Letter" is a study of colonial New England recreated and illumined by the genius and individuality of the artist. "The House of the Seven Gables" may be said to be an intellectual photograph of Salem, where he was surveyor of the port for three years; of its quaint people and quaint manners. "The Blithedale Romance" is in many respects an echo of "Brook Farm" and his sojourn there; and "The Marble Faun" is freighted with memories and pict-

ures of the Rome he saw and penetrated as few minds have done. His characters, like Zenobia, Kenyon, Hilda, Miriam, Donatello, are outlined from men and women he had moved among, and are filled in and elaborately finished by the cunning hand of the poet whose sympathies and sensibilities were so acute as to be often morbid. Like all great artists, his art was his own, but his subjects first came to him through his senses, and grew to pictures from careful elaboration of every detail.

Dickens, whose fertility of invention seemed so remarkable, and whose number and variety of characters are endless, stimulated and shaped his imagination through his senses. He trained them so completely that he appeared to have eyes in his back, and to hear what was inaudible. His method of work savors of the mechanical; his queer and suggestive names he sought in the London directory and copied from sign-boards in his native county of Kent; he studied incidents in the streets; got ideas from reports in the newspapers; drew his characters from his relatives, friends, and associates. Everybody knows that John Dickens, his father, was the original of Micawber; his mother, of Mrs. Nickleby; Leigh Hunt, of Harold Skimpole; Walter Savage Landor, of Lawrence Boythorn; and that many other of his men and women have been traced to their breathing prototypes. The model of Pickwick used to be a familiar person in London; in Folkestone there was, not long since, a genuine Mark Tapley in name as well as nature, and he had been in the United States. "David Copperfield" is in many respects an autobiography; and whole chapters of Dickens's novels are only reminiscences. No author has ever extracted more of his substance, and shadow, too, from what lay about him, and yet no one is more original than Dickens.

The foremost of living writers of fiction, perhaps the most gifted woman of this or any other time, George Eliot, reflects and reproduces her surroundings with unerring accuracy. Her pen is almost photographic in fidelity: the scenes and characters in her earlier stories were recognized before her own name was guessed. She gives back Nature as a lake gives back the sky, and still her imagination is always grandly at work. The men and women who, unconsciously to themselves, and possibly to her, have sat for their literary portraits, are well known in her social circle. She has cunningly combined observation and imagination, and from the two has interpreted humanity as it has seldom been interpreted in this or any preceding age.

Examples might be multiplied interminably; but what is true of the great masters of fiction must be true of those less great. We have scarcely an instance in literature of a mind so creative as not to depend largely on the external. The greatest genius recites its actual and potential experience in countless forms: in some sense it is always more or less autobiographic. Observation, or experience, and imagination, are interdependent. Observation may almost supply the place of imagination: imagination can never answer with lack of observation.

A TRIP TO THE BERMUDAS.

SEVEN hundred and seventy miles southeast from New York, in the latitude of Charleston and the other side of the Gulf Stream, to which we are indebted for a variety of ill-natured weather, lies the celebrated cluster of islets called the Bermudas. Having been long desirous of seeing them, I was duly exultant when I at last held in my hand the ticket of the "Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Company," entitling me to a berth in the steamship Canima. We left the wharf on a Thursday, at 3 P. M.; and made the land on Monday morning, at 3 A. M. Steering around the southern side of the islands, we entered the narrow channel north of St. George's, and, passing inside of the reefs, meandered among islets and hidden shelves until we came to Hamilton, by one of the most tortuous and difficult channels ever attempted by a vessel.

Once within the basin forming the port of Hamilton, we found ourselves in a lovely, landlocked lake, girt with a diadem of miniature isles, and the white-roofed and latticed cottages and palms of the little capital straggling dreamily to the water's edge at the bottom of a fairy-like bay. Dropping an anchor and mooring to it, the Canima was gradually warped to some fifty feet from the quay, which she could not reach on account of a shallow, that might be dredged out with a moderate sum and a trifling amount of enterprise. The great events in life at Hamilton, aside from the yacht-races and paper-hunts, are the arrivals and departures of the New York packet. Accordingly, the pier was thronged with people black and white, showing on the glaring, calcareous soil like pawns huddled in disorder on a chess-board. There they stood, aristocrats and plebeians, with a sprinkling of red-coats and jolly men-of-war's-men, chattering and chaffing, while we on board also leaned expectant on the bulwarks, wondering how we were to get on shore. To land in boats when we were but a dozen yards off seemed preposterous; but no other visible means of getting to land with dry feet seemed to offer. A bustle in the crowd soon indicated a solution of the problem. Ropes flung from the ship were caught on shore and made fast to the outer end of long timbers which were now pushed out into space by ebony longshoremen, until by means of the ropes the oscillating ends were drawn on board, thus causing the timbers to rest one end on shore the other on board. Immediately a swarm of shining blacks, grinning and yelling, strided these beams with crossbars, which they lashed to the underside of the timbers. It was a novel sight, the double row of lithe, half-clad darkies, clinging with bare feet to the logs fifteen feet above the water. When the frame had been properly lashed together, planks were laid over it, and thus we passed from deck to land. A crane, by which a bridge could be lowered, or such a bridge on wheels as we use in New York, would be perfectly feasible, and perhaps less costly in the end, but, were any such

innovation to be introduced, a riot might result, to which the *émeute* excited by Demetrius the copper-smith would be trifling, the negroes who put up and take down this rude bridge bawling with "damnable iteration," "This our craft is in danger to be set at naught!" I never witnessed a more thoroughly laughable and ridiculous incident than a palaver between a half-breed and a full-blooded Congo on Hamilton quay, about a cur which the latter had pushed into the water on a certain steamer-day. Such grandiloquent language perpetually mispronounced, such mock dignity and high sense of personal honor, such absurd gestures and rolling of the eyes, such barbaric eloquence about nothing, would bring tears of laughter to the eyes of the Cardiff giant.

The Bermudas received their name from Juan Bermudez, who, when driving past in a gale of wind, first sighted them in 1503, but no attempt to profit by the discovery seems to have been made until 1552, when Philip II. concluded to assume formal possession of the group, and Ferdinand Camelo sailed for Bermuda with a band of colonists. A rock bearing the initials of Camelo, the date of landing, and a cross, still stands near the centre of the island. No other relics of this Latin colony exist; but Henry May, an English seaman, wrecked there in 1593, relates that he found an abundance of wild-hogs, a relic of this colony, which have long since been exterminated. In 1609, Sir George Somers was on the voyage to Virginia, and was wrecked on the Bermudas, where he died in 1611, and the group is sometimes called after him. At some earlier period the ubiquitous Captain John Smith, who turns up in all the American colonies at intervals, landed at the Bermudas and made some startling statements regarding the aboriginal spiders he found there. In the words of an old chronicler: "They could not find by any observations that they [the spiders] were at all pernicious; yet they are of a very large size, but withal beautifully colored, and look as if they were adorned with pearl and gold. Their webs are in color and substance a perfect raw silk, and so strongly woven that, running from tree to tree like so many snares, small birds are sometimes caught in them; this Captain Smith reports, upon whose credit as great an improbability as this may be ventured to be related." No such magnificent spiders now inhabit Bermuda, and we must say Captain Smith's testimony on the subject is hardly sufficient to satisfy the skepticism of this faithless and unbelieving generation. But some large-sized although harmless spiders are there still, which have an uncivil habit of entering one's bedroom without leave and dropping down on the pillow from the ceiling after the light has been blown out for the night.

Representative government was organized in Bermuda in 1620, the year the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. As the first permanent settlers of the islands

were Puritans, impelled thither in search of an asylum for religious freedom, the coincidence is rather remarkable, and worthy of more attention than it has received from the historians. These settlers were for a while great sufferers from a memorable plague of rats as numerous as the swarm which devoured Bishop Hatto on the Rhine. They were everywhere and destroyed everything, even swimming from one island to another. Cats and dogs were of little use in combating the vermin, which finally disappeared almost as mysteriously as they had come. The cats naturally began to pine after that, and they do not seem to have got over it yet, for a more woe-begone, rough-haired, angular, crop-eared, and bob-tailed set of quadrupeds than these felines is not to be found out of Bermuda.

But, while having nominally a government of their own, with a miniature legislature chosen from a few property-holders out of a total population of twelve thousand, the Bermudas are in reality a naval station of Great Britain, under the charge of a military governor appointed by the crown. A garrison of two regiments is permanently settled there, and the most advantageous points bristle with fortifications. On Ireland Island an artificial port has been created by a breakwater, and an extensive arsenal exists for repairing ships-of-war. There is to be seen the famous floating-dock, towed from England in 1869. It is three hundred and eighty-one feet in length over all.

The reputation of Bermuda is owing largely to the circumstance that no similar group of islands has been visited and sung by so many writers of note. Influenced, perhaps, by the narratives of Captain Smith and Henry May, Shakespeare laid the scene of "The Tempest" on a desert island, and gave a birthplace to Ariel in the "still-vexed Bermoothes." Later, Edmund Waller came to Bermuda with the Earl of Warwick, in order to get over his disappointment regarding the Lady Dorothy Sidney. He wrote a spirited poem, entitled "The Battle of the Summer Islands," describing a combat between the Bermudians and certain whales. Amid considerable bombast there are some good lines in the poem, but the poet gave the rein to his imagination, and pictured scenes whose counterpart could only be found amid the rank luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Andrew Marvell, the well-known secretary of Oliver Cromwell, has also done his share to bring Bermuda into prominence by his exquisite lines, "The Emigrants in Bermudas," which show that the Puritans were able to compose admirable poetry as well as give "apostolic blows and knocks." In this century, Tom Moore, the jolly bard who translated Anacreon, drifted over to these isles with a commission to the vice-admiralty court in his pocket. There was nothing Puritanic about Moore. He went to making love and weaving amatory couplets as soon as he landed, which were probably no more sincere than most of his verses; for, his poetry to the contrary notwithstanding, he records in his prose that he found the ladies more susceptible than beautiful, while the husbands also came in for a share of unfa-

vorable criticism. He adds, "The philosopher who held that in the next life men are transformed into mules and women into turtles might see this very nearly accomplished at Bermuda." The house where Moore lived, the dripping cavern he frequented, and the rugged calabash-tree under which he composed his verses, are still objects of curiosity.

Without making comparisons, which are said on good authority to be odious, it may be truthfully affirmed that the scenery of Bermuda, without ever overcoming one with enthusiasm, is ever pleasing, and, like a choice work of art or a quiet but thoughtful piece of music, has the inestimable quality of improving on acquaintance. Its charms are so subtle that, before one is aware, it has stolen an enduring place in one's affections. I have seen islands far more striking and magnificent, which have gained scarcely so strong a hold upon my memory, or seemed to invite the stranger to return with such singular magnetism. The pomegranate grows abundantly, and its brilliant-green foliage, starred with the flame-like splendor of scarlet blossoms, forms one of the most characteristic features in a Bermuda landscape. The same may be said of the fiddle-tree and the geranium; while the oleander, growing in groves the height of an apple-tree, and festooned with wonderful masses of crimson-and-white flowers, often imparts regal beauty to the rural road-side. Variety is also given to the flora by the intervening of the tamarind, the red-cedar, the century-plant, the Surinam cherry, the grape-fruit, the banana, and, waving majestically over all, the queenly palm, a bronze-like shaft lithely swaying in the sea-wind and crowned by an undulating crest of emerald plumes. The mangrove is abundant in the coral coves, its snake-like branches twisted together most inextricably over the water, and forming green coves where the dreamer may suppose sea-fairies dwell if he is so minded.

The scientist would probably tell us that there are no such things as fairies, that this scenery and these trees have higher uses than to please, and would direct us rather to turn to a serious consideration of the interesting geological phenomena of the islands; and, as he has got us by the button-hole, and like the ancient mariner is bound to repeat his story, we must listen a few minutes while he tells us that the soil is very thin and of a red color, that it is already overworked, and constantly demands fertilizers, and that it is but a sparse stratum deposited in the course of long ages on a limestone basis. The most noteworthy characteristic of the Bermudas, in the opinion of the aforesaid scientist, is their formation. Originally they were nothing but reefs of coral. Gradually the central portions arose above the sea, and then the surf beating on the outer coral ledges wore them into sand, which was washed up on the higher parts. Exposure to the weather of an ocean celebrated for the inhospitable treatment it extends to those who court its acquaintance, had a hardening tendency, such as the human character undergoes when lashed by oft-repeated, long-continued adversity, and these heaps

of loose sand became indurated into limestone. Nor is the process yet complete; it is still going on along the southern coast, where limestone in the various stages of formation may be seen from hard rock to softer masses like cheese, and mere shifting hills composed of the disintegrated coral washed up by the latest storm. These islets number one hundred, with a large flock of nameless rocks. The main group form a chain shaped like a fish-hook, from St. George's Island to Ireland Island, and connected by causeways. On the northern side they are hedged in by a remarkable coralline reef extending in a semicircle completely across, subtending the arc of the bay lying between these two islands, a distance of twenty-five miles. It is worthy of remark that the Bermudas are in the highest latitude in which coral insects build in the form of rocks. In heavy weather this immense barrier is cruelly terrible, beaten by an unbroken mass of raging breakers. As there is but one passage by which it can be entered, it serves as an impenetrable *cheval-de-frise* against all ships of the enemy. There is a fine lighthouse on Gibbs Hill, three hundred and sixty-two feet above the sea, and visible twenty-five miles. They need another one, and came to that conclusion a long time ago. As time is the cheapest thing going in a place like Bermuda, it is well to employ a good supply of it in everything that is undertaken there; it costs nothing, while hurry, money, labor—these things cost; and therefore this additional lighthouse will not be erected, probably, before the year 1900.

The islands in a direct line are but fifteen miles in length, and never over two miles broad, and generally very much narrower, and excessively cut up with creeks and bays, and yet they give an impression of a much larger area—to such a degree as almost to come within the definition of an illusion. The surface, nowhere over two hundred and fifty feet high, is always undulating, and thus one will often find himself in a little sylvan hollow surrounded by hills so steep as to give the impression of considerable elevation; they are clothed with cedar-groves; on the intervening meadow-lands there is a little pool surrounded by attractive farm-houses and gardens, and a church-spire. One could easily imagine himself in some New England vale hundreds of miles from the sea, when a turn in the road reveals the ocean only a few score yards away; and the illusion is heightened by the numerous admirable roads running in every direction. A penal settlement existed until recently in Bermuda, and the convicts were employed to hew out of the rock one hundred and twenty miles of carriage-roads. The question is, "If these men had not sinned, would these roads have been constructed; and what would the islands be without these roads?" "Whatever is, is right," says Pope. Not a bit of it! But in Bermuda let us throw casuistry and physic alike to the dogs!

Hamilton is a charming little town, boasts an aristocracy, and feels as important as if it had twelve hundred thousand instead of twelve hundred souls.

Better than all, there is a poetic element, a narcotic property, in the air which invests it, that makes one forget that New York is so near at hand, struggling under the burdens of the nineteenth century. The pretty cottages in the neighborhood, embowered in flowers, are very inviting, and seem to offer a nearly perfect combination of the rustic with the domestic.

Of St. George's we cannot speak so favorably. It seems to present the decay without the picturesqueness, the decrepitude without the respectability of old age, and the neighboring shores are less attractive. On St. David's Island, in the port, people are still found who have never been off that little islet, and have never seen a horse except in a picture! Donkeys they have seen, for the good reason that dwarf donkeys are found everywhere in Bermuda, trotting in front of miniature carts. St. George's was a noted rendezvous for blockade-runners during our civil war, and the depression into which it has fallen is proportioned to the feverish prosperity of that period. It may be added here that the oft-repeated story of the enterprising hero who made several trips from Charleston to Bermuda, carrying a ton of cotton across each voyage in an open boat, has no foundation in fact.

The two pleasantest spots in Bermuda are Harrington Sound and Fairy-Land. The former is a salt-water lake or estuary, surrounded by cavernous shores, and over its delicate green waters hovers the poetic pintail, reflecting on its downy white breast the emerald tint of the sea. The Walsingham and Joyce Caves in the vicinity are well worth visiting, although the beautiful pendent stalactites hanging from the Gothic vaults are gradually falling before the blows of visitors, and blackened by the smoke of the bushes burned to light up the gloom of the interior. The Devil's Hole is also a spot where, for an extravagant fee, one may have his curiosity relieved by looking into a pit filled with sea-water, through a subterranean channel. It is surrounded by a high stone-wall carefully protected by a vast quantity of broken glass, although it is difficult to imagine any one so infatuated by curiosity as to try to scale a high wall in order to look into a pool. But there is no glass wasted in Bermuda. The walls are everywhere so plentifully guarded by a frightful, jagged edge of broken bottles as to lead the stranger to think it must be a very insecure place to live in. It must be admitted that the color of the water at the Devil's Hole is of the most exquisite cobalt hue, shading off into emerald and brown in the shadows, and the azure angel-fish it contains are equally beautiful.

Fairy-Land is topographically the most attractive spot in Bermuda, and should therefore be visited last. Art has done little for it, and Nature a great deal. The main island is here cut up most marvelously into cove and bay, isthmus and peninsula, like the bits of a puzzle-map, and the coves are in turn studded with green islets reposing in magical beauty on a summer sea. I know of no country villa more admirably situated than the residence of Mrs. Stowe, who courteously allows visitors to walk over her

grounds. Near Fairy-Land is Spanish Point, a picturesque rock, with a very fine bit of marine foreground, complete and lovely of its kind ; and beyond this point is a sea-cave reserved as a bathing-house for the ladies of the governor's family. It seems hollowed out on purpose for Amphitrite and her Ne-reids.

The admirable facilities for boating at Bermuda naturally cause great interest in yachting ; there is a yacht-club, and the Bermuda yachts have more than a local reputation. The boats are, however, built on principles that have been exploded by the latest practice. They are a curious combination of some of the opposite qualities of English and American yachts at the time of the famous international race in 1851. They have great beam, but it is forward of the centre ; and great draught, but it is aft ; and the keel runs up toward the stern. At the same time they depend altogether upon ballast for stability, and are so heavily sparr'd that they have to be loaded down with a great weight. The mast is also set so far in the eyes, and has such a rake, that it buries the bow in running, and even when close-hauled, thus checking the speed. The only quality in which they seem to us to excel is in going to windward. It is affirmed that some of them can look up within three points and a half of the wind ; but our best sloop-yachts can do the same thing. They are built entirely of red-cedar, scraped and varnished, and certainly look very coquettish and saucy when under press of canvas. The main-sail is triangular, and boats in racing-trim set masts twice the length of the deck, and carry bowsprits little short of the length of the keel. They have an absurd rule in racing that the main-sail shall be laced to the mast, and, blow high or blow low, that the sail shall not be reduced. As many craft actually go better sometimes in a sea by a judicious reef or two, even if they can bear more canvas, this system makes racing in Bermuda chiefly a question of foolhardiness, rather than of judgment founded on a knowledge of what each yacht can do under given circumstances.

I saw a race in the Great Sound. It had been announced for a long time ; the two semi-annual yacht-races are great events, and my expectations were proportionately elevated, especially as the Bermuda Yacht Club is under the distinguished patronage of his royal highness the Duke of Edinburgh, and the vice-patronage of the governor, four major-generals, two admirals, and a vice-admiral. It seemed, therefore, rather a coming down to find that, although every craft that could float was on hand, and almost every one in the town turned out to see the sport and picnic on the islands, there was to be nothing in the race measuring over ten tons, and only seven entries for the first and second races, while only five yachts actually competed, and two of these were but sixteen feet length of keel. As usual, also, in Bermuda, there was so little punctuality shown in getting on the ground, or rather on the water selected for the race, although there was a fresh and favorable breeze, that the second race had to be postponed.

The quay of Hamilton looked very lively as party after party came down to the water, followed by negro attendants bearing baskets of provisions and suspicious-looking bottles, to embark in the jaunty boats waiting impatiently with streamers flying and main-sails set, chafing like spirited steeds. One by one the boats received their live freight, the jibs were hoisted, and, heeling over to a spanking breeze out of the west, they shot down the bay, their canvases gleaming snow-like on the purple sea as they threaded the tortuous channels among the islands like a long procession of swans. The racing yachts really looked like things of life, newly scraped and varnished, spreading a cloud of new canvas, and burying their lee-rails as they started off with a bone in the mouth. They were, however, not sailed by the owners, but by negro skippers and crews, the owners looking on from other boats, which seemed to me very much as they dance in the Orient, the dancers being professionals hired for the occasion, while the host and his guest look on, instead of dancing themselves. After the racers had started, all the other boats landed their parties on the neighboring islands to dine. A more lovely day or a more charming scene could hardly be imagined. The sea-wind inspirited one like an elixir, and, as we sat under the trees taking our luncheon, listening to the musical play of the surf on the beach, and the breeze in the leaves overhead, and gazing on the reach of lovely azure sea beyond, and the sails dotting the distance, we did not in the least envy the lotus-eaters. When the racers were on the home-stretch to the stake-boat every one turned out again to see them come in. The scene as they giped and rounded the goal was very exciting ; for there was a stiff breeze, the shifting ballast had to be carried over very rapidly, and the danger of capsizing with such a press of canvas was very considerable. The third yacht yielded to the sudden pressure as she took the wind on the star-board quarter, and, gracefully but rapidly lurching, filled and went down like lead with six men on board. But one by one they bobbed up again like corks, and, grappling with other boats, were soon out of danger of waves and sharks.

Many varieties of birds frequent the Bermudas, generally such as are found in our woods—the cat-bird, the robin, the bluebird, the scarlet tanager, and the brown thrush ; the beautiful Virginia cardinal-bird is also very common. The variety and number of singing-birds is indeed one of the most pleasing characteristics of the islands. But game-birds, or game of any sort, are too scarce for mention. The sport-loving Englishman finds this a hardship which he overcomes by artificial means. The reader may remember Hughes's description of the game of hare-and-hounds in his "School-days at Rugby." Something of this sort is the fashion in Bermuda, called a "Paper-Hunt." Hurdles, intended to be very formidable, are laid here and there in the otherwise smooth fields and slopes, and men are sent in advance to scatter a trail of bits of paper. The ladies and gentlemen privileged to belong to what may be called the Bermuda Hunt assemble at a

concerted rendezvous, mounted on steeds which are certainly not excelling in the points of a thoroughbred, and then, hurry-skurry over hurdles and hedges, dash the hunters, following the paper-trail, until they all finally meet at a selected spot, where a grand banquet is served to finish up the bloodless sport. Miss Lefroy, the daughter of the governor, is the Di Vernon of Bermuda.

The question of meat and drink is one which absorbs even more attention at the islands than it does elsewhere. People must have liquids, but, as there are neither streams, wells, nor springs there; fresh water must be caught from the skies, and every roof in Bermuda is, therefore, enlisted into the service by being tiled with limestone and whitewashed, and the water runs from them into ample cisterns. Beer is largely imported from England, and once a serious calamity seemed to overhang the devoted islands, when long head-winds kept back a cargo of malt liquors. Daily, with long faces, the careworn Bermudians came down to the quay to inquire anxiously if the Sarah Jane had arrived yet. A while since a universal remedy at the islands for all the ills that flesh is heir to was brandy and salt; but it is more than suspected that the salt too often came out of the sugar-bowl.

Bermuda potatoes have a wide reputation with us; but one must not expect to eat any in Bermuda, for they are all sent to New York and sold at high prices as early potatoes, while others are imported from New York at a lower price. Meat is also imported from our continent, and when the transport loaded with beeves arrives it is a novel sight to see her land them. Mooring opposite the cattle-yards some little distance from the shore, an inclined plank-way is placed on the deck reaching to the bulwarks. One by one the oxen are let out from the stalls on deck, or hoisted from the hold, and permitted to walk up this inclined plank. With immense satisfaction that gives almost a human expression to the bovine eye, the poor animal looks out once more on green fields, with curiosity toned by placid con-

tent, when suddenly a rope is tightened behind him so violently that, *volens volens*, and without the slightest chance of resistance, he is hurled into the sea. When he comes up at last, almost suffocated with the salt-water he has swallowed, he is towed on shore by two men in a skiff. Some would call it an entertaining spectacle to see a couple of hundred oxen treated in this way. It would be very amusing if we could only be sure that they do not suffer, or that they are destined to some compensation for the torture which they endure under the operation of the inscrutable laws of the infinite wisdom in this world.

Invalids have long been accustomed to go to Bermuda for their health. Is this wise? is the question. It is a common saying that people do not die there, but dry up with old age and blow away. Epidemics are certainly very rare; yellow fever has occurred there but four times in two centuries, and was brought from the West Indies. The maximum temperature for 1875 was 94.8° Fahr.; the minimum, 40.6°; the range, 54.2°; with a mean temperature of 70.5°. Here we find, therefore, a climate not unlike our own in capricious variability, although the extremes are much less violent. The excessive humidity in the air seems to have so large a portion of ozone and salt-sea properties mixed with it as to deprive it largely of its noxious qualities, but yet not sufficiently so to make it possible for invalids to live in Bermuda without great precautions, especially by wrapping up warmly at night and avoiding the night air. Flannels should on no account be changed immediately on arriving, but sufficient time should be allowed for acclimation. Those afflicted with kidney-diseases and neuralgia may receive decided benefit from a residence in Bermuda, if exercising prudence and common-sense in matters of health. But patients suffering from throat and lung disorders should in no case go to Bermuda in the later stages of the disease. On the other hand, consumptives who still have a good degree of strength would probably be much better off for spending the winter and spring there than in our own more rigorous climate.

IN THE ART-GALLERY.

THE crowd surged east and the crowd surged west
Past the pictures lining the lofty wall—
None knew how my heart in my burning breast
Was straining to burst its thrall;
For there—set calm in its gilded frame,
Passed by with a cold, contemptuous glance—
Lay, sleeping under the sunset's flame,
The old still life of France,

Where the ships went up and the ships went down
O'er a river, gliding to greet the sea,
Past the old, gray walls of a Norman town,
Like a ghostly argosy;
While the quivering sunlight, streaming through
Where the trembling poplars stood up tall,
Had gilded the cypress and the yew
Crowning a churchyard-wall.

How my heart leaped back to the old glad time,
To the old dear days in the meadows sweet,
With the cowslip and primrose in their prime,
When I sat there at her feet!
How the golden tresses, the smile so bland,
Came back—with the old, sweet, girlish grace—
As I seemed to sit in that Norman land
With my lost love, face to face!

Oh, the rippling sound of her low, sweet voice,
With each tender tone like a kind caress!
There was music, making my heart rejoice,
In the rustle of her dress!
And the golden bird in his gilded cage
Would sit and listen the whole day long,
With ruffled plumage and mimic rage,
In envy of her song!

Oh, the dear, dead days of my perished past !
 Oh, the weary waste of my present pain !
 Can my heart find comfort at last, at last,
 And bring you back again ?
 Answer ! oh, answer, Lisette, Lisette !
 From your shining seat where the angels are,
 For the sun is sinking to rest, my pet,
 O'er the bare, bleak waste of yon sandy bar !

Then our talk kept time to the sound of bees
 On the amorous airs, that loved to fan
 All the quivering boughs of the alder-trees,
 Where the rippling river ran ;
Then, over the ramparts worn and old,
 The breeze stole sweet with the chime of bells ;
 But *now* it creeps o'er the waters cold
 Through garlands of immortelles !

Though the world is weary, Lisette, Lisette !
 Though thou art banished beyond recall,
 Yet my heart grew young—though my eyes were wet—
 At that picture on the wall.

Though my life is bitter with want and woe,
 Though time is turning my gold hair gray,
 Yet one bright tress, kept from the long ago,
 Clings close to my heart to-day !

So I pace the shore in my dumb despair,
 With the purpling water moaning low,
 And dream of the river so fresh and fair
 Where the white ships come and go ;
 While the sunset fades from the sobbing seas,
 Far out from the gleam of the shining sands,
 And deepens the blush on the trembling trees
 October clasps in his crimsoned hands.

Still the stream glides on to the gleaming sea ;
 Still the ships go up and the ships go down,
 With the wind abaft or the helm a-lee,
 Past the old, gray walls of that Norman town ;
 And, under the cypress-shadows yet—
 Where the towering poplar trembles through—
 My heart lies buried, Lisette, Lisette !
 There—where they buried you !

MOUNTAIN HARRY.

A CHARACTER-SKETCH.

ONE evening, three years ago, after a dreadfully hard march down the western side of one of the most difficult passes through the Rocky Mountains, our small party emerged from the rough trail into the open savannas of Middle Park, and camped beside a companion-party that had preceded us. Approaching their fire, we met, coming up at a leisurely lope from the opposite direction, a large, lean sorrel horse that showed good points, but seemed to have been roughing it quite as much as his rider. The horse bore a gayly-rigged ranger's saddle, behind which was slung the carcass of a black-tailed deer, whose flapping head and heels seemed not to disturb him in the least, and in the saddle sat a remarkable man—a person of medium height, but of so powerful a build that his breadth of chest and massive loins seemed better fitted for a giant. His hair and beard were curly, and yellow as corn-silk ; his face fiery red through incessant exposure to sun, and snow, and alkali-dust ; but his eyes were blue as the little *Lycæna* butterflies flitting in thousands over the blossoming prairie. Across his shoulder he balanced a heavy double-barreled rifle ; his waist was girdled by a red-white-and-blue cartridge-belt ; from his boot-leg protruded the horn handle of a hunting-knife, and a six-shooter was strapped to the pommel of his saddle. He was dressed throughout in buckskin, from every seam of which depended a six-inch fringe of the same material ; but his hat was a colorless *sombrero*, badly crushed.

This was "Mountain Harry" Yount and his horse "Texas." He was a professional hunter ; and when, last summer, he was with us for three months in the wilds of Western Wyoming, I became well acquainted with him, a notable man, who is almost as

foreign to the types of the Eastern States as a native of Japan.

Yount's parents were Swiss, but he was born at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, and so came by double right to his deep affection for the mountains. When he was a child, his father moved to Kansas, introducing the boy at an early age to pioneer-life. But, wearying of the Plains, when eighteen years old Harry joined an emigrant-train and pushed out to Pike's Peak, driving oxen. Gold-mining, however, was not his vocation, and, stimulated by his innate passion for the freedom of unfenced Nature, Yount quickly abandoned the rocker for the rifle, and began the wild and lonely career he has since led. At that time such a life was far more lonely than at present, notwithstanding that he was able to get his game much nearer to the main settlements than is now possible. Yet the towns twenty years ago were far between, and wanderers among the snowy ranges or interior parks very few. Harry hunted principally in the Medicine Bow Ranges, the snowy crests of which are about the only peaks of the Rocky Mountains the traveler on the Union Pacific Railway catches a glimpse of after Cheyenne has been left an hour behind. Here roamed the mountain-buffalo, the broad-antlered wapiti, the agile black-tail, the shy, covert-loving Virginia deer ; every valley was haunted by antelopes, and all the crags were homes of the mountain-sheep. Where there was so much tender flesh, of course many beasts of prey were present—Harry once unexpectedly stepped into a convention of seven grizzlies—and hard experience with these creatures added deliberate courage to the skill learned from seeking wary deer and trapping the small, shrewd game whose furry coats were coveted. To find out all the passes and game-trails through these unknown

mountains, all the resources of living alone anywhere and at any season, to elude or conciliate the Indians, all of whom were to be dreaded, and most of all to become thoroughly acquainted with the distribution and habits of the animals and birds, was the task before this young hunter, and one looked forward to with eager pleasure. He was armed with stout hands, keen powers of observation, and strong enthusiasm. Never killing for sport, all his energies were directed toward making every grain of his costly ammunition yield a profitable return. He shot buffaloes for their robes and what meat he could send a wagon after from the nearest mining-camp, many a time slaughtering a whole herd by keeping himself concealed while he shot them one by one, or by riding them down in a long chase on Texas's back. Antelopes he hunted for the flesh. They were abundant on the Plains everywhere, and his method was to drive a span of mules and a wagon to some point and hunt in a circle around it, killing a load, and then driving back. There is far more skill than appears in this kind of work. He once shot seventy antelopes in one day in a match with a crack shot from the East, who was mightily skillful in scoring bull's-eyes, but found hitting a nimble pronghorn an entirely different matter. Difficult as this feat was, and much credit as it reflected upon him, Harry was always ashamed of it. It went against his heart to kill so many innocent creatures only for glory.

From May to September it is not possible to do much profitable hunting. The hair is being shed and replaced, so that the coats of the valuable furbearers are useless; the females of the deers are isolated, caring for their young, and the males are hidden, renewing their horns; while the flesh of all animals is in a lean and inferior condition. During these months, therefore, Yount would go prospecting—with considerable success on the whole—work in mines, or become an amateur "bull-whacker" on some of the freight-trains that trailed their slow length at oxen's pace between settlements. For the last few years he has spent his summers as hunter and muleteer for one or the other of the parties of the United States Geological Survey in charge of Dr. Hayden. But as soon as the September frosts begin, when the first flurries of snow whiten for a day or two the far-away gleaming summits, then Harry prepares to bid good-by to civilization.

These are the most beautiful weeks of the whole year in the Rocky Mountains. The air is clear and bracing, without the warmth of July noondays or the dampness of August nights. The flies are gone, the streams are fordable, and the snow has disappeared, leaving the upland bogs firm. Young grouse and sage-hens are full-grown and whirring, the fawns are able to keep pace with their parents, and the fattening deer are aggregating into herds and slowly moving to their winter resorts. The elk and black-tail bucks now strut out upon some projecting crag, or march into the centre of a valley, calling in loud, clear trumpeting an invitation to the does to flock

to their standard, and a challenge to rival bucks to meet in deadly tournament.

"Ah," says Harry, "it's finer music to listen to that old bull-elk squealing up at the head of the cañon than to hear the Prussian band!"

It *is* better music. It arouses all the poetry of his nature, and he possesses not a little. Then he will creep up within range, perhaps cleverly imitating the sonorous whistle to draw the foolishly-proud buck on, drop on one knee, and fire, planting his bullet behind the fore-shoulder. Harry always carries two light rods, tied together near one end, in the fork of which he rests his heavy rifle. His misses are rare, but I think his general great success in hunting is due less to his accurate marksmanship than to his perfect knowledge of the ways of the game. He is a student of the *science* of hunting. He has learned, for instance, how to impose upon the confidence of the timid pronghorn by exciting its curiosity; knows that the white-tailed deer must be sought in their run-ways low down along the water-courses (whence they are sometimes called "willow-deer"), and the black-tail higher up among the aspen-groves; watches the "black brush," to see whether deer have been browsing upon it lately; tells you that wapiti have been there that morning, because he sees that the plantain-leaves have been nibbled; judges by the half-emptied pine-cones that grouse have been picking at them, and therefore may be looked for. These evidences of the presence of animals are classed as "signs" and "doin's," and it is a hunter's business to know how to interpret them properly.

In the early autumn Yount will shoot a wagon-load of game at a time, camping for a few days not far from market, and bringing his meat into Laramie, Cheyenne, or Sydney, for sale; but, when winter seriously threatens, Harry puts into his wagon a small tent, some buffalo-ropes and blankets, a bake-oven, frying-pan, coffee mill and kettle, some copper pails, plates, etc., his score or so of steel traps, axe, some boards to do his skinning on, half a box of candles, plenty of fixed ammunition for his breech-loading rifles, and, with Texas led behind, starts off to the mountains alone for six months of winter residence.

His provisions consist of sufficient flour and coffee (browned and ground by himself), a little bacon, some beans and hominy, sugar, salt, pepper, and a few pounds of dried fruit, or perhaps some cans of preserved sauce. This is not bad fare, and is luxury beside his larder a dozen years ago, when for weeks and weeks he would have nothing but meat and dried berries to eat, with sage-tea, camas-root, and spruce-gum, for variety. He takes also a little whiskey for emergencies—Harry is not intemperate—and a vast quantity of tobacco to be the solace of his solitary hours.

Thus, all alone generally, though sometimes a chum joins him, Harry drives off to the chosen spot in the foot-hills, where he counts upon the game centring during the winter, or where there seems to be an opportunity for profitably setting his traps; and,

fixing his camp in some sheltered spot, with wood plenty and water accessible, he lives a hermit's life through the "long and dreary winter." The weather allows him to tramp about most of the time, and what he shoots too far away, or too late to get to camp, he can bury in the snow, sure of its preservation.

Thrilling tales could be recited of the adventures of these mountain-men, who are abroad at this season almost as regularly as in the summer. Some, like Harry, are hunting in the mountain-valleys, where the game hides until the spring grass sprouts; some are driving freight-wagons between frontier towns and military posts; others working in army pack-trains; many herding on elevated plains, where the snow does not lie long enough on the grass to starve the cattle. Most of them are ignorant of the proper care of themselves, and, secure in the pride of their toughness, are reckless of exposure. It happens too frequently, therefore, that they are crushed in snow-slides, starved by being weather-bound far from help, or are frozen to death. Not a year ago a company of freighters were stopped on their way from Fort Laramie to Cheyenne by a hurricane of snow. They wrapped themselves as well as they could, and built fires in the wagons unavailingly, since the bottoms of the boxes would burn through before the men could get warm. When the storm was over, they were all found dead, with the horses frozen stiff in the traces. If a prospector conceives an idea that at a certain locality in the mountains gold will be found, often he will become so eager to realize his dream that he will not wait for spring to clear the trails, but in the dead of winter will start alone into the heart of the range, carrying the whole furniture of his camp, his tools, and his provisions, on a single pack-mule. Very likely he is never heard of again; and when, a year or two afterward, some hunter finds a skeleton with a skillet, pick, and shovel beside it, he discovers all any one will ever know of the prospector's "strike." Perhaps he became snow-blind, and starved to death; or was snowed-in in some cañon until his scant supply of flour and bacon was exhausted. It may be Indians murdered him; possibly he slipped over a cliff, or broke through some treacherous snow-bridge into a crevasse—at any rate, the wolves pick his bones, and the last claim staked for him is six feet long by two feet wide!

Our hero—a very cautious man—told us at the camp-fire one night how he narrowly escaped being smothered in a snow-storm in April a few years ago. He was trapping beavers along one of the tributaries of the Platte, flowing through bluffs about sixty miles east of Cheyenne. April is always an extremely disagreeable and dangerous month on the Plains, but it is not often that heavy falls of snow occur. Yount established his camp upon the edge of a small stream frequented by these animals, and placed his tent a little way up the bank in a steep gully, which was almost the only spot free from snow, and at the same time out of reach of freshets. He had provisions for some days, a shovel, etc., and plenty

of bedding. One evening it began to snow pretty hard, but he went to sleep without any special apprehension. In the morning he found a gale blowing, and the snow falling in blinding fury. All that day it continued, through that night, and until almost noon of the second day—forty hours. He had no chance to cook any food, and so ate nothing; but he and his dog lay in the blankets, and kept as warm as they could. The prospect of being entirely drifted under and smothered to death was so imminent during the second night that Harry once wrapped his legs in blankets, and started to fight his way out with a board as his weapon, but concluded to wait a little longer, and managed to live until the gale ceased. Then he cut his way out of the top of the tent, climbed over to the bare ground above, dug his kitchen out of another drift, and lighted a fire. His next move was to cut loose his tent from the frozen earth, and take it to the high ground, preferring the chances of an Indian attack to risking another burial.

The previous winter—1874, I think—was an extraordinarily cold one. Harry was hunting through the hills near Fort Laramie, and had fixed his camp in a cañon called Goshen Hole. Heavy snow came, with intense cold, and for forty-five days the hardy hunter was weather-bound. But this time he was in the timber and otherwise sheltered, so that he did not seriously suffer. Near his camp was a round, flat-topped butte, where the wind blew the snow off the grass as fast as it fell. Here there was always an abundance of black-tailed deer and other game, rendered tame by privation, so that he had plenty of meat. At first Harry shot plenty of these, burying their bodies in the snow, but the wolves speedily found his *caches*, melted the snow by some means, and dug all the carcasses up. So he gave it up, and killed only enough deer for his own use. Wolves were exceedingly plenty, and had hard work to live. Large numbers of white men and Indians were frozen to death during that "cold spell," which has rarely been equaled there.

Harry is a quiet, simple-hearted man among a generation—fortunately growing less—of ruffians. Constantly supplying the workmen along the new railroad with meat, he never joined those orgies which used to characterize their hours of leisure, or took part in the series of bloody quarrels that never ended. He is by nature a gentleman, and under his sinewy frame and tireless strength there is a heart as tender as a girl's, which hates the cruelty his profession unavoidably occasions. His eye is open to every beautiful feature of the grand world in which he lives; his heart is alive to all the gentle influences of the original wilderness. Having been alone much, he is timid in new society, reticent, thoughtful, and given to framing fanciful theories to account for phenomena he cannot comprehend. What stories he could tell round a camp-fire at night, when supper was over, and the big blaze was built, and the pipes lit! I had many a discussion with him concerning points in natural history, wherein he opposed life-long experience to the books in not a few instances.

He has read much, particularly about the West, and written somewhat for newspapers, even indulging in rhyme now and then. A handsome man, but holding in great contempt the long-haired fops of the Plains who ape the style (because they cannot rise to the heroism or skill) of Kit Carson or Buffalo Bill, Harry is as vain as a girl about his personal appearance. His belt, holster, knife-sheath, bridle, and saddle, are all set off with a barbaric glitter. I have known him to pay seventy-five dollars to a Shoshonee squaw for the adornment of a single buckskin jacket, and it was a marvel of fringes, fur trimming, and intricate embroidery of beads. Yet his is not a peacock-like, strutting vanity, but a simple, genuine delight in bright colors and pretty things. He laughs quietly at it himself, but says he likes it, and why shouldn't he dress as suits him?

"Mountain Harry" could on no account be induced to leave his beloved hills. He is happy as a

man on broad estates—indeed, he feels that he owns them, as, in truth, he does, to all purposes. He has an idea that he belongs there, and that those rough and desolate slopes, those mighty cañons and towery walls of lichen-stained rock, those forests hiding the sources of mighty rivers, those white peaks striking up into the azure, would miss him and grieve for him as he would for them if once he got beyond the invigorating chill of their snow-banks and the resinous fragrance of their pines. It is such a character as his that Thoreau addressed:

"O man of wild habits,
Partridges and rabbits,
Who hast no cares,
Only to set snares;
Who liv'st all alone
Close to the bone,
And where life is sweetest
Constantly eatest!"

A MORNING-CALL ON THE INKERMEN CAVE-FOLK.

EIGHT o'clock on a bright, breezy, autumn morning; the smooth water of the "great harbor" of Sebastopol lying like a shining mirror amid the green slopes that shut it in; the deep, narrow trench of the Inkerman Valley winding away to the right between its rocky ridges; the ruins of the old Tartar city¹ clinging to the craggy ledges on the farther side, which in this wonderful atmosphere seem almost near enough to be touched; close beside us, the crumbling mound that was once a formidable battery, around which twelve hundred men lay dead on that grim November morning long ago; and, far down in the hollow, a wide sheet of poppies, staining the smooth green surface with a deep crimson blot, as though all the blood shed that day had risen to light once more.

"What a *mêlée* there must have been here!" says my companion, looking around him with the eye of a connoisseur. "Fancy a broken column flung back over the crest of that ridge, and tumbling pell-mell down such a place as this, under a heavy fire from above! It must have been a perfect butchery!"

"Well, they *did* lose twelve thousand men altogether, you remember, and twelve hundred at this battery alone; but they need never be ashamed of such a defeat as that; for, although their only general worth a straw was killed at the very outset, they certainly fought most splendidly. A man told me once that, as he was going over the field next day, he found a Russian and a Lifeguardsman lying breast to breast, each with his bayonet driven to the very shank in the other's body."

"Ah! that's the real Russian style. They haven't the dash of the Frenchman, but they hold their ground like rocks. You remember what Frederick the Great said of them: 'When you fight a Russian, you have to kill him first and knock him down afterward.'

Well, this place certainly *does* look more like a battlefield than most of the others we've seen here."

And well may he say so. Amid the dreamy stillness of the quiet Balaklava Valley, or upon the sunny slope once crowned by the terrible Redan—with young lambs frolicking over the smooth green turf, and butterflies hovering rejoicingly upon the warm, bright air—the strongest imagination finds it hard to conjure up again the maddening din and hurly-burly of the great day of slaughter. But, on the heights of Inkerman, the shattered stones and crumbling earthworks, the countless grave-mounds which dapple the surface on every side, the whitened bones and rusty fragments of iron that start up every here and there through the gapped earth, bear witness, all too plainly, of what *has been*. Amid such surroundings, it needs but a slight effort of fancy to recall the whole scene once more: the thin red line wasting man by man under the blasting cannonade, but still closing up sternly to make good their ground; the rolling clouds of smoke shutting them in, from which bursts ever and anon the flash and crack of the fatal musketry; the sea of ghostly mist all around, parting at times to allow a momentary glimpse of dark, fierce faces, and long lines of hungry steel, and cloudy masses of gray-clad men; the tossing to and fro, the hewing and stabbing, and trampling and cursing—till at length the brown faces of the Zouaves come charging through the smoke, and the great host melts sullenly away from the fatal hill-side up which it has stormed in vain. Half unconsciously, my comrade murmurs to himself Gerald Massey's fiery lines:

"No sun—but none is needed! we can *feel* our way to fight,
The lust of battle in our souls, eyes filled with fiery light,
As up they came, with storm of flame, and crash of shot and shell,
Up, up, like heaven-scalars—and we hurled them back to hell!"

¹ Inkerman signifies "City of Caverns."

But men who have been afoot since five o'clock, and have tramped up and down every ridge from the Vorontzoff Ravine to Inkerman, may be excused for feeling hungry even amid memories like these ; and, by the time we reach the site of the Russian batteries on Shell Hill, my companion's furtive glance at his watch betrays an inward conviction that even this glorious landscape would look much better if seen through the medium of a good breakfast.

"I move that the House adjourn," says he, with an air of decision ; "I could eat my own weight in mutton-chops after such a tramp. See, there's a fellow with a boat down yonder—let's charter him, and 'go home by water,' like Brian O'Linn when the bridge broke."

But it is fated that our breakfast shall be eaten in a very different place from Herr Weitzel's comfortable saloon ; and the most picturesque part of the day's work, if we but knew it, is yet to come. As we reach the foot of the hill, and begin to cross the narrow strip of level ground between it and the water's edge, I happen to look up at the vast rampart of bare gray rock on our left, and see peering out at me like a rabbit from its burrow, about fifty feet up, a human face.

A human face, beyond all doubt, though certainly not very human in appearance. But the short, coarse hair, and narrow, oblique eyes ; the sallowness, greenish complexion ; the beardless chin ; the round, flat, wide-mouthed face, like a penny with a hole through it—are all too familiar to me not to be recognized at a glance. The mysterious troglodyte is a Tartar.

"How on earth did he get there?" says my comrade, surveying him through his eye-glass. "Has he grown there from childhood, like a cucumber under a frame, or is the fashion of St. Simeon Stylites coming in again?"

"The best way is to ask him," suggest I. "I'm not very fluent yet in Tartar, but he'll understand Russian, I suppose.—Holloa ! brother ! is there any way of getting up to you from here?"

"To be sure," answers the hobgoblin, in very tolerable Russian. "You'll find the stair just round the corner—come up and welcome."

Round the corner, sure enough, we find a narrow flight of steps cut in the rock ; and up we go, like two knights entering an enchanted castle. And, indeed, the scene unexpectedly revealed to us by a sudden turn of the stair sufficiently bears out the comparison.

Just above us lies a broad, flat space about twelve feet square, along one side of which the sunlight is streaming in through several tall, arch-shaped openings, the intervening ribs of rock standing out like huge balustrades, between which we descry the sunny expanse of the valley far below. It is a perfect natural balcony on a gigantic scale, such as Gustave Doré would have sketched along the front of Gargantua's palace, or of one of the ghostly châteaux in which he delights. But here, instead of shield and helmet, or lute and embroidery-frame, the "properties" consist of a big *samovar* (tea-urn) hissing and

steaming like a miniature volcano, a short axe, an iron-shod pole, and three or four billets of wood. In the shadow of the background, looking almost like a part of the rock itself, appears the squat, gnome-like figure of our Tartar host ; while on the stair above us, showing his formidable teeth menacingly, couches an enormous sheep-dog, huge, and gaunt, and shaggy, as those which haunt the upland pastures of South America.

But the central, and by far the most striking, figure of the picture is the young girl who sits on the highest step of the ascent, stitching industriously at a nondescript mass of gray cloth, with the rich, golden haze of the shaded sunlight playing around her head in a kind of glory. She looks up as we approach, revealing a face at the sight of which we both start with uncontrollable amazement. It is a purely *Saxon* face as ever English artist painted ; and the fresh, rosy complexion, the long, fair hair, the sunny, blue eye, contrast startlingly with the coarse, black bristles, sallowness, and piercing, black eyes, which have met us in every part of this primitive region. With the Tartar's grim figure behind her, and the savage dog at her feet, she might well pass for one of those spellbound princesses, guarded by monsters in some underground palace, that haunted the dreams of Don Quixote. A charming vision, undoubtedly ; but one which, though natural enough amid the hay-ricks of Cheshire or the hop-fields of Kent, is sufficiently astounding in a Tartar homestead on the shores of the Black Sea.

Not a whit discomposed by our sudden entrance, the young lady arises and greets us cordially. I kiss her hand, and she my forehead, in the graceful old Slavonian fashion ; after which, being thus made "free of the guild," we seat ourselves on a sheepskin in one of the rock-openings, and turn our hot faces to the fresh breeze with an enjoyment only to be conceived by those who have felt it.

"That girl's father was an Englishman, I'll lay my life !" whispers D—, eying her keenly ; "and, by her age now, she must have been born either during the siege or directly after it. What a subject for a novel, if I only had time to write one !"

"Don't let your love of romance carry you away, my good fellow. You'll find complexions quite as fair, and features quite as English, among the Russian women of the central provinces ; but just at present I feel inclined to discuss cookery rather than ethnology.—Can you give us some breakfast, sister? We've marched since daybreak, and we're rather hungry by this time."

"With pleasure ; the *samovar's* just boiling, and everything will be ready directly.—*Mamasha* (mother), come here !"

And instantly, as if the surprises of this extraordinary place were never to end, a door opens in the solid rock, in true "Arabian Nights" fashion, and out comes a stout, good-looking woman of forty or so, with a scarlet kerchief¹ wound around her whole-

¹ The love of both Russian and Tartar for gaudy colors rivals that of the negro himself. The Russian word for "beautiful" (*prekrasni*) means literally "bright red."

some brown face. So there, at length, is the family group complete—mother, son, and daughter.

"Be happy, aunt," say I, stepping forward; "I hope we haven't disturbed you—but I know that a Tartar door is always open to guests!"

"You are heartily welcome," answers the matron, obviously pleased at the compliment, "if you please to take 'bread and salt' with us" (the native term for food offered to a guest).—"Is the tea ready, Masha?" (Mary).

The girl answers by producing several small bowls of painted wood (of the kind which one sees by thousands at the great fairs of Astrakhan and Nijni-Novgorod), and filling them in succession, while her mother sets before us a rye-loaf and a heaped platter of those delicious grapes which tempt every traveler to set at naught all fear of cholera; at the same time calling to "Sasha" (Alexander) to "bring in the *tvorjka*."

"And what on earth's *that*?" asks D—, in a whisper.

"You'll see directly," answer I, inwardly chuckling at the impending "sell;" and in comes the mysterious dainty—a dish of thick, round cakes about the size of a muffin. D— promptly takes a huge bite out of one, but the next moment utters a howl of dismay as a stream of curd gushes from it over his spotless shirt-front—for, like a true Englishman, he adheres to starch and broadcloth even in this solitude.

"Bravo, old fellow!" I shout. "Out with your razor and shave—you're lathered all right. By Jove! you look like Timour the Tartar when he made his *weh* through the *Kurds*!"

The young lady claps her hands, and laughs with unrestrained glee; her mamma follows suit; while the big brother completes the trio with a resounding guffaw, deep and strong as the bellow of a mountain-bull.

"Confound you! why didn't you tell me?" sputters my friend wrathfully—for to be laughed at by a woman is what few men can bear.

"Why, that's the proper way to eat them, my good fellow—you bite through the cake and then let the curds run down your throat. Your only mistake was letting them run outside instead of in. Try again."

And a famous meal we make. The grapes and *tvorjka* might content Sardanapalus himself; and the rich, aromatic tea, though lacking the sliced lemon which is its usual adjunct in Russia, needs no such seasoning to make it palatable. The feast derives an added zest from the quaint picturesqueness of our surroundings—the strange old hill-cavern, with the golden light flecking the chinks of its ribbed sides, and a depth of purple shadow filling its recesses—a tattered sheep-skin for our sofa, our lap for a table, a wooden bowl for cup, saucer, plate, and all—and for company, the descendants of that ancient Crim-Tartar race whose name flitted shadow-like through the earliest memories of our childhood.

Strange enough does it seem, indeed, that these quiet, friendly people, with whom we are already as

thoroughly at home as if we had known them all our life, should be of the same breed as the terrible horsemen who swept all Russia as with a whirlwind six hundred years ago! But modern Europe abounds in such paradoxes. The frank, genial Highland officer who discusses Wagner's music and George Eliot's novels with you over an irreproachable *menu* would have sacked your house and cut your throat a century ago; and the mild, sad-looking men who offer you bread and watermelon in Bulgarian villages are the lineal descendants of the fierce guerrillas who shook the Byzantine Empire, and galloped over the hills above Varna with the heads of slaughtered enemies on their spear-points. And any one who has witnessed a "Tartar fight" at Kazan will readily admit that the blood of Attila and Timour still retains much of its ancient fire.

"So you're staying in Sebastopol?" says the lady of the house, who, now that the duties of hospitality have been discharged, thinks it allowable to indulge her curiosity. "What are you doing there?"

"Looking about us, and seeing what the place is like."

"Are you Russkié?" (Russians).

"No; Anglitchane" (Englishmen).

"What! the people from over the sea? Ah! we have plenty of them here in summer, looking at all the battle-fields and burial-places. There was a famous Englishman came here not long ago—a great writer, they told me—and the Russian officers were very attentive to him, and took him all round this valley here, and told him whatever he wanted to know."

"That must have been Kinglake, for a guinea," says D—to me. "I heard that he had been here getting up facts for the new volume of his 'Invasion of the Crimea.'"

"You have a snug little house here, mother," remark I, becoming the questioner in turn; "but I suppose you don't live in it all the year round?"

"No; it would hardly do for winter," says the hostess, laughing. "*This* is our winter-house."

And, reopening the mysterious door, she displays a small but tolerably high room—evidently a natural recess slightly enlarged by labor—containing a stove, two beds, a deal table, three clumsy stools, and one of those huge iron-clamped chests which are the Russian peasant's wardrobe, savings-bank, cupboard, strong-room, and everything else.

"You see," she explains, "in summer our sheep feed about the hills, and Sasha makes a few *kopecks* (halfpence) by guiding the foreigners about. Then, when winter comes, we pen up the sheep, and my daughter and I make ourselves snug in here, and take to spinning and sewing, while Sasha goes down to the town, and works in the stable-yards. A Tartar lad's always sure of a job *there*, because our people are known to be handy with horses."¹

¹ This is true enough. In Moscow and St. Petersburg the best grooms and coachmen are almost invariably Mohammedan Tartars, who are preferred as being non-drinkers.

Our meal being now over, we prepare to depart, with hearty thanks to our hospitable entertainers; but at this point Sasha strikes in for the first time, with the air of one who feels that his turn is come:

"There's *one* thing for you to see yet; all the foreign gentlemen go to look at it, and so must you before you go."

He leads the way through a deep, tunnel-like entrance into a recess behind the outer cavern, in which—by a solemn, subdued light from above that would have gladdened the heart of Rembrandt—we recognize with amazement the perfect semblance of a crypt of the ninth century. The vaulted roof, the niches cut in the walls, the low, massive pillars, the mystic knot entwined around each—all are there.

"When was this built?" asks D—, eagerly.

"No one knows," answers the Tartar, mysteriously. "I've heard some of the book-learned gentlemen from Peter" (St. Petersburg) "say that when Vladimir Sviatoslavitch baptized our people on the shore yonder, after he had conquered them, he built

several churches in memory of the deed, and that this is one of them; but how that may be, I can't say."

Nor can we; but such a legend is worth accepting whether true or not. No fitter builders could be found for this rough-hewed temple of the true God than the rough-hewed warriors who trampled down paganism in its own stronghold. They seem to rise around us as we gaze, tall, fierce, shaggy-haired, with rings in their ears and bracelets on their bare arms, and tufts of horse-hair upon their battered helmets; and in their midst the towering stature and lion-like head and bold blue eyes of the Russian Henry VIII. —brave, frank, sensual, cruel, unyielding, yet with a dim reverence for the truth lurking in the recesses of his fierce nature. Not a faultless man by any means, but one whom God chose to do a great work. He and Mohammed and Charlemagne were all men of their time, but men who pushed it forward to be a higher and a better one; and their work, though rudely and imperfectly done, was not done in vain.

THE MASTER OF RUSHEN.

"COME, Mawther, you must go to the pier; Quiggin and Thorkel and Julby are all sailing with the fleet, and 'teet they will be counting gradely on your good wishes."

"Then I'll go, Nora. There is a dale of luck in setting to men aff with a good heart!" And in a few minutes the two women were standing among the crowd of handsome, eager fisher-wives on Castletown pier.

The herring-fleet was to leave at sunset, two hundred boats strong, with young Chris Thorkel as its admiral; and, though it was but a herring-fleet, it made Castletown pier for the time a very picturesque sight. The broad-shouldered, bright-eyed women, in their homespun dresses and gay, scarlet shawls, and the calm, stalwart men, in their blue Guernsey shirts, piling the nets on their great-beamed, black sloops, were worthy descendants of those old heroes who set Harold Haarfager at defiance.

If it had been an English or an Irish pier, there would have been no lack of jests and gibes; but the Manx are an earnest, simple folk, rather silent under emotion, and far too sincere to hide feeling with jesting. So one by one the sloops glided silently from their moorings into the bay; only the women blessed them as they passed, or some bronzed face lifted itself a moment to give in return an emphatic "Evi, evi!"

But on this evening it was not only the fishers' wives and daughters that watched the sailing of the fleet. On the top of Castle Rushen's gloomy, formidable walls a group of shabby debtors counted the number of the sloops, and a little apart an old man and a beautiful girl leaned over the battlements, and followed every one of them with a blessing.

The man had been forty years master of Rushen—a Lowland Scot, with the massive face and blue bonnet of his native Teviotdale. The girl was his granddaughter, an orphan of the house of Braddon, with the best blood of the Vikings in her veins. It showed itself in the splendor of her complexion, the brilliancy of her bright-blue eyes, the pose of her stately figure, and in the cloud of pale-golden hair that, simply "snooded" behind her ears, fell carelessly down in long, waving curls.

As the boats massed together in the open bay, the last rays of the setting sun touched them and turned every one into a fairy-craft. The brown sails were purple and gold, and hulls and spars and ropes were wondrously transfigured. Just then a figure stepped out to the bow of one of them, and, lifting his cap, waved it toward the shore.

"Thorkel waves his cap to us, grandfather."

"He is a guid lad, the Lord bless him!"

"And all who sail with him, grandfather."

"And a' wha sail wi' him—surely, surely!"

Then the master walked slowly away, and the little group of debtors dispersed among the forlorn-looking houses built upon the roof of Rushen for their use—one of them, a man in a faded uniform, stopping to say a few words to Mona Braddon as he passed her. When the master returned he found her gazing with sorrowful eyes into the western horizon.

"What think you, Mona?"

"I think of that poor Captain Floyd; it is a shame to shut him up for debt!"

"There is aye sin mixed up wi' debt, lassie; that is where the shame comes in. Von man didna fa' i' debt as folks fa' into temptation; he walked into it wi' his e'en open. Men aye drink as they brew, an' it's guid an' right it s'uld be sae."

There was something in the old Scotchman's opinions that exactly suited Mona's upright, down-right disposition : she always accepted them without demur. Then her thoughts wandered away to Thorkel.

"I hope Thorkel will find the herrings easily, grandfather."

"Nae fear, nae fear ! he's a wise lad. He learns o' the birds o' heaven, an' they are taught o' Him wha gives to every creature its food i' season. There was a big flock o' gulls o'er Port Iron way this afternoon ; *they* ken weel enou' where to find the herring. Thorkel doesna follow blind guides."

"Now, grandfather, what think you ? You have not spoken for ten minutes."

"Auld thochts, Mona—thochts that aye pay me a visit every herring-season. Forty years ago I sailed awa' wi' just such a fleet as yon ; an' your gran'-mither, wi' your mither by her han', stood foremost 'mang the women on the quay. It had been raining aff an' on a' day, an' I can see yet how blue the wives' blue cloaks looked, an' how white the parson's gown 'mang them."

"The parson ?"

"Ay, ay ! fishers were pious folk them days. An', when the fleet had cleared the harbor, the men a' stood up wi' uncovered heads while Parson Arbory said a prayer on the quay for them an' their wives an' bairns. They get along without it now ; but they were nane the waur o' the blessing—'deed, no !

"I sailed awa' that night wi' prayers an' loving words i' my ears. It was a gran' night—full moon, an' a column o' herring sax miles lang by four braid ! They were driving the water afore them wi' a pleasant rippling, and makin' it look like a sea o' siller an' gems o' every color. We caught thirty thousand fish i' ten hours. It was my last night 'mang the nets. I'm glad o' the memory o' it—vera glad !

"The next day there cam' up a great storm, an' a crowd stood watching wae'fully a big ship beating aff the Calf o' Man. She had mista'en her bearings, an' thoct it was St. Bee's Head. I just managed to save her, an' nearly lost mysel' ; but I made a guid harbor by it !"—and the old man looked proudly at the keys in his belt—"a fair harbor where I've seen guid days, an' saved more than a bit o' siller ; thank God for a' his mercies !"

They had walked round as they spoke toward the side which overlooked the market-cross and the square used as a military parade. The governor and deemster were standing before the barracks talking, and a few soldiers were idling down Malew Street. They were Highlanders in full costume, and the master watched them with a strange mixture of approval and dislike.

"They hae mended their religion an' their politics a bit, these last twa hun'ed years," he said, apologetically ; "an' they're braw, braw lads to look at !"

"But, grandfather, who is so handsome as Willie Thorkel ? See, yonder he comes ! Is there any wonder that Chris loves him so fondly ?"

"Handsome is that handsome does ; an' I dinna

like Willie's ways lately. He's o'er stuck up wi' his guid looks an' his guid luck : siccan pride comes before a fa', I'm feared. But it's getting near bedtime, an' you'd be better reading your Bible than watching Willie Thorkel."

Yet, perhaps the old man's indifference was but assumed. He made no remark on Mona's five minutes' delay ; but, lifting his eyes from the smouldering peats upon the stone hearth, he asked :

"Weel, what cam' o' Willie Thorkel ?"

"He gave some papers to the deemster, and then stood a moment to speak to Major Hamilton and his daughter. They were on horseback, and bonnie enough Willie looked standing bareheaded by the side of Miss Kate ! She seemed to think so too, by the way she bowed and becked to him."

"An' then ?"

Mona hesitated.

"An' then, lass ?"

"He went away with Duke Hamilton and Captain Howard, and—"

"An' the deil ! What gate went they ?"

"They went to the Cross Keys."

"I thoct sae ! That's your handsome lad—drinking an' dirling awa' the siller poor Chris works sae hard to win."

"Willie can't lose every night, grandfather."

"Dinna speak that way to me again : he loses when he gains—mak's sairest loss of a' then. It is a bad business that has the deil for a partner ! I'd like to hae the locking-up o' that firm."

And the old warden fingered his keys ominously.

"Don't worry, grandfather ! Willie can't see things just yet as we see them ; but God builds the nest of the blind bird."

"Guid lass ! Gae awa' to your sleep now ; you'll be up soon enou' i' the morning, I'se warrant."

At sunrise next morning Mona was on the pier, which was now busy as a market. The tide was full, the boats were in, their decks piled with glinting, silvery fish, with which scores of women and children were filling creels and barrows. The fresh, briny scent of the sea, the calls of the fishers, the responses of their wives, the shouting and laughing of children, made a charming picture of a busy life, in which was no sound of fretting teams, no clatter, no dust, nor any noise of anger or distress.

Chris Thorkel stood knee-deep in the beautiful fish, his bronzed throat open to the cool breeze, and his clear, practised eyes measuring with just precision the draught of every boat into four parts. As Mona approached him he was saying, "This share is the fisher's ; this share is yours, John Quiggin, as owner of the nets ; these two shares are yours, Michael Quayle, as owner of the boat ;" then he raised his eyes to Mona, and by an almost imperceptible movement, which she only understood, he gave *himself* anew to her.

It was to see that Chris was "all right," and to get that glance, that Mona had gone to watch the boats in. She did not linger among the busy women, but strolled quietly through the awakening town and down by the back of the castle. A woman stopped

her at the gloomy gate—a woman in the universal blue cloak and hood, with a basket on her arm full of eggs and butter, which she was selling from door to door.

"Why, good-morning, Nora! all the way from Ballasalla already?"

"Intee, it was not sun-up when I left; but little Brada is clane broken-heartet, and neets to see you wanst. It is long cinct you came anear us, ant Brada is full o' care, she is intee!"

"What is the matter?"

"Ta same sorrow it is as before. It's rayly wunthirful how she holts on to him—yes, intee it is."

"Perhaps she is right, Nora. Sometimes I would trust my heart before my head. I will come and see her after breakfast."

Two miles' walk over a road haunted with fairies, and lovely enough to have been their grand highway, brought Mona to a little one-story cottage, thatched with straw. It was set in a garden so full of fuchsias that their splendid sprays covered the whole cottage front, clambered over the thatch, and twined around the chimney. But it was not more dainty outside than in—the spotless deal furniture, the dresser-shelves filled to the roof with gay crockery, the wide fireplace, the flowers in the window, the happy-looking old woman knitting in the sunshine, the fresh, salt scent of the sea coming in at the back-door—all these things had a double beauty to Mona, when she contrasted them with the sunless gloom of the castle rooms.

"Nothing looks sad but you, Brada," she said to a beautiful girl who was mixing in a listless way the barley-cakes for dinner.

"And I have good reason for it; intee I have, Mona. Willie has not been anear me in two weeks, and it is back to Douglas I shall go to-morrow."

"Do you wish me to give him any message from you?"

"No, intee! It is not for Brada Grale to look over her shoulder for any man. Willie Thorkel, the deemster's head-clerk, is not the Willie that raked the hay, and bound the sheaves, and danced at the Ingathering Feast with me. He comes of fisher-folk, and yet, Mona, he had a jeer for the fishers' dress, intee he had!" and Brada looked down with a loving pride at her striped petticoat.

"But you have plenty of pretty dresses, Brada."

"Why not? But I'd scorn to wear them, because Willie Thorkel thought shame of good Manx cloth! You will never speak of me to him—not a word; but there is another thing I want you to do for me."

"What is it?"

"You'll warn Chris that his brother Willie is going to the evil-one by three or four roads at onst. Never mind how I know it. The fine broadcloth suit he went to the officers' ball in is yet to pay for, 'teet it is; and there is heavy scores against him at more places than the 'Cross Keys;' and you may tell him that Hamilton and Howard joke over the mess-table about the sums they win from his brother Willie—I know that, too, never mind how; but, Mona, come anear me, I want to speak this in your heart:

if ever gold is wanted to save Willie, it is sixty pounds I have in Douglas Bank. O Willie—Willie!" and Brada bit her lips to stifle the passionate cry.

"Then you are going back to that English dress-maker?"

"I must make more money."

"You don't need it, Brada dear."

"I neet work and somebody may neet the money. But, unless I can help Willie, you will never name him to me: the chasms at Cregyneesh do not tear the rocks farther apart than Willie and I are parted."

"What is the matter, Brada?"

"I have seen what I have seen, and I know what I know. If you love Chris Thorkel, prove it by helping the boy that is dearer to him than his own life; and if such dree work comes to your hands, Mona, Brada Grale is your helper, that is all"—and the proud, fair girl effectually closed the conversation by beginning to bake her barley-cakes on the iron plate that lay upon the peat-fire.

Mona went home very thoughtful. It seemed hard to trouble Chris with this care during the herring-season, when he was at work almost day and night—for Chris not only owned his own fishing-sloop and nets, but also a pretty little farm of eight hundred acres, which the Thorkels had kept ever since they took it for their own seven hundred years before! Still, she was too conscientious to quite ignore the warning given her: "If anything happened Willie, and I had set no one to watch for his soul, I could never forgive myself, or look Brada or Chris in the face again. I will tell grandfather; he is wiser than most folks, and he loves Willie, that I know."

These thoughts were in her heart as she leaned that night on the castle-walls watching the fleet again sail into the sunset west. Her grandfather happened soon after to name Willie, and Mona answered his remark by repeating, in the fewest and simplest words, Brada's information.

The master set his face seaward and remained stolidly silent. But Mona had shifted the responsibility, and she had no fear that he would pass by the duty laid at his feet; so, when he prayed that night for "a' prodigals wasting their share o' paradise wi' publicans an' sinners," she knew very well what dearly-loved prodigal his heart went out after.

Even in the height of the herring-season no Manx fisher would leave harbor on Saturday or Sabbath night, and to these restful pauses in labor Mona looked eagerly forward, for then Chris walked in the sunset with her, and Willie generally joined the tea-table in the master's parlor. But this Saturday he did not come until the meal was nearly over. He entered the room, however, in a boisterously happy humor, his handsome person well set off by his handsome clothing and his radiant, confiding manner. No Greek poet had ever a fairer dream of youthful, beautiful manhood than Willie Thorkel made, standing in the strip of sunlight, and stretching out his hands to the brown fisherman who rose with a cry of joy to meet him.

Indeed, both Mona and the master fell at once under the spell of Willie's beauty, and their doubts

and anger fled before his smile as clouds before the sun. He chatted away of the deemster's office, and the House of Keys, of the governor, and the officers, and the beautiful Kate Hamilton, and Chris listened in wonder and admiration. The Thorkels had been Vikings, pirates, smugglers, fishers, farmers, but Willie was the first lawyer and the first fashionable man in their records.

At last Mona's grandfather said: "Mona, you and Chris walk over to Scarlet Rocks to-night, an' Willie will chat wi' me a wee."

Willie did not enjoy the proposal, but there was an authority about the master very like the compelling simplicity of the old rustic gods; no one opposed it; so this evening Willie Thorkel leaned on the battlements with the old man and looked over the beautiful bay.

"How lovely the bay looks!" he said, querulously—"it is such nonsense losing a night or more every week; you don't catch the Welsh fishermen minding such old-fashioned notions."

"Manxmen dinna tak' their religion fra' Welshmen or any other men: *'thus saith the Lord'* is enou' for their ordering."

"People think more broadly and freely now, master, than they used to do."

"I ken that—I ken likewise that free-thinkers sune become free actors, an' that they who lightly treat the fourth commandment dinna lang honor the ither nine. You talk as if you'd been i' bad company lately, Willie, an' that 'minds me that you are o'er much seen wi' them Captains Hamilton an' Howard. Keep guid company, Willie, an' you'll be counted ane o' them."

"Captain Howard is a gentleman, and Hamilton is a real good fellow, master."

"A guid fellow is a costly name, Willie; you canna afford it, nae gate."

"Am I to ask the Castletown gossips what I can afford?"

"Nae need, Willie; ask your ain purse what you may buy—but dinna rin i' debt, for God's sake! it is just granting the deil a lien on your life. If you want a bit siller noo an' then, I'll be proud to gie you it—i' reason, you know—but dinna rin i' debt. I hope naebody has Willie Thorkel's name i' their black-books!"

"No use lying about it, master; I am sorry to say I am in debt. I know you're right; it makes me miserable enough!"

"I liket your father weel, Willie, an' I like you weel; mak' a clean breast o' it to sae auld a frien'—how much do you owe? Here is a bit paper an' pencil; pit everything down, an' tell me how much you'll need to mak' a free man o' you."

Willie thought a little, and figured a little, and the result was something near one hundred pounds.

"Willie, I'll no deny that parting wi' money gaes hard wi' me; but you are i' sair danger, and I wouldna dare to set gold before your immortal soul—forby, I promised them that are dead to care for you—so I'se gie you a hun'ed pounds, an' you s'all wipe a' scores clean."

The old man had been gazing steadily over the water, but now he turned to Willie and held out his hand. Willie took it with eager acknowledgments of his sorrow and gratitude. Indeed, the master had the reputation of being so very *close* and *near*, that he could not help expressing amazement at his generosity.

The last word gave a little offense.

"I'm no generous, Willie, an' I don't want to be," he said; "I hae no free notions o' any kind, but I read the law o' God, and I hae found i' it mair reasons than enou' for using a hun'ed pounds i' this business."

"If you would not tell Chris, master, I—"

"What duv you tak' me for? I'd cut my left hand aff if it went blabbing about my right hand. To-morrow night you'll owe naething but love, and I'm thinking you are deep i' debt that way to pretty Brada Grale. What is wrang between you?"

"She is so proud and jealous, and will not see that I cannot be what I was when we worked in Chris's fields together."

"Why not?"

"I have been at college since, and in very different society. Kitty Jeffcott and Kate Hamilton are different women from Brada Grale. Then Brada has no tact; the other night, when I was riding with Miss Hamilton, we met Brada in her Manx dress; and, because I did not stop to speak to her, she sent me word 'never to dare to speak to her again.'"

"She did quite right. Your father an' Brada's father sat i' the same boat together side by side for thirty years—fast frien's—an' you were 'shamed o' his daughter! She might weel think scorn o' you."

"I shall get easy over her scorn. When Chris spent all his savings on my education, he meant me to become a man of position. I shall sit in the House of Keys yet, leader of the whole four-and-twenty of them. Deemster Kelly told his excellency that I was a born orator. I cannot marry any one but a lady, and Brada ought to understand that!"

"Just sae! I'm nane o' Brada Grale's kin, an' I never meddle nor mak' wi' women-folks an' their business; they hae been ance under the Tree o' Knowledge, an' they mostly sort their ain side weel enou'."

So next day Willie got the hundred pounds, and took his name off the tradesmen's books. But what debtor ever confessed all that he owed? Willie said nothing of his bill for wine at the hotel or of the money he had lost only a few days before at Captain Howard's whist-party. Still, things looked hopeful to him now, and he made many resolutions that only needed carrying out to be admirable ones. In other respects, too, he was a freer man. Brada went back to Douglas, and such embarrassing meetings as the one he had complained of were not likely to occur again.

The master, indeed, rather favored Willie's matrimonial ambitions.

"That Miss Kate," he said to Chris, "has weel-to-do frien's, an' twa thousand pounds o' her ain; it

is just as easy for Willie to love a rich lass as a puir ane."

"But he was promised to Brada Grale years ago."

"Ay, ay; but bairns' bargains stand for naught."

"I have heard, master, that an Aberdeen man never sticks to the word that hurts him."

"Maybe, Chris—I'm no Aberdeen mysel'—dootless there are cases where sic a rule is quite lawfu—a bad word is better broke than kept, always."

Brada had, indeed, no very warm advocates. It was a point of honor with Chris to assert her rights, and a point of womanly sympathy with Mona; but both secretly thought, with the master, that Willie's talents and Willie's beauty deserved a wife of higher social standing and with more wealth and education.

About the end of September the herring-fishing was over, and Chris began to build an addition to the old stone house of Thorkel. The master took great interest in the work, and promised to refurbish the whole dwelling before Mona's marriage, which was to take place in the spring. This and Willie's love-affair kept him full of pleasant plans; for Willie was now the declared rival of Captain Howard for Miss Kate Hamilton's hand, and the master could not bear the idea of "any proud Englisher pitting Willie to the wa'." No woman could have shown more interest in Willie's plans, and hopes, and doubts; and to see Willie and Kate riding together, or to hear that she had preferred Willie for the dance, made the master as radiant as if the triumph touched his own feelings or his own interests.

But it was a rivalry that cost Willie much money, far more than any of his friends could conceive. The master's suits lasted years; Chris very rarely patronized a tailor—how should they know the cost of the many changes of clothing, the varieties of boots and shoes, and hosiery, and hats, that Willie's visiting, and riding, and courting, demanded? Tailors and boot-makers are not romantic causes of tragedies, but they are very real ones, and they kept Willie all winter under the harrow. No one dreamed of such a thing. He looked happy, and his talk was of law-suits and politics, big dinners, gay dances, and beautiful women.

So the winter passed away. To Mona and Chris, being lovers, the world revolved in heaven; ordinary mortals were sensitive enough to the void, and the depressing fogs and heavy rains. One dreary morning in March, when the wind moaned wearily, and the rain fell black and cold, a message came demanding the master's immediate presence in the deemster's office. He put aside the fishing-tackle and flies he was at work on, and went at once, not without wonder at the unusual order. He had no fear of evil until he stood face to face with the officer and Willie Thorkel; then he trembled and turned sick.

"Master," said the deemster, with great emotion, "I must commit William Thorkel to your keeping. There have been grave charges made against him."

"What hae you done, sir?"—and the master

grasped the trembling lad by the shoulder so passionately that the deemster interfered.

"Patience, master! There are four warrants for debt against him, and Captain Hamilton says that he has lost at play twice his salary. He *advises* me to look at my accounts, and I have put the deemster's books in Jeffcott's hands. Willie will bear me witness that I should never have taken this step if he would only have given me his word of honor that all was right. In a week I shall call a court, and accuse or honorably exonerate your prisoner; till then he is in your charge."

"Captain Hamilton dootless kens weel, your honor, what sums Willie Thorkel has lost; he got them a'. I would like to hae the receiver as weel as the thief."

"Be careful, master; the gentleman you speak of is in her majesty's service."

"An' the deil's likewise; but I beg your honor's pardon—where am I to keep the lad?"

"Parole him in any apartment of Rushen you think best. He has a right to be considered innocent till proven guilty."

The master bowed, and, turning to Willie, said, "You'll follow me, sir." He spoke no other word, not even when he left him in the dreary room, with its cold stone-walls and single strip of light from a narrow loop-hole. It was as if he had suddenly become a very old man. He staggered toward the fireplace of his own little parlor, and crouched silently over it. Mona, who had been inexpressibly shocked at what she had seen, waited a little, and then went and knelt down beside him. He shook his head pitifully, but did not answer her appeal. Presently he lifted his Bible and went slowly out into that Presence where no one dared to disturb him.

Chris was not long in hearing of the calamity that had befallen them; and he and Mona got the first bitterness of their grief over before the master joined them. His hour's seclusion had wonderfully strengthened him. "It behooved me to speak wi' God anent this sorrow, bairns, before I said aught to you; but now, Chris, let us go an' see what may be done for the puir, misguided lad."

They spent two hours with Willie, and came back to Mona very much depressed. One thought occupied each heart, but neither liked to give it voice. At length Chris said, "There is only one thing to be done."

"An' that thing I can neither mak' nor meddle in—yet if Willie could be spared this shame an' sorrow! I would, perhaps, yes, I *would promise* to put the money right. Little I thoct what I've been saving for a' these years!"—and, no longer able to control his feelings, he again left the room.

Then Mona said, "Willie must be got away, Chris."

"I know. If I had only some money for him! But I paid for the work on Thorkel two days ago. I have not five pounds, and in this affair the master can't help directly or indirectly."

"I can get the money from Brada Grale by to-morrow night."

As Brada's name was spoken, there was a little stir at the door; and, white as a ghost, her blue cloak and hood dripping with the storm, she stood before them. They made room for her at the fire, and Mona tenderly removed her wet clothing. "What brought you through the storm, Brada?"

"I knew Willie was in trouble."

"Who told you?"

"I saw him this morning, and I knew well he would need the eighty pounds I have brought with me."

"You saw him this morning?"

"Yes, I dreamed of him. I was not made to dreme the way I did for nonsense—no, intee!"

Then while Brada dried her feet, and ate some boiled bread-and-milk, they talked over all possible plans, until one suddenly took a feasible shape in Chris's mind. He got up and left the women, taking Mona's cloak with him, and when the morning dawned Willie was not in the castle, nor Chris either.

The master had not dreamed of so rapid a move, and was genuinely surprised, and quite able to give his word of honor that he had been no party to the flight. He admitted that "Willie had told him that he would not stay in Castletown after such a disgrace, and said that moneys were in his hand to balance to the last farthing Willie's overdrawn account."

"The deemster smiled queerly at the master's way of putting the case, but there was now really nothing better to be done than to condone the matter in the least offensive way. So he accepted the three hundred pounds which the master put in his hands as security, a sum which proved to be nearly one hundred pounds more than was necessary to satisfy all claims.

Chris returned in ten days, simply saying he had been to see his brother sail for America, and there was a very general impression that Willie Thorkel had gone because Miss Kate Hamilton refused to marry him. Captain Hamilton's insinuations scarcely affected popular opinion, for the Thorkels were "kenned folk," and the deemster had not said a word against his late favorite.

Few words, indeed, on this subject ever passed even between Chris and the master, for both suffered too much to be continually telling each other how much. A few questions and answers sufficed.

"Where has he gane to?"

"New York."

"Where did he sail fra'?"

"Liverpool."

"How did ye win there?"

"We crossed in my sail-boat to St. Bee's Head—made the thirty miles before noon next day—and were just in time for the steamer which leaves Whitehaven every afternoon for Liverpool. The rest was easy enough."

"Had he any money?"

"Brada brought him eighty pounds."

"How did Brada ken?"

"She was told by them that know more than we

do. She went back to bed that morning with a headache, fell asleep, and dreamed the whole affair just as it happened; then she got up and went to the bank, then walked ten miles through the storm to bring the money. She's a good girl!"

"He's gane awa', Chris, like another weel-loved lad did—awa' to a far country."

"The other came back, master; why not Willie?"

"True; God's han' isna shortened."

No one spoke of Willie again. In May, Chris and Mona were married, and life settled quietly down into its new groove. Poor Captain Floyd walked with the master on the castle-wall in the evening, and Mona watched her husband's boat from the dormer-windows at Thorkel. Besides this, the old man went trout-fishing a little, and read his Bible a great deal, and sat thinking with wistful, watching face over the embers at night.

But no letter came, though weeks and months passed into years, and another Willie wandered up and down the grim old castle by the master's hand, or sat with wondering face upon his knee, to hear over and over again the story of David and Goliath. But the dearer Willie made no sign. Even Chris began to lose heart, and to meet the old man's questioning eyes with a less hopeful look.

But one night, eight years after Willie's departure, a stranger got out of the Douglas coach and went straight to Rushen. As it happened, the master was near the door, and answered his summons himself. He knew Willie at once. "Eh, laddie!" he cried, joyfully, "but I'm thankfu' I cam' mysel' to meet you. You've been lang awa'! too lang awa'! Come in, come in!"

There was only a little pot of tea on the round table by the fire, a toasted barley-cake, and a broiled herring. But there never was a happier meal. It was many a year since Willie had tasted such luxuries; and the master drank in with greedy ears Willie's wonderful tale of adventure and success.

He had been to California and come home a rich man. California was a new country then—the master had never heard of it. He listened with amazement to Willie's description of its climate, its productions, and its strange jumble of rough inhabitants. He looked at, and touched with a kind of veneration, some of the veritable golden dust and brick of the new Ophir. A strange, fierce joy thrilled him when Willie gave him back in a canvas bag his whole three hundred and fifty pounds again. But he put it away with a positive gesture immediately. "Na, na, Willie!" he said, penitently; "this warl' has o'ertright a grip o' me already. I'll no touch it—I'll no touch a bawbee o' it—" Then with a sudden thought: "I'll tell you what we will do wi' it: we'll pay them three puir fellows' debts up-stairs, an' set them a' at liberty. It will be a gran' thank-offering for the lad that was dead, an' is alive again; that was lost, an' is foun'."

"Amen, master; and if more is needed then I'll add it gladly. But now I must go, for I cannot

sleep to-night until I have seen Chris and Mona, and Brada."

"Brada?"

"Who else? I owe her eighty pounds, and I am going to ask her to take me for the debt."

"Then you'll find her with Chris and Mona at Kirk Malew—they aye spend *Eail Voirrey* (Mary's-night) together. To-morrow, God willing, I'll eat my Christmas-dinner wi' you at Thorkel."

As happy as he was handsome, Willie took the well-known road to the dear old church. It was all alight, and far away down the road he heard these joyful notes of song:

"O star, you must not stand still so,
But must with us to Bethlehem go;
To Bethlehem, the lovely town,
Where Mary and her Babe sit down."

The Litany was over, but he knew the congregation would stay to sing carols till Christmas-day was fairly in; and, though he did not so arrange it, yet he could scarcely have chosen a more propitious place and season for a reunion with all his friends and acquaintances.

Chris, shouting for joy, kissed him on both cheeks, Mona and Brada he folded to his heart, and the simple fisher-folk crowded round him with hearty welcomes. After midnight nearly two hundred people

took him home to Thorkel, singing, as they went across the fields, a merry Christmas-carol. But amid the music Willie had asked Brada a question, and made her a promise, and, before the holidays were over, they were married.

Then the master resigned his duties. He had scrupulously fulfilled his promise to Captain Floyd and his poor companions; but when they were freed, the last tie that bound him to Rushen was broken. He made his home with Chris and Mona, but often staid weeks together with Willie, who bought a beautiful estate not far from Thorkel.

Thus dwelling among his own people, he walked gently and happily down the slope of life. On his eighty-third birthday, he suddenly "entered into rest;" but when the bellman called his funeral through the streets of Castletown no one felt that there was any cause for tears in such a death. Chris, and Willie, Deemster Kelly, and Captain Floyd, carried him, and a great concourse of citizens, singing as they went, followed the body to the grave.

In Kirk Malew you may yet see a stone bearing this inscription: "William Falconer, Forty-nine Years Master of Rushen, sleeps here;" and underneath, this passage from the Holy Book he loved so well:

"Until the daylight breaks, and the shadows flee away."

LILIAN.

ALL men admire you—even I,
Who like you not, pronounce you fair;
Time was I had not passed you by—
You might have caught me with your hair,
That still is beauteous to behold;
If I should liken it to gold,
I should disparage it, and you,
Which, certes, I could never do.

Go, Lilian, go, but ere you leave
I must an ancient story tell:
Before our father Adam fell—
Before he saw our mother Eve—
He had a wife, whom God the Lord
Made for his mate when He made him;
Tall as he was, and strong of limb—
Of splendid beauty, stern and cold,
Glorious with golden hair, that rolled
Down to her feet. She was so bold
She stung him into savage ire;
Her sharp tongue cut him like a sword—
Wayward as wind, and fierce as fire!
This woman—Lilith—born his wife,
The torment was of Adam's life.

He left her, as you may conceive,
And God created mother Eve.
You think the serpent tempted her,
And she our father—but you err;
It was Lilith in the serpent—she
It was who tempted with her lies
(As one who might have tempted me),
And lost them paradise!
Nor was her vengeance sated then;
For, devil as she was at birth,
She has gone up and down the earth
Tempting till now the sons of men.
She captives with unholy arts:
Who loves her, dies. We know her dead—
There is a hair from out her head
Twisted around their hearts!

O lady of the golden hair!
Lilian, or Lilith! when I die,
When this poor heart has ceased to beat,
They will not find *you* tangled there;
Nor will they find me at your feet—
For, see, I pass you by.
The hair around my heart that day,
If golden once, will then be gray!

AN ARTIST ON ART.

EVERY one who knows Mr. Daniel Huntington, the artist, knows how interesting is his conversation on art-matters. A few evenings ago when I was in his studio he expressed himself at length with reference to his methods of work, his experience as a portrait-painter, and his estimate of various artists living and dead.

"A portrait," he said, "may be liked by the family of the sitter, while not liked by his friends, and *vice versa*. I always wish to know for what purpose it is wanted before I begin to paint it. If it is to be owned by his family, I give the man a more familiar and conversational look; if by a society, I try to represent his active public character. The face of almost every business-man has two characteristic expressions—one rather serious and earnest, the other sweet and cheerful with gleams of humor and affection. I remember one very remarkable instance where the family of a sitter greatly liked my portrait, but his friends did not.

"If," he continued, "you want a portrait to look at you, with eyes following you around the room, it is better to be alone in the studio with the sitter, that he may get into relations with you. But it is a mistake to suppose that you must be constantly entertaining him—cracking jokes with him, as Inman used to do. The continual flitting of the artist's mind from the sitter to the subject talked about, and from subject to sitter, wears him out very fast. Besides, the portrait is apt to have—as most of Inman's portraits have—an amused expression, a sort of expression that is just what is not wanted. Most of Stuart's pictures look at you; the finest of Titian's and of Reynolds's look off. Of course, there is no rule of position, except the rule which requires the artist to make the most of his subject. Nor is any one quality the test of excellence in a portrait. The living character of the sitter, which is what the portrait-painter strives for, doesn't depend absolutely upon either correctness of color or of drawing, but upon the general expression."

"How far is it lawful," I asked, "for an artist to flatter the sitter?"

"Absolute truth," he replied, "is undoubtedly in one sense the most desirable in a portrait, if the artist can know and feel it. The real character, not the obvious character, is what he tries to represent; the capacity, capability, potentiality of the man—what the man was, so to speak, designed to be. Still, it seems proper that his finest traits should be emphasized in a portrait, since every side of his character cannot be given in the same picture. For example, in painting a lady's portrait wouldn't it be just to subdue minor infelicities of profile or complexion, to present the best of her appearance, and so to make amends for our lack of ability thoroughly to reproduce a human face? That painting, it seems to me, is of a higher order which discerns the germs of truth in the sitter's character, and brings them out.

But now and then you see a woman's face so beautiful, a woman's complexion so exquisite, that you feel, as Reynolds felt before Michael Angelo's work, that to catch the slightest of its perfections would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. As for the old masters in portraiture, of course, it is impossible to tell how much they flattered their subjects. Certainly they sometimes caricatured them. We are sure of that. As a general rule, a portrait should please and satisfy the persons most intimate with the sitter. A bust of a man has a death-like look, which, when he is dead, his family do not like. Sculpture cannot be as real as painting. The weakness of a portrait consists most often in the absence of the true character of the sitter; you feel the absence, you perceive only a waxy resemblance, an insipidity, even though the work is beautifully handled and nicely drawn. It is pretty, but not truthful. On the other hand, a person, when looking at a portrait, often says, 'I am sure it is a good likeness,' although he has never seen the original. He feels it to be such. At the same time, however, the picture may have character, but not the character of the sitter."

"Which is the highest sort of painting?"

"Epic painting—like that of scenes from Milton or the Scriptures, large, imaginative compositions, such as those in the Sistine Chapel, for instance—is in some respects the most difficult, and in all respects the grandest. Landscape is next in order, *genre* next, and portrait (in common estimation) last. But still-life painting is certainly the lowest, and animal-painting ranks next above it. Animal-painting has little of the refinement of landscape-painting, and yet is very difficult. A person who can paint animals in motion and give them their true life, I look upon as one of the most successful of artists. Unlike a figure-painter, he hasn't the assistance of his model: you remember how much the actor Macready helped the painter Leslie. I saw yesterday an engraving at Goupil's—'The Greedy Calves' was the name of it. It was full of life, motion, and expression. I feel the same about Rosa Bonheur's works and Jacques's. Still-life painting is only imitation and reality, yet it demands facility and exquisiteness of handling. But I don't think anything the Almighty has made is unworthy of being painted. Even fruit and flowers, when skillfully rendered, are refreshing. What people call beauty and ugliness are simply the light and darkness of Nature; and the proper representation of character requires the representation even of bad passions and of ugliness. There are some strange animals—like the devil-fish, for instance—which seem to have been made expressly to represent rapine, hard-heartedness, gluttony, and cruelty, combined. The painter's business is to represent truth, not beauty; beauty is included in truth."

"How about morality? Is a moral design lawful for a work of art?"

"A moral design is a very proper one, I think—in fact, it is the highest of all designs; but it may be reached by a process little suspected. If you hold that the artist's object is simply to present truth without teaching, you cut off from the realm of art some of the masterpieces of the world. Bunyan's descriptions are certainly pictures, and their sole intention was moral. The same is true of what Dante wrote, of what Milton wrote. I have a feeling that the same is true of the works of Shakespeare. He didn't bring the moral intention out as a preacher does, but it must have been latent in his mind. The story of 'Othello,' for example, must have been intended to convey a lesson. One gets very much disgusted, certainly, by pictures designed to teach a moral or religious truth, but feebly and poorly painted. Yet, when a picture is a work of art in every other respect, the fact that it conveys and impresses a moral truth does not make it not a work of art. Bryant's poem on the water-fowl is one of the most nearly perfect pieces of artistic composition in the world, yet its whole idea is the truth that God cares for a solitary, individual life. That is its key, and that clinches it."

"Can an artist avoid exerting a moral influence, whether he will or not?" I asked.

"Hardly," he replied; "very few things are so negative and gray in tint that they fail to teach a lesson. As for many modern French pictures—for instance, some of those in the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia—they were evidently intended to pamper the tastes of lascivious men. I felt it. That one over the main door of the south room in our last Academy exhibition—a representation of one of the Paris *demi-monde* in a silly, tipsy state—should have been excluded, I think. It was clever, but it should not have been there. To repeat a remark made in my hearing by one of the visitors, it was 'not nice.' The visitor, who was a lady, asked why it had been accepted. The immorality, however, of this class of works depends in the main upon the unconscious intention to excite sensuous thoughts. Mere nudity is not objectionable. Even a purist does not complain of the Venus of Milo or of the Apollo Belvedere."

Somehow or other the conversation struck upon that much maligned and beslavered painter, the late Mr. J. M. W. Turner. Mr. Huntington is a great admirer of Turner, and thinks him not at all overrated, although some critics—notably Mr. Ruskin—have exaggerated the merits of his later works.

"The Slave-Ship," said Mr. Huntington, "cannot be understood except by a person who has seen Turner's earlier and later pictures. It comes between them. He was a little crazy in his eye when he painted it, and it somewhat resembles the mutterings or ravings of an insane genius of the highest rank. Full of the most wonderful execution, and the most wonderful knowledge of material and of Nature, it is at the same time disjointed and inconsistent. Its faults are those of a great mind going to chaos. Rich in atmosphere, in the flicker of light, and (throughout the lower part) of translucency; the water flowing, liquid, and yet solid; the representa-

tion of texture and of substances perfect—it is nevertheless neither truthful nor natural. The upper part, with its whites running into intense yellows, oranges, and reds, is overdone; the lower part is exquisite in refinement and delicacy. The clearness, movement, swash, and solidity of the waves, are extraordinary. Could we but place 'The Slave-Ship' between one of his earlier and one of his later works, it would become very interesting; but by itself it gives a false idea of his capacity and taste as an artist. It would be mere affectation for any one to pretend to like it who had seen no other works of Turner's. I hear connoisseurs and painters exclaiming that they can't see anything in it; that it is perfect folly; that it is humbug, and so on; and I confess that the first sight of the work a little astonished me. To call it a miracle of art is to go to the other extreme. It is a product of wonderful power a little disorganized. It is just that, and only that, and all that."

"Is it well for a painter to repeat himself—to continue painting the same subjects and in the same style?"

"To a certain extent," said the portrait-painter, "keeping in one path is narrowing; but a man can't do all things equally well; and only a Rubens or a Michael Angelo can be a master simultaneously in several departments. Necessity compels most artists to repeat themselves. People want what they have seen, and the aesthetics of bread-and-butter gives laws to the painter. Nevertheless he ought not to yield to pressure if the pressure is from without. Art is sacred, and ought to be pursued for its own sake. It is a prostitution of art to use it to make money. A living should spring as a result from the pursuit of art; it should not be an artist's motive. This principle is of universal application. A bricklayer, for example, should build a wall as well as he can. If he gets paid for his work, so much the better. But to work for money deadens the sensibilities and shortens the powers. The mere resolving to do the best one can is itself a great reward; the matter of pay is altogether distinct; and it may and should be kept so."

Mr. Huntington, however, did not deny that the end sometimes illumines and glorifies the means: that an artist with a pack of hungry children for whom he wishes to earn bread can paint a picture nobly, even when his ultimate purpose in doing so is not to serve art, but to coin cents. He admitted the propriety and the frequent existence of just such an ultimate purpose in a true artist's soul contemporaneously with the existence of an indisputably exalted immediate purpose.

The best representation of Christ, in Mr. Huntington's judgment, is Leonardo's drawing for the head in the famous "Last Supper." It is very impressive—a little misty and dreamy—and leaves more room for the imagination than does the head in the painting itself. "Cole was so charmed by it one day in Milan that he said he wanted to steal it. Raphael's 'Charge to Peter' contains, perhaps, the next best representation."

"Is there an American school of painting?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly there once was an American school of painting," he replied. "Such works as Cole's wild, sequestered mountain-landscapes, and Mount's *genre* representations, are distinctively American. 'The Power of Music,' 'Raffling for a Goose,' 'Bar-gaining for a Horse,' and other of Mount's pictures, could never have been painted in Europe. At the same time, they lack the harmony, richness, artistic strength, that would have come from foreign study. But art is universal, and the distinction of national schools will be done away with—originality being confined for the most part to the individual artist, rather than to any class of artists in a particular country. To-day, however, there is certainly a marked difference in the styles even of Boston and New York artists. William Hunt and his pupils display a simplicity and breadth, a large and rather blocky way of laying things out, a neglect instead of a subordination of details, which they learned from Millet, but which, though found in Boston, can scarcely be called an outgrowth of Boston. This method of painting is broad and vigorous; it gives only the largest and most important features of a scene; it produces fine results. But it is a dangerous method, for young men especially, and its results are certainly not perfection. Titian got breadth without ignoring details. He subordinated details, but did not abandon them; and his style is, therefore, much greater. William Page, in his 'Portrait of Titian,' also has pursued this better course. There's the portrait hanging on that wall, and, although the reddish-browns of the tinted canvas have come through, making the shadows a little 'foxy' (as we painters call it), yet the breadth and simplicity of treatment, combined with the subtlest refinements of modeling, make you feel that that is Titian all over. Indeed, Page's portrait-heads are, I think, the best things the artist has done. He is a solemnly genuine and honest painter. I used to see a good deal of him, and I believe that a more earnest man never lived. His head of Dante is truthful, forcible, full of delicacy and refinement, and, in its way, perfect. His portrait of Professor Lowell, too, has been much admired, and is one of his best works."

The mention of Mr. Page's name reminded me of Mr. William R. O'Donovan's new bronze bust of Page, a work which had seemed to me to be exceedingly admirable and quite apart from most pieces of modern portrait-sculpture. I knew that Mr. Huntington was one of a committee (the other members of which were Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. Samuel Colman, and Mr. Thomas Le Clear) who proposed to have this bust presented to the Academy of Design, and who had raised funds in furtherance of that end. Naturally, therefore, I asked his opinion of the work.

"O'Donovan's head of Page," he said, "is executed in the true Phidian spirit. It possesses the characteristics of the best period of Greek art. That is what I think. Utmost sensitiveness in respect to truth, combined with largeness and breadth of

treatment, is nobly exemplified in that delightful portrait. If O'Donovan keeps on in this course, he will do as fine things as can be done. Page, I know, was greatly gratified with the performance, though very modest about it."

The subject led easily to another one—namely, the elements of a good portrait. "What should a portrait be to deserve the name of 'good'?"

"A portrait," according to Mr. Huntington, "should be a reproduction of the true character of the sitter. It should bring out his distinguishing traits, and should subordinate all unimportant matters. Titian's method was absolutely the *beau idéal*—fullness of reality and individuality, and at the same time breadth and largeness of treatment. Even in his handling of color this same method is seen—certain very nicely discriminated and emphasized tints appear in every one of his pictures.

"Flesh," continued the artist, "is the most difficult of all substances to represent on canvas. Very few painters have ever reproduced it. As a painter grows older he gets to think so much of the importance of pearliness, freshness, and delicacy in flesh, that he is apt to lose richness, force, and warmth. He becomes satisfied with too little of the latter qualities. No matter how much love he has for them, he feels that, without pearliness, without that delicate and luminous effect of light in and shining through a porcelain vase, the picture is nothing. Perhaps the film of the eye in old age makes things look a little yellower than they are. At any rate, whatever may be the cause, it is certain that pictures by older painters are very often deficient in yellows. Reynolds's later portraits have this defect; so have Trumbull's. But Titian's are always incomparable. Nevertheless, this pearliness of flesh in a portrait cannot be too highly valued. It must be preserved, whatever else is lost. Here" (pointing to an unfinished picture of a lady) "is a sketch of a portrait after only one or two sittings. The first painting of the face is a pearly gray, with merely a film of color—a slight approximation to flesh-color. Gradually I shall deepen it till I get the tone I want; and, last of all, I shall add warmth to it—though, perhaps, even after I have done so, it will be too cool. So when painting the black-velvet robe of that other figure yonder, I began with a tint considerably lighter than that of black velvet. This tint, shining through the one next laid upon it, makes the latter luminous. It is the light-in-the-vase effect again. Cold colors need something to give them warmth and tenderness. For example, before painting the green drapery of that picture, I rubbed some browns on the canvas, and then used a purer and fresher green, to which the browns, by breaking through it, give a sparkling effect—an effect which is simply the result of an opposite color shining through. Sir Joshua Reynolds, you remember, found that Titian's process was sometimes the same one that I adopted in the unfinished portrait of a lady."

Mr. Huntington observed that men are generally the easiest sitters for a portrait-painter, and children the most difficult. A child does not want to keep

still, and cannot keep still; few artists can catch the grace and ease and frolic of children. "George A. Baker is very successful in his pictures of children. I don't know anything more sweet and charming. Vandyke's children are stiff; Reynolds's are very happily done. Stuart hardly ever painted children; and many portrait-painters positively refuse to attempt such work. Elliott never painted a child—his only approach to it is a portrait of a boy old enough to take care of himself. Ladies are midway between men and children, so far as difficulty of portraiture goes, though sometimes it happens that even a man is nervous, and unable to keep a position longer than a moment, and I have been compelled to give up in despair. The finest traits of a sitter's character are evanescent; and, unless the pencil of the artist is educated and facile, they vanish before he can seize them. They are usually brought out when the sitter is excited or animated; and if the artist is not well furnished for his work, his picture will be nothing but a shell out of which the soul has taken its departure. Mere labor and genius won't produce a portrait, unless accompanied by deftness and facility of execution. Mere labor and genius might give you a colored photograph, destitute of the living expression of the sitter—although it is only fair to say that a photograph, especially a photograph of a child in motion, when taken instantaneously, is occasionally wonderfully interesting and truthful."

The number of sittings required by Mr. Huntington for painting a portrait varies from three to twelve according to the subject; for painting a head six sittings usually are needed. In producing the picture a sketch is first made in outline with charcoal and white chalk, giving a hint of the character. Next the head is painted in rather lightly with faint tints, like gray, and then gradually deepened, the endeavor being all the while to keep the picture in such a state that it shall not require to be lightened at the last. Mr. Huntington brought out a new portrait of General Grant, which reproduced a great deal of the ex-President's quiet determination of character and capacity of brain. It is a work which no friend of Grant's could help admiring. Lieutenant-Colonel Casey, of the Department of Public Buildings and Grounds at Washington, says that a replica of it, painted by the same artist, and now in the office of the Secretary of War, is "regarded by General Grant as the best likeness of him that has been made." Grant, said Mr. Huntington, "did not want to sit; but finally Sheridan, whose portrait I had just painted, persuaded him to do so. He gave me a little room in the White House, but his mind seemed to be absorbed, and I couldn't make much progress. It was at the time of his worst trouble about Louisiana, and interruptions were constant. The servant was constantly announcing the names of persons who wanted an audience. Senator Morton, I remember, was one of them. At length I happened to ask Grant what he thought of Brown's statue of Winfield Scott, which I had seen for the first time that morning. The question was a most fortunate one. He replied that he had heard ad-

verse criticisms on the work, but that it looked to him truthful, just as Scott used to look. Then he launched into the fine points of the horse that Scott was riding, and also into reminiscences of the veteran soldier. His interest in the subject brought out a movement of the eyes and brow—only a slight movement, lasting a few moments—but I think I got it."

I spoke of General Grant's popularity in England and of his country's apparent pleasure in that popularity.

"Yes," said the artist, "the public seems to be getting hold of his large facts and traits, and ignoring his petty ones—just the principles of portraiture, you see."

Grant's picture was not the only recent painting in the studio. Sherman's was there, and so was Sheridan's—the latter especially vigorous and bold.

"What will Grant say when he sees it?" asked the painter, as Sheridan, after sitting, was taking his leave.

"Grant?" replied the lieutenant-general, saucily—"Grant? Oh, he'll say, 'Sheridan, what did you part your hair in the middle for?'"

The painter took the hint; and what once looked like a part in the hair no longer presents that appearance.

Sheridan, he says, was like a big, bouncing boy—just as natural, speaking his mind on all subjects with the utmost freedom. His picture, with Grant's and Sherman's, would make a fine triptych—Grant in the centre, looking straight out, and one of his great lieutenants on each side looking toward their captain.

Mr. Frederick S. Winston's life-size sitting-portrait was another striking work. The artist has represented him as a public man rather than as in the home-circle, because the painting is intended to be hung in a public place. Mr. Winston's many business-friends will recognize and appreciate this portrait. It is strong just where some of Mr. Huntington's pictures are not strong. A full-length portrait of Miss Huntington—not, I believe, a relative of the artist—is exceedingly admirable for translucency and body of flesh; and the black-velvet robe, snugly fitted, increases the breadth and largeness of effect, and keeps its strength by reason of the warm colors given to the accessories of the figure. For purity and simplicity of treatment, for blended tenderness and power—it gradually grew up to this state; no attempt was made to get this state by after-botchings—the portrait is truly charming. The right forearm resting upon the back of a chair, the hand easily depending, produce a graceful effect—as graceful an effect as that produced in Mr. Benjamin C. Porter's portrait of a young lady in the last Academy exhibition.

Mr. Huntington admires Couture, and sympathizes with the methods of that artist. He spoke with enthusiasm of one of the French painter's sketches in the Boston Museum representing two heads of soldiers of the Revolution of '48. With the aid of a magnifying-glass he was able to trace the processes of Couture's work. He found them to

be as follows : After making the outline of the picture in charcoal, oil, and turpentine, Couture had rubbed over the canvas a transparent, warm tint of a deep-toned salmon-color. Next, with another warm tint, he had deepened the strongest shadows of the sketch, developing the light and shade. Next he had painted, with a neutral gray inclining to green, the masses of shadow in the flesh, and into that neutral gray had dragged some bloody tints, giving it fleshy illumination. Where the masses of light in the flesh were to be, he had first painted in a lower tone, rather negative, and gray, and over that had spread or dragged some very solid color, warm and rich. The under-painting in each case shone through in little specks, giving sparkle and life to the surface; and the whole treatment was as easy as it was masterly.

"Couture," he said, "has as much facility and certainty in every touch as any man that ever lived. He never tries again. If he fails in one attempt, he must take a new canvas or blacken over the old one. For the lights of his flesh" (here Mr. Huntington referred to some notes made during his own study of art in Paris) "Couture uses Naples yellow and vermilion, with cobalt broken in; and for the deep shadows he uses cobalt and brown-red. He divides colorists into three classes: the silvery, represented by Paul Veronese and Correggio; the amber, represented by Titian and Giorgione; and the bituminous, represented by Rembrandt. He says that pearliness warmed is a characteristic of all three classes: without this quality, the silver turns to lead, the gold to copper, and the bitumen to snuffly brown."

Of all the pictures in his studio and the other rooms of his house—the number of these treasures is legion—Mr. Huntington values a small Kensett called "In the Woods," and representing a scene above the Kauterskill Falls in the Catskills. It reproduces the most subtle effects of atmosphere and color, and is also exceedingly bold and fresh. The grays in it are so rich! Many of Mr. Kensett's friends will remember this highly poetic and beautiful example; and none of them will be inclined to question Mr. Huntington's estimate of the lamented and beloved artist, whose place is vacant still. In speaking of one of Kensett's sea-scenes—the one entitled "Eagle Rock," and owned by the artist Hicks—Mr. Huntington, after mentioning its extreme brilliancy of color, its quiet, distant, sunlit effects, its exquisite wave-drawing, its truthfulness, and its delightful feeling, exclaimed, "I don't think any man ever did those things as well as he!"

I was attracted by an unfinished head of the late Professor Agassiz, very like the original in its cheerful alacrity, frankness, and boyish freshness.

"The very day I finished it," said the artist, "at the end of the second sitting—I could get only two sittings—a letter was brought in to the professor. He read it eagerly, and his countenance fell. After a moment's pause, he exclaimed, with a pathos born of despair, 'I shall never again, as long as I live, have the expression I have had to-day.' I learned

subsequently that the communication was from his daughter, who had gone to Europe for her health, and who in hopelessness had written him of the worst. She soon died."

Carl Becker's "Music-Lesson," decidedly Titianesque in color and composition; Steinheil's simple, thoughtful "Retour sur le Passé," from the Salon of 1876, and an original Bonifazio representing three female figures with St. Ursula and her bundle of arrows in the centre, are notable works in the artist's collection. "Gray," he said (he spoke very appreciatingly of Mr. Gray, the portrait-painter, and showed me several works of his that will not die), "says there is no doubt about the originality of that Bonifazio. Its pearliness and warmth are obvious, and that pulpy kind of delicate flesh in the cheeks is unmistakable. Only a contemporary of Titian could have produced that picture." Not far from it was a charming portrait of Mrs. Huntington by Gray, full of subdued beauty of color, and fine in personal history and repose—one of Wordsworth's faces "in which did meet sweet records, promises as sweet."

Some old tapestry, woven with the story of poor Dido; a suit of armor ornamented with arabesque forms and inlaid with gold; easels and easy-chairs; all sorts of plaster-casts of human bodies and parts of bodies; two copies from Titian; one from Stuart's "General Gates;" one from Couture; an original Stuart; Hoyt's copy of the head of Rembrandt in the Uffizzi Gallery, with its noble quality and texture, and its "rotten-ripe" look; a portrait of Dr. Guyot, of Princeton College—that scholarly and beloved professor—these are some of the attractions in Mr. Huntington's studio and the adjoining rooms. The studio itself is a delightfully confused and comfortable place open wide to a fine north light.

His reminiscences of early friends were interesting. Washington Allston he did not know very well, having passed only a part of one evening with him in Boston. Mr. Huntington went at about eleven o'clock, in company with a lady friend, who thought even that hour of the night was a little early for making a call upon Allston. Mr. Huntington remembers that the artist, who was bright and full of spirit, got out a little saucer of cigars, and some apples; and that he took the trouble to go downstairs and draw some cider for his guests. Allston's conversation was full of anecdotes of himself, of the painter Leslie, of old times in England, and of Cole-ridge, whom he greatly admired and loved. At half-past twelve o'clock in the morning, his visitors arose to depart. "I thought," said Mr. Huntington, "that I had staid long enough. But Allston insisted that it was early yet—only the edge of the evening; and going up to the lady he laid his hand upon her arm and with great earnestness besought her not to go. Half an hour later, when we renewed our attempt to get away, he remarked that it was a pity we had to leave so soon. He never went to bed himself before two o'clock in the morning."

The painter Cole, whom Mr. Huntington knew well, was "a sensitive, delicately-constituted man, gentle, affectionate, and cheerful, and funny and

frolisome as a child. He caught the spirit of our wild American landscape with wonderful power, especially in the smaller pictures painted in his middle period. Later in life, having become morbidly excited by the moral ideas which he attempted to depict upon his canvas, he produced so rapidly and with such fire that much of the artistic excellence of his earlier and smaller works was lost. His best works are in the rooms of the New York Historical Society—small reproductions of autumn American scenery, brilliant still, and full of truth and spirit. His finest works will live—there is no doubt about it; he fills a niche no one else ever did fill, or ever can, for the time has gone by." His "Storm in a Forest," in Mr. R. M. Olyphant's collection, is full of blow and fury, and is very characteristic. The last of the series in the Historical Society's rooms—a scene of utter desolation, crumbling ruins covered with ivy in the foreground, a stork's nest, and a full moon—is, in Mr. Huntington's opinion, the most nearly perfect of his paintings: "in texture and color it is absolutely perfect, as perfect as anything I know of. It is a great picture in every respect."

Inman was a charming fellow—a wag, immensely humorous and droll. His studio and Mr. Huntington's were in the same building. He painted with great rapidity and facility. It was generally thought that he painted ladies best. He was constantly cracking jokes and saying witticisms which made them laugh; and consequently you will rarely see a serious portrait of a lady by Inman. His portraits of old men, determined, solemn old men, who could not be moved by his drollery, were really his best; e. g., the "Bishop Moore," of Virginia, in full episcopal robes, expresses the dignity and grace of an old gentleman, and is replete with spirit and power. It now hangs in the vestry-room of Trinity Chapel, in Twenty-sixth Street. Bishop White's venerable head is well worth looking at. Inman made several copies of this picture, and one of the best of them is owned by Mrs. Rogers, of Twentieth Street, a sister of Dr. Muhlenberg. The portrait of Mr. Rawle, of Philadelphia, is a masterpiece; the pallid warmth and translucency of a studious old man's face are admirably rendered. A head of Chalmers in the Lenox Library—Mr. Lenox is an admirer of Dr. Chalmers—is also an important work. It was painted when Inman was in Great Britain. Macaulay, Wordsworth, and other celebrities, sat for him at about the same time. His self-confidence and "push" were largely developed, and in him were very pleasant. Before going to England he tried to get orders for portraits of distinguished men in that country. A good story is told in this connection. A New-Yorker, to whom Inman had applied for an order, at length gave him one for a portrait of a certain nobleman, Lord Codrington by name. Inman received the commission gladly, but, of course, made no memorandum of the name. The Lord-Chancellor of England at that time was named Codrington (or something else very much like Codrington), and in the presence of the lord-chancellor appeared Inman with a request to be allowed to paint a portrait of

him for his friend, Mr. —, in America. "But," remonstrated the lord-chancellor, with an oath, "I don't know any such gentleman; I haven't a single acquaintance in America!" "Well," replied Inman, not in the least daunted, "he knows you; he's a leading man in our country—plenty of money, influential, prominent—and he very much wants your portrait. He especially commissioned me to paint one before I left New York." It will hardly be believed that the artist actually persuaded the lord-chancellor to give him a series of sittings; but such is the fact. Inman came home with a vigorous and flashy portrait of him in official robes. But all the artist's audacity was useless on his arrival here. The gentleman who had ordered a Codrington would not take a Coddington. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. George Buckam, Inman's executor. It is a strong and characteristic specimen, and deserves a place in a public gallery.

A. B. Durand, now almost eighty years old, has been sketching during the past summer at Lake George, and is finely preserved. He lives in Orange, New Jersey. He has many claims upon the public. As an engraver, continued Mr. Huntington, "he has done things that will stand alongside of the work of any other man. His engraving after Trumbull's 'Declaration of Independence' has in full measure the likeness and character of the original; the *vraisemblance* of the figures is complete, and the precision of the lines is plucky and determined. Of later years he has painted landscapes and portraits, and, more recently, landscapes only—pleasant, sunny, cheerful scenery; peacefully flowing rivers, overhanging rich trees, sunlit skies, wood-interiors, cattle in meadows, glimpses through forests, where are rippling streams. One of his best forest-interiors is owned by Mrs. Jonathan Sturgis, of New York; another is in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Two of his finest portraits—those of John Quincy Adams and James Madison—hang in the rooms of the Century Club." No finer portraits, in Mr. Huntington's judgment, have yet been painted in America. Their color, handling, and drawing, are alike admirable. As President of the National Academy of Design, Mr. Durand for a number of years served the arts with great fidelity, and when he had resigned he was unanimously requested to reconsider his resignation—a most flattering compliment from the whole body of Academicians.

"Robert W. Weir is a thorough-bred gentleman, and you see it in his pictures. General Totten, chief-engineer, used to speak enthusiastically of the service rendered to the United States Army by Professor Weir's course of instruction at West Point. The professor's work is genuine, exact, persevering, conscientious, and learned. One of his noblest pictures is 'The Indian Captive' in the Boston Athenæum, a representation forcible and real, masterly in drawing and delicious in color. His 'Departure of the Pilgrims from Holland'—that well-known scene on the deck of a vessel, where the pastor is kneeling in prayer—tells with great dignity and beauty a most interesting story. Some parts of the picture—for

example, the sick boy—are very affecting. The subject is one of the most ambitious and most successfully treated that we have had."

"Samuel F. B. Morse," said Mr. Huntington, "was a great deal more of an artist than he was generally esteemed to be. When he was painting, a certain flashy style was fashionable—a style which delighted chiefly in delicate finish and elaboration, but forgot the existence of such a substance as a soul. Professor Morse despised this style; and the best of his portraits are painted in a good, solid, Venetian way, without thinness, smoothness, or slipperiness. He had studied hard under Allston and West, and was an accomplished composer; but his fondness for experiment in natural philosophy manifested itself also in the domain of art. He was always trying different textures, vehicles, and methods; he was always framing theories—qualities valuable in a professor, but interfering with simplicity of artistic pursuit. When I knew him he had his wires strung around his studio, and his chemical apparatus side by side with his easel. His portrait of an old lady in Mr. R. M. Olyphant's collection is like a Rembrandt; and his 'Mayor Paulding,' in the City Hall, is exceedingly broad, vigorous, and manly."

As the President of the National Academy of Design, Mr. Huntington is, in a sense, a representative of American art; and I was interested in his answers to my questions concerning the needs, the duty, and the future, of the fine arts in this country. "American art," he said, "lacks thorough training and drilling in schools; and whatever means may be devised to insure a thorough art-education, students should receive the best instruction in drawing, painting, and modeling, and should listen to practical lectures on anatomy and perspective especially. They

should be required at regular intervals to pass examinations, should be advanced by slow and sure stages, and should be graduated with diplomas of merit. Such a system thoroughly carried out would insure a training applicable to every department of art, without loss of originality or individuality. Our independent 'Young America' is not in danger of following slavishly in the track of any master. The late John Beaufain Irving was one of those who did not hesitate to enter the lists for a contest with foreign art, selecting his subjects in fields where the most eminent European artists had won their laurels. His courage in doing so was admirable, and the fate cannot but be deplored which cut him off in the heat of the fight, while the shouts of his adherents were ringing in his ears. Nevertheless, the fight will be maintained. There will be no truce. Foreign art will continue to pour in its forces, and American art must triumph, not by imitating or decrying it, but by surpassing it."

This is not the place for a critical estimate of Mr. Huntington as an artist. Professor Weir, lately of West Point, is reported to have said recently that the President of the National Academy is the best portrait-painter in the United States; and, like everybody else, I have a great respect for Professor Weir's opinion in such matters. I cannot, however, close this imperfect sketch of a (to me) most interesting and suggestive conversation with a man whose earlier contemporaries have already handed in their works to the jury of history, whose vital and artistic force is still undiminished, and whose fame is much wider than his wide country, without bearing testimony to the truth and beauty of his pictorial interpretations, of his personal character, and of his public life.

NEW EGYPT.

ON the fourth day from Malta the sky becomes more glowing—changing the deep blue of Italy for a soft, purple hue, as if tinged with a reflection of the golden desert-sands. At night the stars are found more lustrous; a brighter phosphoric splendor follows the eastward-gliding keel; and toward morning a faint light rises above the sea, grows nearer and clearer, then struggles with the glowing dawn—while the purple sky fades into a bright yellow, the low coast-line appears, the palm-groves bar the clear disk of the rising sun, and over the squalor and splendor of Alexandria falls the brilliant color of an Egyptian morning.

"Immutability," wrote Eliot Warburton, "is the most striking characteristic of the East;" but, during the forty years since that was written, Egypt has witnessed vaster changes than through all the forty centuries hitherto; and our first greeting from the land of Mizraim—the faint star that beckoned through the fading darkness—is a fitting introduction to the Egypt of to-day. Pharos, that for so many ages guided the keels of the world through

the gates of the East, no longer calls the wanderer from the sea—its tower is deserted, its light extinguished. Our star was the lamp on Ras-el-Teen, and belongs to that great system of public works by which the khedive is making his country the foremost in the East. A dozen years ago there was but one lighthouse in all Egypt; now she compares favorably with the best-lighted seaboard of Europe—having eight lamps on the Mediterranean and seven on the Red Sea, all of great power.

But the new tower is unnoted, and even the vast moles and quays, as we swing into the harbor, and see the town outstretched along the low, flat shore. Yet this is seen with the mind more than with the eye. It is the city of Isis and Osiris, of Jupiter, Christ, and Mohammed; the city of Alexander and Cæsar, of Amrou and Napoleon. Here the Septuagint was born, and the neo-Platonists dreamed; while St. Mark, Justin Martyr, and Origen, taught the new doctrine of the Son of God. Here Aratus sang, Lucian wrote, and Euclid gave his problems to the world; and here, too, Cleopatra

loved and perished, Hypatia discoursed and charmed, and the lovely Catherine was caught up by the angels. Where are the fifteen miles of walls, the four thousand palaces, the magnificent temples? Invisible as the souls of those who dwelt here! This is not Alexandria, but Iskanderiyeh, the "piebald town" of the khedive, the port of modern Egypt.

Alexandria, with its motley throngs and incongruous buildings, calls the mind sharply to consider the rapid growth of the country, and furnishes in itself a measure of her material progress. Through the municipal improvements of the khedive, a large part of the modern city takes rank with most second-class French and English towns in respect of lighting, paving, cleanliness, and police. But the most noticeable feature is its increase of commercial prosperity and population—the latter growing from six thousand a century ago to over two hundred thousand at the present day. Through Alexandria passes over ninety per cent. of the foreign trade of Egypt, which has constantly outstripped the rapidly-increasing revenue, and grown threefold in one decade, with the balance of trade largely in favor of the country.¹

From the customs returns of the port we find that the three staple exports from Egypt are cotton, cereals, and sugar. The trade in cotton received a great impetus from the American civil war, and between that date and this the annual shipments have more than doubled. But the great demand for this staple caused a falling-off in the culture of cereals, which threatened an Egyptian famine, and at one time the duty was suspended to encourage importation of grain. Within ten years the export of beans increased tenfold, and of wheat a hundred-fold, with an almost constant increase in price. But the most wonderful commercial growth is seen in the production of sugar. This began, on any noticeable scale, only in 1867, when the erection of the great Daira factories raised the manufacture to the front rank of native industries. During the next eight years the quantity exported rose fiftyfold; and to-day Egypt stands abreast of Brazil, which supplies one-twelfth of the sugar consumed by the whole world. All these commodities, with a score of others that help form the great total given, are products of Egypt proper; but vast quantities of other merchandise come from sultry Soudan, from sand-beleaguered Darfour, and from holy Hedjaz beyond the Red Sea—borne by caravans to Cairo, their "port of delivery." These fleets of the desert bring precious mother-of-pearl, ivory, ostrich-feathers, gums, incense, coffee, senna, and costly drugs. Every year the sands are tracked by more numerous feet, and the lines of camels grow longer, and their

burdens more weighty. The opening of the railway through Soudan, and of navigation on the Upper Nile, will still further stimulate this inland trade, already of great value to Egypt. Her imports also display a steady improvement, while their nature and their increase show a rapid development of domestic comfort and even luxury among the people.

To accommodate this growing trade, which brings to Alexandria three thousand ships a year, the khedive is building works in the harbor on a gigantic scale. Already a splendid floating-dock affords the only means of repairs for merchant-ships yet found in the Levant; while a vast breakwater, an inner harbor-mole, and a line of quays along the whole sweep of shore, are rising above the dangerous seas, and when completed will give the port a perfectly landlocked harbor, where ships can load and discharge securely in all weathers, and find the only safe anchorage from Tunis to Smyrna.

Although Alexandria is the gate of Egypt, and Egypt is the Nile, yet the city is far from the river. Fifty miles must be passed between the banks of the Mahmoudieh—part of that vast canal-system which stripes the Delta in every direction—ere the traveler comes upon the lordly stream. The Delta, with its low, rich soil and innumerable slimy banks, forms the El-Bahari, or Lower Egypt, one of the three great divisions of the country, the other two being El-Vostani, or Middle, and El-Saïd, or Upper Egypt. The view across this great tract is of the dreariest nature, only a few stunted date-palms breaking the monotony of waste-lands, brackish lagoons, and narrow sand-banks reared up against the sea. But the traveler into Egypt no longer enters through this watery lane; a morning "express" from Alexandria now brings him before dinner to Cairo. The train shoots out across the eastern shallows of Lake Mareotis, plunging through dense white clouds of pelicans; then flies through a hundred miles of corn and cotton fields, glittering with innumerable canals and flecked with Arab villages—the fat cupola and lean minaret dancing around each other as the train whirls past. Now the desert breaks upon the sight, lying east and west, unbounded but by the amethyst sky, stretching out into infinity, a subtle cloud of coast-land, the golden fabric of a dream. But no dream-fabric is woven into the dense column which rises to windward, towering five or six hundred feet in the perfectly cloudless air, and whirling sublimely across the desert to fall upon the river—a gale of sand. Now, too, the pyramids gloom against the brilliant west. The rattle and roar are unheard, the incongruous speed unnoticed—for the first time the awe and hush of Egypt fall upon the soul!

This irreverent rushing by rail into the very wonder and mystery of the "Thousand and One Nights" would be more startling and painful were not the transition mercifully broken. The train rolls up to Cairo through lovely gardens embowering pretty European villas; the station itself is like a stopping-place on the Pacific Railroad; and between the terminus and the old mural gate an entire new town has grown up, with broad streets and handsome European

¹ In 1862 the revenue was less than £5,000,000, and the exports and imports—excluding goods in transit—about £6,445,000; while in 1872 these figures had increased respectively to £7,593,643 and £18,323,800. For the past two years the revenue has outstripped the national trade, owing to the increase of taxation caused by the heavy debt.

For many of the facts in this article we are indebted to "Egypt as It Is." By J. C. McCoan. New York: H. Holt & Co.

blocks, where a dozen years ago were only cropped fields and desolate wastes. - Once inside the city, the mingling of the Orient and the Occident is for a time bewildering. Great Al-Cairo rushes upon us as it was under Saladin and his successors. We see the blood-stained tent of Amrou, with the dove building her nest in its folds; the citadel tells us only of the desperate leap of the last of the Mamelukes; the tombs of the Mamelukes, the five hundred mosques, the narrow, writhing, mysterious streets, the quaint architecture, and the latticed windows—all whisper to us darkly of the Arab city, the city of romance and tragedy. But Cairo is now a French city as well. The old labyrinth of dark, filthy lanes and alleys no longer greets the new-comer; whole quarters have been pulled down and "Hausmannized;" and the ride from the station to the hotel is no longer on donkey-back beneath serpentine streaks of sky, but in a European cab, through noble avenues of shops that might be in New York or Paris but for the indescribable light that makes even their sharp outlines look soft and languid.

Cairo is the queen of Eastern cities. Striking her roots deep down into the rich mould of Arab antiquity, she is rapidly blossoming into a splendid nineteenth-century flower: for here the most Occidental of Eastern rulers has wrought his Western tastes into brick and stone, and has created that system of administration which at last gives Egypt the benefits of enlightened government. Several of the city's quarters have been modernized: the Eskebieh, with its gloomy and forbidding Copt quarter, its scraggy palms and filthy marsh, has been completely transformed; the old *meidan* now blossoms luxuriantly under the hands of a French gardener, the narrow canal being turned into a beautiful lake, and the entire square having become a paradise of green turf, cool walks, tinkling cascades, sprinkled over with *cafés* and theatres, and vocal with the music of military bands. All around the Eskebieh, too, are fine boulevards and public buildings. Here are the government ministries and imposing blocks of European shops and dwellings. Cairo is also Egypt's social metropolis. The traveler now, of whatever country, may find congenial mates, and all the concomitants of European life—good hotels, bachelor's quarters, pleasant clubs, an opera-house, a French theatre, and even tables where he may stake his money, although the khedive has shrewdly refused to allow M. Blanc, the play-king of Homburg and Monaco, to open a "Kursaal" in the city. But the special winter delights are the drives over the Shoo-tra Road, a splendid avenue of acacias and sycamores, and the frequent balls and concerts at the palaces.

Of these palaces the khedive has five around Cairo, but the Kasr-en-Nil, on the right bank above, and the Abdeen Palace, in New Cairo, are the favorites. The former consists of a large central hall and two corridors on the ground-floor, from which rises a rich and massive marble staircase to the great drawing-room and the chambers above. The drawing-room is bewilderingly cluttered with costliest rugs,

ottomans, and other furnishings, while the walls are embellished with ghastly cracks and immense nail-holes, and the massive doors are without paint. Here the khedive may look from one window on the flower of his army in their quarters scattered around the palace; and from another he sees the Nile, the very life of his empire, and beyond the pyramids pointing solemnly to heaven, and showing him that kings may leave an immortal legacy after they themselves are forgotten. The Abdeen Palace is a blaze of Eastern and modern splendor. The walls are hung with numberless mirrors, till one man seems a hundred. Four-posters of silver, marble fountains, gigantic chandeliers, Pharaonic, Oriental, and Parisian furniture, make the immense saloons gorgeous with the meeting of Egypt's various ages; while amid all the love of art and literature has scattered works of every school and books of every tongue.

As it is in this favorite winter-palace of Abdeen that the khedive spends the most of his busy life, and manages himself the reins of the government he has given his people, we shall have no better opportunity to look closely at the sovereign and his administration. Ismail Pasha, a grandson of the great Mehemet Ali, and son of that Ibrahim who scourged Syria and Greece, is now in his forty-seventh year, and has been on the throne since 1863. His youth was spent in study at Paris, and to the training and tastes he there received are largely to be credited the vigor and beneficence of his reign. He inherited the rank of viceroy, but in 1866, by nearly doubling the annual tribute to Stamboul, he obtained from the Porte the title and rank of *Khediv-el-Misir*, or King of Egypt, and the succession to the throne was made direct from father to son, instead of falling to the eldest male of the family of Mehemet Ali. Subsequent concessions from the sultan have made the khedive an independent sovereign, lacking only the right to make war and peace, and owing an annual tribute, and a military contingent in case of need.

In the Abdeen Palace there is a modest chamber, simply furnished with a Persian carpet, a damask-covered divan, a few chairs to match, and a small gilt table. Hither every morning at eight comes the prince. His imposing form, clear bright eye, and firm mouth, show a man of great power; and as he steps briskly into the room the whole apartment takes on an air of business. From behind the small gilt table, where he seats himself, he rules his country absolutely—for the khedive, like Louis XIV., is the state. Although the formal work of administration is carried on through a Privy Council and eight ministers, these are but mere agents of his personal will, and he himself conducts every measure, from the approval of a contract for coals to the negotiation of a treaty. The smallest details of routine pass under his eye, and the meanest officer in the kingdom is directly responsible to him. As he sits at the table for his daily receptions, his brain is teeming with future plans for his people, and with the details of those vast schemes, public and private, already in progress. He came to the throne with

a definite, broad, and enlightened policy of government formed in his mind ; and his first act was one of far-reaching mercy to his poorest subjects. His private business, too, is of great magnitude, and already his indefatigable energy and sound judgment have made him the wealthiest land-owner in Egypt. But now the two Arab *chasseurs* on the stair-landing throw open the door, and the first party enters, the khedive's sons, who are the chiefs of the Privy Council and the Ministers of War, Finance, and Public Works. After this follows the reception of the other ministers and of such functionaries as may have occasion to consult him. Then, till noon, comes a long line of consuls-general and such foreigners as feel a desire to converse with royalty. One of the most remarkable traits of the khedive is his accessibility to strangers. His greeting is always courteous and cordial ; his French the most faultless Parisian ; and his conversational powers are brilliant. His knowledge, too, is encyclopedic : he talks on every subject as if he were a specialist in each. This audience is closed when the gun from the citadel announces the hour of noon, and his highness withdraws an hour for breakfast ; but the end of this brief space finds him again at his post, where he sits transacting every kind of business until seven in the evening, when another hour is given to dinner. After this—except on the not too frequent occasions when he passes the evening on the balcony, smoking and chatting with personal friends—the khedive returns yet again to the chamber, and until past midnight he keeps at work, surrounded by his whole staff of secretaries, chamberlains, and other officials. Thus fourteen hours of hard toil on nearly every day in the year attest the intense vitality and administrative vigor of the man whom some look upon as a modern Sardanapalus.

The administration through which the khedive's energy and wisdom are bestowed upon the people is well adapted to the needs of the country. The Privy Council, presided over by the heir-apparent, comprises the eight ministers, the Sheik-ul-Islam, and eight or nine other functionaries. It acts as a court of administrative review, and its decisions, when approved by the khedive, are final. The treasury department consists of the khedive's second son as minister ; a finance committee, on which are two English and French controllers-general ; and a public-debt commission, composed of foreigners sent out by their governments. The present remarkable *personnel* of this administration insures the skillful management of the financial interests of the country. The Ministries of Foreign Affairs and of Justice are now associated, and the latter has just become of great importance through the establishment of the international courts. The recent minister, Nubar Pasha, was an honest Christian ; and the present chief, though a Moslem, is a man of integrity and ability. Then follow the Ministry of the Interior, also under the heir-apparent, having charge of the provincial administration ; the Ministry of War, of great importance, presided over by the khedive's third son, Prince Hassan Pasha, an Oxford D. C. L., and a major in

the Prussian army ; the Ministry of Marine, almost useless, as the sultan's jealousy forbids Egypt to maintain a navy ; the Ministry of Commerce, but a year old and of great efficiency, modeled on the British Board of Trade ; the joint Ministries of Public Works and Agriculture, superintending canals, telegraphs, railways, and the methods of husbandry ; and the Ministries of Public Instruction and Waqfs, or mosque lands, for the maintenance of education. The customs service and the post-office are two sub-departments, in which the most wonderful improvements are now in progress. Of all these the postal service is the only department around which clings any charm of Oriental romance. Lithe, half-naked figures glide through the forests of the Soudan, and fleet camels skim the widest desert to the green outposts of civilization, carrying the missives of love or business. Vernet's vivid picture of " *Le Poste du Désert* " still faithfully portrays a large part of the khedive's postal service, for five hundred of these swarthy riders track the sands with the mails of Egypt.

The provincial administration rests finally on popular election, as the Sheik-el-beled, or village head-man, is chosen by his fellows ; but his responsibility goes up to the khedive through a graded system of *nazirs*, *mâmour*s, and *mudirs*. With these officers are associated five councils of agriculture and an administrative council for every commune. The first have charge of all public works and agriculture within their respective districts ; and their plans are carried out in detail by the communal councils. But the voice of the people has even a wider hearing ; for in 1866 the khedive revived the old *Mejlis-Shorael-Nush*, or Assembly of Delegates—an embryo Parliament elected by the communes—which meets once a year to criticise the government reports and give advice on all matters of public concern. Its advice, too, is often followed, even in measures of great moment ; and when, last year, the khedive determined to repeal the chief tax-law, he was restrained by the disapproval of the delegates.

A glance at some of the wonders wrought by the department of public works will show in what way the khedive is rivaling the pyramid-builders, and also suggest one cause of Egypt's gigantic debt. Eleven hundred miles of railway traverse the country, of which nearly a thousand were laid in the present reign ; and the lines are steadily creeping southward into the very heart of the Soudan, whence they will stretch across the desert to Darfour. The magnificent iron structure spanning the Nile at Cairo—replacing the old dangerous ferry to the Pyramids—is but one of five hundred bridges built by the present ruler.

The harbor-works and canals—but to appreciate these we must take a run to Ismaïlia and the Isthmus. For some way the train passes along the wretched hovels of the suburbs. The glimpses of the interior are far from pleasant, but occasionally a doorway is filled by a figure of wonderful grace and beauty, as some poor water-carrier turns her eyes upon the flying caravan. For thirty miles the ride is

through the richest fields of Egypt, of which the Nile is both creator and preserver. At Benleh the great fresh-water canal from the Nile is struck, and the line runs beside this all the way to Ismaïlia. This, the prettiest and most attractive town in Egypt, is a creation of the Suez Canal—for sixteen years ago its site was a waste of sand. It stands in the very centre of the Isthmus, on the western shore of Lake Timsah, and shutting out the desert by a broad belt of luxuriant gardens of flowers and fruit-trees. The houses are mostly of stone, but Egyptian wood-workers have covered their many and wide apertures with such fantastic designs of open-work that the place is like a fairy city. The houses on the esplanade, facing the lake and the Freshwater Canal, seem like exquisite bits of stage-scenery. Beyond the blooming gardens of banana, orange, cactus, and all tropical plants, lies the limitless desert, which the hand of man has thus made to blossom as the rose. If Ismaïlia was made by the Suez Canal, it is kept alive only by the Freshwater Canal—a work of the present reign—coming one hundred and thirty miles from the Nile. Here immense pumps raise it into a conduit, by which it flows on to Port Saïd and the intermediate stations.

From Ismaïlia, a few hours' steaming over the Suez Canal brings us to Port Saïd, its northern terminus. It is here that M. de Lesseps and his workmen landed, in April, 1859, and found nothing but a barren desert. The very soil the town stands on had to be made by spreading out mud taken from the neighboring Lake Menzaleh. The coast was an open roadstead, and the artificial port which has been created is one of the great works of the present reign. Two enormous moles are built so far into the sea that a triangular harbor is formed of over five hundred acres. Beyond this harbor open three great "basins," all artificial, and through these the Maritime Canal is reached.

We return to Cairo, but, before beginning the Nile journey to view Egypt past and present, and cast her horoscope for the future, there are yet other canal-works to be seen, which belong in their magnitude to the present reign. Down the river from Cairo we pass first the lower part of the city—not often seen by travelers now since the building of the railway—picturesque enough with old, toppling houses hanging over the river, with long lines of native boats, wonderful with enormous yards and many-colored crews—we glide by long lines of kiosks and palaces, ruined walls of masonry, jetties, and quays, which the Nile undermines as fast as they are built, and in two hours we reach the Grand Barrage.

Every one knows that "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," as Herodotus puts it, and that every year the equatorial rains swell the river to a mighty flood, thus bringing the wealth of Africa into the land of the desert. The annual overflow begins in June and reaches its height in September; and, meanwhile, the water possesses all the country, except the mounds on which the cities stand—the villagers everywhere wading about like marsh-birds; the land becomes a vast archipelago and every city a Venice. As soon

as the rise is noticed at Khartoom, the wires flash the news to Cairo, and the people vigorously prepare to protect the embankments that fence the river from Assouan to the sea. Eight hundred and forty large canals, besides innumerable smaller ones, of which more than one-eighth were built during the present reign, receive the overflow and retain it for irrigation. The system is at once simple and efficient. In Upper Egypt a number of reservoirs hold most of the supply needed between Assouan and Assiout; similar basins are drawn on when needed as far down as Cairo; and below here the work is wholly done by canals. Of these, the largest tap the Nile at a greater elevation than the land they are to water—they themselves tapped by secondary canals, and these by still lower and smaller channels, which are turned into courses that are cut by the villagers at will. When the annual rise comes on, the great canals are first filled until they overflow and inundate the neighboring country before the water is let into the next smaller, and so it continues down to the finest water-courses.

Extensive as this great system is, it is yet insufficient to water all the area under cultivation, to say nothing of land that might be reclaimed. To attain this, the water in the main canals must be kept all the year round at the height it reaches when the river has risen twelve or fifteen feet; and for this purpose Mehemet Ali constructed the Barrage of the Nile, just below the apex of the Delta. The plan was to build a vast double bridge or viaduct, the western part of which was to span and dam back the Rosetta and the eastern the Damietta branch of the river. When the voluptuous bigot, Abbas Pasha, reached the throne, the work was suspended, and not until recently resumed. The section over the Rosetta branch is complete, and produces a majestic architectural effect. Sixty-two arches of carved stone, rising fifty feet above the river, are capped by a line of beautiful, crenellated towers. Two lofty towers in the centre, also, correspond with their mates, a third of a mile apart at each end of the dam. The Damietta section, like but longer, is totally incomplete in its sluice arrangements. The work now going on will remedy this defect, and construct an entirely new set of sluices just below the present dams. This, with the auxiliary works, will render possible the reclaiming of vast tracts of new land, insure the complete irrigation of Lower Egypt, and prove a great and enduring monument of the reign of Ismaïl I.

Times have changed on the Nile lately. The typical modern traveler can "do" Egypt as he would the Continent, and the Nile "voyage" may be made in three weeks on the steamers of the Khedivieh Company, or, better—or worse—still, by rail to Assiout and thence to the Cataract by steamer. The dreamers and lotus-eaters still abound, however, and the favorite method is yet by the old-fashioned *dahabeeyah*—so old-fashioned that its exact counterpart is found painted on the tombs of the Pharaohs. Yet even these boats change, in size if not in style. When Warburton ascended the Nile, the *dahabeeyah*

was thirty-five or fifty feet long, with a cabin not more than four feet in height; now many are found with a length of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and with cabins eight feet in the clear. Unfortunately, this result of the demands of modern luxury necessitates also an increase of the already enormous sail, and thus greater risks are incurred every year from the unwarning gusts that descend upon the river. The great rendezvous for the boats is still, as ever, at Boulak, and it is necessary to make an early call, as the few best ones are often engaged a year in advance by letter from England or the United States.

Mosques, palaces, and ruins, pass us in bewildering confusion as we glide up the mighty stream from the capital; fields of the most delicious green shine through the waving date-palms; and the last glimpse of Cairo the Victorious is the great mosque of Sultan Hassan, shining gloriously over a bend in the river, in the glow of the setting sun, its two slender minarets seeking heaven like shafts of flame. On the right rise the Pyramids of Gizeh, across a plain blooming with richest verdure and studded with villages set in thickets of palms, tamarisks, acacias, and sycamore-figs; while far to the south, through the palms of Memphis, gloom faintly against the brilliant sky the Pyramids of Abousheir, Sakkara, and Dasherour.

But these grandest of all human monuments—which, though awful with the age of sixty centuries, are still the most impressive artificial features of Egypt as it is—must not draw us away from the study of Egypt's progress, condition, and prospects; for ours is a tour for information, not for luxury—we must look through the past into the present.

Yet we cannot forget that we are on the Nile. No angular form of "nineteenth-century progress"—whose only ornament is a string of figures, as the *fellah* women wear coins about their necks—can hide from us the sublime vision of the past, which throws its mystic mantle around us on our way. The spirit of the hoary stream descends upon us as "it flows through old, hushed Egypt and its sands, like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream"—the dream of the ages! Moses was cradled in these waters, and the Christ-child fed on them. Here Herodotus travailed and brought forth history; here Homer sang, and Isaiah swept the chords of prophecy. Soon the waters woke to other strains, for there passed the golden barge of Cleopatra, with oars of silver and perfumed sails of silk, ringing with the voluptuous laughter of naked nymphs. Hither came Pliny and Tibullus, asking, reverently and with clasped hands, "Nile pater, quænam te dicere causas?" Restless and thwarted, the mind of the world has ever brooded over the mystery. "Whence spring your streams, O Sihor?" said the Hebrews. "O Hapimou, abyss of waters!" cried the ancient priests, as they bowed before the god Nilus at Thebes, "we invoke thee to tell us whence thou comest, for this alone we desire to learn, and know not." Lucian with his Roman companions walked these banks and prophesied that, if any nation should try to draw away the veils which the naiads of the

stream had woven about their shining forms, it should not prosper; but Horace cried, "Fortunate shall he be who discovers the source of the Nile!" and Cæsar, great with wondrous wars, hoped to win immortality to his name by being the first to look upon its fountains; while the Moslems reverently accepted the mystery, and wrote in gratitude on the Nilometer at Rhodes the words of blind old Homer, "Sent by God from heaven." The mystery is vanished. The virgin of geographical romance, so long and warmly wooed, yields her unveiled beauty to the pursuer. The sources of the Nile are no longer in heaven, or the Mountains of the Moon—its lands are no more lands of fable, but of fact. Has it thus lost any of its charm?

Not to us, at least, as we sit beneath the Etesian wind, and watch the gliding valley. The valley, too, changes. Karnak was built beyond the reach of the flood, but now its temple beats back the inundation, and the Colossi, which sat for ages with unwashed feet, look down upon a plain of waters. The Cataracts, which were said by the ancients to "vex the stars with their foam," now sing in murmuring lullabies; while the river, shooting ever with a swifter current, pushes its wealth every year farther into the desert. Let us follow its flowing with the mind, and consider awhile this land and people, of which, in the words of the old prayer, the Nile is "not only the creator, but the constant and bountiful benefactor!"

Although Egypt stretches along the Mediterranean from Cape Hazaif to El-Arish on the frontier of Palestine, and covers the desert and western shore of the Red Sea to Cape Buras, it still remains true that Egypt is the Nile. For as brave explorers have unfolded more and more of the mighty river, the Egyptian arms have followed, and stretched the boundaries farther toward the south, until now Egypt extends from the Mediterranean to the Victoria N'yanza, and along the equator to the frontier of Zanzibar—a territory more than five times as great as that ruled by the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and the caliphs. More than this, Darfour, the Darfert country, and Gondokoro, lying far to the west, belong now to the new empire, although loosely held as yet by the power of the khedive. Eighty miles above Cairo, a break in the Libyan range, which skirts the Nile Valley to far beyond Philæ, forms the splendid valley of the Fayoom, the Garden of Egypt. A great cut from the river pours wealth into its bosom, and a perfect network of canals covers its seven hundred square miles with luxuriant vegetation. Here grows every kind of product found in Egypt, and vast plantations of roses send their precious distillations throughout the Levant. Besides its capital—the ancient Crocodopolis, or Arsinoë—the Fayoom contains seventy towns and villages, densely peopled. From Cairo to Assouan the average width of the cultivable valley is about six miles—greatly exceeding this at times, and at times reduced to a slender strip of verdure between the encroaching mountains and the stream. Beyond Assouan the valley vanishes for a space, while the

river pours through the long, rocky gorge out of Nubia. This latter country is but a narrow margin of land from Philæ to Dongola, hotly pressed throughout by the Libyan wilderness and the desert of the Red Sea. Beyond the Second Cataract, however, which is a series of swift rapids a hundred miles in extent, the land grows wider, and the fields more fertile and populous, until, at Dongola, the Nile emerges from the Beled-es-Soudan, or Country of the Blacks.

Of the great group of provinces thus named, Dongola is the finest, for its northern districts are watered by the Nile, which here overflows its banks fifteen miles, while its southern portion is in the zone of autumnal rains. It is here that the great bend of four hundred miles occurs in the river, and the peninsula thus formed—strangely miscalled on the maps the “Desert of Bahinda”—is covered with crops and immense flocks of sheep, goats, and camels. Just beyond, in the country of the Berbers, the Nile receives its last affluent on its downward course—fourteen hundred miles from the sea. Southeast of Berber is the fine province of Taka, cultivated throughout, and carrying on a large trade with Arabia. Then come Atbara, well-watered table-lands and very rich; Khartoom, where the Blue and White Niles join; Sennaar, an immense undulating plain, abounding in forests; and Kordofan, which never suffers for water. Far west of Kordofan lies Darfour—annexed two years ago—a vast oasis inclosed by the Sahara, having a population of about five millions, and a large trade, especially in slaves. Between Kordofan and Sennaar is the Shillook country, which Schweinfurth says is without a parallel in the world for fertility; while west and south of this lie the Darfertit and Donga countries, the very heart of slave-hunting and the slave-trade.

Besides Darfour, Egypt has other bright tracks in the western desert—for five of the Libyan oases now own the rule of the khedive. The southernmost, or Great Oasis, lies due west of Thebes, and has an area of four thousand square miles. Still farther west is the Wah-el-Dakhleh; and then to the northward stretch one after another the olive and date groves of Fharáfah, the Wah-el-Behnesa, and the Wah-el-Zeroora, until the Oasis of Ammon is reached, where were once the great Jovian Temple and the oracle of Alexander.

Excluding the vast southern provinces and the outlying desert-stations, the inhabitants of Egypt proper are yet as many-colored as its scenery. Between the Mediterranean and the First Cataract dwell five and a half million Arabs, Copts, Turks, Nubians, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, with every possible mixture of Eastern and European blood. This is nearly equal to the population of Egypt under the Pharaohs, which Lane estimates at seven millions, and is increasing at a rate only inferior to that of Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden, and which will double the population in less than sixty years. The settled Arabs, or *fellaheen*, form four-fifths of the entire number, but even they are diverse in race. Most of them are descendants of

the Copts, who embraced Islam at the conquest by Amrou. Physically, they are the noblest of Egyptians, having a fine, muscular build, with oval faces, bright, deep-set, black eyes, straight, thick noses, well-formed mouths, full lips, beautiful teeth, broad shoulders, and finely-moulded limbs. The women, from twelve to twenty, are always of splendid form, and often of great beauty. In temperament the *fellaheen* have remained unchanged from the time of the Pharaohs, being “the most patient, the most pacific, the most home-loving, and withal the merriest race in the world.” The men are temperate and honest; but the women, to speak gently, are—very frail. Besides the settled Arabs, there are the Bedouins, who retain their old nomad habits and proud independence, swarming the deserts, and only occasionally approaching the valley to graze their herds on the edge of civilization, while proudly refusing to intermarry with the degraded “dwellers among brick.” The Turkish element came in with the Ottoman conquest in 1517, and for two centuries and a half held all the important posts in the administration; but at present the Turks have no influence outside their own classes, which are chiefly those of artisans, shopkeepers, and the *ulema*. The free Nubians are mostly Berbers from between the First and Second Cataracts, who come down the Nile to domestic service for a few years, and return to their villages comparatively rich. These classes are all Mohammedans; but the next great element, computed at five hundred thousand, is that of the Copts, the most ancient and the only native race in Egypt. Though crossed, through the ages, with the Persians of Cambyses and the Greeks of Alexander, the Copts still resemble in form and feature the sculptured presentments of the original race which cover the tombs and temples of the Nile. Their skins are dusky yellow; their faces full; their eyes large, black, and elongated; their noses almost straight and rounded at the tip; nostrils dilated, lips thick, and hair black and bushy, but not woolly. Their character is very poor—mean, crafty, avaricious, and immoral. They have a singular aptitude for account-keeping and the management of small estates; and in these positions they are largely employed. The Abyssinians very nearly resemble the Copts, whose religion also they hold; but they are a handsomer people. They are mostly slaves, and the women—remarkable for their lustrous eyes, beautiful features, splendid forms, and voluptuous grace—are the next favorites in the harems after the white Georgians and Circassians, who are becoming very scarce. The Jews are the lowest, numerically and socially, of all the non-Moslem subjects, being more dirty, greedy, and bigoted, in Egypt than even in the old Ghetto at Rome.

All these peoples we meet day by day as we glide luxuriously southward. The effect of color is as if all the tints in a paint-box were shaken together, but a varied brown is the prevailing shade. The *fellaheen* are most numerous, and they are always in sight—ugly children (all Egyptian infants are homely), beautiful, blooming women of twelve to twenty,

and hideous hags of thirty. The children are always naked, and even the maidens approaching maturity most often so. If the girls do happen to have a rag on them, they usually cover their faces with it as we approach. The modern Egyptian is wretched as a baby. Flies settle upon his face and lay the seeds of ophthalmia; his mother will not brush them away, as it is contrary to her superstitions. He is kept in the harem as a boy, and becomes a man at fourteen. Remarkably precocious hitherto, he now usually grows dull in intellect. He received his name through his father rushing down to the river at his birth, hailing the first passing boat, announcing the event, and calling for a name; and he goes through life on the same fatalistic principle. At fourteen he sets out in the world, begs or steals fifteen dollars, buys a wife, and then becomes a small farmer, or works a *shadoof*. He lives as his fathers before him for untold generations, and asks nothing better. He is cheerful, even merry, through all things; and nothing can enrage him but that which should be his proudest honor—to be called *Gins Fara'oom*, the race of Pharaoh. Conscription, brutal tyranny, oppressive taxation, never give him the slightest desire to leave the valley; his life is wrapped up with his own voluptuous climate, his dear river with its soft, lazy flow, and the murmuring of the palm-trees around his hovel. It is his earthly paradise, but one step removed from the heavenly; and, as the gate between the two swings asunder, he goes contentedly down to death.

One source of daily amusement is in watching the farming and water-raising along the banks. We find the system of agriculture as rude as when Joseph stored up the corn. The instruments look as if stolen from the tombs and temples, where, indeed, their exact counterparts are seen, painted and chiseled four thousand years ago. English manufacturers have made great efforts to introduce their improved tools of husbandry, but their success has been limited to the farms of the khedive and a few wealthy pashas. Everywhere is seen the cumbrous wheel of the *sakkia*, its earthen buckets moving in one eternal round, and the long poles of the *shadoof*, whose workmen stand all day nearly naked in the sun, lifting the water thirty or forty feet. Occasionally the sympathetic heart is gladdened by a sight which no temple reveals, for more than five hundred centrifugal steam-driven pumps along the Nile mingle their wheezing and clanking with the low, fatalistic murmurs of content which come from the Pharaonic machines. The most beautiful machine, however—albeit the least costly—is in use among the fields farther back from the river. *Sakkias* and *shadoofs* are useless here, and long lines of women approach the stream, bearing huge jars upon their heads with as much grace and dignity as ever queen wore a crown—marvelous statues of living, breathing bronze; every movement of the stately figure, every wave of the simple drapery, a poem of perfect rhythm.

Everybody seems to be at work in the fields, and we wonder where the labor-supply will come from

when the two million acres are reclaimed, as now intended. This is, indeed, one of Egypt's problems. Nine-tenths of her entire working population now toil in the fields, yet the supply is but fairly sufficient. The present system is ruinously extravagant of men; the old system of irrigation must be replaced by steam, and modern implements must replace the relics of the Pharaohs. Beyond this, the solution of the problem rests with the Government. *Corvée* labor, although legally abolished, is still in vogue on the public works and the *Daira* estates. This unjust and ruinous levy must cease, and the military conscription, which is exceedingly burdensome, must be restricted to more reasonable limits. The benefit of the rapid increase in population should be given to the farms, not to the army. The tenure on which lands are held in Egypt is the same as that of all Moslem countries, with one important exception. At the financial crisis last year the Government issued what is called the "Moukabala law," by which, in consideration of receiving increased taxes until 1886, it grants the payers indefeasible titles to their estates, and their land-tax is to be forever reduced one-half after the expiration of the term.

* The north wind moves on (it blows nine months in the year), and we must move with it, for time flies even on the Nile. What new thing can be said of Thebes, the City of Thrones—that "populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea;" of Luxor, "the City of Palaces;" of Karnak, the cathedral of Thebes; of Edfou, where dwelt Horus, the "Lord of the Seasons;" and of the architecture of Egypt, which reached its full splendor in the columns that adorn these halls? Assouan is still for us Elephantina (the "Isle of Flowers"), with the incongruous addition of a railway-depot, and the locomotive shriek is prolonged past the First Cataract and dies away among the hallowed halls of Philæ. Assouan, however, has one point of intense interest to us, as here the smuggling of slaves is still carried on. We thank God that it *is* smuggling, and no longer open importation. The Government has strictly forbidden it; the old slave-hunts by Egyptian officers are now abolished; and kidnapping on Egyptian territory is banished to the southern districts of Sennaar and Kordofan, where the khedive's power is as yet insufficient to suppress it. The illegal trade, however, is still large. The chief sources of supply are now the great oasis of Darfour, the Shillook country, and the immense territory to the south and west. The atrocities of the trade are inexpressible; and, although Egypt is only partly answerable—as the slaves are carried chiefly to Zanzibar, Arabia, Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco, and Stamboul—yet her responsibility is so great that the khedive has determined upon a final effort to crush the nefarious traffic, and to this end he recently delegated to Colonel Gordon his authority over the entire Soudan. "So there is an end of slavery if God wills," writes the noble Briton. By the time the slave-gangs reach Assouan they are fearfully thinned by disease and brutal treatment, and it is comparatively easy to smuggle the remnant down

the river to Boulak. Once having found a master, the slave in Egypt is exceptionally well situated as compared with his wretched brethren in other countries. His work is chiefly domestic, though the meanest household drudgery is always performed by the free servants. He is almost universally well treated and cared for, and the khedive's law grants full emancipation in every case of proven cruelty. The better class of male slaves are often freed and given their masters' daughters in marriage; while a vast number of the females lead the idle, easy, and to them happy life of the harem, as the exotic beauties of Georgia and Circassia become yearly scarcer and more expensive.

Once back in the City of the Caliphs and the khedive, three matters of great interest await our inspection—the army, the judicial system, and the public schools—or the arm, heart, and mind, of New Egypt. The Ministry of War, under Prince Hassan Pasha, the khedive's third son—who is now in Turkey with the Egyptian contingent—costs the Government four million dollars a year, and is thus the costliest, if not the most important, branch of the Egyptian public service. Since the accession of the khedive, the army has been raised from three thousand to thirty thousand men on a peace-footing, with a reserve of thirty thousand more. The infantry carry Remington rifles; the cavalry, partly revolver and lance, partly sabre and carbine; the field-artillery, Krupp and smooth-bore guns; and the garrison batteries are armed with cannon of the Krupp and Wahrendroff patterns. Besides the regular army and the reserve, there is a contingent of sixty thousand mounted Bedouins, who find their own arms and horses. The forces are maintained by conscription, so irregularly levied as to be very burdensome to the people; and all Egyptians, of whatever rank or religion, are liable. The much-vexed question in Turkey is thus practically solved in Egypt, as the various creeds all work harmoniously in regimental service. The great weakness of the Egyptian army is its defective organization and its complete lack of military train. There are no distinct territorial commands, and no organization into brigades and divisions. Education is enforced, however, throughout the ranks: every promotion is preceded by a strict examination; and every corporal, even, must at least read and write. The tactics and drill are French, with the Prussian improvements. Two high positions have been filled by Americans—General Stone being chief of staff, and General Loring in command of the forts along the Mediterranean.

The judicial system of Egypt has just undergone a thorough reform, and will now compare favorably with that of any European state. The "capitulations" between the Porte and the Christian powers, originally intended for the protection of foreigners, having become greatly abused by the consuls, were finally swept away by the khedive, who, on New-Year's-day, 1876, and with the consent of the powers, promulgated the new system of judicature. As now constituted, this includes three Tribunals of First Instance and a Court of Appeal. The nominal chiefs

of the tribunals are natives, but foreign vice-presidents actually direct their proceedings; and of the eleven judges in the Court of Appeal, also, seven are foreigners. The judges hold office for five years, and as much longer as they please, or during good behavior. Proceedings are conducted in Arabic, French, and Italian. For disputes between themselves or with the authorities, the natives have still only their old courts, in which Justice is far from being even-handed or blind. If the international experiment, however, prove a success, the entire rickety native machinery is to be swept away, and the reform made universal. Egypt will then be the first Moslem state governed by laws in harmony with modern civilization, and bestowing upon all classes of its population equal justice and protection. "History will contain no grander monument of the reign of Ismail I."

Unless it has one mate—the public instruction. In this we find perhaps the most remarkable feature of our New Egypt. When the khedive reached the throne, he found the few schools of Egypt reduced to the lowest ebb. He immediately reorganized the military academies, and gradually established the system of scholastic machinery which is now working such "Egyptian wonders." There are now nine strictly "Government schools," in which the pupils are fed, clothed, and lodged, by the state; besides a school for the blind, two girls' schools, a normal school, and twenty-three municipal schools. The nine special schools are the Polytechnic, the Book-keeping and Surveying, the Law and Languages, three Preparatory, the Industrial, the Medical and Pharmaceutic, and the School of Midwifery. These are amply supplied with competent teachers, and have an elaborate curriculum. The Law and Medical Schools are especially valuable, and from the School of Midwifery thirty thoroughly-educated women go forth every year to practise their art among that large class of the population whose prejudices will not admit male physicians. It should be added that three more industrial schools have been just opened, and others are speedily to follow throughout the land. Next to the Government semiparies come the mosque colleges and Arab primary schools. In the first—of which the great El-Azhar at Cairo is chief—the instruction is extensive of its kind, but illiberal and un-modern. The Arab schools, of which there are five thousand scattered over the country, give an exceedingly limited education; but the Government has recently taken control of them—teachers are now furnished from the Normal School, and their prospects are accordingly brighter.

It is impossible to speak of the Jewish and Greek schools and of those maintained by the foreign missionary societies, or of Miss Whately's wonderful enterprise, but there can be no fitter close of our hasty survey of New Egypt than a glance at the girls' schools under the patronage of the Government. When Warburton was in Egypt he wrote, "Not a woman can read or write, except one daughter of Mehemet Ali." But in 1873 the khedive's third wife opened a school at Cairo, and, although native pre-

judice was intense at first, the noble movement has become a complete success. One school followed another, till now a large number of Egyptian girls are receiving free a thorough education. All ranks and creeds sit side by side, and partiality is unknown. The true foundations of Egypt's greatness

are thus being laid; her future mothers are raised in power and social esteem—it should be noted that monogamy is now the rule in Egypt—and henceforth the enlightenment that fills the public administrations will pervade her homes, and descend with ever-increasing power upon her children.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII. (*continued*).

PHILIP'S perception of humor was not very great, nevertheless the grim irony of the situation could not but strike him keenly.

One of those ungovernable impulses that now and again possess people, urging them to some word or act that to the on-looker savors of madness, impelled him to burst into sudden, discordant laughter, and ask her did she know who and what he was that she received him with so many manifestations of joy.

The moment of danger passed, but left him so pale that Mignon forgot herself to exclaim, with concern, "You are ill—suffering?"

"Ay, I suffer," he said, below his breath; aloud, "I am well enough. Do you not know," he said, with a strange smile, "that there are two persons in the world of whom it is never safe to speak—yourself and your enemy?"

"But you are ill," said Mignon, putting aside his speech; "and—and you do not look happy," she added; then, frightened at herself and her boldness, averted her eyes from his face.

Hitherto he had not looked at her, but now he did so, unwillingly, painfully; then a sharp pang ran through him as he saw how changed she was, how pale and thin she had grown; and this, too, was some more of his work.

"And you," he said, involuntarily, "are *you* happy?"

A sudden color flamed in her cheeks. "How can I be that?" she said, swiftly; then her eyes sank, her color faded, she sighed, in such fashion that one who understood such matters would have said, "This girl's heart is full of the vague yearning and trouble of love, but as yet she is unconscious of it, and more prone to resent than acknowledge its influence."

"I fear we are none of us very happy nowadays, Mignon," he said, sadly; and then the girl looked quickly across at him, remembering his story, and her heart filled with a pity that most assuredly he did not deserve.

"Forgive me," she said, gently, "I had forgotten; but perhaps it may all come straight to you, as to me, some day."

He looked at her with sudden fear: had she heard anything—could it be possible that she *suspected*?

"What do you know of my happiness or unhappiness?" he said, harshly—"of my past or of my future, Mignon?"

"I heard your story," she said, simply, and with her head still turned aside, "and—and I saw your wife once, and I was sorry for you."

She was sorry for him! He bowed his head in his hands and groaned aloud, and the girl, with mingled fear and wonder, noted how gray his hair had grown, how impossible it now was to complain that his eyes were too blue and his hair too black!

He lifted his head with a kind of reckless courage.

"Have you received any news of your sister?" he said.

She sprang to her feet.

"Have not *you*?" she cried.

"I?" he said, in slow, measured tones. "And why should I be likely to do that?"

"Then you have brought me no news of my darling?" cried the girl, wringing her hands. "You have come to me empty-handed, when I have been so longing, so *praying*, to see you again, because I felt certain you knew something of, could *tell* me something about her."

"I have nothing to tell you," he said.

"From that day—in the Morgue—to this," said Mignon, feverishly, "you have not heard one word of her, good, bad, or indifferent?"

"I have not heard one word."

"You are a man," she cried, wildly, almost fiercely; "you are free to go where you will, to wander half the world over; and, if you had possessed one grain of pity for a poor girl who may have been wronged, betrayed, forsaken, you would have asked, you would have inquired—you might have gleaned some scraps of information about her; but you are like all the rest, you do not care, *nobody* cares what may become of her."

Was the light that came through the closed *persiennes* a ghastly one, or was the fault to be looked for in Mr. La Mert's own complexion?

Mignon, catching sight of his face, paused abruptly in her reproaches.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl, humbly; "God knows it is not for me to take you to task, or to say you should do this or that—she was nothing to you, why should you? Only *somehow* I have had a feeling all along, ever since that day, that you took an interest in her, that you were *sorry* for her, that

you had met her, had perhaps spoken with her in Dublin, and once or twice it has occurred to me that perhaps she might have married somebody that you knew, perhaps even some *friend* of yours."

Some friend of his! Would Mrs. Dundas never come? Would he have to sit here forever undergoing the terrible ordeal of this girl's cross-examination?

He had prepared himself for something bad, but not for this.

"What question was she going to put to him next?" he asked himself, as she stood facing him, her fingers nervously interlaced, her eyes full of a certain shame and piteous question, all in one.

"Sir," she said, at last, desperately, "can you tell me if my sister be married?"

He was staggered for a moment by the blow; then he said, doggedly:

"I cannot tell you."

She shrank back; then, seizing her courage, went resolutely on.

"But you knew her—in Dublin?"

"Yes."

Though he were convicted of his sin the next moment, he could not have answered her, "No!"

"You saw her?" cried the girl, springing forward; "and was she well—*happy*?"

"She seemed both."

Ay, that was true enough; at any rate, she had been—then.

"Perhaps you would not be likely to hear of it," she said, drooping her head, "but did you ever hear that she had—a sweetheart?"

"Yes."

"And he wanted to—to marry her?"

"He could not marry her then," said Philip, looking downward, and becoming a deeper villain in his own eyes with every word he uttered; "but afterward, when he became free, it was his greatest desire on earth that she should be his wife."

"Then that explains everything," cried the girl, a great light of joy breaking over her face; "her silence—her letter—all—even the strange question she asked Miss Sorel about my *suspecting* her, and the promise she made that she would return to me at the end of two years. She was afraid that some gossip or other might reach me, and she wanted to guard against it, and Miss Sorel, and—others misunderstood her, as though I might not have known that no harm could ever come to my beautiful, proud Muriel, whom everybody loved."

She turned suddenly to Philip. The contrast of her transfigured, lovely face to his was striking; but she was too full of her own joy to heed his looks.

"I was angry with you just now," she said; "I was so *bitterly* disappointed, for, you see, I did not know what precious news you were bringing me; but I hope you will forgive me, and I thank, I bless you, for having made me so happy, as *she* will when she comes, and I tell her all about you."

When she came!—he bent his head lower still. How long, how long was this agony to continue?

"God forgive me," she said, looking upward,

"but I have had hard thoughts of this man whom Muriel loves. I have even grown to think of him as her enemy, and all the time—all the time, he loved her, all this long time he has been faithful and true to her always. I might have known that *no one* would have had the heart to wrong my darling, least of all the man whom she *loved*."

Philip could bear it no longer; he started up, crying vehemently:

"He is a bad man, Mignon, a bad man! He is utterly unworthy of Muriel's love, and your good opinion—"

He paused; his heart aching as he saw all the sweet color, all the new-found joy, dying out of Mignon's face, leaving it pale and chill.

"A bad man!" she repeated, mechanically.

"Ay! I know him!"

"He would not be kind to her, you think," she said, trembling, "and perhaps it is all his doing that she has not written, or sent one word to me all this long time?"

He turned aside; he had meant to prepare her somewhat for that which might be in store for her, but he could not; it was beyond his strength to dash the color from her rainbow hopes, to leave her here, to the long and empty days of waiting, with a heavy, foreboding heart—no, whatever might come after, she should keep this one hour of gladness.

"Mignon," he said, very sadly, "do not part with your bright hopes, and, if you can, keep still your kindly thoughts of this man, who, if he has sinned, has also suffered—suffered—"

He pressed his hand suddenly against his side, his face took a grayer shade—how old he looked, how desperately weary and miserable!

"Muriel would not love him if he were a bad man," said the girl, lifting her head suddenly; "and it is a very easy thing to say of a man that he is bad; yes, because it is not possible for any one to look into his soul and see what is there; and I have been told before now that men are bad, whom I have found good, with true and gentle hearts—"

She paused, changing color, and he understood why she had paused.

"People told you so of me, for instance?" he said.

"I did not believe them," she said, gently, "and if they were wrong about you, why should not you be wrong about *him*? I want you to make me a promise," she added, lifting her imploring blue eyes to his, "and then I shall be able to sit down and wait for her here with a good heart. Flora has told me that you go about the world a great deal, never stopping very long in one place, and of course you must see a great many people; therefore there is a good chance, is there not, that sooner or later you may run up against *her* or *him*?"

"And if I do," he said, trembling, "what then?"

"I know it is a very great favor to ask of you," she said, "but I want you to promise me that, if you should see her, you will come straight away to me here, whether it be by day or night, and say, 'I have

found her—come !” And I will follow you, if needs be, to the world’s end.”

He sprang up, the beads of sweat standing on his brow ; she asked him—this ?

It was beyond his strength : he would not take this vow ; he blenched before the task of coming to her with his own condemnation on his lips, for one of those chill and unaccountable shadows that go before a great misfortune lay on his heart then, and told him that when next he saw Muriel it would be for evil, that would be good.

“Ask me some other thing, Mignon,” he cried, fiercely, “but not that—not that !”

“Is it so great a trouble to you, then ?” said the girl, piteously. “It might happen that she is alone in a strange land, or sick, or miserable, not able to come or send to me, and if you knew it, you who have seemed to be her friend and mine always, would it be quite kind of you not to let me know ?”

If ever she were sick or sorry—if—and at this very moment she was wandering houseless, homeless, perhaps starving—and Mignon sought to exact this promise from him when she believed her sister to be well guarded and cared for ! What, then, would be the vehemence of her demand did she know the truth ? Ay, his manliness, his honor, his duty, all compelled him to take this vow upon him ; it was a part of his punishment, and he would not shrink from it.

“You promise,” she said, her eyes, full of a child’s unquestioning trust and sweetness, fixed upon his averted face.

Something of the old, dauntless courage that had made him once feared among men shone in his eyes as he turned at last and faced her.

“I promise,” he said.

A rustle of silken flounces, an exclamation of astonishment, a faint perfume of lavender-water, and, armed *cap-a-pie*, enter Flora.

“Upon my word !” she says, each syllable falling on the ears of the listeners like sharpest notes of ejaculation, “and may I ask how long you have been entertaining Mr. La Mert ?”

“How long ?” says Mignon, turning her eyes on Mr. La Mert with an assured friendliness that still further exasperated Mrs. Dundas. “How long would you say—half an hour—an hour ?”

Flora positively gasps, less perhaps at the girl’s assurance than at the new, vivid, bright beauty that had come to her, and that made this chit more than a match for herself, *savoir faire*, superior coloring, Parisian gown, and all !

“The children are waiting for you,” she said, coldly ; “they have been expecting you all the afternoon !”

And she sank into the chair, drawn suspiciously close to Mr. La Mert’s, that Mignon had just vacated.

“Good-by,” said the girl, holding out her hand to Philip, her eyes giving him all the warm thanks her lips dared not utter, “and you’ll come again soon, very soon, won’t you ?”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“ . . . How the blood
Left *her* young cheek, and how *she* used to stray
She knew not where, and how *she* would say *nay*,
If any said ’twas love ! and yet ’twas love—
What could it be but love ? ”

SQUALLS had set in at Mrs. Dundas’s present abode, the weathercock pointed to “stormy,” and whippings, slaps, and punishments, were as plentiful as blackberries were out-of-doors.

Flora was bored to death, and Flora had been wounded in her only vulnerable point, her vanity ; and as she always made a point of passing on to other people any inconvenience she might herself experience, she contrived to make the whole household extremely uncomfortable. One person only (though not of her household) appeared perfectly indifferent to her humors, and came and went as before, heeding nothing. Flora regarded her sometimes with an angry wonder, for the girl seemed to carry some charm that rendered her impervious to outward influences, yet keenly alive to those inward ones that painted her cheek a lovely red, that brought fire to her eyes and lips, that, in short, supplied the one thing necessary to make her beauty irresistible—expression.

One would have said that some new influence had crept into her life and colored it, that some feeling was growing in her heart that caused her mingled joy and pain, but that the sweetness outweighed the unrest, the sure and certain hope the timid and trembling fear.

And Flora, troubling herself about no intricacies of hidden feeling, concerning herself merely with this girl’s suddenly-revived brightness and beauty, looked at her—and wondered at this hitherto despised school-girl, who no longer merged her own identity in hers (Flora’s), and who dared to assume, day by day, those adorable airs and graces that beautify a woman when she has just made the discovery that she has a heart, that she possesses the power of charming, and that some one loves her—Mrs. Dundas’s sole consolation being that, if all these signs were occasioned by Mr. La Mert, then he was proving himself tolerably indifferent to them, since he had not once repeated the visit made on that Sunday afternoon when Mignon had behaved with a dishonesty that awakened in Flora all the just resentment of a noble nature.

“Of course, my opinion is of no value,” she had said, loftily, and swooping down on the girl so very quickly after Mignon’s own exit from the drawing-room as to convince her that Mr. La Mert must have cut his visit very short, indeed, “but when I was your age I should not have *dreamt* of entertaining a young man all by myself, *especially* when I was aware that his visit was paid, not to me, but to another person !”

“But I thought two was company, and three trumpery ?” said Mignon, looking up from the big volume whence she was expounding (after her lights) the parable of “The Marriage at Cana” to Colin and Floss.

"That entirely depends on who the two may be!" said Flora, crushingly; "in this case, and judging by Mr. La Mert's face when I entered, he would have found *three* far better company!"

"He was not at all dull with me," said the girl; "indeed, I am sure that neither of us was thinking about you; it was only when we heard your dress outside that we even recollected you!"

"I do not wish my daughter's morals contaminated," said Flora, her face supplying all the color that her gown lacked; and the sight of this young matron declaiming moral sentiments from a pedestal of virtue was a sight that made Mignon figuratively rub her eyes as she looked; "therefore I beg that in her presence you will not converse with such freedom concerning your improprieties of conduct."

"Oh, dear!" said Mignon, bursting into a hearty laugh, "poor Floss! She *is* beginning early!" And then she reverted to the parable, and Flora went angrily away, and bad days began, as I have said, for the young Dundases, and the Dundas dependents.

Fortunately, however, the period of measles was nearly over, and another week would see Mr. Montrose's house empty, and the whole family established at Glen-luce.

Mignon would be left all alone, and yet she did not feel dull at the prospect; on the contrary, the thought elated her, and a letter she received one morning about this time, a mere friendly little letter that all the world might have read and been none the wiser for reading, and to which she made no reply, since she was to see the writer so shortly, sent her pulse leaping, her heart dancing, so that it was to a strain of music, inaudible to all ears but her own, that her steps moved with so gay a measure.

On this particular day, as she walked with Colin the younger and Floss beneath the trees, all shining in the sun, with the rain that had but just ceased falling, she felt that earth was fair, that God was good, that her years were but a little over sixteen, and that she and the world had a long and perhaps merry account to settle with each other yet. How brave was the red, and brown, and sepia, of the leaves overhead! how intense and clear the light upon distant objects! and how keen and sweet the Air, that seemed to meet the breath of Summer half-way, and shake hands with her, ere he gently bade her farewell, and renewed his old league with approaching Winter! She could look on all the signs of the season without Milnes's miserable poem passing through her mind, that compels the soul to see decay and corruption everywhere visible; rather did she look forward to the spring winds that would blow, to the new life that would take its birth from the extinction of the old, to the good days, full of life, and peace, and joy, that the year that was coming would usher in.

Muriel was safe, Muriel would not be long now; Philip's words had removed from the girl's heart the shadow that had so cruelly darkened it. And she had another secret source of joy that she scarcely dared to acknowledge, but which she sometimes

guiltily felt to be a species of disloyalty to her sister.

Floss and Colin did not disturb her thoughts; they were, indeed, industriously engaged in the delightful occupation of walking into every puddle they came to—a process not particularly favorable to promoting their convalescence, but of which Mignon took no heed.

"And now which way shall we go?" she said, pausing as she came to three roads turning different ways; "shall we go toward Brentford, or Hounslow, or Hampton Court?"

"Ampton Court," says Floss, with decision; "there's a sweetie-shop that way."

And she takes the turning that will end in bull's-eyes without a moment's hesitation, Mignon following.

In due time the bull's-eyes are bought, carefully divided between two people, thankfully sucked, and deeply regretted (when the last has vanished).

They have got clear away into the country-roads now, between the glistening hedges, and with no houses to come between the eye and the stormy blue sky above.

Every pale dandelion that lurked in the dripping grass of the road-side, every diamond-drop of rain that flashed high on the bough, every cloud that scudded across the sky, formed to her the question, Yes or No? Yes or No? And the answer was sometimes the one, sometimes the other, so that she had no more reason to be satisfied with the result of her queries than to despair. Was it possible for the flower of love to bloom for a space, wither, then burst forth again in renewed beauty and vigor? Must not the interval of frost and starvation destroy the plant, so that, when warmth and sunshine should at last return to it, they would arrive too late?

No. True love could never die; it was only the false love that dwined away, dependent on the outward influences. Did not Parthenia sweetly and truly sing?—

"And tell me how love cometh?"

'Tis here—unsought—unsent.

'And tell me how love goeth?'

That was not *love* which went."

And if the song were true, then love was to be this girl's portion. It had been hers once—she knew it now; and though once she had spurned the precious gift, might she not, even thus late in the day, stretch out her hand, and gather it to her breast?

"Take care, Arty!" cried the children's shrill voices, in the distance, and then Mignon looked up with a start from the ragged cluster of leaves and ferns that she held in her bare hand, to see that a dog-cart was close upon her, and that, as she stood aside for it to pass, it stopped suddenly, and Philip La Mert, throwing the reins to a servant, in another moment was standing by her side.

"I was on my way to call on you," he said, his eyes taking in every lovely detail of the girl's face, the damask cheeks, the tender, troubled eyes, the sweet lips—

"Like leaves of crimson tulips met"

—that, although he knows it not, have never had a lover's kiss pressed upon them yet.

He sent his dog-cart back, and walked on by her side. The man-servant's back expressed absolute know-nothingness as he vanished, but his mouth was screwed up into the form of a whistle.

"Master's up to his old tricks," he said; "he've been very quiet lately, but he's a-busting out again—he is."

"Is it not a beautiful day?" said the girl, looking all about her; "do you not like one of these changing, blowing, laughing, and weeping days ever so much better than those *dead* summer or winter ones, when there is no change in all the twelve hours save in the degree of light?"

"It is a beautiful day, as you say, Mignon," he replied, but his eyes rested not on the landscape or heavens, but on her face; and, as he looked, he could for a moment fancy that all the miserable events of the past few months were a dream, and that it was but yesterday he had seen and fallen in love with the happy girl who walked by his side. This was no pale, neglected wife, no wearily-waiting sister; this was the Mignon that he used to love—used to love!—was there ever any past in his love for her? did he not love her infinitely more passionately, more deeply, now than he had ever loved her before?

As they walked together, there fell no silence between them, though Philip's voice was but rarely heard. A very Ariel of fancy and play seemed to have taken possession of Mignon that day, and, as Philip hearkened, he likened her pretty conceits and happy talk to the little wild-flowers that may bloom on the top of a volcano, that is to all appearance extinct, yet may at any moment uprear itself, scattering death and desolation around. When at length they turned homeward, some of the beauty of the day had departed, and a soft, fine mist was creeping up over the land. They were close upon Lilytown when Philip's eyes became all at once attracted by something unusual in the appearance of Mignon's hand. He was walking on her left side, and the hand that held her autumn spoils was ungloved.

"Where is your wedding-ring?" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

She turned her head aside, but answered not a word.

He felt that he *must* see the expression on that averted face, his pulses beat like sledge-hammers, his blood seemed to be on fire as he stepped behind her, and came round to her other side.

Glancing downward he saw—O God help him, and her—he saw the saddest, pitifullest, most terrible sight in her face with which the world from end to end had furnished him—he read that in her eyes which he had seen in the eyes of many women, and always, alas! for him, a look that once seen could never be mistaken—a look that came with but the first dawn, and blush, and tremble of conscious love. She laid her hand upon his arm, her beauty intoxi-

cated him, her lovely voice sank like a charm into his heart as she said:

"I took it off because—because—" Her voice ended in a sigh, her eyes met his, soft and sweet as summer—he, still gazing at her, saw, marked, *understood*; then, breaking with a fiercer effort the spell that bound him, he broke away from her, and was lost to sight in a moment.

The mist and rain had cleared away; the moon, now in her second quarter, showed like a gentle and benignant spirit amid the wrack of clouds that scudded like phantom snow-drifts across the sky.

Mignon, leaning from her chamber-window, half in light, half in shadow, the only creature awake in the sleeping household, looked abroad, and took commune with her own heart—the heart that was so full of the stir and throb of a new passion as to make dull the fine spiritual sense that at any other time would surely have informed her of the neighborhood of the sister whom, until now, she had loved with the unswerving devotion of a lifetime.

For down yonder, in the shadow, crouches a shivering woman, whose uplifted eyes are fixed, with a worship almost savage in its intensity, on Mignon's happy face, and the poor, cold, pallid lips below are murmuring words of blessing and fondness that surely, surely the girl's ears above might almost catch.

For the first time in her life Mignon was unfaithful to her sister; for the first time her fancy painted a happiness in which Muriel was not the central figure, and a love, even greater than was her love for her sister, shouldered the memory of that sister away. I wonder why, when we are happy, and desire to express our joy with special earnestness, why we instinctively turn to those old ballads and songs that seem to say so much more beautifully and effectually for us than we could for ourselves the ideas and thoughts that struggle to find speech within us?

It must be that the men who wrote them have but put into words some great yearning common alike to every human heart, which all recognize and are grateful for; the dumb want was there, but the expression of it lacking, and so we love and are grateful to those great masters who have come to our help. Had any one ever before sung the song that rippled over Mignon's lips, as she mused and dreamed in the moonbeams? No, she felt sure it was for her, and no one else—that it had been written by no one, sung by no one but herself, and that only one person in the world could possibly understand it, and that was the man to whom she sang it:

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I could be so loving, so tender, and true,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Her voice, very sweet and low, reached the woman beneath. "She is thinking of her husband," she thought; "she is happy."

A little longer and Mignon, extending her arms

as though in farewell to the sleeping garden, withdrew from the window and closed it.

A kind of stupor seemed to fall on the watcher as the girl vanished; she fell forward on her face among the dank grass and lay perfectly still.

"You might have staid a little longer, my heart, my heart," she moaned, "for something tells me that this is the last time I shall watch for thee, and that the end is near." She rose, drew her poor, drenched clothes closer around her, looking upward once more. "Only she will never know—never know!" Then she went slowly away, and never by summer nor winter, in spring-tide or autumn, came the footsteps of the poor wanderer thither again.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"O timid soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!"

ALL that night Philip La Mert wandered about, a man pursued of devils, neither knowing nor caring whither his steps might lead him.

What was this thing that had overtaken him, that had added curse to curse, retribution to retribution, in sheer wantonness of cruelty, until this last, this unimagined evil, had come to place the last link in the chain of horror?

He had sinned—ay, but other men had sinned also, and they had gone lightly on their way, neither dreaming of, nor being overtaken by, punishment of any sort or description. He had committed a wrong, which he had meant to repair; he had been so dishonorably weak as to turn back from that resolve, but very quickly he had reverted to it, and he was not to blame if it had never been carried out. From that first sin, that the world would call venial, had sprung a succession of circumstances that had combined to render him the shuttle-cock of Fate, the plaything of Chance, until the climax had come to him—to-day.

To-day, when there had fallen to his hand a gift that once had been precious exceedingly, that he had longed for, sinned for, even, in his own wild fashion, prayed for, but that now was the most terrible, unwelcome guest that ever knocked at the heart of man!

God knew that he had long ago given up coveting it; that when he had talked with her it had been with anguish to his heart, no thought of winning her love; that it had never once entered into his wildest imaginations that the thing once so sweet and natural, now so monstrous and horrible, should come to pass—that Mignon should love him.

The thought pursued him like an avenging fiend; it drove him on and on through the stormy night, and at length, after hours of wandering, he found himself back again almost at the point whence he had started, standing beneath the trees in Bushey Park, looking up through the swaying, interlacing boughs at the light overhead, hearkening to the sighing and complaining of the night-winds as

they whirled and twisted and beat about the tops of the giant trees, every now and then scattering a handful of brown-and-yellow leaves on the lonely watcher below. He shivered, tried to collect his thoughts, to argue, to reason; but whatever fresh train of thought he began, it always came back to this—that Mignon loved him.

She loved him; and at any moment the summons might come, through one of the creatures who kept vigilant watch for Muriel, that would compel him, in observance of his vow, to go straight to Mignon, and tell her that he had joined her long-lost sister. This was his fate, this the errand on which he had pledged himself to go to the woman who loved him.

To see the love in her blue eyes turn to deepest loathing, to stand before her the man accursed, who had destroyed her sister body and soul, to be revealed to her as *he was*—he whom she had reckoned as friend—this was what he had sworn to do—this was the scene that enacted itself before his eyes as he stood, his arms folded, steadily looking upward.

He had vowed a vow once, and had broken it. To just such another trusting, loving girl as this he had vowed, and he had broken it.

Whither were his thoughts leading him? He pulled himself together, tried to take a fresh grasp of his wandering wits, leaned his back against a tree, and resumed his stare at the sky.

Whose voice was it that had said to him, and that not so very long ago:

"No matter what the time may be, whether by day or night, you have only to say to me, 'Come!' and I will follow you, if needs be, to the world's end?"

Mignon had said it, and Mignon—loved him. Was he falling asleep or dreaming? How bitter cold the night was, how eerie and wild the wind! And, as a man dreams and wakens and falls asleep again to dream differently, he found himself reviewing his position from the point of view that would be taken of it by any average man of the world. He had sinned, as had others; he had been unfortunate as few men ever are. He had been undone by an accident—by the accident that had made two women sisters; but was that his fault, and was he never to know peace or happiness again because Fate had served him so ill a turn?

Still regarding the matter strictly with the eyes of another man, he called out upon himself for a Quixotic fool, laughing long and loud as the absurdity of his own qualms and scruples struck him, and his laughter, traveling far abroad on the night air, startled and sobered him, starting his thoughts off on a fresh track.

Her husband, this paltry, pitiful fellow who left her alone while he amused himself at a distance, what consideration did he deserve at Mignon's hands or at *his*?

He had stolen her, this man, like a thief in the night, but he could not keep what he had obtained, or win her heart, and was it not his own fault if that same heart went out to another who would know how to value and guard it better?

She had never cared for this man whom she had married ; was not his own face wet with her tears when he awakened from that deathly swoon upon her wedding-morning ? nay, might she not have loved him even then, although she had given her vows to Adam ?

His mood changed—a wild, delirious gladness burned in his veins that for a time intoxicated him. Come what might, let the future hold what store of wretchedness it would, this one night was his ; for this one hour, though snatched from him the next, Mignon's love—the first, the only love that she had ever given to man—belonged neither to her husband nor to any other man living, but to *him*.

For to-night, only to-night ! Yet a thing that is once bestowed is bestowed forever ; nor powers of heaven nor hell can destroy or take away the fact that it once has been !

Then began the dark hour of his temptation, then the fiercest, supremest temptation of his life assailed him, and there raged within him a mortal battle between the devils that so long had had possession of him, and the good angel whose pinions were as yet so weak, and whose promptings he had ever found so hard and difficult to follow, that many times his feeble feet had faltered and he had groaned and sweated as he sought to pursue the toilsome path she pointed out to him.

And, since the good within him was as yet so faint of life, while the evil had grown with his growth, strengthened with his strength, one would have said that the chances were small but that the evil would win the day.

It is always the strongest natures which sin the most deeply, even as under other circumstances they attain to heights of virtue that they of smaller, feeble mould never reach ; and if the latter be so gently and evenly balanced as to be incapable of a crime, they are oftener than not also incapable of anything truly great. "Effeminacy and wickedness were correlative terms in the Greek and Latin, as were courage and virtue," says Landor. And De Maistre remarks that "ce fut avec une profonde sagesse que les Romains appellèrent du même nom la *force* et la *vertu*. Il n'y a en effet point de vertu proprement dite, sans victoire sur nous-mêmes ; et tout ce qui ne nous coûte rien, ne vaut rien." Do we not now and again witness, side by side with instances of the most startling depravity, a noble deed, an heroic instance of self-sacrifice, that we might look for in vain from a man or woman who has never flagrantly sinned at all ?

Let no man dare to pry into the secrets of another man's heart, or seek to gauge it by his own. Different natures have different standards of right and wrong, and cannot be judged the one by the other.

All that night Philip La Mert wrestled with the tempter ; all night the battle raged, of which the issue grew each moment more doubtful, until day-break came, when, drenched with night-dews, he returned to his home, flung himself upon his bed, and far into the day slept the deathly, profound sleep of utter exhaustion.

"Are you expecting any one this evening, may I ask ?" inquired Flora, glancing up from her novel at Mignon, who had been flitting about the room, looking alternately at the window, the clock, and the door, seemingly possessed by a demon of restlessness and excitement.

"Perhaps !" said Mignon, absently, and putting on her little cloak as she spoke. "Hark ! did you not think you heard the sound of wheels ?"

"I hear nothing but the wind," said Flora, placidly ; "who would be likely to be coming here at this time of night ?"

"Have you ever felt," said the girl, approaching Flora and her comfortable *entourage* of reading-lamp, fruit, and coffee, "that something out of the common was going to happen to you ; that steps were coming nearer and nearer ; that a voice was calling you from a great way off, that would presently grow clear and distinct ; and that, though you would give the world to cut short the unbearable period of waiting, you must just patiently wait until whatever it was—*came* ?"

"No," said Flora, withdrawing her hand from the little burning one that Mignon had just laid upon its coolness, "I can't say I ever have, neither do I remember hearing of any one but you who did ! You are feverish, my dear, and the sooner you go home and to bed the better !"

"I am going," said the girl, in a somewhat calmer tone ; then, much to that young matron's astonishment, she stooped and pressed her lips for about the second time in her life against Flora's peach-like cheek. "Good-night !"

"Oh, good-night !" said Flora, who was not used to making formal greetings or farewells to her family. "Why, one would think you were making your last dying deposition, to judge by your countenance ! I suppose I shall see you to-morrow morning ?"

The girl had reached the door ; she turned, the handle in her grasp.

"I suppose so," she said, "unless—" She went away without finishing the sentence, as was remembered—after.

The moon had washed one-half of the world all over with liquid pearl ; it has made broad, shining walks of dull and ignoble places, and it has dignified into beauty the homely old garden in which Mignon restlessly paces to and fro, backward and forward, her every nerve and pulse strung to highest pitch of expectation—expectation of she knows not what, yet which some unerring instinct tells her is making its way to her through the night !

She starts at her own shadow, that follows her, black and long, in every devious twist and turn that she takes.

Hark ! what is that sound that comes nearer and nearer, that rings so loudly in her ears that it beats upon them like sledge-hammers ; what is that sharp beat of horses' hoofs, seeming to fill the air with their thunder, and outrace the mad beating of a heart that gallops even as they ?

They draw nigh, they slacken, they stop altogether. And does not her heart stop also, and can she not feel the hot breath of the horses on her cheek, as though they were one yard away, not fifty?

Some one has arrived, some one is coming; his hurrying steps have passed the outer garden, they have crossed the threshold of the door that divides it from the other, they are *here*.

She takes a step forward, looks, shrinks back; the next moment her hands are caught in Philip La Mert's, and, as face to face they stand in the moonlight, he utters but three words, "Come, Mignon, come!"

"Where is Prue?" cries her mistress, entering hastily from the garden, her blue eyes blank and dull, her face white as the dead. Alas! at this turning-point of her little mistress's destiny, Prue is absent; not once in a month is she from home at this hour, but to-night she is absent!

"I cannot wait," said the girl, wringing her hands; "but when she comes back tell her that I have gone with Mr. La Mert, and that I will let her know where she is to come to me, that I will write—"

And then, as though every moment were of pure gold, she ran down the steps, like one possessed, as the woman afterward said, and so to the carriage that stood without, plainly visible in the moonlight, its lamps mocked and put out by those brighter beacons that shone above.

Servants were running briskly to and fro, the door of the coach was already open, the girl sprang quickly in, Mr. La Mert took his place beside her, the man shut the door to with a bang, then quick as lightning sprang to his place by the coachman's side, the latter touched his horses, they stretched fleetly out into a gallop, another moment and all have vanished, and the woman is left on the door-step staring after them, and asking herself is she dreaming, or was there ever such a miraculous moonlight flitting seen upon earth before?

CHAPTER XL.

"He entered in his house, his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home,
And felt the solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome."

A YOUNG man came springing up, three at a time, the steps that led to his home, looking as handsome, healthy, and happy, as bountiful fresh air, sunshine, and three weeks of out-door life could make him. The tone had returned to his nerves, the stoutness to his heart; he had flung all his morbid doubts and fears overboard, and was ready—ay, and determined—to make a good fight for his own, and it should go hard with him, he thought, if he did not obtain it.

A pleasant thrill of excitement and masterfulness (for he possessed just then that feeling or quality, almost impossible to describe, that usually guides men straight to success) quickened his pulses as he noise-

lessly inserted his latch-key and crossed his own threshold.

It had been his fancy to come upon Mignon thus, unlooked for, unannounced, and now he wondered to himself how he should find her—talking to Prue, or struggling with the butcher's book, or, perhaps, who could tell? actually engaged in writing to him the letter that he had been half expecting ever since he had gone away from her.

It was not yet dusk, there was plenty of light yet by which to find her, and, so thinking, he softly pushed open the drawing-room door, and looked around. No, she was not there, for the litter that usually marked her track was conspicuous by its absence; her very work-box was shut—he never remembered seeing it closed before—and set severely against the wall, while the chairs, the piano, the very books, had that drearily *unused* look that a room left to itself so quickly assumes.

He went into the dining-room; that, too, was empty, and preternaturally neat.

She must be in her bedroom. He walked upstairs; then, resolved to begin as he meant to go on, he first knocked at her door, and, receiving no reply, boldly entered.

Surely a very demon of order had entered into his little Mignon during his absence, for here, as below, there was not the smallest token of her presence, not so much as a ribbon, a trinket, or a glove—nay, the very flowers on the mantel-piece drooped for lack of air and water, and the groundsel in her bullfinch's cage was dry and withered.

Can any one fix the precise moment in which is borne in upon him the conviction (before it is possible that proof can have come to him) that a terrible misfortune has befallen him?

To his dying day Adam could not have told whether his first foreboding of evil came to him as he looked at the drooping flowers or at the neglected cage, but most assuredly it was in his heart as he crossed the room to his wife's dressing-table; it fulfilled itself as, looking downward, he saw on the centre of the china-tray before him a plain gold wedding-ring. He stood for a few seconds looking at it without stirring, then he lifted the tiny circlet, and fitted it on the first joint of his little finger. Yes, there could be no mistake about it—this was the ring that he had placed upon Mignon's hand nigh upon four months ago.

"At her old careless tricks again," he said, aloud; but his voice sounded strange, even in his own ears; then he slowly and carefully put the ring away in his breast-pocket and went down-stairs.

He met no one by the way—every one seemed to be asleep—or absent—opened the hall-door, and passed out into the garden. He would find her there, of course; or, if not there, with Flora and the children. And—and what ailed him, that he shivered as though with cold as he went?

The dusk had fallen rapidly that night. As he entered the inner garden he could not distinctly make out distant objects, but nevertheless instinct rather than eyesight informed him that somebody be-

sided himself was present, that Mignon's chair was occupied, and by whom should this be but Mignon's self?

What a fool he had been! he said to himself as he went forward; nevertheless, I think that the shadow of his doom was upon him, and that he knew it, as he traversed those few steps, and that he would have found Mignon there with more wonder than that which he really did discover.

Was that huddled-up mass that crouched upon the ground, burying its face in the seat of the old wooden chair, that writhed, and twisted, and rocked itself to and fro, like a poor, dumb creature to whom the unutterable relief of expression of its agony is denied—Mignon?

Adam shivered no longer, but something, and I think it was the best part of his youth, and perhaps of his life, died out of him forever as he stood looking down upon the woman. Something had happened, something had come to his little sweetheart in his absence, but—what? He stooped, laid his hand upon Prue's arm, but, as though it were something expected, yet horribly dreaded, she started, swerved violently away from it, but neither spoke nor turned.

"Where is your mistress?" he said.

But the woman only shrank farther away from him; her arms released their hold of the chair; she lay almost at his feet, a dumb, uncertain outline.

"She is dead," he said, shaking her by the arm, for what but the last, the extremest calamity that could befall her mistress, would have power to affect Prue thus? A strong shudder passed through the woman's body; she seemed to gather herself together by a supreme effort, rose, and stood before her master.

"And if 'twas *that* I'd got to tell you," she said, hoarsely, "then 'tis a happy woman I should be this night, reckoned with what I am now—for, O master, master!"

No need for him to ask another question; no need for him to ask who was the instrument of his degradation—in a flash of time he understood, acknowledged, accepted the situation.

"When did she go?" he said, calmly.

"Yester eve."

"She went—alone?"

"O poor Miss Mignon—poor Miss Mignon!" said the woman; "my poor but little mistress, that was never quite like other folks! she went because she was *fetch'd*. What breaks my heart is, she seemed to go as—as if she was willin'—with him as she never fancied when she was free to fancy him, but always seemed to like other folks so much better."

"He came for her," said Adam; he fetched her from here—from my house?"

"He came," said Prue, lifting her haggard face to the sky, "at about nine of the clock, in his own coach, and with his own horses and servants, and he must have gone to her straight in the garden, for Dorothy, who was looking out, says that the coach had but scarce stopped when Miss Mignon came in from

the garden calling out for me, and, said she, 'Tell her I couldn't stop, but I'm gone away with Mr. La Mert, and I'll write to her or send—' and with that she ran down the steps, and before you could count ten, says Dorothy, they was gone—and I come back half an hour afterward."

So the whole thing was premeditated; she was dressed and waiting for her lover, while she had already removed and placed in a conspicuous place her wedding-ring, leaving it to tell its own story.

"Only half an hour," said Prue, wringing her hands, "and if I'd been here she never would have gone, I'd have clung to her, followed her, but go with that black-hearted villain she never should.—You got my telegram this morn, sir?"

"No, I started at daybreak. How often has that man visited here in my absence?"

"Till last night," said Prue, "he never come inside the gates; but I've misdoubted me but something was wrong, for she've been restless and strange-like in her ways, never keeping five minutes to one thing, and asking me odd questions like, of love and sich, and there'd come sich a beautiful color into her cheeks, and at last she seemed to get downright happy jest as she used to be; and, O master—master—I guessed 'twas because her thoughts was full of *you*, and jest in watching her I got nigh as happy as she was."

"And while you played in this fool's paradise," he said, with a sudden leap of stern fury in his voice that made her cower before him, "your mistress was drifting to her destruction. What opportunities would she have had of meeting this man but for your wanton disregard of your duty, and why did not you, who are well acquainted with the character of this man, at once acquaint me of his presence here?"

"I never knew it," said Prue, sadly; "p'raps she was afraid I'd tell you; and she were never out alone, unless maybe once or twice with the children—'Twas at Mrs. Dundas's they met."

"At Mrs. Dundas's?" repeated Adam, recoiling as though from a blow, and then he knew that the instinct that had warned him to keep his wife from Flora's society had been a true one, and he cursed himself for the folly that had left her dependent upon it. This man had met Mignon at Mrs. Dundas's, and at Mrs. Dundas's hands would he require her.

He turned and left Prue without another word; he would deal with her later.

Flora, whose attention had never in the whole course of her life been distracted from herself for so long a period before, had by this time got over the feelings of disgust, amazement, and anger, produced in her by the news of Mignon's elopement, and was now settling down again into the normal state of affectionate regard for her own self and comforts that was her one abiding characteristic.

Therefore, as she sat buried in the depths of a favorite easy-chair, drawn close to a blazing wood-fire, her slippered feet resting on a fender-stool, and a new novel in her hand, she looked, with the pleas-

ant background of the gayly-lit, sweet-scented room, the very picture of ease and comfort.

Into this quiet interior of light, fragrance, and luxury, there strode, without announcement of any kind, the tall figure of her brother.

Flora laid her book down and looked up. Now was her hour of triumph; now was her opportunity for richly revenging herself upon him for the many slights he had offered her, for the many wounds he had given to her vanity, for the superior airs he had been pleased to assume, and the cold, steady disapprobation of herself and her ways that he had so invariably displayed.

Nevertheless, as she looked at him, there was that in his face which made her color fade, her eyes sink, nay, her very heart beat with sick apprehension, as crossing over to her he bent that terrible face to hers, and, grasping her wrist, spoke in even, quiet tones:

"I have come to you for my wife," he said. "She was left in your charge; at your hands I require her! Where is she?"

For a moment Flora believed that he did not yet know the truth; then, the unpleasantness of the task before her arousing her resentment, and some of her hardihood returning, "Am I your wife's keeper?" she said, then quailed again before him, and, for the space of a brief moment, forgot herself.

For the first time the possibility that this elopement might be anything but a folly, an error of judgment, on the part of the prime movers in it, that it might mean worse than death to a strong man's heart, came home to her as she looked in her brother's face, and, for the first time in her life, *regarded* him. He was but a savage, but he had something that she herself lacked, that she could not have compassed for untold gold, and for a brief moment her paltry nature rose to his—and understood.

"She went of her own free-will," she said, speaking nothing but nakedest truths, beneath the force of those compelling eyes, that compelling grasp—"so far as I know she never saw him but three times, twice in my presence, once out of it; nevertheless, when he asked her, *she went*."

For a moment Adam's grasp slackened on Flora's wrist, for a moment the stern hunger of the righteous seeker for his own wavered in his eyes, then his hold strengthened, his voice grew hard.

"And knowing what had gone before, what this man had been to her," he said, "you anticipated no evil from their meeting?"

"*Knowing what had gone before?*" repeated Flora, in tones of purest, most unmistakable amazement. "Why, they never met, to my knowledge, more than three times in their lives: once at Hampton Court, where I introduced them to each other; once here, on a Sunday afternoon; and once when she was out with Colin and Floss, the day before they ran away."

"And you did not know," said Adam, "that he had formerly been her lover; that it was by the merest chance that she became my wife, not his?"

Flora withdrew her head as far as she was able, and looked at her brother with utter dumfounded amazement. Here was no acting, as Adam knew; this blooming woman, who thought herself a match for most people, was taken altogether at a disadvantage, had been derided, made a gull of, by a school-girl.

"Why, I *introduced* them to each other," she said, at last; "I told her his whole story from beginning to end, and she never said a word, not one single word, of any previous acquaintance! And I thought her such a little fool," she added, half aloud, "utterly incapable of concealing a thought from anybody!"

"She told you nothing?" said Adam; the studied deceit displayed by Mignon revealing itself more and more clearly at every step he took in his investigations.

"She never uttered one syllable," said Flora, decisively, "to lead me to believe that she had ever spoken to him in her life until we met him in Bushey Park the morning you went away. Her behavior to him then struck me as being very strange, for I heard her twice over begging him to take her to remote parts of the grounds, but in both instances he refused; and indeed, from the little I have seen of the affair, I should be far more inclined to think that Mignon has run away with Mr. La Mert, than Mr. La Mert with Mignon."

"She seemed to like him—to be attracted by him?" said Adam, calmly.

"She never gave him a moment's peace," said Flora, with conviction, and still speaking truth according to her lights; "when he called here that Sunday afternoon she managed, unknown to me, to entertain him for over an hour before I knew he was in the house—indeed, I have good reason to believe that she actually opened the door to him on that occasion, so that I should not hear him come in."

Adam had relinquished his grasp of Mrs. Dundas's wrist, and with her left hand she was quietly chafing it.

"He did not call again," she continued, "and Mignon grew so restless and out of sorts that nothing on earth seemed to keep her quiet. 'Do you think he will come *soon*?' she used to say; and when I said, 'No'—I thought he had gone away—she seemed miserable. She took Colin and Floss out for a walk the day before yesterday, and it seems (from my cross-examination of the children to-day) met some one who walked with her all the way, and the description of whose appearance exactly tallies with that of Mr. La Mert. She came in at about eight o'clock, but seemed very restless; and, on her wishing me good-night, I asked her if she were expecting anybody. She said, 'Perhaps.' I then asked her if I should see her as usual this morning. She said, 'Yes, unless—' and never finished the sentence. It seems she went up-stairs and kissed Floss again and again, and the next I heard of her was Prue coming round, mad with fear and sorrow, saying that Mr. La Mert had taken her away. Now, judging by after-events, the only reasonable supposi-

tion is, that the elopement was planned and arranged during that walk yesterday afternoon."

So far Flora had spoken truth; and Adam, in spite of his prejudices, had believed her. But now something of the outraged vanity of the woman who had been hoodwinked and deceived displayed itself.

"He never admired her," she said; "he preferred something more formed, more fascinating. He will weary of her, as he has wearied of all the rest; and, though he is free to marry, we can scarcely hope that there will be so respectable an issue to the affair as that he will marry her."

"*Marry her!*" said Adam, standing rigid, motionless in the centre of the room; he lifted his clinched right hand to heaven, his lips moved, he was registering an oath that should be kept to the uttermost syllable. "She shall never be wife to two men," he said—"his blood or mine; for on God's earth we two breathe not together!"

And Flora looked, and saw upon his face the look that they indeed are happy who live and die without beholding—the awful, unappeasable wrath

and hunger for the life of another that, justified by the old, savage, simple creeds of right and wrong, is sternly righteous and just, but, measured by the new and paltering creed, is—murder.

Flora neither shrank from him nor blenched, nay, in that moment she hotly admired this hitherto contemned brother, as she sat, scarcely daring to breathe, her eyes fixed upon his face.

The shrift of Philip La Mert would be short indeed, she thought, if they were brought face to face while this mood of her brother's lasted.

"Forgive me," he said; "I have wronged you." Then he left her.

And, her selfish indifference rudely destroyed, she sat, the blood cold and sluggish in her veins, through the long hours of the night, watching and waiting for—she knew not what; listening for sounds she dared not determine; although reason and common-sense told her that it was not possible that the guilty should be overtaken or justice administered that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS WESTERN KATHARINE.

TWO o'clock P.M.; and the wind at Ranchtown was out on its daily "bender." It was altogether a vicious and ill-regulated wind, delighting in mischief and bent on confusion; and it came sweeping down through the narrow valley like the wolf on the fold. Down it came through the deep Colorado cañons, carrying all before it in its mad career: piles of old fruit-cans, crinoline, and paper and rags in every stage of dirt, all the nameless articles which go to make up the picturesque bulk of suburban debris, had started with giddy recklessness on a mad dance through the town.

The inhabitants were not visible—experience having taught them to avoid the wind, if possible, when on its diurnal tour. Ranchtown streets were quite deserted; and only a few almond-eyed Celestials, digging with aspect of thoughtful melancholy in the gulch near by, represented humanity in the entire region. What was wind to them? what was rain? what was discomfort generally? There were shining nuggets buried deep, there were sparkling grains of precious ore to be had for the digging; and they dug on stolidly, and let the wind take its course.

Ranchtown is not a pretty place; it is nothing, in fact, but an appendage to the Golconda Mine. The town is ugliness itself: a collection of nondescript houses, some just put up—others just tumbling down; but with no attempt at the rural harmony that can beautify even logs. These poor dwellings stretch off singly into the dim distance—making one shudder for the frightful loneliness of those whom Fate has set solitary in such uncanny places.

The beauty of the distant view stands out against these forsaken-looking houses in bold relief, and

seems to rebuke the irreverence of man in marring the perfect work of Nature with such unsightly excrescences. A turbulent mountain-stream cleaves the cañon just beyond the town; and the dark firs fringing its brink, and clinging for support to the frowning crags, are bent like tense bows beneath the continued assaults of the fierce winds. On the left side lies a chain of hills—their southern slopes already gay with the faint dawning life of bud and blossom, while their northern flanks and crest are white with snow—a living picture of May nestling at the feet of December. No outlet from this mountain-fastness seems visible at first sight; but the castellated rocks are parted high in air, and through the cleft there gleams against the blue horizon the deeper azure of the remote plains shimmering like the sea in sunlight.

But what care the Chinese gold-diggers, or the better class of Mammon-seekers that throng Ranchtown, for the sake of the money to be made there, for sea or cañon, sunlight or shade? They are all blind but the artists.

One of them, Chase Carroll by name, is not an artist properly—his wonderful gift of brush and palette being only worn as a sort of ornamental appendage, a last charm, like that of the angel to the moss-rose, to one whom Fortune had already favored to overflowing. There seemed no earthly reason why Chase Carroll should be an artist. He had fortune, family, friends, everything to recommend him and strew his path with roses; and he might never have been good for anything, as he certainly never would have become acquainted with Ranchtown, had he not fortunately been visited by what is popularly known as a "disappointment."

She was so lovely, this little soulless thing on

whom he poured forth all the love of a deep nature; she was so dainty, so ethereal in her refinement, that when the blow came of her elopement with a popular opera-tenor, a huge mass of Italian flesh and fat, he was utterly stunned. It was so extremely novel a sensation to Chase Carroll to be deprived of anything he wanted—having from babyhood always had the moon when he cried for it—that he could only realize the astounding fact by slow degrees. When the truth finally came home to him, he felt that life was over; at least, all that part of it that was worth having. He was not living at all in the world he had thought himself in—it had turned out quite another planet; and at present his one desire was to get away from it.

It is astonishing how readily forgotten or neglected friends will rise to the surface of one's memory when there is any particular need for them; and in one of his many reveries over his wrongs and sorrows, the deserted lover suddenly bethought him of a certain John Rollins—an excellent fellow at college, who had folded his tent like an Arab and gone into exile in Colorado two or three years ago, whence he had sent numerous invitations to Chase to follow him; but, being a poor correspondent, he had not even acknowledged these attentions.

Now, however, while wondering what to do with himself, John Rollins's virtues stood out in a very prominent light; and Ranchtown, Colorado, appeared the one spot left on the earth that was worth going to. John was always raving about the views, the grand cañons, the gorgeous wild-flowers, and what not; and here was a chance to take up his somewhat neglected pencil and work with a will.

Mother, and sisters, and cousins, scolded, and cried, and pouted in vain; though father and mother, and all should go mad, Chase was resolved to go to Colorado. And having no entanglements with dress-makers, nor Saratoga trunks to obstruct his progress, he was fairly in the cars and off before his female relatives had recovered from the shock of hearing his intentions.

John Rollins, among his other virtues, had a forgiving disposition, and welcomed his prodigal with open arms—figuratively speaking, men not being given to such demonstrations among themselves—and gave him the freedom of his law-office at once, and conveyed him to his own place of lodging.

Chase Carroll, to whom this experience had all the force of novelty, was genuinely amazed at the way in which respectable and well-to-do people lived at Ranchtown; at the bare, comfortless houses that never could be homes, and the total absence of all those nameless touches that go to make up the refinements of existence. But it was a gold-digging and a gold-getting community, and what else could be expected? Besides, it was a bracing if a rough atmosphere, and just what he needed at the time. Not altogether devoid of interest and variety either—as a chance call from a passer-by might bring him suddenly face to face with a painted and beaded Indian—a lady of weight, two hundred pounds or so, covered with diamonds, perhaps, and bonnetless—an

English baronet on his travels in pursuit of the legendary buffalo—or a lithe and soft-eyed Mexican half buried beneath the shadow of his picturesque *sombrevo*. He made sketches of them all, and spent hours in contemplating the everlasting hills that surround the town like a natural wall.

But he had yet to see a genuine human product of the place—one, as it were, to the manner born; though the actual place of her nativity was some hundreds of miles nearer the rising sun than his own.

It happened this wise:

It was two of the clock, on a March afternoon, and Ranchtown zephyrs were in full blast, when Messrs. Rollins and Carroll were seated in the law-office of the former, discussing Colorado life in general.

"You have not seen Kate Carneth yet," observed Rollins to his friend; "she has been away on a visit. You are sure to meet, however, and I only hope that I may be there to see it—I would not miss the expression of your face for a fortune."

The artist had just opened his mouth to ask for an explanation, when the casements seemed to rattle more furiously, the door was burst open as though by the irrepressible fury of the wind, and there on the threshold stood an incarnation of the tempest itself.

Angry and beautiful exceedingly was the apparition—her heavenly-blue eyes were full of wrath; her complexion of softest peach-bloom and natural lily-white glowed with crimson, like the sunset, in her fury. An exquisite mouth, that seemed formed only to drop pearls and diamonds, shot forth thunderbolts of abuse; while the delicate nostrils of a most faultless nose fairly quivered with angry emotion. The lovely face was framed in a cloud of rich, golden-brown hair that seemed to have arranged itself; while a full and rounded though slender figure of medium height was drawn proudly up in an attitude of the most graceful defiance. She probably wore the regulation habiliments; but people seldom noticed what Kate Carneth had on.

The artist's eye was fascinated at once; the artist's ear was thunderstruck.

Breathlessly the intruder confronted the not astonished Rollins, and burst forth:

"Look here, Mr. Rollins! you're the fellow I want—yes, sir, *you!*"

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. Carneth!" he replied, with great suavity; "pray be seated. Allow me to introduce my—"

"Now, none of your peach-butter on *my* bread, John Rollins! I ain't to be come over in that way. I've come on business; and I don't want any of your fooling. I've been told that you said I didn't use to pull it even with Joe, and I just come to ask if you did say so."

Chase was astonished at the imperturbable calmness of the acclimated John, who merely replied:

"I am not at all surprised at your hearing this; but I did *not* say so. I only said that I *had heard* you did not live happily together, and wondered if the report was true."

Chase Carroll, who did not lose a look or a movement of the lovely virago, could not help feeling that the departed Joe had probably not led an altogether stagnant life with his bonnie Kate. The stamp of the shapely foot, the clinch of the bare, dimpled fist, were highly suggestive of scenes; but what a beauty she was, to be sure! summed up the man and the artist.

The excited Nemesis paused for two or three vehement breaths, and resumed:

"Very well, John Rollins, I'll tell you *what*! Pa wanted to come here and manage this business; but I just told him I could pan my own mineral; and I'll thank you to attend to yours. I don't want any impudence, sir!" (as John was about to speak); "you sabe? IMPUDENCE!—capital letters, too! that is what I say. You just mind your own affairs, and let mine alone! If you don't" (with rising inflection and rising color), "I'll—riddle—you—so—full—of—holes—you—can't—hold—victuals!—VICTUALS!—VICTUALS!"

The last word was a perfect shriek; and, with a final stamp of her brass-tipped heels, the girl, or woman, or fury, vanished.

Chase Carroll sat paralyzed; but he had apparently been as unnoticed by the visitor as though he had been a fly on the ceiling. John Rollins flung down the cigar which he had held in his hand during the lady's visit, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Ye nymphs and goddesses!" exclaimed the artist, in a dazed frame of mind, "can such things be?"

"Pretty woman, isn't she?" said his friend, when he had recovered himself; "but I had no idea that she would show off so well at first. Thor and Wodin, Jupiter and Mars, every belligerent god in the catalogue, wasn't it?" laughing afresh.

"Is there any danger of her trying to shoot you?" asked his companion, anxiously.

"She wouldn't mind doing it," was the easy reply, "but I do not believe she will consider it expedient."

"Who is she? what is she? where does she live?" poured rapidly from Chase Carroll's lips.

"Katharine Baring Carneth" she writes herself; not a bad name either, and she comes of gentle blood—well connected, I believe, in England, though pure American to the backbone. Widow of Joe Carneth—a rather bad lot, who ruined himself in the Invincible Mine two years ago, and then blew his brains out, if he had any. Lives alone with her father, old Baring, in that dismal house on the outskirts; and, if she *was* a little breezy as a wife, is a most devoted daughter—keeps the old man, it is said, from falling to pieces, he is so utterly shiftless."

"Then," said Carroll, "she is really the daughter of that mild-looking old gentleman with silvery locks, whom I have noticed about the town because of his peculiarly courteous manners—in such marked contrast to the generality of Ranchtown residents. What a singular connection!"

"That's Peter," nodded his friend; "he's great

on deportment. Seventeen or eighteen years ago," he continued, resuming his cigar, "Peter Baring came here a ruined man—alone, except for a strangely-beautiful child about five years old. He had the misfortune, it seems, to be born a genius, and was always inventing things, and wasting money on his inventions—ran through with his own fortune and that of his wife; worried the latter in the most amiable manner possible into her grave; and then gathered up his remaining property, which consisted principally of the little Katharine, and wended his way hither, with some wonderful scheme in his brain for charming gold out of the mountain-fastnesses with scarcely any trouble or expense to the workers. I think the miners fairly hate him: he is always raising their hopes, only to dash them to the ground. Now it is this thing, now it is that, that he has invented—some wonderful sieve, perhaps; some marvelous crusher; some *open sesame* to the granite portals of the enchanted palace; but they all prove a delusion and a snare; and 'old man Baring' is now shunned almost as if he had the plague. Meanwhile, Katharine grew to womanhood, with all the beauty of a wild-rose, full of grace and gracelessness; and suitors far and near clamored for her hand. It was said that her father had never crossed her wishes, and that her temper was—well, whatever it was, it did not prevent Joe Carneth, the richest speculator in Colorado and owner of the Invincible, from laying fierce siege to the Ranchtown beauty. Joe was handsome, reckless, and generous; he loaded the girl with costly presents, he paid the old man's debts; and finally Katharine consented to marry him—though not without informing him, with her usual frankness, that she didn't love him, and didn't want to marry any one. This did not prevent her, however, from becoming Mrs. Carneth; but it probably saved her from any very serious grief when, two or three years afterward, her husband made such a melodramatic end, leaving her about as penniless as she was before. As to *what* she is, you have seen for yourself—exceedingly pretty and free from the slightest approach to affectation, but awful 'bad form' even for the West. Shoots, smokes, whistles, plays piano, writes poetry, and talks slang, gossips, does a good deed here and there, but, as she herself would phrase it, 'out-bucks' every woman in Ranchtown, and is the leading character of the town. Now, don't fall in love with her, Chase; for I think of marrying her myself some day, when she reforms—as she undoubtedly will."

Chase Carroll shuddered at the thought. *Marry her!* Outside of his buried hopes, the very idea of this Western anomaly to fall in love with was altogether repulsive to his fastidious tastes. His ideal woman was—Another shudder passed over him, as the hateful fact obtruded itself, "The wife of an Italian opera-singer."

"Don't elevate your aristocratic nose," pursued the placid John; "Kate is no hypocrite, whatever her faults may be—and that, let me tell you, is a great deal for a woman. I mean by this that she despises little, underhanded doings of all sorts—would

not shed a tear for effect—and, rather than put the best foot foremost, if it did not happen to come of its own accord, she would be far more likely to get up a cloven hoof for the occasion. She is a woman who, if she saw a bullet whizzing through the air and making for your heart, would (if she liked you, mind) throw herself upon you without a word or a scream, and receive the death-dealing missile in her own breast."

"And a woman," said Chase, quietly, "who, if she did *not* like you, wouldn't hesitate to shoot you herself. John—John! I am sorry to see you so far gone—such infatuation is unworthy of you."

John smiled, but his smile was neither childlike nor bland; it had a world of meaning in it which his companion did not see. His thoughts were busy with a pair of blue, dilated eyes—just the kind of eyes that always had power to carry him out of his sober senses—and a cloud of sunny hair: but this, he told himself, was the admiration of the artist and not of the man. The latter shuddered with abhorrence at the personality that materialized these exquisite belongings.

The next day Chase Carroll met Mrs. Carneth face to face in the principal street of Ranchtown. He raised his hat with a courtly bow; but the lady passed him defiantly, her hands in the jaunty pockets of her outer garment, heels clinking, ribbons flying, and whistling like a mocking-bird as she went.

She called out over her shoulder, as an afterthought, "Got your boots blacked, ain't you?"—this effeminate luxury being reserved for a Sunday indulgence among genuine Ranchtown residents.

Carroll almost tore his hair with disgust. Was there no one to take this beautiful, half-wild thing in hand and make a civilized woman of her?"

Going out a few days later to one of the hills to sketch, he suddenly encountered a reclining figure, full of easy grace—a large straw hat filled with spring-blossoms lying near—small, dimpled hands, clasping white-and-pink flowers, folded on the heaving breast; heavy white lids, with lashes that cast long shadows, like a fringe of alders on a quiet lake; the full, childish mouth curved in a restful smile; in short, he saw before him Katharine Baring Carneth locked, like Abou-ben-Adhem, in a deep dream of peace.

He was loath to disturb it; but suddenly the fair Katharine opened not, like Keats's Madeline, "her blue, affrayed eyes," but a pair of glorious orbs which, though cerulean, were perfectly clear and dazzling, and seemed to question the intruder as to his business there.

"I can claim a forfeit," said Carroll, as he stood regarding her, "and I will tell you what it shall be—you shall let me sketch you on the spot."

For answer, Katharine smiled and drew from her bosom not a revolver, as her companion half expected, but a business-like slip of paper.

"Your friend Rollins," said she, as though she had not heard him, "is a *brute*, and he'll get shot some of these fine days if he don't look out. He set

some fellows laughing as I went past yesterday, so I sent him a note. Want to see?"

With some curiosity as to its contents, Chase took the document and read:

"DEAR SIR: I noticed your horrid, mean, contemptible behavior yesterday. Just remember what I said to you at our last interview. I hear you take kindly to your victuals. *Look out!*"

Recalling John's undisguised enjoyment of his "victuals," Carroll could not restrain his amusement at his fair adversary's continued thrusts at what she evidently considered the weak point in his armor.

She bounded up with flashing eyes.

"Are you laughing at *me*, sir, or my note? Isn't it written and spelled like a lady?"

It was unexceptionable in all but the matter; and it was quite evident that the redoubtable Katharine was by no means uneducated.

"I am laughing, Mrs. Carneth, at my friend Rollins," was the somewhat hypocritical reply; "*he does* take kindly to his victuals, and would it not be somewhat cruel to deprive him of so innocent an enjoyment?"

He did not dream, when his erratic companion knocked over his drawing apparatus and took herself off in a whirlwind, that she had restrained an almost irresistible desire to strike him in the face. As she vanished, he stooped and possessed himself of the picturesque straw hat with its burden of flowers, left forgotten on the hill-side; and, rearranging his materials, he soon produced a spirited sketch, that afterward bloomed into an exquisite cabinet picture, universally admired at the exhibition as "*Cross Purposes*."

And at his work the artist pondered: "Who will play *Petruchio* to tame this *Katharine*? Not John Rollins, surely, for she could wind him with the greatest ease around her little finger. Poor Rollins!" he soliloquized, "what an unfortunate entanglement!"

Chase Carroll concluded that the shooting of his friend had been indefinitely postponed when, one evening soon after these events, John Rollins entered the Ranchtown opera-house, where the most promiscuous and varied entertainments were held, in devoted attendance on Mrs. Carneth, who was in a perfect blaze of beauty, and the cynosure of all the male eyes in the place. Carroll found it impossible to keep his own orbs from wandering in that direction; the physical perfection of this most objectionable woman was scarcely less than marvelous. The beautiful eyes, too, had an occasional wistful glance, as though she might be capable of better things.

The entertainment that evening was stupid enough. An ancient prima donna made furious contortions, and grinned with lantern-jaws like a death's-head at the audience whenever she attempted to sing. Ballet-girls, who were middle-aged matrons in private life, lavishly displayed their lack of charms; the scenery went wrong, and presented a sea-coast furnished as a drawing-room. The au-

dience hooted and became impatient; and then took refuge in talking, and ignoring the whole thing.

Rollins threw his head back, and laughed immoderately at something Mrs. Carneth was telling him; and when Carroll afterward, with characteristic masculine curiosity, inquired what it was that so excited his friend's risibilities, he heard that the lady had confided to him the astounding fact that "she had a sweet temper, and never was *real* mad but once! This once," she added, "was enough to raise any woman's hair off her head—but she got even with Joe."

A certain friend of hers, it seemed, a gentle-looking person with downcast eyes that always seemed full of unshed tears, and a low voice ("I *hate* that kind!" parenthesized the speaker, vindictively), was boarding at the same hotel, and so entwined herself in a stealthy and unsuspected manner about the susceptible Joe that he presented her secretly with quite a valuable set of malachite. But the jeweler of whom it was bought, being a friend and admirer of Mrs. Carneth, informed her of the purchase, and the injured wife made a bee-line, as she expressed it, for her false friend and rival's trunk.

"I just camped down in that trunk," she continued, excitedly, "till I found the stones and seized 'em. I couldn't wear green, you know, and I wasn't going to spoil my looks for that woman; so I sent 'em back to the jeweler and got 'em changed for a set of coral. And then I went for Joe, and talked to him till he felt real wicked, and promised not to do so any more. But I told him that he need never kiss me again, and that he should never, *never* kiss my baby either."

"*Baby!*" repeated Carroll, in a sort of horror; "has she a child, then?"

"She *had*," was the reply; "but it died. She will sing, or whistle, perhaps, if any allusion is made to it, and then leave the room abruptly for an hysterical burst of weeping. For this mad Katharine really has a tender heart that has never found its right master yet."

"You seem to hold the key," said his friend, curtly.

John Rollins smiled; but it was the same peculiar smile that had before followed certain remarks of Carroll's.

"Here are some verses," he continued, "that I got possession of a while ago. I do not think they would disgrace Tennyson."

Only lines to a dead baby, that editors all complain of as a drug in the market; but there was a tender grace and pathos about them that went directly to Carroll's heart. What a vehement, passionate, contradictory creature she was!—this strangest specimen of womanhood that he had ever encountered—this wild Western product of a demi-civilization. And yet there was evidently a noble, loving heart throbbing beneath her reckless manner.

"I cannot get a word from her," Chase complained, one day, with knitted brows; "she avoids me like the pestilence. What is there about me, I wonder, that is so repulsive? Has she ever spoken to *you* of me?"

"To what particular *she* do you allude?" asked Rollins, exasperatingly. "There are several of that persuasion in Ranchtown."

Carroll started and reddened; he was intensely provoked at himself.

"I allude," he continued, with forced calmness, "to Mrs. Carneth; it is not pleasant to be an object of dislike."

"She has not spoken of shooting you," remarked John, very coolly. "It strikes me that she once said there were the makings of a man in you, if you could get rid of your nonsense."

Again a crimson streak crossed Carroll's brow. This half-savage beauty, then, regarded him very much as he did her—worth the making over! He was conscious of an attraction similar to that which a lithe, fiery mustang has for the eye of a Mexican horse-tamer. Her indomitable spirit was at first her greatest charm; but afterward he saw better things in her. She was the incarnation of health, life, and hope. She was tolerably well educated, in spite of her slang; had a fresh, elastic nature, that knew not how to repine; and bore with beautiful patience the vagaries of her peevish, broken-down old father.

He met her coming out of hovels—he looking for beauty, she for suffering—where she went with open-handed but imperious generosity, and was both criticised and adored. At such times the little basket on her arm was in piquant contrast to an exaggerated masculinity assumed for the feminine purpose of drawing attention from her deeds of mercy.

One day a case of unusual wretchedness had brought tears to her eyes; and, meeting Carroll face to face while in this softened state, she suddenly exclaimed: "I *wish* that I could swear! I *will* just say 'd—n' once—there!" and she was off like the swift-flying deer.

John Rollins watched his friend with a sort of inexplicable satisfaction. Ranchtown had been sketched from all available points, and he fully expected Carroll to have been disgusted long ago; but still he lingered.

The artist could not have told himself what he was waiting for, but he gradually fell into a habit of going to see old Baring and playing endless games of chess with him. On these occasions Katharine would invariably absent herself—going out either with or without a pretext as soon as he appeared, and remaining until after his departure. He was baffled at every turn, and, provoked at himself and at Katharine, he tried in vain to shake off the spell that seemed to bind him to Ranchtown as with iron bands.

But Fate one day sent a crisis in the most unexpected manner.

Up the valley, where a noisy brook flowed, where the sloping hills were gay with violet, gold-and-crimson cactus-flowers, and the snow-clad "silverheels" peeped over two mountains of deep-purple hue, Katharine Carneth sauntered past a deserted

mining village that lay, in its weird desolation, like a blot upon the flower-gemmed hill-side.

To her came Chase Carroll, hurrying from the opposite direction as he caught a glimpse of her charming face and sunny hair; and then and there he told her of his love and his desire for her improvement.

"You are a lovely fairy princess," said he, "under a wicked spell—cast it off, Katharine, and come to me, my ideal of all that is beautiful and lovable."

"Thank you very much, sir," replied the princess, with a mock courtesy, "but I am quite satisfied with myself as I am. As to being 'yours', I'd rather be my own—and I have certainly given you no reason to suppose that I cared a paper of pins about you."

Carroll could not deny this; and, with an air of ineffable disdain, Katharine was pursuing her way—when, happening to glance over her shoulder, she suddenly turned and flung herself on Carroll's breast.

At the same instant a bullet whizzed by, grazing her white, rounded arm, and leaving a streak of crimson on its snow.

With a thrill of horror Chase Carroll unclasped those death-like, clinging arms, and gazed into her face. It was colorless, and the white petals of the lids were closed over the gentian eyes.

"Katharine!" he whispered, hoarsely, "you are hurt—you are killed! and for me!"

For like a flash came to him those words of John Rollins: "She is a woman who, if she saw a bullet whizzing through the air and making for your heart, would (if she liked you, mind) throw herself upon you without a word or a scream, and receive the death-dealing missile in her own breast."

With a powerful effort Katharine Carneth recovered herself, and sank down on a rock near by.

"It is nothing," she said, with something of her old, saucy air of defiance; "I am not hurt a bit. I saw that loafer Sim Klint, who got up a quarrel with you the other night, in the hall" (Chase barely remembered the incident), "and swore that he would shoot you through the heart the first time he caught you in a handy place. He's been lurking among those hovels yonder, watching for you. But I knew he would not fire on me, because he loves me to distraction—offers himself once a week regularly. He turned his revolver just in time. Allow me to bid you good-afternoon, Mr. Carroll."

"I owe my life to you, Katharine," was the reply; "you will not surely leave me in this way?"

"You owe me *nothing*!" she exclaimed, petulantly; "I would have done as much for Sim himself."

And, with this monstrous falsehood trembling on her lips, Katharine burst into tears.

Chase Carroll gathered her closely in his arms, and whispered, as he kissed the tears away:

"My darling! Say that you love me, and will be my own true wife, and I am satisfied."

"You are mocking me!" cried Katharine, as love and indignation struggled in her quivering voice. "What is there in common between us two?

Haven't I seen from the beginning that we never could be anything to each other, and purposely avoided you? Why do you persecute me with your hollow offers of love? What am I but a wild, untutored creature, whom your grand relations would flout—whom you, yourself, would soon despise and hate? And yet I *might* have been different—I have been cheated of my happiness! Oh! my wasted, wasted life!" and she sobbed wildly.

"Listen to me, Katharine," he replied, with infinite tenderness; "I have seen you at your very worst, and yet I neither hate nor despise you. Your glorious dower of beauty, your noble nature, have led me captive—and love will soon teach you all that you need to learn. Your present life is not your natural sphere; and transplanted to a congenial soil, you will bloom with fresh grace and beauty, the fairest flower there."

They walked home in the twilight, Katharine with downcast eyes, and a fine cambric handkerchief, with "Chase Carroll" daintily embroidered in one corner, bound upon her arm, and feeling so utterly quiet and subdued that she almost wondered at her own identity. Almost her last slang was uttered to her companion that afternoon, as she informed him that "she never would have thought he'd pan out so well."

Carroll was in a whirl of tumultuous happiness at having caged this beautiful wild bird to be tamed by his caresses and taught to sing his favorite songs.

But poor Rollins! how selfish not to think of him! how would he feel to have this glorious prize snatched almost from his very hand?

He need not have worried himself.

"Chase, my boy," observed that benign philosopher, between the puffs of an excellent Havana, "I feel that I have done a great deal for you. You came here a pale, thin, whining sort of creature, out of joint with the world and everything in it, and evidently in need of a tonic of the strongest kind. That tonic suggested itself in the shape of Katharine Carneth—a more agreeable shape, by-the-way, than tonics are apt to assume—and I resolved at once that my poor efforts should be directed to the accomplishment of your joint happiness. I really take considerable credit to myself for making the match—the fair Katharine not being a particularly tractable subject."

"Why, I thought—" began Chase, in great perplexity.

"Of course you did," interrupted his friend; "I meant you should—it was part of my policy. But, my dear fellow," with great magnanimity, "Katharine Carneth would not look at me."

And Chase did not believe that she would.

"What are you going to do with the old man?" asked Rollins, suddenly, as though it were necessary in some way to put an immediate end to him.

"I have not contemplated disposing of him summarily," was the laughing reply; "he is quite harmless."

To every one's amazement "old man Baring" declared his resolution of going to England, where he hunted up his aristocratic relatives, and actually came into possession of a snug little property that had been awaiting the missing heir for some time.

So that by the time that Katharine Carroll arrived at the East, she was heralded as a nobleman's daughter who had been wooed and won under the most romantic auspices; brought up, it was said, by wild Indians on the prairie—saved her lover's life &

la *Pocahontas*—and refused scores of Sioux and Comanche chiefs, to say nothing of mining millionaires, before she finally accepted Chase Carroll.

His mother and sisters were delighted with her; her occasional slips of the tongue were pronounced charming—"a sort of Western brogue, you know."

Chase was right; love worked wonders for Katharine when, like the enchanted princess—

" . . . o'er the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

A PUZZLED GHOST IN FLORIDA.

DOWN saintly shores of milk-white sand,
By slender cape and broadening bay,
'Twixt billowy pines—a surf asleep on land—
And the great Gulf at play;

Past far-off palms that filmed to nought,
And in and out the cunning Keys
That laced the land like fragile patterns wrought
To edge old broideries:

The sail sighed on all day for joy,
The prow each pouting surge did leave
All smile and song, with sheen and ripple coy,
Till the dusk diver, Eve,

Brought up from out the brimming east
The oval moon, a perfect pearl.
In that large lustre all our haste surceased,
The sail seemed fain to furl,

The silent steersman landward turned,
And ship and shore set breast to breast.
Beneath a palm wherethrough a planet burned
We ate, and sank to rest.

But soon from sleep's dear death (it seemed)
I rose, and strolled along the sea,
Down silver distances that faintly gleamed
On to infinity,

Till suddenly I paused, for lo!
A shape—from whence I ne'er divined—
Appeared before me, pacing to and fro,
With head far down inclined.

*A wraith, I thought, that walks the shore
To solve some old perplexity.*

Full heavy hung the dragged gown he wore,
His hair flew all awry.

He waited not, as ghosts oft use,
To be *dear-heaven'd* and *oh'd*,
But briskly said: "Good-evenin'; what's the news?
Consumption? After *boa'd*?

"Or mebbe you're intendin' of
Investment! Orange-plantin'? Pine?
Hotel? or sanitarium? What above
This ye'ath *can* be your line?

"Speakin' of sanitariums, now,
Jest look'ee here, my friend;

I know a little story—well, I swow—
Wait till you hear the end:

"Some year or more ago, I s'pose,
I roamed from Maine to Floridy,
And—see where them there tall palmettos grows?
I bought that little Key,

"Cal'latin' for to build right off
A c'lossal sanitarium.
Big surf! Hot Gulf! Jest death upon a cough!
I run it high, to hum!

"Well, sir, I went to work in style;
Bought me a steamboat, loaded it
With my hotel (pyazers more'n a mile!)
Already framed and fit,

"Insured 'em, fetched 'em safe around,
Put up my buildin', moored my boat,
Com-plete! then went to bed and slept as sound
As if I'd paid a note.

"Now on that very night a squall
Cum up from some'er'es—some bad place!
An' blowed, an' tore, an' rared, an' pitched, an' all—
I had to run a race

"Right out o' bed from that hotel
An' git to yonder risin' ground;
For, 'twixt the sea that riz, an' rain that fell,
I pooty nigh was drowned!

"An' thar I stood till mornin' cum,
Right on yon little knoll of sand,
Frequently wishin' I had staid to hum,
Fur from this 'tarnal land!

"When mornin' cum, I took a good
Long look, an'—well, sir, sure's I'm *me*—
That boat laid right whar that hotel had stood,
An' *it* sailed out to sea!

"No, I'll not keep you; good-by, friend:
Don't think about it much; prechaps
Your brain might git see-sawin', end for end,
Like them asylum chaps.

"For here I walk for evermore,
A-tryin' to make it gee,
How one same wind could blow my ship to shore,
And my hotel to sea!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHATEVER the incapacity of the Turk for political reform, it would appear that in matters of social ceremony he is not utterly incorrigible. Sultans have in these later days committed not a few violations of the once rigid and unalterable etiquette of Osmanli royalty. The *mollahs* and *muftis* were greatly scandalized, and gloomily wagged their heads, when, ten years ago, Abdul-Aziz defied every tradition of Stamboul, and condescended to become the guest of an upstart French emperor and a Christian English queen. That was a breach in hitherto unbroken custom which painfully shocked the good old souls who typified the toryism of Turkey. But it was scarcely so flagrant a departure as that which has recently been made by the young Caliph Abdul-Hamid. He has not only made a constitution, provoking in the mosques the familiar tory cry that "the country is going to the dogs," but has actually invited a Christian and European lady, not even of noble blood, to dine with him! This unique distinction in the annals of the Ottoman court has been conferred upon Mrs. Layard, the wife of the British ambassador. Nor, as might be supposed, was this lady entertained in the Haremlik, where dwell the fair sultanas of his majesty, but actually in the imperial apartments, the Selamlyk, devoted exclusively to the sultan's use. Here, in the good old days when the Ottoman sovereignty was a real and august despotism, when the sultan was in truth a ruler absolute in sway and sacred in person, he used to breakfast and dine in solitary grandeur. Not even the nearest of kin were permitted to eat of the dishes of which he ate, or even to stand by his chair, while he regaled himself with the dainty morsels which culinary ingenuity invented and provided for him. Within a few years the princes and great ministers of state have, on rare occasions, been admitted to seats at the sultanic table; but never, on any account, has a sultan permitted his best-beloved sultana to invade the august dining-room of the Selamlyk. No wonder that the startling appearance of Mrs. Layard there has created a most profound sensation in Stamboul. We can imagine the excited gossip which buzzed through the court; the shrill exclamations which must have resounded in the inner precincts of the Seraglio; the stupefied faces of chamberlains and guards, amazed for the moment out of the expressionless propriety of feature which it is their bounden duty to maintain, when the empress's black silk rustled in those corridors hitherto unfamiliar with the sound and sight. Not absolutely unknown to them, however; for two Christian ladies have, as a matter of fact, dined in the Selamlyk. But these were the Empress of the French and the Princess of Wales—dames to whom Abdul-Aziz fairly owed hospitality, and who were at least near enough his own rank to make the ceremonial error the less flagrant.

It is, indeed, a significant social fact that the successor of the Prophet should sit down socially at his own table with an untitled foreign lady, and conduct himself sim-

ply like a genial and polite host, and chat with her as with an equal. We recall an amusing story of the reception of an English ambassador by the sultan early in the present century. The diplomat was ushered into a shabby antechamber, where, after a long delay, he was waited upon by an official, who threw over his shoulders a rather dirty robe lined with cat-skin. Then he was pushed, rather than conducted, into the royal presence. His address over, the sultan turned to a dragoman and asked whether "the dog"—that is, the envoy—had been fed. A negative answer being returned, the sultan said, "Then let the dog be fed;" and this ended the conference. It would have been at the risk of his head had any minister suggested to the Sultan Selim to invite "the dog" to dine with him. The hospitality extended to Mrs. Layard shows that the present sultan is disposed to break through the rigid restrictions which have shut in his predecessors from the social intercourse both of distinguished foreigners and their own subjects, and have doomed them to a pompous but monotonous isolation. It affords an evidence, too, that Western manners are gradually creeping into the Oriental social fastnesses of Stamboul. The contrast between the times of Timour and those of Abdul-Hamid is very suggestive. When Timour had dined, the heralds appeared on the palace-walls, blew their trumpets, and loudly proclaimed that the emperor having satisfied his appetite, the rest of mankind might follow his example. Now the chief of Islam leads an English lady to the table with all the graceful amenity of a *bourgeois* monarch.

WHETHER the taste of the English in the matter of amusements has improved or not, certain it is that it has greatly changed within the past half-century. The demise of the celebrated resort known as Cremorne Gardens shows that one formerly popular method of killing time has ceased to have attractions for the fashionable and unfashionable Londoner. Cremorne was the last lingering relic of those brilliant illuminated gardens, with their music and dancing, their pantomimes and plays, their fireworks, balloons, and miniature circuses, their sly, mysterious nooks, their nightly flow of spirits, human and liquid, which used to draw gay crowds of great people and little to their frivolous beguilements. These were veritable little republics of pleasure, where it was quite the thing for a duke to be seen; where, in the last century and in the early part of this, even a duchess might go without serious scandal, so long as she carried her court manners with her and dressed quietly; and yet where the linen-draper and city clerk, the lodging-keeper and dress-maker, were not less free to enter. My lord might, at Vauxhall or Ranelagh, frequently jostle his haberdasher, and even his coachman; and was often far from dissatisfied, if young and a little reckless, to find himself threading the mazy dance with my lady's milliner. Rank, in a word, was free to put off its restrictive privileges at the arched gate

which admitted to these realms of light and various pleasure; and so, too, the humbler classes forgot to be obsequious.

There is no doubt that Vauxhall and Ranelagh were scandalous and demoralizing places, which fostered many vices. There were drinking, intrigue, and gaming, carried often to lawless excess; they were the scenes of frequent orgies, more gross and abandoned, it is to be hoped, than those which now only take place in strictest privacy. Yet it is certain that Vauxhall and Ranelagh, even at their worst, were not so utterly bad as are to-day the famous dance-gardens of Paris, where profligacy is bold and dull, and unrelieved by a touch of humor or a spark of harmless merriment. So many writers have written with enthusiasm about the English gardens, praising their hearty if unpolished gayety, the rough but racy jests of the clowns, the funny absurdity of the melodramas, the infectious jollity of the dances, and the inspiring effects of the lights, the foliage, and the music, that we may easily believe them to have been very different from the Jardin Mabille and the Casino. There were, no doubt, very genuine laughter and very palpable wit, though both may have been somewhat loud and coarse.

As for Cremorne, which the refusal of the magistrates to grant it a license has just doomed to extinction, it was, in its later days, "but a poor, struggling, feeble, little show." When first established it was in a suburb, surrounded for the most part by a straggling settlement. Now it is quite engulfed by voracious and ever-encroaching London. At first, it was so far like its predecessors that well-known noblemen, and rather gay *dames du haut monde*, were wont to frequent it. Latterly its company became very motley, and was pretty much given over to classes of doubtful respectability and stray foreigners curious to "see all the sights." In its decay, Cremorne was but the mournful wreck of once brilliant and festive gardens. Its provision of amusement was meagre, the performances were dull, the paraphernalia shabby; it was the dreary ghost of historic Vauxhall. Yet, even in these later days, as indeed throughout its career, Cremorne was not nearly so bad a place as it has sometimes been painted. A certain dowager who visited it some years ago was heard to exclaim, in great disgust, "The gardens do not look at all naughty." The proprieties were observed, and no license of any kind was permitted in either actors or guests. The misanthrope who went there to observe and exultingly proclaim the vices of mankind enacted in public, would scarcely have been repaid for his pains. In a word, Cremorne was a far more innocent and more dull place than Vauxhall or Ranelagh. "There is more harm done," says an English paper, "in a gin-palace in one night than ever was done in Cremorne in a whole month; in many respects the gardens were productive of really healthful and innocent recreation; London will not be one whit the less wicked now that Cremorne is gone."

THERE can be no doubt that an Egyptian obelisk will be a novel and attractive feature in our city. Every

one must feel a sensation of surprise and pleasure that one of the most ancient relics of early Eastern civilization should find a final home in the heart of the new civilization of the West. We are glad, therefore, that, by means of the generous zeal of a public-spirited citizen, one of the famous Cleopatra's Needles is to be brought from Egypt and set up in one of our squares. And yet not a few reflections intrude themselves that at first sight may seem to underrate the value of this accession to our metropolitan store of treasures. We have all so long desired to see a worthy art-gallery founded here, and our one museum strengthened by needed funds, that some of us at first thought would probably prefer to see the hundred thousand dollars, and more, required to bring the obelisk here and set it up, employed in the furtherance of seemingly more vital interests. But this is doubtless ungenerous. The gentleman who draws so freely on his private fortune in order to give New York an architectural column of great antiquity and world-wide interest deserves only our warm commendation. His example may, and doubtless will, advance other schemes dear to the hearts of many people. Few things are more contagious than public spirit; and, as wealth is abundant, the Egyptian obelisk will be likely to prove a stimulus to other enterprises of the kind.

There is one criticism, however, that foreign visitors to our city will be likely to utter. "Your metropolis," they will say, "accumulates art-attractions and puts on many splendors before it is made decent. You spend vast sums of money in building pretentious churches, but your ships lie at rotten piers, and all your river-borders are hideous in their neglect and disorder. You lay out beautiful pleasure-parks, but your streets are wretchedly paved, badly kept, and made unsightly by litter and incumbrances. You erect large and costly warehouses, but without unity of purpose, so that all your business thoroughfares are a confusion of forms and colors, and at the same time disfigured by uncouth telegraph-poles, and by vulgar signs and banners. You have domiciles that are almost palatial, but you have absolutely miles of tenements that are repulsive because of their filth and sanitary neglect; you have statues and monuments, but your markets are foul and disordered beyond description. Art and elegance are excellent things only with those who have won a right to them; the first requirement of a city is that it shall be clean, orderly, and well supplied with all conveniences; after it has constructed good docks and piers, built adequate sewers, suitably paved its streets, and done other practical things necessary for the comfort and health of the people, then grand churches, art-galleries, museums, costly monuments, and all other things of taste and luxury, are right to follow. Otherwise, a city is like a decorated savage, whose trinkets and gay feathers only make the untidiness of his person all the more apparent."

This criticism may be harsh, but it is in the main just. Perhaps, however, the growth of the ornamental side of the city will come ultimately to shame us into measures for reforming the abuses our foreign critics

point out. The exquisite irony of building palaces and setting up fine monuments amid squalid disorder must eventually awaken by the strange contrast the perceptions of the dullest. So it may be that the Egyptian obelisk will serve us a turn wholly unexpected by those who bestow it upon us.

SHORTLY after writing the preceding, we were glancing over the pages of a new English novel, the hero of which makes the American tour, when we encountered a passage in which New York is compared to "Paris, with a touch of the backwoods." This qualification was thought to be specially exemplified in the "tall, unshapen poles that carry the telegraph-wires all over the city, and which are altogether out of keeping with the brown-stone houses and the marble stores." We quoted two months ago a few sentences from another English novel, the characters of which came to America, and were pleased to imagine New York as a new Paris. If we of the metropolis feel the least elation or pride in these comparisons, we should use every exertion to make them conspicuously true. It might be more agreeable, perhaps, for New York to have an individuality of her own rather than to be flourished in men's eyes as an inferior copy of another great city, but Paris so completely embodies everybody's notion of all that is perfect in arrangement and fascinating in appearance that modern cities are pretty sure to be classified as they compare with the great exemplar on the Seine. Our English friends, moreover, greatly flatter us. London is gloomy, and Paris is gay; London is gloomy, and New York is gay—and this point of both difference and resemblance strikes them forcibly, and betrays them into an over-estimate of our city. It is almost mockery to make a favorable comparison between the most perfectly-appointed city in the world and one of the most slovenly and neglected. The unshapen telegraph-poles, that disfigure nearly every street in New York, are only one form of the absence of all intelligent administration of affairs here; everywhere there is evidence that our rulers have either no authority to govern, or else no knowledge to direct or taste to inspire them. New York in right hands, and with proper ambition, need not be a second Paris; it has so many superb natural advantages over all other cities, that it might become the foremost metropolis of the world, compensating for what under any circumstances it must lack in great art-galleries and museums by great attractions of other kinds—such as sea-view parks, delightful gardens, imposing river-fronts, monuments, elegant streets, all supplemented by absolute cleanliness and superb order. There is nothing New York might not be that any city of the past has been, or any of the present is, if our people will only resolve that it shall be so; if they will but rise to the point of perceiving that mercantile preëminence may confer wealth upon a city, but never greatness, unless the riches that flow to its doors are in part employed to glorify and adorn it. The first thing to be done is to get rid of the "touch of the backwoods"—all the unsightly and disgraceful features of our streets;

when this is done, the emulation of our citizens will no doubt rapidly accumulate and develop those other things that are necessary to give it a princely and preëminent character.

IN making these comments about New York we are thinking of it in comparison with the great European cities—with London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Antwerp, Brussels, etc.—and not with American cities. The disorders and shortcomings that are so apparent in this city are repeated in other cis-Atlantic towns, large and small, with a very few exceptions. We in this country are very fond of the termination *ville* to our town nomenclature; if justice and truth were recognized in the distribution of names, about nine-tenths of our towns would be called *Shabbyville*. There is everywhere to be found an abundance of ambition; there are pretty cottages and villas, ambitious town-halls and court-houses, pretentious shop-fronts, but there are also to be found everywhere badly-kept roads, encumbered and littered sidewalks, neglected open greens or parks, accumulations of *débris*, and other evidences of heedless slovenliness. If we were to be asked to say in one word the quality that more than anything else marks English towns and all public places as compared with our own, we should have to say *neatness*. English streets are well paved and clean; English roads are well kept; English railway-stations are in perfect order; English fields are trim and neat; English gardens, hedges, fences, lawns, all exhibit care and oversight. English smoke and fog blacken and stain all the buildings, but English care more than compensates for this unavoidable evil. We are not so particular here. We have a clear atmosphere and brilliant skies, but we are all, so far as public places are concerned, sons and daughters of Shabbyville. This is the more strange, because in our households no such reproach is true. There are no neater or better-kept homes anywhere than American homes, nor are any people cleaner or neater in their habits. It is wholly in public matters that this shabbiness we complain of exists: and this arises, of course, first, from the neglect of the official persons we endow with handsome salaries for leaving undone the things they should do; and next, from a strange indifference on everybody's part to everything of a public nature, to everything that is not within his own private administration.

WE find current in the newspapers an anecdote to the effect that an Englishman traveling in this country was greatly impressed in his intercourse with the people by their indifference to politics. Some persons assuring him that, if he were here during a presidential election, he would not complain of the want of excitement, they were met by the response that it was not interest in *elections*, but interest in *politics*, to which he referred. There is, no doubt, some truth in this. We get greatly excited over elections, just as people everywhere become greatly concerned in anything which takes the form of a

contest between two persons or two sets of disputants—whether it is a prize-fight, a boat-race, an election, a battle, or a game of chess or billiards, where the opponents are international or in any way prominent. Our elections are great games, the issue of which excites the people to the degree that great offices are involved, and this, as a rule, is all. This sort of interest is commonly excessive, and disgusts many persons by its violence and virulence. In another way the popular interest in certain things that pertain to elections is altogether too pronounced and prominent—and this is the endless debates that grow out of the claims of this man or the other to office. It is easy enough to see that office-holders and aspirants for office must be in agitation at every election; but why must the whole public be worried by or concerned in their disputes? How is it that whether Jones or Smith is to get the post-office at Bordertown is a matter for long telegraph-dispatches and angry editorials in the newspapers? It is simply amazing to see these wholly unimportant questions—fairly impertinent questions in the manner they are thrust forward—occupy so much space in the journals, and by inference so large a share of public attention. We have seen all New York apparently convulsed with excitement in the removal or appointment of an official in one of the departments, but we have never seen New York concerned in the least as to whether the department in question rendered the city any service, or did or did not perform its supposed functions. In all these things politics, or rather certain things that pertain to politics, fill very much too large a place in public attention. As for the politics referred to by the English traveler whom we have quoted, there is really very little of that kind to invite public concern. The two great political parties have no distinct issues. Some men are in favor of protection and some of free-trade, but neither party is distinctly committed to either doctrine. This is also true of finance, and all other broad questions of policy. We have no politics in the sense of important national issues in which the public is divided into parties, with all the stimulus to discussion and study which this would involve. Whether the partisanship and one-sided opinions that come of this sort of public interest in politics are to be desired may well be questioned; the philosophical mind would certainly prefer to see all important political questions divorced from party, because while there might be thus

less general concern in them, a more moderate spirit and truer knowledge would be the result.

AMONG those sentiments which it is somewhat difficult to sustain by argument, but which are yet very deep-seated and very general in the breasts of men, is that which revolts from the capital execution of women. The notorious "Penge case," which has been exciting great attention in England during the past month, has clearly brought out this feeling in that country, though the British are the least susceptible, and in some respects the least gallant, of peoples. Two sisters, one twenty-six, the other twenty, intelligent and of good family, were condemned to the gallows for joining in a conspiracy to starve a third woman to death. But the most earnest appeals have been addressed to the papers to stay execution upon them; and it is easy to see that the fact that they are of the supposably gentler sex has much to do with this pleading for their lives. It is a common, though not perhaps a proved, maxim that women, once become bad, are worse than men. There is no doubt that women have been guilty of as deliberate and hideous deeds as the annals of crime preserve. Yet there are very few men so little touched by sentiment as not to shrink from the idea of hanging a woman. Perhaps it is our consciousness of their physical inferiority; perhaps that instinct among males which leads them to protect and shelter females from pain and harm; perhaps the fancy comes in to make us shudder at the picture conjured up in our mind's eye of one bearing the outward form of those we have most loved, of that sex to which we look upon as embodying the best and highest virtues, undergoing the degrading and cruel ordeal of the scaffold. It is probable that no execution ever created such a thrill of horror as that of Eliza Fenning, in London, sixty years ago; while that of Mrs. Surrat, who had not youth or beauty, was inexpressibly painful to all but very hard-hearted people in this country. In a purely legal or even equitable point of view, it is hard to give a good reason why women murderers should not be hanged so long as men are; yet the innate shrinking from it would be taken, by some philosophers of the sentimental order, as good proof why a distinction should be made between the sexes. At least, most of us are glad when we hear of the reprieve or commutation of the sentence of a female criminal which substitutes some other punishment than death on the scaffold.

Books of the Day.

THE pronounced local sensation made by the so-called "Monday Lectures" delivered in Boston last winter by the Rev. Joseph Cook was transmitted by the press to all the intellectual centres of the land, and a wide-spread curiosity has been felt as to what was the meaning of the excitement at a point where a philosophic—not to say transcendental—calm usually prevails. This curiosity will be in a measure satisfied by the publication of the lectures on "Biology,"¹ though it is evident even

to the reader that no small portion of the effect they produce was due to that magnetism which waits on the speech and personal presence of so eloquent and forceful an orator. The reader in his library can hardly be expected to participate in the enthusiasm which vented itself, as the report shows, in frequent and vociferous applause; but even when stripped of all the garniture of platform rhetoric they retain enough to show why they made so profound

¹ Boston Monday Lectures. Biology, with Preludes on

Current Events. By Joseph Cook. With Three Colored Plates. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 325.

an impression upon exceptionally cultivated and critical audiences. It is no new thing for the pulpit to attempt to deal aggressively with the relations between religion and science, and of late among the most popular preachers this topic has disputed the precedence with questions of dogmatic theology; but it certainly is both novel and unexpected for a man whose proficiency would naturally be supposed to lie in quite another field to exhibit an ability not only to cope with specialists in their own particular fields of research, but to bring to the consideration of the conclusions which they suggest a culture and a logical force gained by work in departments of knowledge which they are, as a general thing, too apt to neglect. The noteworthy feature of these lectures is not merely that Mr. Cook displays a thorough familiarity with the published literature of biology and the cognate sciences—moderate mental power and a fair degree of industry would render any one equal to this achievement; but that, while taking the utmost pains to acquaint himself with the latest researches of physicists and physiologists, he never loses sight of the fact, which is more fully recognized in Germany than elsewhere, that physiology must link hands with psychology in order to reach any adequate interpretation of the phenomena which the laborer in the former science collects. It may be said, indeed, that the distinguishing and striking characteristic of Mr. Cook's work is, that he pours out the treasures of the latest German thought before audiences and readers whose ideas of science and philosophy have been moulded almost exclusively by that English school which, as Taine says, tends naturally (by racial inheritance) to materialistic views of life. Our knowledge of the author is confined to what we can obtain from his book, but this is amply sufficient to show that his intellectual equipment has been obtained in Germany, and is truly German in its comprehensiveness and precision; and it is no exaggerated praise to say that scientific men will be the last to deny that his opinions concerning the *rationale* of the biological sciences are worthy of the careful consideration of all genuine thinkers and students.

Though its title is somewhat larger, the main theme of Mr. Cook's volume is evolution. In the very first lecture he discusses the views of Tyndall on this subject as presented in his famous Belfast address, and of Huxley as disclosed in his three New York lectures; and it must be confessed that his tone here is sufficiently aggressive. Even here, however, his assault is from the scientific and not at all from the theological side, and his battle is not so much with evolution as an explanation of certain of the observed phenomena of Nature as with the especial form of it which he conceives these two *savants*, and Professor Huxley in particular, to represent. Mr. Cook lays claim to being an evolutionist himself; but he proves pretty conclusively that there are several forms of the evolution theory, and advocates the theistic while opposing with all his strength the materialistic interpretation of it. The key-note of his lectures and the best condensed expression of his views regarding evolution will be found in the following paragraph from the lecture on "Living Tissues":

"In arguments before juries, Webster often asked his opponents, 'Why do you not meet the case?' Remember that famous phrase of his, if you hear the materialistic theory of evolution defended. What is the case against that theory? It consists of the irreconcilable opposition of the attributes of matter and mind, of the unfathomed gulf between the living and the not-living, of the fact that spontaneous generation has never been shown to be a possibility, and of the missing links between men and apes. Let these points be met fairly, and the case is met. Not until the chasm between the not-living and the living is filled up by observation, not until

that distant time when you shall have found some merely physical link between the inorganic and the organic, can you say that *the* theory of evolution has been proved by induction. A theory of evolution has been proved, but not *the* theory. The public mind is immensely confused by this one word of many meanings. A theory of evolution Dana holds, but not *the* theory. The position of this lectureship is, that there is a use and an abuse of the theory of evolution, and that Haeckel illustrates the abuse and Dana the use. I hold a theory of evolution, but not *the* theory. What do I mean by *the* theory of evolution? Precisely what Huxley means when he says in so many words that, 'if the theory of evolution is true, the living must have arisen from the not-living.'"

The greatest power of the author is expended in showing that the doctrine of evolution is capable of a theistic as well as a materialistic interpretation, and the most keenly-interesting portions of his lectures are those in which he endeavors to prove by citations from their writings and correlation of their opinions that the latest researches of the greatest authorities in biology tend not to bridge but to widen the chasm between mind and matter, the living and the not-living, the sentient and the insentient. Against Huxley's "demonstrative evidence" of his theory of evolution he marshals what he claims to be the at least equally demonstrative evidence of an immaterial force in the living organism which Beale has found under the microscope; and he cites the evidence of the biologists themselves to prove that the mystery that shrouds the origin of life is deepened rather than solved by the progress which has been made lately in unveiling its processes.

Aside from the rhetorical brilliancy of his style and the aptness and fertility of his illustrations, Mr. Cook's method of exposition is remarkably effective. By numbering his propositions and stating them in the concisest possible phrase, he secures a clearness and intelligibility that are seldom so well maintained in a long and complicated argument; and the epigrammatic guise in which most of his principles and conclusions are presented impresses them with peculiar vividness upon the mind of the reader or hearer. Another argumentative device which he constantly employs is the using of an author's own words in one place to neutralize the force or modify the meaning of what the same author may have affirmed in another. No logical or verbal inconsistency in the speech or writings of his opponents, no confusion of thought, no plausible hiatus between inference and fact, escapes him; and not a few of his most telling points are made by placing side by side the *ipsissima verba* of propositions in which an author contradicts or refutes himself. Where this fails him, he usually contents himself with revealing how doctors differ, setting authority over against authority, and showing how few points there are in speculative biology upon which there is a real consensus of opinion among scientists. Very seldom indeed does he allow himself to be betrayed into speaking dogmatically on his own responsibility, and when he does it is strictly in the line of logical inference from some fact or principle for the validity of which he can cite at least respectable authority. The point in which he is most amenable to assault is his estimate of the relative weight of conflicting authorities, and his characteristically German tendency to look askance upon the idea that anything significant in science or philosophy can be produced outside of Germany or beyond the range of German influence; but he really does make an honest effort to get the best evidence that is to be had; and it must be admitted that he errs in good company who goes astray in matters of philosophy with "the most intellectual nation of the modern world."

The tone of the lectures has been denounced as need-

lessly aggressive toward opponents and critics; but, if this be so, they must have been modified, in the stenographic reports from which the present volume was made up, or the objectionable quality must have been shown rather in the manner of delivery than in the substance of the speech. With one or two exceptions, when a difference with a certain journal was somewhat needlessly obtruded, the attitude of the lecturer is notably courteous and temperate, and the controversial portions are managed with far more than the ordinary candor and good-nature. Many things in the lectures will doubtless be subjected to a searching criticism, but the spirit of the lecturer cannot fairly be objected to, and it is not the least praiseworthy feature of the book that it will compel honest thought and discussion upon the loftiest topics that can engage the human mind.

THOSE who can recall the enthusiastic admiration with which the late Thomas Starr King was regarded by the numerous audiences in all parts of the country who sat under him as a preacher or lecturer during the twenty years previous to his death in 1864 will be surprised, perhaps, that a memorial of him has been so long delayed; but they will be none the less prepared on this account to extend a cordial welcome to the collection of sermons which Mr. Whipple has at length brought together,¹ and which he has prefaced with an affectionate and eloquent memoir. Brief as this memoir is, and scantily as it touches upon those details of private life on which loving friends delight to dwell, it yet brings the man before us with singular clearness, and reveals the secret of that charm of character which, as Mr. Whipple says, quickly converted chance-acquaintances into warm friends, and attracted "persons of all grades of mind, culture, occupation, and disposition, from the common beggar who intruded into his study with his pathetic appeal for help, always kindly met, all the way up to such an intellectual giant as Agassiz, who came to converse with him on the subject of the Divine Personality, a subject dear to the heart of both preacher and naturalist." Mr. Whipple does not disguise the fact that in writing the sketch he is offering a tender tribute to a beloved personal friend rather than a cold and judicial record of biographical facts; but this does not impair the penetrating keenness of his analysis, while it adds a more melodious chord to the habitual grace and sweetness of his style.

As to the sermons, twenty-two in number, which the volume contains, they are not presented as finished specimens of pulpit eloquence, but as representatives of the average excellence of Mr. King's weekly discourses, and as such they are certainly remarkable enough to deserve being rescued from the obscurity of manuscript and the fading reminiscences of hearers. Mr. King wrote none of them with a view to publication, and they are printed exactly as he dictated them to an amanuensis, without either his own or Mr. Whipple's revision; but if for this reason they are deficient in that precision of speech and polish of style which would exhibit his oratorical and literary power at its best, they probably gain more than an equivalent in the picturesque vigor and effectiveness which are apt to characterize the spontaneous expression of thoughts and feelings that are for the moment uppermost in a naturally clear and imaginative mind. The sermons of Parker are more impressive, perhaps, in their condensed and incisive logic, and those of Channing are far more balanced and finished; but the published dis-

courses of neither of these famous pulpit orators surpass those of Mr. King in lucidity of thought, in persuasive ingenuity of argument, or in native force and vividness of expression. The reader often feels as if he were listening to the very voice of the impassioned speaker, and yet there is nothing of the sensational vehemence of the mere rhetorician.

In regard to subject, though Mr. Whipple has adopted an elastic general title to cover them all, the sermons possess no homogeneity of either theme or method of treatment—some of them dealing with matters of theological dogma, others with the prominent political and social issues of the time, while others still consist of those poetic and allegorical interpretations of Nature in which Mr. King so much delighted, and in which he appears at his best. Exquisite descriptions of natural scenery have seldom been more happily interlinked with parallel phenomena of the spiritual life than in the sermon entitled "Living Water from Lake Tahoe;" but all the discourses reveal the intense sympathy and enjoyment with which the author contemplated the beauty of the external world, and all alike breathe the pure enthusiasm of an exalted but eminently humanitarian spirit. No reader need trouble himself with regard to the particular sect to which Mr. King belonged, for pulpit-addresses could hardly be less dogmatic in tone, and the one doctrine which is insisted on is, as Mr. Whipple observes, "that element of Christianity which is at once its fundamental principle and its fundamental fact—namely, that the Spirit of God comes into vital communion with the souls of men."

THE unwonted prominence into which Turkish affairs have been brought by the present conflict in the East will probably secure an audience for Sir Edward Creasy's "History of the Ottoman Turks"¹ which its merits alone would in ordinary times hardly have insured it; yet it is one of the best written of the numerous historical works that distinguish the literature of our time, and the story which it tells is as fascinating as any that could engage the attention of an historian. The work is not new, but it has long been out of print in England, and the present, which is the first American edition, is reprinted from a new, revised, and enlarged edition, which the author has been induced to prepare by the reawakened interest in the subject. The revision to which the original text has been subjected appears to have been very thorough; new notes, embodying the information which later researches have brought to light, have been added; several important chapters have been completely recast; and the scope of the work has been extended so as to bring the narrative down to the accession of the present sultan and the very eve of the outbreak of the war with Russia. In compiling his narrative Sir Edward Creasy has closely followed Von Hammer's copious and learned "History of the Ottoman Empire," which is the leading European authority on the subject; but his work, as he says in his preface, is not a mere abridgment of Von Hammer, and a long list of writers on Turkey, from quaint old Knolles to Consul Schuyler, figure more or less extensively in his notes. No bias sufficiently marked to impair his credit as an impartial historian appears in his work, which seems to deserve the praise that has been bestowed upon it as the best popular and compendious history of the Turks that has appeared in any language. Objection might be raised to the disproportionate attention given to military affairs and martial achievements;

¹ Christianity and Humanity: A Series of Sermons. By Thomas Starr King. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple. With a Portrait. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 380.

¹ History of the Ottoman Turks, from the Beginning of their Empire to the Present Time. By Sir Edward S. Creasy, M. A., Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. 558.

but it must be recollected that, from the time of Ertogrul almost to our own day, the Osmanlis have been little more than a conquering horde of soldiery, and the greater portion of the work was written before our current historical standards had been generally accepted.

Similar in title, but very different in character from the preceding, is Mr. Freeman's "History of the Ottoman Power in Europe,"¹ which fulfills the functions of a political pamphlet rather than those which are usually assigned to formal historical narrative. Nominally dealing with Ottoman history, and giving what is undoubtedly a most forceful and effective summary of that history, its chief object was evidently to mould English opinion and influence English action in the political crisis which preceded the outbreak of the present war, and the historical thesis is used mainly to point the moral of the author's impassioned argument against British intervention in behalf of the Turks. Mr. Freeman acknowledges, indeed, that his book is liable to be considered political rather than historical; but observes that between history and politics he can draw no distinction. "History is the politics of the past; politics are the history of the present. . . . The past is studied in vain, unless it gives us lessons for the present; the present will be very imperfectly understood, unless the light of the past is brought to bear upon it." All of which is unquestionable; but then the public has learned by experience how easily personal bias warps a man's opinions upon current events, and not unnaturally distrusts history which is recited with all the ardor of political controversy. The two books may profitably be read together; when the glamour of military glory which sometimes obscures Sir Edward Creasy's judgment will be more than counteracted by Mr. Freeman's bitter denunciations of "the barbarous horde which for five centuries has kept the fairest portion of Christendom in bondage."

THE age of Queen Anne is more distinctly epochal—that is, more clearly marked off from the preceding and succeeding periods—than any other in English annals, except perhaps the age of Elizabeth; and in treating of it for his "Epochs of Modern History," Mr. Morris has found his material more tractable than has been the case with most of the previous volumes in the series.² The defect inherent in the plan of the series—namely, that it tends to weaken in the student's mind that sense of the continuity of history which should be one of the first lessons impressed upon the youthful scholar, and that it parcels out what is really an unbroken series of causes and sequences into arbitrarily-defined plots which correspond with nothing in Nature or human story—is apparent in this as in all the other volumes, and must be understood to qualify any praise that we may bestow upon the manner in which the work is performed; but, aside from this fault, which Mr. Morris considers compensated by the fact that short periods can be studied in this way with that fullness without which history is comparatively unprofitable, the present work is a valuable and interesting contribution to the apparatus for historical study in schools. By so extending the age of Anne as to embrace the era from the commencement of the contest over the Spanish succession to the Peace of Utrecht and the death of Louis XIV., a rounded and nearly complete series of

events is brought under notice, and what the reader loses in the matter of perspective he probably gains in the fuller mastery of details and the ampler human interest which can be imparted to a narrative when the personality of the actors as well as the events in which they take part can be indicated with some degree of completeness. It must be admitted, too, that an epoch more crowded with interest could hardly have been chosen, including, as it does, the long, brilliant, and eventful reign of Louis XIV., the achievements of the Grand Alliance, the campaigns of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the establishment of cabinet government in England, the union with Scotland, the contest between Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, and the Augustan age of literature in both England and France.

We can hardly say that Mr. Morris has made the most of his teeming subject; but he has used the best authorities throughout, and he gives a plain, intelligible, and trustworthy narrative of salient events, which, if it is seldom vivacious or brilliant, is at least never dull or uninteresting. The most attractive feature of the work, and one which will prove especially useful in schools, is the extent to which biographical details are woven with the main chronicle of events. Each new personage of importance is formally introduced upon the stage, his career sketched, and his character summarized; and room is found for such authentic anecdotes as throw light upon personal character or illustrate contemporary manners and modes of life. The point in which it is most open to criticism from the modern standpoint is the meagre and somewhat grudging attention bestowed upon literature and other matters apart from political and military events; but Mr. Morris frankly acknowledges that he has not feared the accusation of being a "drum and trumpet historian," war being, as he says, an intrinsic part of history, which always stirs the interest of the young, acting as the bait that may draw them on to the study of other matters.

The book is well equipped with practical aids to study, containing, besides an analytical index and a chronological table of contents, five excellent colored maps, a number of plans of battles, and several useful genealogical tables.

To the renewed interest in Miss Martineau aroused by the publication of her autobiography, we probably owe a new edition of her little book on "Household Education,"¹ a work which once had a wide popularity, but which is scarcely at all known to the present generation of readers. It would deserve attention, if for nothing else, for the light which it throws upon the character and quality of Miss Martineau's own mind and upon the circumstances of her early training; but it has a value quite independent of this, and may be confidently pronounced one of the best, as it was among the first, of the numerous treatises of which its subject has been the occasion during the last thirty years. It takes a broad, enlightened, and philosophic view of the ends and aims of education; it advocates no special and, consequently, transient methods or schemes of culture; and if its arguments presuppose a loftier conception of duty and higher moral and intellectual qualities than parents usually possess, it abounds none the less in preëminently practical rules and suggestions, and an appeal to nobler motives is often instrumental in bringing them into action. The reader will probably be surprised to find that Miss Martineau, being herself a "brain-worker" and a "blue-stocking," lays so little stress upon merely intellectual culture; but it must be remembered that, as one of her

¹ The Ottoman Power in Europe: its Nature, its Growth, and its Decline. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D. With Three Colored Maps. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo, pp. 315.

² Epochs of Modern History. The Age of Anne. By Edward E. Morris, A. M. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 252.

¹ Household Education. By Harriet Martineau. Little Classic Edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 366.

friends has well said, she was a moralist or nothing, and her idea of education is far more comprehensive than that which usually obtains and which confines it to the formal teaching that is ordinarily given in schools or at home. Her formula as to the right aim of education is "to bring out and strengthen and exercise *all* the powers given to every human being;" and her first step, accordingly, is to analyze and reveal what those powers are, and to insist upon the predominant influence upon the life of a human being of what are called the emotional and imaginative faculties. Strictly intellectual training is subordinated throughout to moral training, though there are wise and helpful chapters upon the methods and objects of mental culture as well as upon the discipline of the feelings, the care of the physical frame, and the moulding of personal and social habits. The book bears the stamp of a rare intelligence and sympathy and insight, and it is a real guide through many of those perplexing problems which at one time or another confront all conscientious and thoughtful parents.

To say of the new volume by the author of "One Summer"¹ that it is something of a disappointment requires the explanation that the comparison instituted is not between it and the average book of European travel, but between it and the high standard of the author's future work which we had based on that first story, to the charm of which we bore cordial testimony at the time of its appearance. It is seldom nowadays that the European tour produces anything so readable as "One Year Abroad," and it is not a little creditable to the author's skill that, while following the beaten track of what Carlyle calls "the fatal generation of sight-seers," she has found something to record so different from the traveler's routine commentary; nevertheless, as we said at the start, the book is, on the whole, disappointing, chiefly perhaps because it is no real companion-piece to "One Summer," and because it shows a willingness on the part of the author to condescend to mere book-making. The greater portion of the contents of the volume was apparently written as letters for some newspaper, which are reproduced nearly, if not quite, in their original form. Judged as newspaper correspondence—as simple *mots d'occasion*—they might easily be pronounced excellent of their kind: they are a frank, fresh, unpedantic, and vivid record of the first impressions of a singularly alert mind amid, perhaps, the most variedly inspiring scenes the world has to show; but when presented in book-form the material appears somewhat thin, and the connecting thread of narrative rather attenuated. The most promising feature of the volume is the decided improvement of manner and literary quality exhibited in the later chapters over the earlier ones.

MR. SCUDDER's new book for children² is a curious literary medley, but it will delight the young folks of either sex, and will introduce them agreeably to several branches of learning which are apt to be distasteful at the start. It consists of tales from history (American chiefly), legend, romance, and poetry; old songs and music; original verse; adaptations of Mother Goose; stories of Indian adventure; negro fables in dialect; descriptions of Arab street-life in New York; dramatically-told sketches of salient incidents in the lives of Patrick Henry, Prescott, the historian, Hans Christian Andersen, and other worthies; an animated account of the

invention of the art of printing; a brief version of the story of Evangeline and the Acadians; ballads, anecdotes, and allegories. All these varied contents are ingeniously woven into a narrative of the doings of the Bodley family from day to day, and Mr. Scudder manages his story-telling so well that nothing appears to be lugged in for purposes of instruction, but each new thing is the natural outgrowth of some incident or conversation. The illustrations are as various and almost as entertaining as the reading-matter.

THE third and fourth volumes of the "Collection of Foreign Authors"¹ maintain the characteristic qualities of the previous issues—purity of sentiment, ingenuity of construction, refinement of fancy, and brilliancy of style. "The Tower of Percemont," having first appeared in the pages of the JOURNAL, is known to our readers; others who are familiar only with Madame Sand's earlier stories will be both surprised and pleased to find in it a love-story from which passion in its objectionable aspects is eliminated, and in which love, without degenerating into a mere sentiment, acts as a purifier of feeling and a conservator of character. As a mere story it is extremely interesting and well told, and in none of her works are the author's wonderful skill in the dramatic portraiture of character and the picturesque power of her descriptions of natural scenery exhibited to greater advantage. "Spirite" is a fanciful, almost fantastic prose-poem, dealing with creations which frequently enter the border-land between fact and romance, yet retaining a vital human interest, and written in that charming poetical style for which Gautier was preëminent among the more recent French authors.

FOR upward of thirty years, amid an ever-increasing throng of chronological manuals and similar works, the late Mr. George P. Putnam's "World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates,"² has steadily maintained its position as a "live" book, and has even grown in popularity with scholars and students. Besides incorporating substantially the whole of the Haydn's dictionary of that period, it contained several valuable features peculiar to itself, and, in particular, supplied those omissions concerning American affairs and men which have always impaired the usefulness of other manuals for American readers. Since its original issue it has been revised from time to time, and ten years ago received an additional supplement of one hundred and fifty pages, covering the period from 1851 to 1867. The new edition (the twenty-first), which has occasioned these remarks, has been thoroughly revised by Mr. F. B. Perkins, who has added still another supplement, filling sixty-five pages, and summarizing the world's progress from July, 1867, to July, 1877; so that the work is now not only the freshest and latest in its statistics, but approaches more nearly than ever to being what its compiler aimed to produce—"a compact manual of reference to the world's progress in arts, literature, and social life, as well as in politics and government, from the Creation to the present time."

¹ Spirite. A Fantasy. From the French of Théophile Gautier. (Collections of Foreign Authors, No. 3.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 247.

The Tower of Percemont. From the French of George Sand. (Collection of Foreign Authors, No. 4.) D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 227.

² The World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates. Being a Chronological and Alphabetical Record of All Essential Facts in the Progress of Society, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time. With a Chart. Edited by George P. Putnam, A. M. Revised and continued to August, 1877, by F. B. Perkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 1,020.

¹ One Year Abroad. By the Author of "One Summer." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 247.

² The Bodleys Telling Stories. By Horace E. Scudder. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Small 4to, pp. 236.





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